



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KG3  
~~P138.1.2~~

**HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY**



**FROM THE FUND OF  
CHARLES MINOT**

**CLASS OF 1828**







Perle nos 21-22

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ARTS.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME I.

No. 1 to 25. JANUARY—JUNE, 1854.



WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

1854.

~~VIII 203~~

P 138.1,2



*Miscot fund.*

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

25.3.46  
18-8

# INDEX.

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

	Page
Ancient England, - - -	373
Art of being Quiet, the, - -	149
Aspiration and Achievement, -	328
Awaking of Winter, - - -	97
Ballots, Votes, and Black-balls, -	231
Barber's Shop in Old Athens, a, - - -	177
Blunders of Authors, Painters, and Actors—Local Colouring, - -	8
Boy, When I was a, - - -	88
Children, Word-pictures of, - -	209
Christmas-day on the Nile, - -	289
Civil Stratagems, - - -	169
Classes, Polarisation of, - -	273
Colonies in London, - - -	310
Colouring, Local, - - -	8
Cross-thinkers, - - -	305
Day on the Whitader, a, - -	366
Debt and Credit, at Home and Abroad, - - -	385
England, Ancient, - - -	373
Faces, the Old Familiar, - -	83
Female Beauty in Old England and New England, - -	24
First Note of the War, the, - -	254
Geologist, Notes of a, on the Peasantry of the South, - -	225
Glories of Sydenham Palace, the, - - -	321
Grace and Glory of Life, the, -	65
Justice to Scotland—Maunderings. By a Scotchman, - -	6
Lad of Ours, that, - - -	129
Letters, Old, - - -	353
Life, the Grace and Glory of, -	65
Little People of our Great Towns, the, - - -	55
Local Colouring, - - -	8
London, a Rainy Day in, - -	202
Major Truefitt's Sentiments on a Great Question, - - -	257
Maunderings. By a Scotchman, -	6
Nile, Christmas-day on the, - -	289
Note of the War, the First, - -	254
Notes of a Geologist on the Peasantry of the South, - -	225
Novel Competition Show, a, -	148
Old Athens, a Barber's Shop in, -	177
— Familiar Faces, the, - - -	33
— Letters, - - -	353
Painters, Actors, and Authors, Blunders of—Local Colouring, -	8
Palace, Sydenham, the Glories of, -	321
'Party, The,' - - -	17

	Page
Peasantry of the South, Notes of a Geologist on the, - - -	225
Polarisation, Social, - - -	273
Popular Refinement, - - -	193
Quiet, the Art of being, - - -	149
Rainy Day in Town, a, - - -	202
Shields and Salves, - - -	119
Show, a Novel Competition, -	148
Sick-nurse and the Sick-room, -	291
Signs of the Times, the, - -	40
Social Polarisation, - - -	273
Stratagems, Civil, - - -	169
Sydenham Palace, the Glories of, -	321
'The Party,' - - -	17
Town, a Rainy Day in, - - -	202
Towns, the Little People of our Great, - - -	55
Truefitt's, Major, Sentiments on a Great Question, - - -	257
Votes, Ballots, and Black-balls, -	231
War, the First Note of the, - -	254
When I was a Boy, - - -	88
Whitader, a Day on the, - -	366
Winter, Awaking of, - - -	97
Word-pictures of Children, - -	209

## POETRY.

	Page
Charon's Ferry, - - -	48
Child's Smile, a, - - -	304
Cliff-top, on the, - - -	400
Cottage Clock, the Old, - -	144
Cottager's Song, the, - - -	168
Day of the Dead, the, - - -	282
Farewell, a, - - -	32
Ghost at the Dancing, a, - -	160
Immutable, - - -	256
Lake, the, - - -	80
Lost, Lines on the, - - -	16
Matin-song, a, - - -	336
Picture, a Living, - - -	368
— of Venice, on a, - - -	112
Retrospection, - - -	64
Secret Sorrow, - - -	168
Sonnet, - - -	240
Stanzas, - - -	224
Swallows, the First, - - -	384
Universal, the, - - -	272
Warnings, - - -	208
Winter, - - -	96
Workmen, Song of the, - -	281

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

	Page
Art, Soap as a means of, - -	96
Artesian Wells, - - -	258
Artificial Breeding of Salmon, -	317
Aurora, Something new about the, - - -	286
Daguerreotype, Portraits from, -	48
Day on the Whitader, a, - -	366
Emery, Something about it, - -	302
Entomology, French Experiments in, - - -	25
Fungus Tribe, - - -	347
Life within Life, - - -	86
Liquid India-rubber, - - -	320
Lithophotography, - - -	171
May-flowers, - - -	298
Month, the: Science and Arts—42, 103, 170, 251, 316, 398	
Natural History, Popular Mistake in, - - -	111
Odours, Theory of, - - -	16
Plants, Instantaneous Flowering of, - - -	352
Plants, Sleep of, in Arctic Regions, -	304
Printing by Magic, - - -	68
— Process, Natural Self-acting, - - -	192
Spider's Web, a, - - -	368
<i>Terres lucifuges</i> , - - -	151
Transition from Animals to Plants, - - -	336
<i>Wellingtonia gigantea</i> , - - -	184

## TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

	Page
Blanchette: a Fairy Tale, - -	77
Brandenburg, the White Lady of, - - -	266
Cutting-out, - - -	318
Dartmoor, Lost on, - - -	350
Drunkard's Bible, the, - - -	369
Dupont, Pierre, and his Poetry, -	280
Florence May: a Love Story, -	26
Glance at my Inner Life, a, - -	113
Gossip about Seamen. By a Naval Officer, - - -	335
Happy New Year, a, - - -	11
House-hunting in Paris, - - -	377
Indian Trip, an, - - -	121
Inner Life, a Glance at my, - -	113

	Page		Page		Page
Jeb-el-Tour, the Zapti of the,	95	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF		Genealogy of an Invention,	145
Juror, the Thirteenth, -	363	INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAIN-		Geologist, Notes of a, on the	
Lady of Brandenburg, the White,	266	MENT.		Peasantry of the South, -	225
Lost on Dartmoor, -	350			Geraldine, Surrey and his, -	219
Love Story, a: Florence May,	26	Aboard a Sperm-whaler, -	52	Glance at my Inner Life, a, -	113
Mendelssohn, -	304	Acquaintances not Relations, -	56	Glories of Sydenham Palace, the,	321
New Year, a Happy, -	11	Afloat and Ashore, the Ideal and		Gold in England, there is, -	49
Nine Months at Vallonvert, -	394	Real, -	103	Gossip about Seamen. By a	
Old Letters, -	353	Alarm of a French Invasion, -	151	Naval Officer, -	335
Paris, House-hunting in, -	377	Amazon, the Valley of the, -	375	Grace and Glory of Life, the,	65
Pierre Dupont, and his Poetry,	280	America, Things as they are in.		Home, the Russians at, -	141
Predicament, a, and how I got		By W. Chambers—		Hotel Question, the Large, -	152
Out of it, -	66	81, 98, 131, 161, 180, 211, 234, 241,		House-hunting in Paris, -	377
Robbers of le Mauvais Pas, the,	37	283, 300, 337, 353, 390		Hum of Men, Far from the,	215
Seamen, Gossip about. By a Naval		Ancient England, -	373	Ideal and Real, the, Afloat and	
Officer, -	335	Art of being Quiet, the, -	149	Ashore, -	163
Shamyl, -	359	—, Science and—		Impressions from Seals, -	75
Sketch of the Life of a Musician		42, 105, 170, 251, 316, 398		Indian Trip, an, -	121
on the Continent, -	113	Artesian Wells for London, -	258	Inner-life, a Glance at my, -	113
Some Account of a Friend of		Aspiration and Achievement, -	320	Invasion, Alarm of a French, -	151
Mine, -	10	Athens, Old, a Barber's Shop in,	177	Invention, Genealogy of an,	145
Thirteenth Juror, the, -	363	Aurora, Something New about		Jeb-el-Tour, the Zapti of the,	95
Trip, an Indian, -	121	the, -	286	Justice to Scotland—Mander-	
Vallonvert, Nine Months at,	394	Awaking of Winter, -	97	inga. By a Scotchman, -	6
Vernor, Major, -	363	Ballots, Votes, and Black-balls,	231	Lad of Ours, that, -	129
Wearyfoot Common: a Tale of Modern		Baltic Fleet, Sailing of the, -	258	Large Hotel Question, the, -	152
Life. By Leitch Ritchie—		Barber's Shop in Old Athens, a,	177	Launch of the Royal Albert, the,	379
I. How the Hero forces him-		Birds, Novel Competition with,	148	Letters, Old, -	353
self into the Story, -	1	Blunders of Authors, Painters,		Library, the, - 62, 127, 189, 270, 333	
II. Life in Simple Lodge, -	21	and Actors—Local Colouring,	8	Life, the Grace and Glory of,	65
III. A Wearyfoot Emeute and		Boy, When I was a, -	88	— within Life, -	86
its Consequences, -	44	Brandenburg, the White Lady		Line-of-battle, from the Coracle	
IV. The House thrown out at		of, -	266	to the—British Navy, -	217
Window, -	58	British Navy, the, -	217	Literature, Convict, -	388
V. In which the Scene changes,	72	Broadsheets of the Pestilence,	70	—, Magyar, -	167
VI. Life of the Studio, -	91	Buildings, Music in Large,	35	Lithphotography, -	171
VII. Fortunes of a Portrait-		Burials, Something about, -	205	Little People of four Great Towns, the, 55	
painter, -	107	Cameo and the Onyx, the, -	117	Local Colouring, -	8
VIII. Grand Doings at Weary-		Candles, Slavery, and War, -	278	London, a Rainy Day in, -	202
foot, -	122	Chameleon, the, -	111	—, Artesian Wells for, -	258
IX. Being a Chapter of Docu-		Children, Word-pictures of,	209	—, Colonies in, -	310
ments, -	135	Cholera Poison, Mr Simon's		—, Signboards, -	40
X. Theory and Practice, -	135	Report on the Nature of the,	18	Lost on Dartmoor, -	350
XI. Another Offer of Marriage, -	172	Christmas-day on the Nile, -	289	Magic, Printing by, -	68
XII. An Important Project, -	185	Civil Stratagems, -	169	Magyar Literature, -	167
XIII. A Surprise, -	197	Classes, Polarisation of, -	273	Major Trucutt's Sentiments on a	
XIV. The Play before the Cur-		Colonies in London, -	310	Great Question, -	257
tain, -	220	Colouring, Local, -	8	Man-of-War, Fitting out a, -	345
XV. Secrets of the Study, -	228	Congreve Rocket, what is it? -	264	Manderings. By a Scotchman, -	6
XVI. The Old Love and the		Convict Literature, -	388	May-flowers, -	298
New, -	246	Coracle to the Line-of-battle, from		Men, Hum of, Far from the,	215
XVII. A Conspiracy, -	260	the—British Navy, -	217	Mine Ventilation, -	316
XVIII. Travels of Discovery, -	275	Corks, Something about them, -	29	Month, the: Library and Studio—	
XIX. A Double Separation, -	294	Croker and Moore, -	207	62, 127, 189, 270, 333	
XX. Doughty Deeds, -	306	Cross-thinkers, -	305	Month, the: Science and Arts—	
XXI. The Result of the Letter, -	324	Crystal Palace, Sydenham—Mon-		42, 105, 170, 251, 316, 398	
XXII. In which the Dénouement		ster Organ, -	85	Moore and Croker, -	207
comes at last, -	342	Cutting-out, -	318	More Unsuspected Relations, -	139
White Lady of Brandenburg,		Dartmoor, Lost on, -	350	Music in Large Buildings, -	35
the, -	266	Day on the Whitader, a, -	366	Names, the Fun upon, -	250
Zapti of the Jeb-el-Tour, the, -	95	Debt and Credit, at Home and		Natural History—Popular Mistake, 111.	
		Abroad, -	385	Nature of the Cholera Poison, Mr	
		Departing Shadows, -	205	Simon's Report on the, -	18
		Dupont, Pierre, and his Poetry,	280	Navy, the British, -	217
		Emery, a Few Facts about, -	382	Neglected Treasures, -	347
		England, Ancient, -	373	Night of the Poets, the, -	313
		—, there is Gold in, -	49	Nile, Christmas-day on the, -	289
		Entomology—French Experiments, 25		Nine Months at Vallonvert, -	394
		Faces, the Old Familiar, -	33	Note of the War, the First, -	254
		Facts about Emery, a Few, -	382	Notes of a Geologist on the Pea-	
		Family-tree of the 'Twosons,' the, 139		santry of the South, -	225
		Far from the Hum of Men, -	215	Novel Competition Show, a, -	148
		Farmers, Steam among the, -	4	Occasional Notes:—	
		Female Beauty in Old England		School Discipline, -	297
		and New England, -	24	Assurance and Guarantee, -	297
		First Inventors of the Steam-		Working-classes, Improved Life	
		engine, -	145	in the New Dwellings for the,	298
		First Note of the War, the, -	254	Old Athens, a Barber's Shop in,	177
		Fitting Out a Man-of-War, -	345	— Familiar Faces, the, -	33
		French Experiments in Entomo-		— Letters, -	353
		logy, -	25	Onyx and the Cameo, the, -	117
		French Invasion, Alarm of a, -	151	Orang-Outang, Account of an, -	10
		Friend of Mine, some Account of a, 10		Palace, Sydenham, the Glories of,	321
		Fungus Tribe, -	347	Panoptics and Polytechnics, -	361

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bell's Annotated Edition of the	
British Poets, -	219
Herdon's Exploration of the	
Valley of the Amazon, -	375
Miller's Schools and School-	
masters, -	189
Prestwich's Geological Inquiry	
respecting the Water-bearing	
Strata of the Country around	
London, &c., -	259
Szabad's Hungary, Past and	
Present, -	167
Voice of our Exiles; or, Stray	
Leaves from a Convict Ship.	
Edited by Daniel Ritchie, -	388

Parasites, Something about them,	Page 86
Paris, Mouse-hunting in,	377
'Party, The,'	17
Peasantry of the South, Notes of a Geologist on the,	235
Pestilence, Broadsheets of the,	70
Pierre Dupont and his Poetry,	280
Poets, the Night of the,	313
Polarisation, Social,	273
Polytechnics and Panopticon,	361
Popular Mistake in Natural History,	111
Refinement,	193
Predicament, a, and how I got Out of it,	66
Press-gangs of the Last War,	165
Printing by Magic,	68
Prisoners of War,	330
Pun upon Names, the,	250
Quiet, the Art of being,	149
Rainy Day in Town, a,	202
Rails, Readings on,	245
Real and Ideal, Afloat and Ashore,	103
Refinement, Popular,	193
Relations, More Unsuspected, not Acquaintances,	139
Revelations about Sacks,	14
Rocket? What is a Congreve,	264
Royal Albert, the Launch of the,	379
Russians at Home, the,	141
Sacks, Something about,	14
Sailing of the Baltic Fleet, the,	238
Sailor Life,	103
Salmon, Artificial Breeding of,	317
Science and Arts—	
42, 105, 170, 251, 316, 398	
Scotchman—Maunderings,	6
Seals, Impressions from,	75
Seamen, Gossip about. By a Naval Officer,	335
Shadows, Departing,	205
Shamyl,	359
Shields and Selves,	119
Shots and Shells,	158
Show, a Novel Competition,	148
Sick-nurse and the Sick-room,	291
Signs of the Times, the,	40
Simon's, Mr. Report—Nature of the Cholera Poison,	18
Sketch of the Life of a Musician on the Continent,	113
Slavery, Candles, and War,	278
Smoke-nuisance, the,	201
Social Polarisation,	273
Some Account of a Friend of Mine, 10	
Something about Seal-skins,	75
—New about the Aurora,	286
Sperm-whaler, Aboard a,	52
Steam among the Farmers,	4
Steam-navigation—First Inventors,	145
Stratagems, Civil,	169
Studio, the,	63, 128, 191, 271, 334
Surrey and his Geraldine,	219
Sydenham Palace, the Glories of,	321
'The Party,'	17

Things as they are in America. By William Chambers—	Page
The Voyage,	81
Nova Scotia,	98
Boston to Montreal,	131
Montreal,	161
Quebec,	180
Ontario—Niagara,	211
Toronto—Canada-West,	234
Canada-West to Michigan,	241
Ohio—Cincinnati,	283
Cincinnati to New York,	300
New York,	337
New York concluded,	355
Boston—Lowell,	390
Times, the Signs of the,	40
Town, a Rainy Day in,	202
Towns, the Little People of our Great,	55
Treasures, Neglected,	347
Trip, an Indian,	121
Truefitt's, Major, Sentiments on a Great Question,	257
Turkish Castle, Visit to a,	303
Unsuspected Relations, More,	139
Valley of the Amazon, the,	375
Visit to a Turkish Castle,	303
Votes, Ballots, and Black-balls,	231
War Missiles—Shots and Shells,	158
—, Press-gangs of the Last,	165
—, Prisoners of,	330
—, Slavery, and Candles,	278
—, the First Note of the,	234
Wellington's Tree,	184
What is a Congreve Rocket?	264
When I was a Boy,	88
Whitaker, a Day on the,	366
White Lady of Brandenburg, the,	266
Winter, Awakening of,	97
Word-pictures of Children,	209
Words, Relationship of,	56, 139

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Animals to Plants, Transition from,	336
Beam and Wheel Experiment, the,	320
Black Sea, Scenery of the Coast of the,	288
Britannia's Scented Handkerchief,	112
Cabinet Council, What is it?	144
Cashmere, a Bridge in,	64
Chinese Fisheries in California,	48
—, Imitative Powers of the,	176
Shops,	80
Cuvier and Satan,	32
Daguerreotype, Portraits from,	48
Davie's Patent Pedomotive Carriage,	336
Die? Is it Painful to,	334

Editorial,	Page 16
English Beauty, Peruvian Estimation of,	143
English Language, Singularities of the,	240
Errors there is no Rectifying,	80, 320
Figaro's Shop,	240
Fine Art, Pursuit of the, under Difficulties,	288
Fox, a Reasoning,	160
French Lady, a,	224
Fruit and Flowers, Gathered, how to keep always Fresh,	256
Ghoul in Valparaiso, a,	16
God Bless You,	256
Gold Pennies,	192
Gouty, Consolation for the,	224
Hallucinations of the Great,	240
India-rubber, Liquid,	320
Shoes, how they are Made,	288
Infant, Packing an,	256
Italy without a National Air,	112
'Knowledge is Power,'	320
Literary Pensions,	52
Mammoth Cave of Martinique, the,	47
Mendelssohn,	304
Monkey Tribe in Art and Literature, the,	144
Negro Saturnalia,	160
Night-scene,	288
Odours, Theory of,	16
Paul Jones, a Sight of,	287
Philanthropic Policy,	384
Plants, Instantaneous Flowering of,	352
—, Sleep of, in the Arctic Regions,	304
Poets, Burying-places of,	288
Printing Process, Natural Self-acting,	192
Progress under Difficulties,	64
Russian Army, the,	224
Sanitary Reform, the Father of,	384
School Discipline,	297
Soap as a Means of Art,	96
Spectacles, Prestige of,	272
Spider's Web, a,	368
Steam-ship, the Great,	272
Swedish Names,	128
Syrian Notions of Medical Skill,	288
Travellers, Scientific—Rustic Suspensions regarding them,	80
Turks, Modern,	96
United Assurance and Guarantee,	297
Vampire Bat, the,	352
War and Pestilence—Mortality Contrasted,	96
Water-excursions, Novel,	208
Water-lily, the,	256
Widow's Erratum, the,	272
Working-classes, Improved Life in the Dwellings for the,	298
Workman, Condition of the,	32
Writers for the Times, the,	112





# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## WEARY FOOT COMMON.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

### CHAPTER I.

HOW THE HERO FORCES HIMSELF INTO THE STORY.

It is a still, mild, misty evening, and before us one of the most extensive commons in England presents the appearance of a sea of vapour. Already its boundaries are almost blotted out, and the only part of its surface visible is a knoll or mound rising here and there like an island out of the deep. We may still discover, however, that the expanse forms an irregular oval; with a long straggling village on one side, and on the other a few genteel houses at some distance apart, their enclosures thickly shaded with trees and shrubs, and a natural wood behind. A few minutes ago, the common might have been seen intersected with paths in all directions: each of the more aristocratic houses appearing to have its own route to the village, and a more beaten track, leading to the same point, affording a short cut for pedestrians from the main road, which sweeps round the end of the oval. But these topographical lines are now lost; and by and by, as the mist advances with the advance of evening, the oases of the common sink, the houses are swallowed up one by one, the trees melt away, and the village disappears.

The villagers have taken the hint; and although it is not altogether night by the clock, they have closed their doors and windows, shut up their shops, and resolved unanimously that the day is at an end. The silence is like that of midnight; and a stranger might grope his way along the street, unconscious of the propinquity of human dwellings, but for a faintly-luminous spot here and there, shewing that there is a light struggling through the circular hole of a window-shutter, and vainly trying to see what it all means outside. But as we advance in our exploration, there is one part of the invisible village where there are sounds that give unmistakable token of a population. Now there is heard a hollow cheer, to which the mist gives the effect of distance, and now a phantom-laugh, like the chorus in *Der Freischütz*, as it is sung in Germany—not in England. Presently a door opens, and a momentary glare shews us a tall, angular man, wrapping himself well up to encounter the mist, and another, who has the configuration of a jolly host, rendering his assistance.

'Good-night, Mr Poringer,' says the latter; 'good-night, good'— But he is stopped by a cough as the mist tumbles down his throat; and his guest being now just across the threshold, he shuts the door softly

behind him. Mr Poringer walks sedately out into the road, like a man well acquainted with the locality, but there stops and hesitates for a few seconds. His destination is one of the houses on the opposite side of the common. To go round by the road, the track of which is easy, or venture across the main sea of mist—that is the question. He decides in favour of the latter alternative, for his time is already up, and the governor's bell will very soon sound for the supper-tray. So Mr Poringer crosses the road, hits without difficulty upon the well-known and well-beaten path, and steers boldly out into the apparently shoreless deep. The result of the brief self-consultation shews what small matters may determine the most important affairs of the world: if Mr Poringer had gone round by the road, this history would never have had to be written!

He had not much difficulty in keeping the path, the smoothness of which contrasted strongly with the rough weedy grass of the common; but his progress was necessarily slow—vexatiously slow; and as he receded further, and further, and further from the village, without ever appearing to approach his destination, and without meeting with anything that could enable him to ascertain his bearings, he began to reflect upon the position in which he found himself. Mr Poringer was a meditative serving-man, with a high sense of his personal and official dignity. His reflections were usually of a practical cast, connected with his ministerial functions, or with his own interest in the things of the world; but this was a new, and, in fact, altogether unpractical situation. He could not see more than a few inches round him, and the silence was still more profound than the darkness. There was a kind of unreality in the whole thing, which made him at last begin to consider vaguely whether this lonely traveller in the mist was indeed Mr Poringer—the same Mr P. who had ever since dinner-time been drinking excellent ale at the Plough, who was reckoned to be at least on a footing of equal gentility with the clerk of the parish church, and whose few words of good-night had been responded to by a cheer of approval from the company.

While meditating in this way, he heard a sound behind him—a sound as of soft footfalls near his own. He stopped: the sound ceased. He walked on: it recommenced. Mr Poringer was perplexed.

'Is there anybody there?' said he, stopping again: no answer. He was almost frightened; he did not know at what, for he was no coward. Stooping down his long body, however, in the direction of the sound where it had ceased, he became aware that he was followed

by a boy—a little ragged boy, as well as he could judge. Mr Poringer was indignant with the boy for having made him afraid, and turning away without a word, pursued his journey as rapidly as the darkness allowed. While walking on, however, he began to think it strange that he should be dogged in this manner by such footsteps. There was no little ragged boy on his side of the common, he was sure; and this one, if he belonged to the village, was old enough to know his way home.

'Boy!' said he, stopping again suddenly—'what are you after?'

'You,' replied the boy.

'Where are you come from?'

'Nowhere.'

'Where are you going to?'

'Anywhere.'

'Who do you belong to?'

'Nobody.' Mr Poringer was more perplexed than ever; but not knowing what to say, he walked on again more slowly. For a boy who belonged to nobody, who had come from nowhere, and was going anywhere, to plump down in the dark and give himself to him—was a wild idea. He questioned whether the like had ever happened to a respectable man before. But the thing was a very awkward thing, and must be put a stop to.

'Boy,' said he at length, 'do you see this path to the left? if not, you can feel it with your feet. That's *your* way; it is the shortest cut out of the common. Come, trot!' and having so spoken in a commanding tone, he pursued his walk more confidently than ever, for the landmark he had discovered shewed that he was now not far from the road. But the little footfalls still followed close at his heels. Mr Poringer would not care. He ignored them. What were they to him? He thought of the parlour at the Plough—of the ale—of the cheers—of the captain and the supper-tray—of Mrs Margery the cook; and as he at length emerged from the common, crossed the road, and mounted the steps of the house he sought, he thought faster and faster, and in the confusion escaped into the interior by means of the latch-key, and shut the door upon the mist and its gifts.

But he could not shut them entirely out of his reflections, for, as we have said, he was a meditative person. He was often seen that evening by the denizens of the kitchen to sink into a brown study; and sometimes he got up, paced softly to the kitchen-door, and stood for some time in an attitude of listening. Mrs Margery, a round jolly-looking woman, did not know what to make of it. She would have set it down at once as a mystery, a thing she was particularly fond of; but Mr Poringer, she knew, was the most matter-of-fact of serving-men, and she calculated, therefore, that he was somewhat bemused in beer; for, indeed, there was no other way of telling when this was the case, than by his more than usual gravity and taciturnity, and his soft, reflective, and steady step. Mrs Margery was greatly annoyed by the prosaic character of Mr Poringer; for she herself delighted in everything romantic, more especially if there was a mystery in it. Her passion for novel-reading was so great, that long before this time she would have got to the end of the village circulating library, and so have been obliged to change her situation, that she might remove to fresh fields and pastures new; but, luckily, she was a slow and reflective, as well as a determined reader. She was accustomed to read aloud to Molly, and explain the narrative as she went on. Frequently she laid the book down upon the table; and the two would tax their ingenuity to find out how the adventure would terminate, and whether She was to be married at last, and to whom.

Molly was no great hand at reading herself, but she did love to listen; many a hearty laugh, and many a shower of tears, did she join her patroness in; and, indeed, having a natural bent towards hysterics, the

lecture was quite a scene. How they did admire the spirit of the heroine—how they did criticise her dress—how they did abhor the villain—and how uproariously they did triumph in the detection of his treachery; Mrs Margery, all the while, disclosing the evolution of the mystery beforehand! As for Molly in her person, she was of that uncertain age when one does not know what the girl will grow into. In the meantime, her only noticeable features were an extremely broad and flat nose—though not at all an unamiable nose—and a pair of great, prominent, well-opened eyes, as round as a shilling, that made her look as if she was always astonished at something. The readings, which were the great solace of her existence, usually began in the evening, when Mr Poringer had betaken himself to the Plough. It was then the cook and her protégée rioted in their intellectual liberty; it was then that Mrs Margery triumphed in the necromantic art she had acquired to absolute perfection, of reading the decrees of destiny; and it was then that Molly fixed her astonished eyes upon her face, now sitting in calm enjoyment, now struggling between a giggle and a sob, and now, heart-brokenly, wiping away her tears with her bare arms. When Mr Poringer returned, they were still in the midst of it, but, being a meditative man, his presence was but little interruption. Mrs Margery sometimes thought, from his steady silence, that he must be listening; but if so, he somehow never succeeded in acquiring the faintest notion of what the story was about.

When Mr Poringer was summoned to the parlour, he paused again to listen as he crossed the hall; and then, as if obeying an uncontrollable impulse, he crept stealthily to the hall-door, opened it, and looked out. The mist was as thick as ever—thicker if possible; yet he stood for some time, looking down upon the landing; and then closing the door softly, he walked with a slow and meditative pace to answer a second summons of the bell. Captain Semple and his sister, Miss Semple, were seated, one on each side of the fireplace; and if a stranger had witnessed the steady manner in which Mr Poringer faced his master, he would have thought our words true indeed, when we said that the former was no coward. Captain Semple had as formidable a look as any captain of banditti in Mrs Margery's novels. His face was almost covered with long bushy hair, of an iron-gray colour; and such shaggy and threatening brows overhung his eyes, that one dreaded to look what kind of eyes they were. In fine, his voice was harsh, and his manner sudden; and there was a mobility in the muscles of his face which, communicating the agitation as he spoke to the iron-gray hair, imparted a character of ferocity to the whole head.

'Well, sir,' said the captain, bending his ominous brows upon Mr Poringer—'you are come at last! Where have you been?'

'I have been in for some time, sir,' replied Mr Poringer undauntedly. 'Before then I was a-giving orders in the village.'

'You should take less time to your orders,' said the captain, with one of his terrible looks. 'Don't you know that when Molly is compelled to come into the parlour, and is desired to do anything, she says nothing but "Yes, sir," and then goes off hysterically to the kitchen without doing it?'

'I could not get through the mist quicker, sir,' explained Mr Poringer—'without I had a pickaxe. It was as thick as a stone-wall.'

'That's very extraordinary!' said the formidable captain. 'I remember just such a circumstance when I was in the Peninsula. Elizabeth, the thing is worth hearing.' Elizabeth, who was a tall lank maiden well on to forty, moved her chair a little, as she always did in such circumstances, turned her light-gray eyes upon her brother, and sat in the attitude, though without the expression, of expectancy.



'Well,' continued he, 'you must know that in those days there were hard knocks going, and severe marches and countermarches. So, you see, we were one day in the thick of it, pressing on to join Lord Wellington, who was threatened on all sides. There was not a drop of wine or water to be had, and we could not eat their musty bread dry; and as we were pushing along the road, as it might be across—no, not across a common, for there were vineyards—the grapes all gathered—on both sides of the way, we felt—no, not a mist—but the sun so confoundedly hot—true, there was *not* a mist that day, but— Well, Poring, what now? What do you want? You are impatient to tell me who that was at the door just now on such a night?' Miss Semple moved her chair back again, as she always did on such occasions, and dropped her light-gray eyes placidly upon her work.

'A boy, sir,' answered Mr Poring with gravity.

'A boy? What boy?'

'I don't know, sir; he found me on the common, sir, and is come from nowhere, going anywhere, and don't belong to nobody.'

'That's very extraordinary! What is he doing at the door?'

'Tossing up a half-penny with his-self, sir; and it is not a half-penny at all, but only a bit of round slate, with a head cut on it.'

'Elizabeth,' said the captain, turning to his sister with a frown, 'what do you think of that?'

'The conditions of mankind,' replied Miss Semple, 'are infinitely modified. Some are born in a palace, some in a hut; some are surrounded with friends, some alone in the world. Life itself is nothing else than a great common, wrapped in mist, and traversed by boys, donkeys, and men.'

'Very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain—'very true. I have half a mind to go to the door and look at the boy and the mist. I will go! Will you come?' Miss Semple, who rarely suffered anything to interrupt her work, got up, still knitting away, and followed her brother, Mr Poring leading the procession with the air of a beadle. When the door was opened, a little ragged boy was seen, half swallowed up in the mist, and half disclosed by the strong light of the hall; he was sitting on the landing, busily engaged in gambling with himself, by means of the ingenious imitation of a half-penny described by Mr Poring.

'Heads it is!' said he, making use of the new illumination to determine the fact; and then he turned up a thin precocious-looking face to the spectators. His attention was specially attracted by the most noticeable figure in the group. He looked long at the captain, and the captain looked long at him; till at length the latter burst out furiously:

'He is hungry—that's what it is! Take him down to the kitchen, Poring, and feed that boy! Give him as much as ever he can eat and drink; do you hear?—that's what you have got to do!' And so saying, he turned savagely away, coughing violently at the mist, and escorted his sister back to their chimney-corners, with the air of an officer charging at the head of his company. Mr Poring looked very sour at the order he had received; but knowing that the captain would brook no refusal in a case of this kind, he stooped his long body towards the boy, took the collar of his little ragged coat between his thumb and two fingers, and lifted him over the threshold.

Captain Semple had been in active service a great part of his life, and at the peace had been reduced to half-pay and turned adrift, knowing, like many others, very little of society beyond the precincts of the barracks. Fortunately for him, however, he possessed a moderate independence besides his half-pay, and instead of giving his only sister a fixed allowance as formerly, he took her to live with him. Till then they had never met on intimate terms since they were children, and

the intimacy, therefore, which ensued between them was without the familiarity of near relationship. The captain had a great respect for his sister. He had never, it is true, learned anything from her letters; there was never anything in them he could grasp; and even her last, written in reply to his proposal that they should live together, left him in profound puzzlement as to what her wishes or intentions were. But still they resembled so much the sort of thing that is found in books, that he considered his sister quite a prodigious woman; and her conversation, when they met, proving to be absolute fragmentary essays, the opinion was completely confirmed. It must be said, likewise, that the same judgment was formed of Miss Semple by the captain's confidential friend Lieutenant Mollison, who had never seen her, but to whom, for a series of years, her letters were shewn from time to time, as they were received, under the seal of inviolable secrecy. This was, indeed, the one secret of the poor lieutenant's life, and the two friends had many consultations on the subject; till at length the captain got so far as to send his sister Mr Mollison's compliments in a post-script, and the fair Elizabeth replied, that 'although the compliments of a man to a woman were generally designed to flatter at the expense of truth, yet this character was subject to modification, and when an individual chose the fraternal channel for the sentiment, it might be assumed that he was entitled to favourable construction.' So discreet and touching a reply affected the lieutenant profoundly; and there is no saying what termination the love-passion might have had, if his career had not been suddenly cut short by a musket-ball. Miss Semple was never known to have been before or since the object of the tender passion; and to this episode in her life was attributed by herself and her brother—and perhaps with great truth—the remarkable fact that she was still a spinster.

Elizabeth, on her part, returned heartily her brother's admiration. Even his hirsute appearance interested after it had ceased to awe her; and having rarely heard from or of him, except when he was in the midst of military adventures, she supposed that his whole life must have been a chain of romantic episodes. The captain's conversation flattered the idea, for he had a story à propos of every possible occasion; although somehow or other the details did not turn out to be exactly germane to the matter in hand, and an opportune interruption always cut the thread in the middle. As for his personal adventures, the only really memorable one, excepting the ordinary hard knocks and marchings and counter-marchings, was the shearing of his facial ornaments by order of the doctor when he lay ill of a brain fever. While he was in this denuded state, the whole world would seem to have rushed into an insane conspiracy for taking liberties with him; for before the hair grew again, he found himself compelled to fight no fewer than seven duels—the captain being in reality as bold as a lion—in defence of his crown and dignity.

On the second evening after the occurrences we have related, the captain and his sister were sitting as usual near the fireplace, Elizabeth at work with her knitting, and he with his sole materials of amusement or study lying before him on the table—his Sunday newspaper, which lasted him the entire week, and the Army List, the only book he ever read. The captain was wiping his spectacles, and looking dreamily before him, when on a sudden he fancied that the door opened slowly, and some light-coloured object shewed itself for a moment. The veteran started and rubbed his eyes, and Elizabeth looked up mechanically. The noiseless appearance returned, and a pale thin face was seen gradually thrusting itself forward, till its large eyes obtained a full view of the room. Every item of the material scene did these eyes dwell upon for a moment, and then they fixed upon the living figures, resting

slightly upon Elizabeth, but gazing long and earnestly upon the captain, as if measuring every hair of his beard. Satisfied at length with the survey, the face was withdrawn, and the door closed as noiselessly as it had opened. The captain rung the bell with a jerk, exclaiming:

'Bless my soul, Elizabeth! there's that boy again. Poring must have been on the common!'—and another jerk of the bell testified his impatience, and brought Molly like an apparition.

'Where's Poring?' snapped the captain ferociously.

'O yes, sir!' replied Molly, fixing her astonished eyes helplessly upon him, as she kept clutching the handle of the door—'O please, sir, Mr Poring's giving orders at the Plough!'

'Send the cook!'

'O yes, sir! O please, sir, Mrs Margery's not dressed!'

'Not dressed?—the improper woman! Get away with you—don't let her come here, mind you. Send Poring when he returns,' and Molly instantly disappeared, shutting the door nervously, that made it bang, and giggling away hysterically to the kitchen.

Captain Semple assured his sister, that in time of war he had known men shot for desertion of a lighter kind than Poring's, and he had begun a story which would illustrate the point completely, when the unabashed criminal walked into the room.

'So!' said his master—'late as usual; although you knew very well that there was nobody to answer the parlour but an astonished idiot and an undressed cook!'

'I was giving orders in the village, sir.'

'And finding the boy again on the common?'

'No, sir; the boy has never left the house.'

'Upon my word!'

'My orders, sir, were to feed the boy, not to turn him out; and Mrs Margery said that no man with any bowels would use a human boy worse than the enemy's dog. Mrs Margery has took wonderful to him, sir.'

'Then, perhaps she knows something about him?'

'Yes, sir; she has a way of telling what will turn up in the Denowment, wherever that may be; and she says she knows perfectly well he will prove to be, at the very least, an Heir-at-Law. Molly has took to him also, sir: she is always a-giving him pieces of bread, that he can't eat, and puts in his pocket with the other things.'

'What other things?'

'Pebbles, sir, string, cobbler's wax, buttons, a saw-dust ball with a hole in it, and bits that are neither them nor anything else.'

'That's very extraordinary,' said the captain. 'Elizabeth, that boy puts me in mind of a boy we had in our regiment who was the very moral of him—as you shall hear.' Miss Semple moved her chair, and raised her light-gray eyes to her brother's face. 'My attention was first drawn to the boy,' continued the captain, 'by—I don't wish to distress you, Elizabeth—by Lieutenant Mollison—poor Mollison!' A faint colour rose for a moment into the waxen face of the virgin, and she dropped her eyes upon her work.

'Well—well—that boy, Elizabeth, was a drummer-boy, and he was—no, not a thin boy: he was, in fact, a fat—an uncommon fat boy; and—no, there was nothing in his pocket, nothing at all in his pocket; but—Well, sir, what more do you want?'

'I was only a-waiting, sir, till you had finished,' said Mr Poring, 'to ask what was to be done with this boy.'

'Finished! How can I ever finish with these constant interruptions? But let us see'—The captain drooped his shaggy brows over his eyes, and sank into a deep cogitation. He at length suggested that the boy *must* belong to somebody: somebody, for instance, must have taken care of him when he was a baby.

'He never was a baby,' replied Mr Poring with decision: 'he is quite positive of that; he is sure he

would recollect it from the curiousness of the thing. When he ought by rights to have been a baby, he was only a small boy, sir. He had never a futher, he says; but he thinks he must have belonged in some way or other to a woman called Sall, for she sometimes gave him victuals when he asked her, but oftener a slap, telling him to go and forage for his-self.'

'Well, there,' cried the captain, 'we have a clue at once—the name of the boy's mother or other relation—Sall.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Mr Poring, shaking his head gravely—'all the women of the lower classes is called Sall, and there is no telling one from another. There is nothing known, or can be known, of that boy but this: a troop of vagrants was seen by the constable crossing the common just as the mist was thickening; they passed through the village without stopping; and soon after this boy lighted on me in the dark.'

'I say, Poring, could you not lose him as easily as you found him?'

'If you please, sir, I did *not* find him—he found me. If there had been fifty boys on the common, I would not have found one of 'em. But anyways, as for losing him, I did try it on this morning. I took him to the Gravel Pits, sir, beyond the village, where there are paths in all directions, and a view from nowhere: a cat, sir, could not find its way home from there. Well, sir, I walked him round and round, and then dropped him into a pit, telling him to be a-gathering some chickweed for our canary till I came back, and then I pegged home as fast as I could. I was standing in the kitchen telling Mrs Margery what I had done, when I heard a low voice behind me saying: "Heads it is!" and when I turned round, I declare, sir, I was almost skeered to see the boy sitting on the floor in a corner, tossing up with his-self for a piece of bread Molly had just given him.' At this conclusion the captain emitted a sardonic laugh, for he seemed tickled at the idea of Mr Poring's defeat.

'Playing with his-self!' snarled he with a sneer—'and which of them won—hey?'

'I believe it was the Other, sir,' said Mr Poring, 'for the Boy left the piece of bread on the floor. But perhaps his pocket was full.'

'And what do you think of it all, Elizabeth?'

'When a boy,' replied the spinster, almost warmly, for her gentle nature had been revolted by Mr Poring's narrative—'when a boy escapes marvellously from a gravel-pit, we may be sure the finger of Providence was in it.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth—that's very true: we will think over the matter, and see about it to-morrow.'

#### STEAM AMONG THE FARMERS.

THOSE who visit Christmas cattle-shows simply in a grazing frame of mind, do justice neither to themselves nor to the show. There is something more to do than to admire fat pigs which cannot see out of their eyes, and fat sheep which look more silly even than lean sheep, and fat bullocks which measure an unlimited number of yards round the body. Unless a man roams also among the agricultural implements, he cannot rightly judge a matter which is well worthy of attention—the wonderful energy and activity of the farmers since the repeal of the corn-laws. It is no part of our business to dilate upon political combats, but it is unquestionably a part of every Englishman's business to know that the agriculturists are bravely 'putting their shoulders to the wheel,' and applying all modern improvements in furtherance of their labours. The gradual spread in the use of steam-power is not among the least remarkable of these appliances. A year or two ago, we happened to meet with a 'Song of Steam' in an American newspaper; the name of the writer does not appear; but we feel inclined to reprint here three of the

stanzas, partly because there is really a dash of sparkle and spirit about them, and partly because we must beg that farming operations should in future be included in some measure among the labours of steam.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
My tireless arm doth play,  
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day.  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
From the hidden cave below,  
And I make the fountain's granito cup  
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
Where my arms of strength are made.  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put into print  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be 'laid on the shelf;  
And soon I intend you may all go and play  
While I manage the world by myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein;  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

Without going so far as to expect that we may all 'go and play,' while steam manages the world by itself, we may undoubtedly expect that many hard and laborious kinds of field-labour will, more and more every year, be effected by steam, which has 'no muscle to weary, no breast to decay.' We have only to look at the groups of implements and machines proceeding from the well-known firms of Ransome, Wedlake, Garrett, Crosskill, Hornsby, Dray, &c.; or to look through the lists and catalogues of those manufacturers: the evidence of the fact becomes then very apparent. Let us very briefly glance at the matter.

Here are the productions of Messrs Clayton and Shuttleworth of Lincoln, among which a three horse-power portable steam-engine is conspicuous. This compact affair is shaped something like a locomotive; it weighs about a ton and a half, and its provender consists of three hundredweights of coal and 270 gallons of water per day of ten hours. With this moving power, it will thrash out twenty quarters of corn per day; and when it has done its work in one barn or thrashing-floor, a horse will easily draw it to another. Similar engines are made of four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine horse-power, all presenting this analogy—that the number of horse-power produced is about equal to the number of hundredweights of coal consumed in a working-day of ten hours—a convenient rule for estimating the efficiency of the power. The larger of these portable steam-engines require two horses to draw them from place to place; but in return for this, they will thrash out a larger quantity of corn per day, and become applicable also to grinding, sowing, pumping, and other operations necessary on a large farm. The seven-horse engine is large enough to be made available for a remarkable system which has sprung up in some districts—namely, the *letting out of steam-power*: a portable steam-engine travels about from farm to farm, doing the thrashing and sowing, and grinding and pumping for each in succession—a system susceptible of wonderful expansion. Then there are fixed steam-engines for farm-work, of four to ten horse-power each. Another ingenious apparatus is a portable thrashing-machine. This is not a steam-engine, but a capacious vehicle on four wheels, having thrashing mechanism within, and pulleys and bands on the outside to enable it to be worked by a steam-engine, either portable or

fixed. The facilities thus afforded are remarkable; for you may either take the steam-engine to thrash, or bring the corn to be thrashed, according to the arrangements of the farm. The corn is bundled into the vehicle; the steam-power commences its activity, and revolving arms proceed to thrash out the grain with great rapidity. In one form of the machine, the whole of the processes of thrashing, straw-shaking, riddling, winnowing, and bolting, are performed by steam-power, and in their proper order. How there must be certain revolving arms, and certain revolving cylinders, and certain wriggling or vibrating troughs, will be evident to those who consider the nature of these operations. Then there are straw-shaking machines, and corn-grinding mills, and bone-crushing mills, all worked by steam-power, and all applicable to farm-labour.

Here are Messrs Dray's portable steam-engines; and here Messrs Hornsby's; and here Messrs Garrett's, and Messrs Barrett's, and Messrs Ransome's; and so on. The relative merits of each, and the trade competition between them, we have nothing to do with here. The great point is to know that there are a dozen firms or more manufacturing these powerful aids to agriculture. Some excel in the rapidity with which steam is got up; while others excel in the amount of horse-power produced by the consumption of a given weight of coal.

The Royal Agricultural Society was mainly instrumental in bringing forward the movable steam-engines for farms, in the interval between 1841 and 1851. Mr Pusey, a great authority on all these matters, has thus noticed the advantages of portable over fixed engines for farm-work: 'If a farm be a large one, and especially if, as is often the case, it be of an irregular shape, there is great waste of labour for horses and men in bringing home all the corn in the straw to one point, and in again carrying out the dung to a distance of perhaps two or three miles; it is therefore common, and should be general, to have a second outlying yard; and this accommodation cannot be reconciled with a fixed engine. If the farm be of a moderate size, it will hardly—and if small, will certainly not—bear the expense of a fixed engine; there would be waste of capital in multiplying fixed engines to be worked but a few days in a year. It is now common, therefore, in some counties, for a man to invest a small capital in a movable engine, and earn his livelihood by letting it out to the farmer. But there is a further advantage in these movable engines, little, I believe, if at all known. Hitherto, corn has been thrashed under cover in barns; but with these engines, and the improved thrashing-machines, we can thrash the rick in the open air at once as it stands. It will be said: How can you thrash out of doors on a wet day? The answer is simple: neither can you move the rick into your barn on a wet day: and so rapid is the work of the new thrashing-machines, that it takes no more time to thrash the corn than to move it.'

But steam does something more than this for the farmer: it helps to make pipes for draining his land; and it helps to steam potatoes and other roots as fodder for animals; and it helps to plough his land—although it must be owned that ploughing-machines have not yet come much into use. In respect to steaming potatoes for pigs, it has been remarked that even diseased potatoes, if not too far gone, by being thus treated may be rendered wholesome, and may be stored up for months.

If the visitor to a cattle-show, who spends a reasonable time in the implement-galleries or yards, would choose to extend his thoughts a little from steam among the farmers to machinery among the farmers, he would soon find how wonderfully the use of such machinery has spread within the last few years. In nearly everything which can be called a machine in respect to farming, one of these three things is



observable—that a man turns a handle, that a horse exerts its pulling force, or that a steam-engine puts forth its multiform power; and it is only those who have watched the progress of recent improvement, who can form even a guess of the wide extent to which the simple hand-instruments—such as the spade, the rake, the hoe, the dibble, the flail, &c.—have been superseded on large farms by skilfully constructed machines. The old ploughs, with wheels and gallows, required four horses to draw them; but two horses can now do as much work with a plough of lighter and more scientific construction. The old harrows had their tines or teeth at a definite distance apart; but our farmers can now obtain expanding harrows, which can be adapted to the state of the land. The old rollers, in many cases, were simply tree-trunks rudely fashioned into cylindrical shape, having their framework loaded with rough materials to give them weight; but now we have iron rollers which will last for ever. The old farmers were wont to attempt, sometimes hopelessly, to break heavy clods by the alternate use of the roller and the harrow; but the farmers of the new school have now their powerful and efficient clod-crushers, whereby turnip-land can be prepared for corn with celerity and success. The old plough was expected to do more work than it could do well; but the scarifiers, and grubbers, and cultivators of the present day are analogous to a large party of ploughs all working at once, whereby a large percentage of horse-power is saved. The old seed-lip and dibble deposited the seed very slowly; but the modern drill does this with astonishing quickness; and not only so, but it will even deposit manure and water with the seed in the hollows made for its reception. The old hoe was ‘slow,’ both figuratively and really; but the modern horse-hoe is a compound of four, six, or eight hoes at once, each working more quickly than the original hand-impliment. The old sickle was the only instrument used by our fathers and grandfathers for cutting corn; but the McCormicks, and Husseys, and Bells have shewn us what can be done by reaping-machines. The old rake was the only impliment for gathering stray hay and corn; but the modern horse-rake will do the same work ten or twenty times as rapidly. The old hay-fields exhibited simply the handicraft labour which supplied so many Daphnes and Colins to the pastoral poets; but the haymaking-machines now give a different aspect to the affair. The old carts and wagons in which the farmer conveyed his produce from the field to the barn, and from thence to market, were a terrible drag to the horses; but now, like clippers on another element, they weigh less, carry more, and move more quickly. The old flail beat about the corn in a rude way on the barn-floor; but the new thrashing-machine enables either horses or steam to do the work more conveniently and more expeditiously. The old process of winnowing left the wind to blow away the chaff in a blind and capricious manner; but the modern winnowing-machines have such a discriminating power, that they can separate the grain into ‘good corn,’ ‘good tail,’ ‘tail,’ ‘whites,’ ‘screenings,’ and ‘chaff,’ thus enabling the farmer to carry to market produce the quality of which can be exactly determined. The sheep and lambs of old days had to munch away at whole turnips, as best they might; but the modern turnip-cutter, by presenting the root in nice mouthfuls, economises the muscular power of the animal, and gives him an increased value in the market. The old chaff was cut by hand with a sort of chopping or guillotine action; but the chaff-cutters now made perform the work with far greater celerity. The old farmers drained their land, if at all, by using hand-made tiles, and pipes laid in hand-made grooves and gutters; but the new farmers can reap the advantages of the ingenious tile-machines, and can lay down the pipes by the still more ingenious draining-plough.

Nay, not only do farmers now display all this ability, but they have actually become poetical, which the world in general is perhaps not aware of. That Messrs Moses and Hyam, as Messrs Warren and Day and Martin formerly did, throw around their business proceedings a halo of poetry, everybody knows; but it has, until lately, been new to us that an agricultural implement-maker thinks it worth his while to lisp in numbers; and as it is not to be supposed that he would bring ploughs and poetry together, unless the farmers were pleased therewith, the latter must also have a share of the credit. Listen:—

Iron-ploughs as Kimble's, as Howard's, and as Ball;  
Twin-harrows and scufflers, made large or small.  
I've ploughs, too, for draining, for ridging, and hoeing;  
Clod-crushers and rollers, to prepare for sowing.  
Without manure-boxes, or with, I make drills,  
From one to ten coulthers. Bean, cake, or malt mills.

Then as to carts—

The tipping apparatus is simple and sound,  
Surpassing all others its service is found.  
The self-acting tail-board is, too, a good plan,  
And must be approved of by master and man;  
It hangs upon hinges—no need to take off—  
Folds under the cart-frame, and catches aloft.  
To York I first sent it to meet public eyes;  
The Royal Society to me gave the prize;  
Prince Albert and noblemen all did declare,  
‘It's the best one-horse cart that I have seen here.’

With a little chaff, we have done—

Sir, have you chaff-machines now worked by man?  
I recommend horse-power, my late improved plan;  
Many of them I have just lately put down,  
That give satisfaction to farmers around.  
And if you should doubt it—hear what I now say—  
You can go to see them: they're at work to-day.  
I fix it for cutting aloft, if you please;  
And one horse can work it—an old hack with ease.  
Without e'er a driver, one man with two boys,  
Can cut eighty bushels an hour without noise.

Opinions may possibly differ as to the merits of this poetical effusion; but there is no difference of opinion as to the simple fact—that agricultural implement-makers have placed the means of great advancement within the reach of farmers. In 1851, Mr Pusey made this important statement—that the improvement in farming-implements made within the preceding dozen years, had been such as to insure a saving on outgoings, or an increase of incomings, of not less than one-half on all the main branches of farming-labour.

## MAUNDERINGS.

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

I AM far frae being clear that Nature hersel', though a kindly auld carline, has been a'tgether just to Scotland, seeing that she has sae contrived that some o' our greatest men, that ought by richts to hae been Scotchmen, were born in England and other countries, and sae hae been kenned as Englishers, or else something no quite sae guid.

There's glorious old Ben Jonson, the dramatic poet and scholar, that everybody taks for a regular Londoner, merely because he happened to be born there. Ben's father, it's weel kent, was a Johnston o' Annandale in Dumfriesshire, a bauld guid family there to this day. He is alloot to hae been a gentleman, even by the English biographers o' his son; and, dootless, sae he was, sin' he was an Annandale Johnston. He had gane up to London, about the time o' Queen Mary, and was amang them that suffered under that sour upholder o'

popery. Ben, puir chield, had the misfortune first to see the light somewhere about Charing Cross, instead o' the bonnie leas o' Ecclefechan, where his poetic soul wad hae been on far better feedin'-grund, I reckon. But, nae doot, he cam to sit contented under the dispensations o' Providence. Howsomever, he ought to be now ranked among Scotchmen, that's a'.

There was a still greater man in that same century, that's generally set down as a Lincolnshire-man, but ought to be looked on as next thing till a Scotchman, if no a Scotchman out and out; and that's Sir Isaac Newton. They speak o' his forebears as come frae Newton in Lancashire; but the honest man himsel's the best authority about his ancestry, I should think; and didna he say to his friend Gregory ae day: 'Gregory, ye werna aware that I'm o' the same country wi' yoursel—I'm a Scotchman.' It wad appear that Sir Isaac had an idea in his head, that he had come somehow o' a Scotch baronet o' the name o' Newton; and nothing can be better attested than that there was a Scotchman o' that name wha became a baronet by favour o' King James the Sixt (what for aye ca' him James the First?), having served that wise-headed king as preceptor to his eldest son, Prince Henry. Sae, ye see, there having been a Scotch Newton wha was a baronet, and Sir Isaac thinking he cam o' sic a man, the thing looks unco like as if it were a fact. It's the mair likely, too, frae Sir Adam Newton having been a grand scholar and a man o' great natural ingenuity o' mind; for, as we a' ken right weel, bright abilities gang in families. There's a chield o' my acquaintance that disna think the dates answer sae weel as they ought to do; but he ance lived a twalmouth in England, and I'm feared he's grown a wee thing prejudiced. Sae we'll say nae mair about him.

Then, there was Willie Cowper, the author o' the *Task*, *John Gilpin*, and mony other poems. If ye were to gie implicit credence to his English biographers, ye wad believe that he cam o' an auld Sussex family. But Cowper himsel' aye insisted that he had come o' a Fife gentleman o' lang syne, that had been fain to flit southwards, having mair guid blude in his veins than siller in his purse belike, as has been the case wi' mony a guid fallow before noo. It's certain that the town o' Cupar, whilk may hae gien the family its name, is the head town o' that county to this day. There was ane Willie Cowper, Bishop o' Galloway in the time o' King Jamie—a real guid exerceesed Christian, although a bishop—and the poet jaloused that this worthy man had been ane o' his relations. I dinna pretend to ken how the matter really stood; but it doesna look very likely that Cowper could hae taken up the notion o' a Scotch ancestry, if there hadna been some tradition to that effect. I'm particularly vext that our country was cheated out o' haeing Cowper for ane o' her sons, for I trow he was weel worthy o' the honour; and if Providence had willed that he should hae been born and brought up in Scotland, I haena the least doot that he wad hae been a minister, and ane, too, that wad hae pleased the folk just extranar.

There was a German philosopher in the last century, that made a great noise wi' a book o' his that explored and explained a' the in-througs and out-througs o' the human mind. His name was Immanuel Kant; and the Kantian philosophy is weel kent as something originating wi' him. Weel, this Kant ought to hae been a Scotchman; or, rather, he *was* a Scotchman; but only, owing to some grandfather or great-grandfather having come to live in Königsberg, in Prussia, ye'll no hinder Immanuel frae being born there—whilk of coorse was a pity for a' parties except Prussia, that gets credit by the circumstance. The father o' the philosopher was

an honest saddler o' the name o' Cant, his ancestor having been ane o' the Cants o' Aberdeenshire, and maybe a relation o' Andrew Cant, for onything I ken. It was the philosopher that changed the C for the K, to avoid the foreign look of the word, our letter C not belonging to the German alphabet. I'm rale sorry that Kant did not spring up in Scotland, where his metaphysical studies wad hae been on friendly grund. But I'm quite sure, an he had visited Scotland, and come to Aberdeenshire, he wad hae fund a guid number o' his relations, that wad hae been very glad to see him, and never thought the less o' him for being merely a philosopher.

Weel, we've got down a guid way noo, and the next man I find that ought by richts to hae been a Scotchman is that dell's bucky o' a poet, Lord Byron. I'm no saying that Lord Byron was a'thegither a respectable character, ye see; but there can be nae manner o' doot that he wrote grand poetry, and got a great name by it. Noo, Lord Byron was born in London—I'm no denyin' what Tammy Muir says on that score—but his mother was a Scotch leddy, and she and her husband settled in Scotland after their marriage, and of coorse their son wad hae been born there in due time, had it no been that the husband's debts obliged them to gang, first to France, and after that to London, where the leddy cam to hae her downlying, as has already been said. This, it plainly appears to me, was a great injustice to Scotland.

My greatest grudge o' a' is regarding that bright genius for historical composition, Thomas Babington Macaulay, M.P. for Edinburgh. Aboot the year 1790, the minister o' the parish o' Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, was a Mr M'Aulay, a north-country man, it's said, and a man o' uncommon abilities. It was in his parish that that other bright genius, Tobias Smollett, was born, and, if a' bowls had rowed richt, sae should T. B. M. But it was otherwise ordeened. A son o' this minister having become preceptor to a Mr Babington, a young man o' fortune in England, it sae cam aboot that this youth and his preceptor's sister, wha was an extranar bonny lass, drew up thegither, and were married. That led to ane o' the minister's sons going to England—namely, Mr Zachary, the father o' our member; and thus it was that we were cheated out o' the honour o' having T. B. as an out-and-out Scotsman, whilk it's evident he ought to hae been, sin' it's no natural to England to bring forth sic geniuses, weary fa' it, that I should say sae. I'm sure I wiss that the bonny lass had been far eneuch, afore she brought about this strange cantrip o' fortune, or that she had contented hersel' wi' an honest Greenock gentleman that wanted her, and wha, I've been tauld, de'ed no aboon three year syne.

Naebody that kens me will ever suppose that I'm vain either aboot mysel' or my country. I wot weel, when we consider what frail miserable creatures we are, we hae little need for being proud o' onything. Yet, somehow, I aye like to hear the name o' puir auld Scotland brought aboon board, so that it is na for things even-down disrespeckable. Some years ago, we used to hear a great deal aboot a light-headed jillet they ca' Lola Montes, that had become quite an important political character at the court o' the king o' Bavaria. Noo, although I believe it's a fact that Lola's father was a Scotch officer o' the army, I set nae store by her ava—I turn the back o' my hand on a' sic cutties as her. Only, it is a fact that she comes o' huz—o' that there can be nae doot, be it creditable or no. Weel, ye see, there's another very distinguished leddy o' modern times, that's no to be spoken o' in the same breath wi' that Lady Lighthead. This is the new empress o' France. A fine-looking quean she is, I'm tauld. Weel, it's quite positive aboot her, that her mother was a Kirkpatrick, come o' the house o' Closeburn, in the same county that Ben Jonson's

father cam frae. The Kirkpatricks have had land in Dumfriesshire since the days o' Bruce, whose friend ane o' them was, at the time when he killed the Red Cummin; but Closeburn has lang passed away frae them, and now belongs to Mr Baird, the great iron-master o' the west o' Scotland. Howsomever, the folk thereabouts hae a queer story about a servant-lass that was in the house in the days o' the empress's great-grandfather like. She married a man o' the name o' Paterson, and gaed to America, and her son cam to be a great merchant, and his daughter again becam Prince Jerome Bonaparte's wife; and sae it happens that a lady come frae the parlour o' Closeburn sits on the throne o' France, while a prince come frae the kitchen o' the same place is its heir-presumptive! I'm no sure that the hale o' this story is quite the thing; but I tell it as it was tauld to me.

I'm no ane that takes up my head muckle wi' public singers, playactors, composers o' music, and folk o' that kind; but yet we a' ken that some o' them attein to a great deal o' distinction, and are muckle ta'en out by the nobility and gentry. Weel, I'm tauld (for I ken naething about him mysel') that there was ane Donizetti, a great composer o' operas, no very lang sin-syne. Now, Donizetti, as we've been tauld i' the public papers, was the son o' a Scotchman. His father was a Highlandman called Donald Izett, wha left his native Perthshire as a soldier—maist likely the Duke o' Atholl pressed him into the service as ane o' his volunteers—and Donald, having quitted the army somewhere abroad, set up in some business, wi' Don. IZETT over his door, whilk the senseless folk thereabouts soon transformed into Donizetti; and thus it cam about that his son, wha turned out a braw musician, bore this name frae first to last, and dootless left it to his posterity. I ken weel that Izett is a Perthshire name, and there was ane o' the clan some years sin' in business in the North Brig o' Edinburgh, and a rale guid honest man he was, I can tell ye, and a very sensible man too. Ye'll see his head-stane ony day i' the Grayfriars. And this is guid evidence to me that Donizetti was, properly speaking, a Scotchman. It's a sair pity for himsel' that he wasna born, as he should hae been, on the braes o' Atholl, for then he wad nae doot hae learned the richt music, that is played there sae finely on the fiddle—namely, reels and strathspeys; and I dinna ken but, wi' proper instruction, he micht hae rivalled Neil Gow himsel'.

Ye've a' heard o' Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, as they fulishly ca' her, as if there ever were ony nightingales in Sweden. She's a vera fine creature, this Jenny Lind, no greedy o' siller, as sae many are, but aye willing to exerceese her gift for the guid o' the sick and the puir. She's, in fact, just sic a young woman as we micht expect Scotland to produce, if it ever produced public singers. Weel, Jenny, I'm tauld, is another o' that great band o' distinguished persons that ought to hae been born in Scotland, for it's said her great-grandfather (I'm no preceese as to the generation) was a Scotchman that gaed lang syne to spous his fortune abroad, and chanced to settle in Sweden, where he had sons and daughters born to him. There's a gey wheen Linds about Mid-Calder, honest farmer-folk, to this day; sae I'm thinkin' there's no muckle room for doot as to the fact.

Noo, having shewn sic a lang list o' mischances as to the nativity o' Scotch folk o' eminence, I think ye'll alloo that we puir bodies in the north hae some occasion for complent. As we are a' in Providence's hand, we canna o' coorse prevent some o' our best countrymen frae coming into the world in wrang places—sic as Sir Isaac Newton in Lincolnshire, whilk I think an uncommon pity—but what's to hinder sic persons frae being reputed and held as Scotchmen notwithstanding? I'm sure I ken o' nae objection, except it maybe that our friends i' the south, feeling what a sma' proportion

o' Great Britons are Englishmen, may enterteen some jealousy on the subjeck. If that be the case, the sooner that the Association for Redress o' Scottish Grievances takes up the question the better.

## LOCAL COLOURING.

LOCAL COLOURING—*couleur locale*—is a modern expression signifying the accordance, or keeping, of the adjuncts in a work of art, whether literary or pictorial, with the principal figure or subject. To ancient novelists and dramatists, local colouring was unknown, chiefly because the limited intercourse between nations precluded an acquaintance with the habits of foreign countries; but still more because the idea of such a necessity had not dawned on the minds of men.

Each nation, with that ridiculous pride and egotism some people consider patriotism, thought the world epitomised in itself; it imagined no difference under distance of either place or time. Thus Ariosto's knights in the rude era of Charlemagne have all the polish of the courtiers of the poet's own day, and he attributes smart and witty sayings to personages who lived long before wit could be said to be in fashion. His queen of Cathay, too, journeys about with a freedom unchecked by the habits of seclusion to which she, like her subjects, would in reality have been condemned, and walks with an utter disregard to the incapacity of feet that must have been swaddled and cramped from her babyhood.

Shakspeare, who had less education than the more refined Italian, is more excusable in his defalcations; but they are, it must be confessed, 'plenty as blackberries,' as often as the scene lies in a foreign land. In *As You Like It*, we find the Forêt des Ardennees stocked with roaring lions, and Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses. Although all the characters ought to have been French, Touchstone and Audrey are regular English villagers, and no explanation is given of the why and wherefore of such inconsistency. In *Catherine and Petruchio*, the housekeeper of this Italian couple is plain Mrs Curtis. Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, we have a regular English watchman and English magistrate in the heart of Italy—to say nothing of the lower characters refreshing themselves in an ale-house in a country where wine would be the only beverage. We have also jokes about a hot January, as a thing impossible in Southern Italy, where a cold January would be the greater wonder of the two; and a 'February face,' probably meaning showery, in a climate where even February is more kindly than April is with us. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek—in *Twelfth Night*—are two downright English worthies, although purporting to be citizens of Illyria. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus is Duke of Athens before dukes were known; still more inadmissible are the *coats of heraldry* which Helena and Hermia have worked on their sampler, and the pagan duke's expression of becoming a nun, applied to Hermia's intention of turning priestess of Diana. Again, in *Measure for Measure*, we find Italian names, although the scene is in Vienna. Wherefore these offences against taste?—Shakspeare had never heard of local colouring.

In *Comus*, Milton mixes pagan divinities with the more modern mythology of elves and fairies; in *Il Penseroso*, heathen goddesses jostle Christian nuns; and the chorus in *Samson Agonistes*, in a passage justly ridiculed by Johnson, observes that 'evil news rides post,' thereby calling up a host of modern associations, that sadly impugn the great poet's accuracy on the score of local colouring.

Addison and Johnson might have described their so-called Eastern fictions in the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, as Gray did his Eastern eclogues when he called them his Irish eclogues.

Racine, whose verses are both elegant and tender,



has metamorphosed the ladies and gentlemen of Versailles merely by giving them Greek and Roman or Eastern names. You feel no classic atmosphere about his pieces. You might call his characters Messieurs and Mesdames, and they would be far better placed in a *salon* than in a Roman hall or Grecian city. Neither is his Turk Bajazet one whit more Turkish than Rasselas is Persian. He is merely Monsieur le Marquis of anything, rather embarrassed at carrying on an intrigue with two fair ones at the same time. Racine would have thought he overstepped the proprieties of etiquette, had he given anything like local colouring to his subjects.

Voltaire, although so much in advance of his age, has sinned in exactly the same way in his *Zaïre*, when he makes an ignorant Eastern damsel, such as the charming Zaïre must, after all, have been, argue shrewdly on love and religion, and affirm that she would have been a Christian had she been born in Paris. Neither does he mend the matter in his tales, in most of which he peoples other countries with *petits maîtres* or *beaux esprits* of eminently French character, such as could not have existed in the remote times or places referred to. Perhaps, like the Athenians, who knew politeness, but did not practise it, Voltaire might have had an inkling of local colouring, only did not take the trouble to make use of it in days when it was 'caviare to the general.'

Schiller, in his *Turandot*, has upset all our diligently acquired notions of the habits and manners prevailing in the Celestial Empire. Nevertheless, we forgive him in favour of the amusement the piece affords us; but *Turandot* is no Chinese, and never had her feet compressed into a shoe too small for a baby—of that we feel certain. We miss the local colouring of mandarins, pagodas, drums, lanterns, and all the paraphernalia we have a right to expect in the land belonging to the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

Madame Cottin has charmed the youthful days of every one of us with her delightful *Malek Adhel*. Who has not wept over the fate of that most chivalrous of lovers, and sighed over poor Matilda's misfortunes? But if we open the book a few years later in life, certain misgivings step in to qualify our enjoyment of the book. We are fain to inquire in what language the lovers could address each other, as Matilda knew no Arabic, and Malek no English. Again, is not Malek Adhel himself, with his refined delicacy of sentiment combined with so ardent a passion, a strange anomaly in a country where women are held to be beings of an inferior order, and where a sultan's brother would have naturally thought of either buying Matilda or kidnapping her? Still pass we over this, as love may effect wonders in refining even an Eastern despot; but does not the whole *mise en scène*, even down to the dress of the Princess Matilda on the day of the ball, betray an utter recklessness of local colouring? Query, did the novice learn to dance in her convent? and how was Malek Adhel able to dance a *pas de deux*, in a country where royal personages dance only by proxy, thinking it too much trouble to do that which can be paid for?

Madame de Staël has committed less excusable blunders in her *Corinne*, which belongs almost to our own times. The crowning of an improvisatrice at the Capitol is, to say the least of it, an anachronism. Her Italy is a fictitious one, for it lacks local colouring.

As to the shortcomings and incorrectnesses on the subject of Italy, chargeable to Anne Ratcliffe and other novelists of the same period, they are too numerous to dwell on. They manufactured a theatrical Italy where every tenth man was a bravo, and every husband horn-mad—although the apathy of Italian husbands with regard to the *cavaliere servente* shews that they carry philosophic indifference in this respect to its extremest limit. In like manner there is a conventional Spain,

which the writers of comedy, not excepting Sheridan, have dressed up according to their fancy, where the young ladies are invariably watched over with a degree of strictness at utter variance with Spanish habits; the fact being, that in no country have young ladies so much liberty, being free to walk out, to flirt, to pick up acquaintances as they list, in a manner which would shock the sober ideas of English people. The so-called Spanish comedies have as little of the local colouring of real Spain, as the dress of the songstress who personates Rosina in Rossini's *Barbiere* generally bears to the genuine Spanish costume.

Walter Scott was probably one of the first who introduced local colouring, and his example has been followed by many modern novelists. There is a colour of the times as well as a local colouring, and the learned Scotch novelist was indefatigable in his antiquarian researches, which impart a great value to his writings. Victor Hugo, in his *Notre Dame*, has shewn the same care in carrying us back to Paris in the olden time. Eugène Sue, too, has almost turned antiquary in his *Mystères du Peuple*, which, however inferior to his other works in point of misapplied genius, must be respected as a praiseworthy effort to give vitality to remote ages.

But how is it that, in spite of these examples, we constantly stumble on the grossest sins against local colouring, committed mutually by the two countries nearest and best known to each other—namely, England and France? When a Frenchman lays the scene in the former, and an Englishman in the latter, it would seem each strove to prove that railways have effected nothing towards approximating the intellects of mankind, though they may have approximated countries. We remember reading, a very few years ago, a novel by a young lady, who places society in France before the great Revolution on exactly the same footing as it is in England at the present day. The heroine rides out daily, although, as an amusement for ladies, riding was scarcely known at that period; and has a lover in time when no high-born maid was suffered to see the husband chosen for her, till every arrangement was concluded by the parents. The fair writer had given French names to her characters, but forgotten that this would not transform them into French personages.

But how much more glaring, because committed by a writer of considerable merit, are the grotesque blunders of Paul Féval, in the otherwise interesting and stirring pages of *Le Fils du Diable*. To say nothing of the absurdity of the three bankers who seek concealment in Germany and France in the year 1840, wearing scarlet mantles as a disguise in the teeth of fashion and paletôts—the author introduces us to a Magyar, who has become a London merchant, exercising his calling in the unromantic purlicious of St Paul's, and daily going to 'Change with pistols and dagger in his belt, greatly to the alarm of the peaceful denizens of Cheapside, and of his fellow-merchants, who, of course, forget that they can apply to the first policeman to rid them of his threats and bravadoes. This same merchant-Magyar lives in a house of Oriental splendour, with an endless suite of gorgeous rooms fitted up in the Levantine style—and what think you, gentle reader, is the locality of this sumptuous habitation? Belgravia—or May Fair? No such thing—but plain Paul's Chain, where this magnificent establishment is connected with his counting-house, and apparently all upon the ground-floor. Paul Féval lacks the organ, if there be one, of local colouring; but the mere general data to be gathered from a journey to London by the excursion train, would have prevented his falling into such egregious absurdities, and we wonder it did not occur to him.

Even Eugène Sue, whom we have praised for the pains he took in reproducing a faithful picture of society as it lived, thought, and acted hundreds of years back, has shewn the same slipshod indifference

with regard to the local colouring of the country now within a day's distance. We will merely quote, as an instance, the blunders to be met with in his otherwise charming novel—*Miss Mary*. His gentle heroine is the daughter of Sir George Lawson, generally styled Sir Lawson, and occasionally plain Mr, while Sir Lawson's wife is simply Mistress. Again, in the days of this mythical baronet's opulence, his magnificent residence was called Lawson Cottage; while his faithful coachman absolutely paints the lily and gilds refined gold by styling his master *Sir Lawson Esquire*!

A certain *feuilletoniste* went even a trifle further in point of absurdity, inasmuch as he dealt with real and not fictitious personages, when he designates the son of the late world-famous Sir Robert Peel, whom he met at Berne, as the *young lord*, in defiance of *Burke's Peerage*; also styling him *Sir Peel*, although his father was then living.

Ridiculous as such blunders undoubtedly are on the part of foreigners, they argue a far more inexcusable ignorance when committed by native authors. We have read a tale in which Miss — becomes Lady Olivia —, on marrying a baronet; and, astounding to relate, that huge triton among the minnows—the lordly and omnipotent *Times*—committed quite as laughable a solecism as was ever perpetrated by Sue or Féval, by denominating the youthful scion of an aristocratic family (we change the names to fictitious ones), Lady Fanny Fairlove, who had married Sir Harry Sparkington, Bart., Lady *Harry Sparkington*—a twofold absurdity, reducing a duke's daughter to plain Miss Fairlove, and converting Sir Harry into Lord Harry.

It would be endless to enumerate the painters, even the eminent ones, who have shewn an utter indifference to local colouring, however great colourists in every other respect. The number of Cleopatras in satin, the countless Prodigal Sons in point-lace and Dutch or Flemish dresses, and Holy Families attired after the quaint Italian or German fashion of the days in which the simple-minded painter lived, are so many monuments of the utter disregard paid by our forefathers to local colouring. We should be afraid to affirm that modern artists never sin on this score, but, at anyrate, there is certainly a strong movement in the right direction among them. As to the stage, which ought to 'hold the mirror up' not only to nature but to art, and serve as a patron for artists, its defalcations have, till quite lately, out-heroded all the perpetrations against local colouring committed by the united depravity of authors, dramatists, and painters. It would require a whole treatise on costume were we merely to make a passing mention of all the ridiculous anachronisms that have 'strutted and fretted' their hour on the stage, from the days when Garrick acted *Macbeth* in a tie-wig and knee-breeches to a Lady *Macbeth* in hoop and powdered hair, down to our own times when, but a few years ago, ladies on the stage came into the parlour to breakfast in full ball-costume, while their maids, besides walking in silk attire on week-days, wore their necks bare, or ornamented with necklaces! These absurdities have, however, so completely disappeared, even at the lowest class of minor theatres, that they now belong to past history. The application of local colouring to theatrical costume, which began in Paris at the time the dramas of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas first departed from the stiff conventionalities of the three unities, and substituted real flesh-and-blood personages for the tragic heroes of the elder writers, was subsequently taken up in this country by several actors of sterling merit.

One word of advice, however, to actors in general. They must not think all is achieved in the way of local colouring by merely a correct costume. Thus, when they approach the footlights to read a letter, they lead our thoughts away from the garden or the street they are supposed to be standing in, and remind us we are in

a theatre—a great sin against local colouring. The same when they make their exit not by the door but by the side-scenes, like incorporate beings—a solecism, by the by, never committed on the French stage; but so little attended to in this country, that we have actually seen a celebrated prima donna suddenly go out *through the wall* of the prison in which she was confined, in a fit of anger at an encore given to her sister vocalist on the stage, and come on again by the same means, leaving us to wonder why the heroine she represented remained in prison at all when escape was so easy. Without a strict observance of all such proprieties, no actor can be entitled to the term great, any more than a painter or author can approach perfection if he disregards local colouring.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRIEND OF MINE.

WHEN Juan was intrusted to me, he was about three years old. His height was that of a child of the same age. When I freed him from the bamboo-basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which there was a sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Juan understood that it was in future to be his lodging: he let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a table-napkin, and having dressed himself in this as majestically as an Arab in his burnoose, lay down on the bed he had prepared.

Juan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient; yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen; at first, he tried to get it back, but being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not the effect he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his fist, screamed, cried, howled for more than half an hour. At last, I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired; for, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of civilisation the independent nature which He had sent into the world amid virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head. There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Juan among our own species; he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better; he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

The first day that I let Juan dine at table with me, he adopted a disagreeable mode of pointing out the objects that were pleasing to him: he stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate everything he could lay hold of. I gave him a box on the ear, to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem: he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment, my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon in this way: a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his

plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his chest. I then took a spoon, and shewed him how to use it; he immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that implement.

When I brought Juan on board the *Cleopatra*, he was domiciled at the foot of the main-mast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut up carefully in his house; and at meal-times he went to the distribution of food with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

Juan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation with the persons of the Embassy, whom he knew very well, or to tease a young Manila negrito, who had been given to M. de Lagrené. This negrito was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Juan had a profound contempt for monkeys; he never condescended to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or a sheep to that of one of these quadrumana. Juan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board: he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquor. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized, and having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into his mouth, and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

When I arrived at Manila, Juan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it—consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Juan was charmed with our residence. He spent his days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the mango-women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach.

Juan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion; he was selfish, and would not have found communistic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect; and only liked communism with regard to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon which had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

Whenever we put into harbour, I brought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Juan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure. Provided he had been once shewn which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others, until such time as he had exhausted his own provision; after that, he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent: the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down.

It is untrue that orang-outangs have been taught to smoke: Juan, and all those I have seen, were unable to acquire that habit.

Such is the account of an orang-outang given by Dr Yvar, who was physician to the scientific mission sent by France to China, and who resided six months in the Eastern Archipelago. This animal is a native of the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and the peninsula

of Malacca, dwelling in the deepest recesses of forests of gigantic growth, and seldom venturing into the more thinly-wooded districts. Very little is known of the habits of the creature in its wild state, and many fabulous accounts respecting it have in consequence been received as true. Its usual height is supposed to be about four feet, although there is a description of one by the late Dr Abel, the stature of which, according to the details laid before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, exceeded seven feet.

The orang-outang is grave and gentle in its manners, and more docile than any of the monkey tribe, easily imitating some of our actions, learning to use a spoon, and even a fork; and acquiring a relish for sweetmeats, coffee, and spirits. It is fond of being noticed, and capable of great attachment. During youth, the forehead and skull appear well developed, and carry something of a human character; but as the animal advances in age, the resemblance quickly disappears.

#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

RARELY, indeed, had a more lovely evening been known, even in the fairy-like land of the Isle of France, than that of the last day of December. The bright genial weather of the monsoon months following copious rains, had brought every product of the earth to its fullest perfection and beauty: the rich stores of the vegetable world vied with the glories of the animal kingdom; and whilst trees, and shrubs, and plants put forth their greatest powers, insects innumerable, and birds of gayest plumage, hummed and sang their richest notes in gentle harmony, through grove, and wood, and mossy dell—and this on New-year's eve.

The day had been a glorious time of sunshine—the sky all clear and radiant, like a sea of liquid blue, seemed wedded to the ocean. No cloud was there to dim the lustre of the one, no breath of air to stir the glassy face of the other. Fruits, flowers, and leaves, thick as they were over field and garden, hung listlessly; and even busy man forgot to toil, lost in his admiration of that golden eve. All nature seemed at rest, as though the world had willed the year should die so brilliantly, so peacefully, that not one sound or sight unwelcome might cross its latest hours.

The sun was sinking fast, transforming, as it did so, the lovely azure of the sky to a rich golden hue tinted with softest blushes. A gentle breeze was springing up, and played, as though in very wantonness, amongst the broad leaves of the green bananas, the feathery foliage of the lofty palms, and the thick groves of orange-trees. Many a wide and cool veranda in Port Louis was filled with fair and youthful forms, listening to the idle gossip of the day; many a wealthy merchant leaned back on downy ottoman, enjoying his pipe, and casting up the profits of the year; many a sun-burned planter reposed on matted couch with long-necked bottles in his company, listening to his neighbours' tales of sugar-canes, slaves, and rum.

Within a mile of the Port, on the road leading towards the Pamplemousses, stood, and, for aught I know to the contrary, stands at this moment, a most picturesque-looking villa, delightfully placed amongst palm-trees and mango-groves, with a perfect paradise of a garden and lawn, studded with the richest fruit-bearing trees and flowering shrubs. As is the case with all tropical dwellings, an ample veranda encircled the house; and to render the place still more enjoyable, a shady avenue of bananas, figs, and rose-apples, led the way to a pretty bridge, over which the passenger found himself conducted to a miniature island laid out, like the garden, with lawn and flowering-plants, and round which ran a rippling stream, washing its mossy banks.

In the vicinity of this abode were clusters of neat thatched cottages, each with its knot of palms and

bananas, and a small patch of garden in the rear. These were the dwellings of the slaves, who cultivated the many fields of sugar-canes that stretched for miles along the skirts of the mountain-land in the rear of the road—the property of one of the wealthiest planters of the island, M. Durant.

This enchanting spot, seen on such a lovely evening as I have attempted to describe, may well have been deemed the resting-place of happy mortals. It seemed the home of tranquil happy hearts, where nothing sorrowful might find a corner; where men might have been content to end their days on earth. Yet this was not so. The apple of the desert, all beauty to the eye, was not more bitter at the core than this same planter's homestead. Watching the parting sunlight from the front veranda, sat the young wife of the proprietor. Reclining on a couch of ebony, garnished with richest drapery, with the incense of sweetest flowers about her, with a crowd of slaves to obey her every wish, with all that physical life could demand, this wife was unhappy.

Alas! the one thing needed to make a joyful home was wanting—domestic sympathy. No man could be more thoughtful for his wife's comfort, no one more liberal in his arrangements for her household; but his heart, though not against her, was not with her. Ambition was his bane, reckless speculation his sole enjoyment. For such he seemed to live, and wondered why his Florence drooped, and pined, and wept, while he was wrapped in giant schemes of wealth. Warm-hearted as a woman can truly be, yearning vainly for a return of the love that dwelt in her own breast, Florence Durant cared little for the eastern splendour that encircled her in this little earthly paradise, while she saw her husband giving up his whole heart and soul to business, with but seldom a word or look for herself.

The disappointed wife was pondering over all this on the evening in question, casting her eyes alternately from the setting sun to the infant that lay sleeping at her feet, fanned gently by a little slave-girl. The planter had been absent for many days, and as yet had not seen this last addition to his family; but Florence promised no pleasure to herself from their meeting. She knew too well, from past experience, that he would look upon her new-born infant as he would on a piece of furniture just added to their drawing-room. He would shew no unkindness, use no harsh words; but there would be that utter disregard, that abstraction from all but business, which sinks into the heart of a wife of sensitive mind almost as deeply as actual wrong.

It was in vain the slave-girl chanted her prettiest Indian love-song; as vainly did the little infant, by its very muteness and helplessness, appear to solicit sympathy and protection. Florence felt that she would gladly have exchanged her wealth and station for the humble lot of any poor slave-girl on their estate, to have enjoyed requited love.

The sun had sunk full deep below the many-tinted horizon; the birds had sought their leafy homes; the infant had been laid to rest on downy pillows; the moon had flung its first soft rays upon the distant hill-tops, and on the waving leaves of lofty palms—yet Florence still sat there, gazing in deep thought upon the opening prospect of another year so like the last that her heart fainted within her, and forced out bitter tears.

But let us look elsewhere. If we turn our eyes towards the little stream that, fed by gurgling mountain-brooks, speeds merrily past the plantations of M. Durant, towards the Port, we shall see how many cane-fields it refreshes, and how many sugar-works it supplies with water. Along this little river a light canoe was floating, half paddled, half borne upon the stream. Seated in the stern of the little craft was a

young planter, who, with folded arms and darkened brow, seemed lost to all that was passing around him. As the last rays of the sun disappeared, the canoe touched the mossy bank of the little island in the rear of the house, and awaking to consciousness, Durant—for it was he—sprang to shore.

Instead of hastening to his house, as usual, the planter began to pace the lawn in the island with rapid and unsteady strides. To and fro the gloomy man walked in the deepest excitement, as though uncertain or careless of what his course should be. The speculations he had been so long engaged in, and which had accumulated about him until they had assumed enormous magnitude, had broken down in hopeless ruin; and now, crushed and oppressed beneath this sudden weight, the ambitious man felt maddened with disappointment. What he might have determined upon, or whether he might have bent his steps had he been left to his own meditations, matters not to our present purpose. But the sound of many merry voices came floating down the rose-apple avenue towards the bridge; nearer and nearer the boisterous throng approached; louder and quicker the bursts of laughter fell upon his ear. They were the voices of his own children, whom he could see approaching in company with one or two of the slave-children, and a gray-headed negro in charge of the party. In no mood to encounter all this merry-making, the planter turned aside from the little lawn, and diving into a mass of evergreen behind a sort of grassy mound, he flung himself upon the ground amongst rushes and lotus-leaves, compelled, however unwilling, to listen to the childish talk of the merry group.

Such a happy party they were! There was Rose, a dark-eyed girl of eleven, full of thought and kindness; Edward, the eldest boy of nine; with Ernest and little Minnie, and old Pierre, a negro of sixty years, who had in his early days nursed their mother; and besides these, there were Peto, and Caspar, and Lugo—young slaves born and bred on the estate. There was also Brutus, the old brown goat with his long silvery hair, and his great hard horns, and his quiet gentle eyes. Why, bless you! he would not have hurt one of those dear little children—though they did climb on his back, and stick all sorts of odd things on his horns—he would not have trodden on one of their dear toes for any quantity of green sugar-cane, and he was remarkably fond of it too!

How delighted they were to romp and dance on that nice green lawn, and tumble the old negro amongst the pomegranates, and make the goat quite giddy with dancing a waltz on his hind-legs, whilst little Minnie stuck his horns full of garlands and green boughs! Happy children! The world was as yet all sunshine to them. The New Year that was about to visit them had no cares or griefs for their young hearts. They could see nothing but flowers in their path, and heeded not the thorns.

When they had roined to their hearts' content, some one asked what fête they were to have on the morrow, which set them all guessing and thinking. Each one, from the laughing Rose down to black-skinned Peto, opened up some especial source of delight for New-year's Day; while the good-natured goat strolled from one to the other, rubbed his shaggy coat against them, licked their hands, and looked up in their faces, as though to guess what they were debating.

The most favoured idea was that of a grand ball on the island to the whole establishment; and as there was yet a good half-hour till supper-time, they agreed to try a little rehearsal of what they would wish for the morrow. In a moment, every one set to work. Green boughs were torn down; broad leaves were stripped from branches; palm-blossoms and rose-apples were twined into chaplets and garlands; and leaves, and fruit, and flowers, were so transformed by their many skillful little fingers, that in a short time there was a goodly

array of festal ornaments, quite enough for their rehearsal.

Brutus helped them as well as he could, by carrying branches and garlands in his mouth, and depositing them on the little mound that was to serve them as a sort of natural ottoman. Having hung their garlands and bouquets on the nearest shrubs, and twined flowers and branches of young limes amongst the leaves of stately laurels, Rose desired her companions to imagine as well as they could, that the most beautiful festoons of palm-leaves and show-flowers were hanging the whole way from the house, with cocoa-nut lanterns blazing away at intervals. They were told, likewise, to picture an arch of triumph at either end of the bridge, with an altar of flowers and fruit in the centre; and lastly, that they must fancy themselves looking at the green mound as a most beautiful throne of moss, lotus-flowers, jambo-blossoms, and talipot-leaves, with a bower by its side full of wine, and cakes, and fruit, and all the estate people assembled about them, with Tonchee, the old blind harper, and the two horn-blowers, who could play anything from cathedral music down to an Indian war-dance.

They all, as in duty bound, fancied what they were bid, whereupon Rose led her elder brother to the imaginary throne, and bade the rest range themselves about. Then the child, in a voice of grave earnestness, told them that the New-year's fête was to begin, that she would act 'Mamma,' while Edward would take the part of 'Papa.' At this proposal, the rest of the children raised such a shout of laughter as quite astounded the goat. The idea of their papa taking part in any festivities, seemed to their infant minds a joke of such stupendous absurdity as to be beyond their small comprehensions.

Why Rose, silly child, might as well have voted him to be the pope of Rome, or even the governor of the island! But she, taking her brother by the hand, bade him act the part allotted him; whereon the boy said he would try and look as grave and unhappy as he could, but he was sure he could not look or feel like his papa.

Rose chided him, and said that she was sure their papa was very good, and loved them all, and would not make one of them unhappy for the world, if he knew it. Edward inquired, if that were the case, why did he go away so often and leave their mamma alone for so many days and nights: when she was ill too, it was all the same.

But Rose was not going to be put down in that manner; not she. To be sure, she did wish that dear papa would not leave them so often as he did; she wished he would give up those long journeys, burn the nasty canoe on their imaginary altar of flowers, and stay at home to take care of the cane-pieces and the people, and so make dear mamma and all of them quite happy. Then she added, if Edward would not act 'Papa,' she would, and tell them what she would do and say on the morrow. She would first kiss mamma and the new baby, and wish them a happy New Year, and say that she had resolved to give up everything but home from that day; that there was to be no more travelling in the canoe; that mamma and the sugar-works should have all her time. Then she would give a grand fête to everybody on the plantation; and to crown all, and begin the New Year well, old Pierre should have his liberty, and Brutus the goat be decorated with a new set of ribbons. Saying this, Rose embraced her brother, and the whole party raised such a shout of approbation as might have been heard at the house.

Perhaps it was; for at that moment, just as they were going to dance, the conch-shell was blown, as a signal for their return to supper and bed. They started away home as rapidly and joyously as they had come; and in a few minutes more the island was as still as the night that was closing fast over it.

Again the planter paced that quiet lawn, but this time calmly, slowly, and thoughtfully, until the moon had risen high above the palm-trees. Then, by that pale light, one might have seen how changed he seemed; how something had been busy in his mind, and still was working there; how heavy wintry clouds had passed away, and summer calm reigned gently in their place. Each word and syllable of those dear children's talk had found its way and done its work within. A sweeter sermon man clad in priestly robes had never spoken.

The New-year's Day broke brilliantly as man need wish to see it. The early morning breeze from off the hill-tops came loaded with the breath of forest-flowers; birds caroled merrily from groves of shady trees; the insect world broke forth in one great universal hum of happiness; the little river rippled cheerily past the wooded island; and then the sun came gently over the mountains, heralded by gorgeous rays of rainbow quality, sipping the dewdrops from myriad buds and blossoms. The household of the planter had just begun to stir; dogs shook their shaggy, drowsy heads, and negroes rubbed their heavy eyes, and, in their Oriental apathy, groaned that the night had fled. The earliest sunny rays of morning light that stole through lattice door and window found Florence still asleep: a little more light, a little more warmth, a little more warbling of the birds without, and the sleeper's eyes were opened. Was it a vision of the night, still hovering about her, that she saw?—It was her husband, indeed, and with their new-born infant in his arms! He laid it gently by her side, and bending softly over her, as though she still had slept, and he had feared to wake her, kissed her a score of times, called her darling wife, and wished her and all beneath that roof a happy long new year. Blessed wife! It seemed as though a new world had opened before her with a fresh existence. And when he took her hand in his, and asked her to forgive him all the past, to look only to the future, rich in each other's love, Florence could not speak; but tears of happiness, more eloquent than words, told all she had to tell.

That was a busy bustling day for all the household. As usual upon the first day of the year in that island, the slaves crowded in after the morning-meal with their simple gifts of fruit, flowers, or cakes. Pomegranates, oranges, limes, citrons, bananas, pine-apples, jamboes, and many other tropical fruits, came pouring in, as though all the corners of the earth had been robbed for the occasion. If some fairy, reversing the story of Cinderella, instead of transforming fruit into carriages had converted all the vehicles of the island into fruit, there could hardly have been a greater abundance than was heaped in the planter's ample veranda on that morning.

Every one perceived how changed was the manner and tone of the master; and many were astounded to see how he worked at something that was evidently in preparation. Under various pretences, he contrived to despatch the children upon errands all day long; then the dinner-hour came, and then evening, and then they were told to prepare for the New-year's fête. As the whole family walked down the avenue of bananas and rose-apples towards the bridge, one long exclamation of wonder and delight burst from the children's lips. Pretty festoons of bright green leaves and flowers of many colours drooped across their path from tree to tree; at intervals hung, swinging in mid-air, small cocoa-nut lanterns; further on, at each end of the bridge, was an arch of evergreens and fruit; while midway between them stood the very altar that Rose had the evening before wished to see placed there; and, stranger still, upon its summit lay burning, like some sacrificial monster, the identical canoe, the detestable canoe, that had so often robbed them of their dear papa!

Wonder seemed never ending upon that eventful

evening. Well might the children feel astonished at all they saw, and ask inwardly if it were not a dream. Why, there was the little mound on which Rose and Edward had stood the previous night, decked and ornamented as they had pictured in their play! Some wizard of the woods had transformed the simple spot to a festive throne. While, stranger still, there was the identical bower by its side that Rose had conjured in her mind, full of all sorts of refreshments, boiling over with wine and cakes! And there, too, were the horn-players and the blind old negro harper. And as the party approached from the bridge, surveying all this work of fairyland, the brass and stringed music welcomed them with such a voluntary, as quite took away the children's breath.

It would need some time to relate one-half of what occurred on that joyful evening; but I may venture to tell how happily everything passed off: how old Pierre was made a free man; how the goat was decorated by Rose's hand with a new garland of ribbons and flowers; and how, in the very midst of some intricate piece of dancing, Brutus insisted on joining in the amusements, tripping up many a vigorous dancer by the force of his horns, and utterly perplexing and bewildering every kind of figure that was attempted.

The last of the guests had disappeared, the little island was once more quiet, and again the moon shone brightly upon tapering leaves and quivering grass; but this night two walked there. How differently, how happily did their hearts beat then! As they gently strolled towards their home, the planter whispered to his wife that there was yet one thing left untold, which he would break to her. He had not done so earlier, lest it should have marred the pleasure of the day. He was a ruined man—a beggar! He had been following a deceptive bubble; it had burst, and all was lost save home, and that was won. The loss of fortune had been a gain to him; and amidst the struggle which had then to come, the memory of that happy New-year's Day would lighten many a task.

The sequel of their fortune is soon told. A few years of steady application made the planter once more a thriving man; a few more years on that, and all was safe. If you wish to know how many New-year's Days they passed together, you must multiply twenty years by three hundred and sixty-five; for every day in their life was to them a New-year's Day, and a happy one!

#### REVELATIONS ABOUT SACKS.

Ever since the drinking-cup of Joseph was found in the sack of Benjamin, and we don't know how long before, sacks have maintained a distinguished position among the commercial nations of the earth, as the receptacles of the food of man, and of a multitude of other things besides, which we are fortunately not under the necessity of enumerating. There can be but little doubt that a sack was the first portable depository for property constructed by human ingenuity, and that it was formed from the skin of an animal. Such were the bottles of ancient peoples, before the potter's or the glass-maker's art was known, or was extensively practised, or popularly adapted to meet the common want; and such, at the present day, are the vessels of many nomadic and pastoral tribes partially, if at all, acquainted with the ceramic or textile processes. But the cattle on a thousand hills, if every one of them surrendered his skin for the purpose, would not supply a thousandth part of the sacks which modern commerce demands for the reception of its merchandise. The millions stowed away in granaries and warehouses—the millions more constantly traversing the ocean in every direction—and, more than all, the millions in daily use wherever men are congregated—all these defy calculation to number, or the imagination to conceive. A sack is

truly a comprehensive subject, and although it can be examined only on two sides—the outside and the inside—it may be considered from many and various points of view; but in order to keep ourselves within bounds, we shall confine our remarks, upon the present occasion, to the sacks which undergo a London experience.

The bulk of the sacks used in this country are woven by power-loom in Dundee, and by hand-loom in Norwich and various other places throughout the kingdom. The material is either hemp, which forms the best and most durable, or *jute*, a fibrous plant imported from the East Indies. The woven sacking, though partly made up in the provinces, is brought in great quantities to London, and being cut up into lengths, is sewn into sacks by women, who, working for very moderate wages upon a rough and cumbersome material, do not cut a very imposing figure among the fair professors of needlecraft. There is a large sack-manufactory in Tooley Street, and the sack-making women may be seen at early morn and at eventide laden with piles of sacks, made or unmade, upon their heads, proceeding over London Bridge to and from the factory. These hard-working females have latterly found a formidable rival in the new sewing-machine, which makes a sack in a fraction more than no-time, and threatens ultimately to throw them out of employment. Fortunately for them, however, there is an incessant demand for sacks—a demand which is always increasing in something like an arithmetical ratio. A question here naturally arises: What becomes of all the sacks? the answer to which, if it could be definitely given, would involve, we are afraid, an amount of moral delinquency which, if it could be measured by the sackful, would astound the questioner. Perhaps we shall arrive at some idea of the response by the time we have got to the end of our paper.

It might be reasonably supposed, that the immense demand for sacks would have the effect increased consumption has on other species of manufacture—the effect, namely, of improving their quality. But the fact happens to be just the reverse; the truth being, that the actual desideratum at the present time is, not a strong sack—not a tough, serviceable sack—not by any means a good sack, or any such kind of thing—but—hear it, ye men of inventive genius!—*a sack not worth the stealing!* Here is a field for enterprise! If any cunning contriver or persevering experimentalist can produce a sack which will barely carry its load once, and defy replenishing when empty, and sell it at a corresponding price—a price, that is, proportionate to the value of its temporary service—we will guarantee him a fortune. A good sack will cost 2s., or thereabouts, and will last for eight or ten years, and might be filled, perhaps, forty or fifty times or more; but the same 2s. spent in sacks at 4d. apiece, if such could be got, to be filled but once, would be beyond comparison a better investment on the part of the miller. We calculate by moral arithmetic.

Mention the word 'sack' to a metropolitan miller or corn-dealer, and down go the corners of his mouth instinctively. It is an ominous word, suggestive of a drawback upon his profits to an alarming but an indefinite amount, the sum-total of which he has no accurate notion of, and cannot have until the ceremony of stock-taking reveals the awful deficit. For we know not how long, but at least for some generations past, a property in sacks in use has been the most equivocal kind of property a man can possess. From the custom of the trade in corn, flour, grain, pulse, and agricultural productions of all kinds, the sacks in which they are contained are not chargeable to the purchaser, but are returnable to the owner when empty. Unhappily, they are liable to the other contingency, and a prodigious percentage of them never find their way back to the proprietors at all. It is marvellous to



what a variety of uses such an apparently unmanageable material as a stray sack may, by a stretch of ingenuity, be applied. It becomes not merely a bed-sacking, a door-mat, fuel for the oven, roofing for the loft, but a pathway for the garden, wainscoting for the summer-house, raw material for the paper-mill, or daubed with pitch or tar, it finds its way from the warehouse of the corn-factor to the wagon of the coal-merchant, or from the shop of the baker to the hold of some outward-bound vessel, to be expatriated for ever. So outrageous is the tendency of sacks to a mysterious and unaccountable disappearance, which some owners term 'evaporation,' that we have known a single miller, doing no extraordinary trade, to lose, in the space of three years and a half, 16,500 sacks—a loss of nearly 5000 in a year, amounting to little less than a third of his entire issue. Between twenty and thirty years ago, the depredations upon this unprotected property had risen to such a pitch, that a few of the millers and factors who had suffered most severely resolved to submit to it no longer. They met together, and organised an association for the purpose of inflicting the penalty of the law upon transgressors. Writs were issued and warrants enforced against some of the petty plunderers, and not a few of them were brought to the slow and unwilling conviction, that to steal a sack was a theft, at least in the eye of the law; but they suffered the penalty with the air of martyrs enduring persecution, and were far from acknowledging its justice. But when a prosecution was threatened, and indeed commenced, against a wholesale purloiner, who was caught in the act of shipping a whole cargo of wheat in sacks belonging to his neighbours, proceedings were stopped by one of the most influential men in the association, who, doing a large business with the delinquent, preferred compromising the crime to disobliging a customer. As a consequence, that association fell to pieces.

Let us glance for a moment at the experience of a sack in London. When a baker or corn-chandler buys flour or grain from a factor in Mark Lane, he receives an order upon the wharfinger for a specified number of sacks of flour or grain, as it may be. These, in the course of a few hours, are delivered at his place of business operations. He does not pay for the sacks, but they are returnable when empty—a consummation which may occur to-morrow, or six or twelve months hence. He is not, however, called upon to return them himself. There are in London at the present time—and have been for these fifty years past—sack-collectors, men, or firms, whose sole occupation is the collection of sacks and the delivering of them to their owners, or the agents of their owners. Some of these collectors keep a number of light carts continually driving about the town and suburbs on this errand. The collector charges 2s. 6d. a dozen, or 2½d. each, for every sack he rescues from the hands of the customer. In order to stimulate the baker or chandler to produce them as soon as empty, he is obliged to divide this premium with him, awarding him 1d., and sometimes 1½d. per sack for all he is able and disposed to surrender. It is the collector's business to sort them, to pack them in bundles, and forward them to the proprietors, before he presents his account for payment. At the period above alluded to, it is supposed that the collectors, or their agents, were principally concerned in the plunder carried on; although it was sufficiently shewn by the prosecutions of the day, that they did not want for countenance among dishonest tradesmen and dealers, rogues in grain, who profited by their complicity. Some years after the demise of the first association, the necessities of the commerce in grain called into existence another, which, under the designation of 'The Sack-protection Society,' yet exists, and holds its periodical meetings at Jack's Coffee-house, Mark Lane. It is a sort of

guardian guild, enforcing the rigour of the law against sack-thieves. The members pay an annual subscription, we believe of two guineas each, to defray the cost of its proceedings, and have therewith reduced by a considerable percentage the loss by sack-plunder. They maintain a policeman in plain clothes, who, all-observant but unobserved, surveys the operations of suspected persons: he has, from long practice, a keen eye for a sack, can single out a corn or flour sack pressed into the service of the coal-merchant, or doing duty in a potato-shop; and it is his function to report all such malversations, in order to speedy punishment and redress. By such and similar energetic measures, the Sack-protection Society secures some show of respect for sacks, and thereby, to a limited extent, benefits others as well as its own members. Still, however, the loss of sacks is enormous, and altogether unaccountable: we have heard it estimated variously at from seven to five-and-twenty per cent.; and it is characteristic, that the loss varies with the value of the article—the old and worthless returning to the proprietors, while the new and strong continue their travels. On this account, no miller, whose sacks go into the London market, dreams of paying a first-rate price for the article. At home, he will use sacks costing 2s. each, and will keep them for long years in use under his own eye; while those he sends out into the world may cost him less than half that sum, as he has but an uncertain prospect of seeing them again. Hence the desideratum we have hinted at above, of a species of sack which should cost a sum of money not more in amount than the present charge for collecting, plus the average loss by plunder, and which being thrown in gratis to the purchaser of its contents, would release both miller and factor from all anxiety respecting its ultimate fate.

The sack has other enemies in London besides the contraband dealers. Wharf-labourers and wagoners declare war against them, and invariably attack them with sharp iron hooks, with which they can lay hold of them more readily than with the fingers. The result is the rending of thousands of them, and the partial waste of their contents—a waste which, if it prevailed to a hundred times its present mischievous extent, would never prevent the use of the hook by the London wagoner, who would stand up for the privilege of his calling.

There is a prevailing and universal prejudice in favour of sacks among bakers and corn-chandlers. Barrels are to them an abomination—the reason being, that these cannot, like sacks, be folded up, and thrown aside when empty. Barrels take up as much room empty as full; and London tradesmen being proverbially short of room, would soon find themselves built out of their own premises by an accumulation of empty barrels. Large quantities of American flour are constantly imported in barrels, but the bakers, for the most part, will have nothing to do with it until it has been shot into sacks. This ceremony is continually going on at the wharfs on the banks of the Thames, and furnishes daily employment to a particular class of men. There is another objection to barrels: from lack of the occasional movement and shaking which it undergoes in sacks, the flour settles down in them, and, if untouched for a long period, has to be dug out in lumps, and pulverised again by rotating in a close wire cylinder set in rapid motion. Again, a third objection to their use is found in the negligence of the Americans, who, in their eagerness to do a fast trade, will, upon emergency, make them of green wood, in consequence of which the flour becomes impregnated with a disagreeable flavour. They are, in general, however, made remarkably well, with interiors astonishingly clean and neatly finished; but they are a drug to the English factor, who is often too glad to get rid of them at six or eight shillings a dozen.

The above revelations on the subject of sacks do not afford a very agreeable view of the practical morality of trade. But this is only one example, though an example on a large scale, of the imprudence of reposing confidence in a class, among whom it is impossible to distinguish the rogues from the honest men. There was a time when purchasers bought the sacks when they bought the flour or grain, and were credited with their value when they returned them empty. A return to that straightforward practice appears to be the only remedy for an evil which has resulted from its abandonment. It will deprive the rogues of the opportunity which has made so many of them what they are; it will put an end to the perplexities of the owners of the sacks; and, in abolishing the troublesome machinery contrived with a view to protect them, will remove from the honest members of the trade the odium of living under surveillance as the suspected custodians of other men's goods.

#### A GHOUL IN VALPARAISO.

We learn by the *Valparaiso Herald* that an extraordinary excitement prevails in that place, in consequence of a report having arisen that an Individual—no one knows of which sex—is in the habit of devouring any number of children he or she can get hold of. The juvenile population is of course in as great terror as the papas and maumas; and one day a boy, on being asked by a Frenchman for a light to his cigar, took to his heels in such trepidation, that he stumbled, and rubbed the skin off the point of his nose. This was seen at a glance to be 'the first bite of the ghoul,' and the exasperated populace made a rush at the monster, and would have torn him to pieces if he had not been rescued by the police. These 'put him in a carriage, and whirled him off toward the station-house; the crowd gave chase, and for two miles or so ran hooting and yelling after the carriage: everywhere the alarm spread, and the mob increased; they poured through the streets like a torrent, and ladies, as they swept by, crossed themselves, and exclaimed: "A revolution!" But the unfortunate prisoner was safely landed at the station-house, and the mob, by thousands, pressed round, eager and furious: then the story ran: "This is the man who eats our children! he has been at it two years and a half!—he has eaten up one hundred and ten infants!" "Two hundred!" says another. "Two hundred and fifty!" says a third. "He eats them raw!" "He broils them on a gridiron!" "He makes them into sausages, and sells them!" The end of the adventure was, that as the mob seemed determined not to raise the siege of the station-house, the Frenchman was dressed in some disguise, let out by a private door, and so escaped for the time. But the most curious part of the story is to come: it is an ascertained fact, that *not one child in Valparaiso is missing!*

#### THEORY OF ODOURS.

So much has been written on our five physical faculties—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smelling—that it has occupied a large portion of the various published works from the time when printing was invented. The three senses first named have fairly been 'written out'; but not much has yet appeared relating directly or indirectly to the others. Mr Septimus Piesse now gives us a theory of the olfactory nerve in distinguishing perfumes. Scents appear to influence the smelling nerve in certain definite degrees. There is, as it were, an octave of odours, like an octave in music. Certain odours blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance, almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verberna, and orange-peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-grain, the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by fleur d'orange, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitiver, with many others running into

each other. From the perfumes already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportions, the smell of almost any flower. When perfumes are mixed which strike the same key of the olfactory nerve, no idea of a different scent is produced as the scent dies off from the handkerchief; but when they are not mixed upon this principle, then we hear that such and such a perfume becomes 'sickly,' or 'faint,' after it has been in use a short time.—*Basick's Annals of Pharmacy and Chemistry.*

#### LINES ON THE LOST.

STRAIN, strain the eager eye,  
To Ocean's western verge, which bounds the sight  
From seas, far spread, where day with silent night  
Rejoins eternity.

In vain; no sail appears,  
Bearing on gladsome wing the long-lost brave  
To love's fond gaze; 'tis but some restless wave  
Which there its white crest rears.

While in the long left home,  
The mother, wife, and children anxious wait,  
Oft soothe the fireside chair, oft stir the grate,  
As he at last were come.

No! Winter marked that crew  
Of Britons bold brave their relentless reign,  
And from his throne he summoned all his train;  
Each forth his weapon drew.

Prepared, he bade them stand,  
Unbar the gates of Night, and to the hall  
Where cold eternal kills, lead one and all  
That doomed yet dauntless band.

Doomed, but without decay,  
They pass through Death, yet never reach the tomb.  
Imperishably fixed, they wait the doom  
Of their still lifelike clay.

The seasons come and go;  
Like Egypt's kings embalmed, they're resting there,  
Each in his ice-hewn sepulchre,  
And pyramid of snow.

Yet Ocean tolls their knell,  
From shore to shore the solemn peal ascends,  
And with its voice of many waters blends  
Their dirge funeral.

And the winds wait for them,  
For many a breeze which loves the seaman brave,  
By shelly beach, or in its choir-like cave,  
Now sings their requiem.

The secret of their fate  
Shall, when the sea gives up its dead, be shewn,  
And God for judgment by his great White Throne  
The world shall congregate. W. S. M.

THE MANSE, PENICUK.

#### EDITORIAL.

A New Hampshire editor, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:—"You miserabl skunk, hears your pocket-book. I don't keep no sich. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin' in it but a lot of noospapur seraps, a ivory tooth-comb, two noospapur stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directur, is a conterterble impursion on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentleman."—*Country Gentleman (Albany, N. Y.).*

EDINBURGH: Printed by ROBERT CHAMBERS (residing at No. 1 Doune Terrace), No. 339 Iligh Street, and Published by him at the same place, on

SATURDAY, January 7, 1854.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## 'THE PARTY.'

WHEREVER there is what business language calls 'a good thing,' you may be tolerably certain there is 'a party.' The function and vocation of 'the party' is to advance a little needful money to carry on the concern, receiving the great bulk of the profits in return. Be it some little shop speculation, some new mode of supplying an old want of the public, a successful periodical work, a clever and widely serviceable invention, or whatever else, the originator falls naturally into the hands of 'a party'—so naturally, or as a matter of course, that he would probably feel his position to be somewhat eccentric were it otherwise. When we see, then, any apparently good thing, or any man to all appearance conducting a large and lucrative concern, it would be rash to take it all as it seems. We need to know the secret arrangement with 'the party' before speculating on the subject. It is like looking over the landlords of an Irish county, where we see only the nominal owners, living or not living on the acres, while the real proprietors are the owners of mortgages—men who derive all the sweets of property, without any duty to perform or state to keep up.

It is the part of any honest blundering fellow to keep a shop from morning to night, to tax his brain in writing, in order to keep up some literary undertaking, or to excogitate and realise some adroit piece of mechanism, or some useful chemical compound: it is easy to be the ostensible, toiling, meritorious man in all these cases. But to be 'a party,' sitting calmly in the rear, making a small sum of money, judiciously applied, serve the purpose usually supposed to be served by talent and diligence—thus to pocket proceeds with little risk, no responsibility, no work—that requires a truly clever person. The nominal man is like a hand; 'the party' is as the head. The former is human and workman-like; the latter is a master and a kind of deity. No one knows what it is to be 'a party' till he has become one himself, or fallen into the hands of one. 'The party' sees his fellow-creatures flocking around him, begging to be saddled, bridled, and ridden by him. He feels like the Evil One buying up human souls. In the English commercial world, it is scarcely worth while to be anything but 'a party.' In literature, to be an author of name is to be a slave: be 'a party,' even if it be only the stationer who supplies the paper, and you are in comparison as one who sits on Olympus, and shakes the spheres.

Many years ago, a demand arose among the ladies for a particular kind of lace-work, applicable to various articles of dress, and which could be almost entirely manufactured by machinery. The machines required

were expensive, and as only a single pattern could be executed on one, the variety in the descriptions of goods produced did not for a long time at all keep pace with the continued and increasing demand. It happened, owing to the illness of the maker of the original machines, which were always kept closed against the prying eyes of visitors, that a young Lancashire machinist was called in to repair one which had suffered fracture. The young man studied its structure well, made drawings of the various parts, and in the leisure of his evenings at home pondered over them, with a view, if possible, of effecting some valuable improvement. After a twelvemonth's thinking and experimenting, and the laborious construction of a working-model, he hit upon a new plan, by which it was practicable to work any number of patterns by a single machine, and that, too, one of a much less complex description, and therefore less liable to need repairs than any then in use. Had he been wise, as he was ingenious, he would have held his peace, and taken measures to secure for himself the advantage of his invention. But the thing got wind, and came to the ears of 'a party,' who flew to the inventor, bought up the entire property in the new machine at a cost of less than £100, got it rapidly constructed and into work, and has pocketed from that time to this—a period extending over a quarter of a century—an income sometimes amounting to tens of thousands annually, arising solely from that single bargain. The inventor continued a working-machinist to the last day of his life, and died lately, leaving his family to maintain themselves by their own labour.

At the late grand show in Hyde Park, were a multitude of ingenious contrivances by men of no previous reputation and of little or no capital. Many of these, which were more clever than useful, died a natural death; and many more, through the attention they there excited, have been brought into use, and have added to the perfection of our means of manufacture, or to the efficiency of our domestic implements or arrangements for home comfort. But if the question could be answered—who has reaped the profit arising from their dissemination? we are persuaded that, in the majority of instances, that smart business practitioner, 'the party,' would be found to have swallowed the lion's share. Among many examples, is that of a maker of musical instruments, in a small way of business, who by a simple mechanical application, so much improved the power of an instrument in common use, as to effect in those which he produced a very marked superiority over those of rival makers. He was with reason sanguine as to the ultimate results of his invention—but wanting the means of making it

generally known, he unavoidably fell into the hands of 'a party,' who offered to advance the necessary capital under certain conditions. The conditions were—that the inventor should bind himself, under a ruinous penalty, to surrender every instrument he should make for the next seven years to his patron at a specified price above the cost of material, and should pledge himself to make not less than a certain number per month. This bargain was agreed to, and signed and sealed under legal direction. The result is, that the inventive genius, from being a small manufacturer, has become a large one, inasmuch as he now makes twenty instruments where he formerly made two—but he declares, and we believe truly, that he has not a penny more to spend upon himself, owing to the extremely minute fraction of profit which comes to his share—while he has the anxiety and responsibility of a large establishment to add to his former grievances. Meanwhile, 'the party' derives a profit of from forty to sixty per cent. upon every instrument produced, and will continue to do so for five years longer, by the end of which time he will have amassed, at the present rate of demand, a net gain little short of £17,000. We might parallel this case of the musical instrument-maker by a tale of a printer of paper-hangings, whom another 'party' beguiled into a similar predicament—and again by that of a gunmaker, who was no better off until he put an end to a contract of the same kind by slipping into his coffin.

In cultivating what he calls 'the legitimate use of capital,' the 'party' has no exclusive tastes. Give him only a concern involving small outlay, little risk, and no trouble, and he is ready to go into it. We have to imagine him in all possible spheres. Say he has fallen in with an improvident artist of rising talent, he engages all his pictures for the next seven years, and perhaps makes the modest gain of 500 per cent. by the speculation. We must view him even entering into the sacred walks of science. Several years ago, a scientific man of high character and attainments, in the course of his experiments in relation to the subtlest and strangest of all natural agencies, had fallen upon the germ of a new discovery, which was destined to operate a mighty change, to the advantage of society in all its phases, whether political, commercial, or domestic. In partial ignorance of the grand results to ensue from his discovery, and in total ignorance of the natural history of 'the party,' he admitted a specimen of that genus into his confidence, and intrusted him with the practical demonstrations of the mechanism before the public. 'The party' soon felt the importance and value of his position; and, as usual, came to consider the inventor as a mere subordinate. When, by and by, it was proposed to form a joint-stock company for the purpose of working out the discovery, 'the party' conducted the negotiation, and having obtained the offer of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, proceeded to arrange with the inventor, that he should accept about a fifth of that sum, and then put the remaining four-fifths in his own pocket. This was perhaps—take it for all in all—the most brilliant stroke of work ever performed by any 'party.'

Gentle reader, where you see a very fine shop with an appearance of good custom, do not hasten to think that the owner is a prosperous man—wait to learn whether he has 'a party' sitting like a buttery spirit in the back-room, eating up the profit. Where you see a clever active publisher bringing out great numbers of capital books, and making himself no inconsiderable fame, don't rashly conclude that he must be making a fortune. Perhaps 'a party,' in the form of a wholesale stationer, who supplies all his paper at not more than fifteen per cent. above market prices, saves him from all the cares of increasing wealth. If you find the world going distracted about a particular writer, and buying his books in scores of thousands, don't think, if

you are yourself a poor author, that he, as a rich one, may be able to lend you fifty pounds till your history of the Lower Empire comes out. Perhaps his publisher acts towards him as 'a party,' and cannot, though he wished it, be very merciful, seeing that he is in the hands of 'a party' in his turn. In short, wherever there is an appearance of thriving, suspect there may be 'a party,' and you will seldom be wrong; for the fact is, where the spoil is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

The legislature of this country is very rigorous in imposing restrictions upon a set of poor tradesmen calling themselves pawnbrokers, from an idea that it is necessary to protect the public against their practices. With 'parties,' who are to pawnbrokers what tigers are to ferrets, it takes no such trouble. Happy fraternity! unseen, unknown, irresponsible, a continual feast of the kind which Sancho liked—namely, behind backs—is yours.

You have nothing to do but to fix a spigot in a neighbour's heart, and sit enjoying the crimson stream. How intense must be your sense of triumph over the poor fools who take front places in the world, where there is nothing but responsibility, hard work, and the mockery of a little honour! How you must hug yourselves on the sagacity which is contented to sit in a back-seat, and suck unnoted! How supreme must be your contempt for work and duty!

#### MR SIMON'S REPORT—NATURE OF THE CHOLERA POISON.

SANITARY agitation has opened up a new field for the influence and exertions of members of the medical profession. It was long a subject of remark, and, indeed, a natural consequence of the ordinary position of the ministers of health, that they appeared to be cut off from the life of citizenship—the political side of man's existence—which was so prized as the exclusive province of the free man by the Greeks and other republicans. The march of a great epidemic having roused the nation from its supineness, we see the appropriate leaders of a new movement in the conservators of the public health. It is with feelings of great pleasure that we regard this strenuous exertion on the part of the members of the medical profession. One of the noblest vindications of their claims has recently come before the public in the columns of the *Times*; we allude to the able and eloquent annual Report of Mr Simon, the medical officer of health for the city of London. Seldom, indeed, does it fall to our lot to peruse a production where such high literary and scientific merit in the treatment, is combined with so deep an interest in the subject-matter. The author of the Report now before us, and a few others who pursue the same class of research, are becoming to the politician what the German Professor Hecker has already proved himself to the historian. The latter savant, by his celebrated work on the epidemics of the middle ages, has thrown light on many problems of the social life of those periods, and even on portions of the more exclusive domain of mental philosophy. Let us hear what Mr Simon says of the vastness of the field which lies before them. 'It needs the grasp of political mastership, not uninformed by science, to convert to practical application these obvious elements of knowledge—the elements of sanitary legislation—to recognise a great national object irrelevant to the interests of party, to lift a universal requirement from the sphere of professional jealousies, and to found in immutable principles the sanitary legislation of a people.'

In our present brief notice of this elaborate Report, we can only glance at the various general conclusions

which the author has deduced as the result of his extended inquiries. And, first, as to the circumstances attending the origin and progress of cholera.

The pith of the matter lies in the following sentences:—'That which seems to have come to us from the East is not itself a poison, so much as it is a test and touchstone of poison. Whatever in its nature it may be, this at least we know of its operation. Past millions of scattered population it moves innocuous; through the unpolluted atmosphere of cleanly districts it migrates silently without a blow—that which it can kindle into poison lies not there. To the foul, damp breath of low-lying cities it comes like a spark to powder. Here is contained that which it can swiftly make destructive—soaked into soil, stagnant in water, griming the pavement, tainting the air—the slow rotteness of unremoved excrement, to which the first contact of this foreign ferment brings the occasion of changing into new and more deadly combinations.'

There is, it appears, a close analogy between the action on local atmospheres of this 'ferment,' changing them into the perfect cholera poison, and the action of the poison of any infectious disease on the human frame. Particular atmospheres may be said to take a kind of cholera disease; that is to say, by receiving and developing in their ready natures the cholera ferment, which is the migratory principle to which the spread of the disease is due, they become peculiar 'choleraic' atmospheres, and the powerful, indeed apparently the only media for producing the disease of cholera in the unfortunates who breathe them. When a person is seized with an infectious disease, it is because there is something in the state of his animal economy which fits it to receive the poison of infection. So when the atmosphere of a given spot receives and cherishes the subtle ferment of the cholera poison, it is because there are causes distinctly to be traced which render such atmosphere a ready hotbed for the reception of the ferment and the consequent elaboration of the complete poison. Briefly, these circumstances are, the coincidence of dampness and organic decomposition, promoted by a high temperature. It matters not where, it matters not how these conditions coexist; the result appears to be constant. Let the subtle ferment spreading from a neighbouring locality but reach the spot where they do coexist, and a choleraic atmosphere is the result—a frightful mortality is not far distant.

The cholera, according to Mr Simon, is eminently a district disease—that is, it lays hold on one locality in marked preference to another. A low level and a dense population are the concurrent circumstances which nearly always produce a fit field for the development of the poison, simply because they produce a damp atmosphere and an abundant organic decomposition. In the low levels of the metropolis, the water supplied to the inhabitants is inferior in quality, and largely loaded with organic matter. This impurity becomes a strong ally of the pestilence, by producing that unhealthy state of the individual system which is pre-eminently favourable to the reception of the completely generated poison.

Concerning the ferment which acts as the test and touchstone of the cholera poison, it is not distinctly known whether it may ever arise from local causes in our own country, or whether it must invariably migrate hither from the East, its apparent home; or what the first impulse to its origin may be. From what is known of the habits of the disease which follows in its track, we are driven to entertain an unpleasant suspicion, to say the least, that the fermented poison may become permanently localised, and that we may possibly in future have perpetual laboratories for its production close to our own doors. As yet, however, from our experience of the time and manner of its approach, it appears to migrate from east to west. In the words of Mr Simon: 'It filtered along the blending line of land

and water, the shore, the river-bank, and the marsh. Conducted by the Oder and the Vistula, from the swamps of Poland to the ports of the Baltic, it raged east and west from St Petersburg to Copenhagen with frightful severity, and, obedient to old precedents, has let us witness its arrival in Hamburg.' Twice previously, and again in this its third visitation, travelling from the last-mentioned town, it has reached the north-eastern seaports of our islands. It is forcibly and emphatically declared by Mr Simon, 'that the epidemic prevalence of the cholera does not arise in some new cloud of venom, floating above reach and control high over successive lands, and raining down upon them without difference its prepared distillation of death; but that so far as scientific analysis can decide, it depends on one occasional phase of an influence which is always about us, on one change of materials which in their other changes give rise to other ills; that these materials, so perilously prone to explode into one or other breath of epidemic pestilence, are the dense exhalations of animal uncleanness, which infect, in varying proportion, the entire area of our metropolis.' In short, it appears now to be a matter of comparative certainty, that if there be present no foul hotbed of corruption for the reception and development of the migrating ferment, the complete poison will not be generated.

We have not space to inquire into the particulars of the Report before us. Suffice it to say, that they abundantly illustrate and enforce the truth of the general statement above made. Wherever the malarious exhalations are intense, there the ferment strikes and works, whether it be in the low-lying levels of the river docks of London, putrid with the accumulations of sewerage and other decomposed organic matter left to rot in the sun at the ebb of every tide; or whether it be at a high level, as that of Merthyr-Tydvil, where filth and neglect, during the former visitation, produced an artificial poison-bed more deadly than any existing in the metropolis. Fit localities for the development of the cholera poison may be various in situation and size; for instance, the deadly circumstances may coexist either in a large district, as a whole city, or a low-lying tract of damp soil; or in an isolated locality of smaller size, like Merthyr-Tydvil; or in the still greater isolation of a single house. These distinctions are sometimes met with in the pure form of complete exemption in the surrounding neighbourhood, and a virulent manifestation of the disease in the particular spot, and are established beyond doubt by a crowd of instances in which the degree of development of the disease is seen to vary with the degree of intensity of the causes above indicated.

We may here notice a singular observation, which shews the influence of increased temperature on the development of morbid poisons, and the increase of mortality consequent thereon. In the healthier districts of the city, it is shewn by the tables that the cold season produced its usual effect in a higher rate of mortality, in accordance with the well-known unfavourable influence of inclemency of the weather on the aged and infirm. But in the unhealthy districts, the rate of mortality in the hot and cold months is exactly reversed, and summer becomes the fatal season. This is shewn by Mr Simon from the observation of other diseases which result from defective sanitary conditions; and it may be presumed that the result will be seen still more strongly marked during the probable prevalence of cholera in the ensuing summer.

The cause, then, of the disease being so clear, we have not far to seek for a preventive. We are all familiar with the old replies of Demosthenes when asked what was the chief part of an orator. We may imitate the questions and answers in the present instance. What is the chief remedy for this evil?—Cleanliness. What the next?—Cleanliness. What next

again?—Still cleanliness. Cleanliness of the city, of the house, of the person. When this first and last requisite shall be fully attained, then the deadly enemy will be stripped of all power to harm us; then the 'subtile venom' will be to us so subtile that its presence will never more be recognised. The presence of the test and touchstone of poison will be of little matter when the development of the poison is no longer possible. But, alas! here, as in many departments of the healing art, it is far easier to point out the effect which we desire to produce, than to find the due means to accomplish our end. The giant growth of London and its vicinity; the existence of 250,000 houses, covering an area of 100 square miles, mostly drained at a vast outlay on an old-established imperfect plan, or rather no plan, the alteration of which involves almost incalculable expense, even if physical causes do not concur to prevent the introduction of any better system—almost cause us to despair of effecting the desired improvement. 'The evil before all others,' says Mr Simon, 'to which I attach importance in reference to the present subject, is that habitual impoisonment of soil and air which is inseparable from our tidal drainage. From this influence, I doubt not, a large proportion of the metropolis has derived its liability to cholera. A moment's reflection is sufficient to shew the immense distribution of putrefactive dampness which belongs to this vicious system. There is implied in it that the entire incrementation of the metropolis—with the exception of such as not less poisonously lies pent beneath houses—shall, sooner or later, be mingled in the stream of the river, to be rolled backward and forward among the population; that at low-water, for many hours, this material shall be trickling over broad belts of spongy bank, which then dry their contaminated mud in the sunshine, exhaling fetor and poison; that at highwater, for many hours, it shall be retained or driven back within all low-level sewers and house-drains, soaking far and wide into the soil, or forming putrid sediments along miles of underground brickwork as on a deeper pavement. Sewers which, under better circumstances, should be benefactions and appliances for health in their several districts, are thus rendered inevitable sources of evil. During a large proportion of their time, they are occupied in retaining or redistributing that which it is their office to remove. They furnish chambers for an immense evaporation; at every breeze which strikes against their open mouths, at every tide which encroaches on their inward space, their gases are breathed into the upper air, wherever outlets exist—into houses, foot-paths, and carriage-way.'

We would willingly pass over the repulsive faithfulness of Mr Simon's description of these abominations of London sewers; verily, they are chambers of horror. A sanitary voyage through the main subterranean arches similar to the old recorded expedition of Agrippa through the Roman sewers, would be little less than the death-warrant of any rash individual who should undertake the project. We might almost fancy their murky atmosphere peopled with the spectre phantasms of fever and miasm, and expect at every turn to meet the subtile impersonation of the cholera poison gliding on its deadly way, and seeking an escape from its prison below to its fated prey above.

Let not the dweller in a loftier region fancy his dwelling secure, though the air may be apparently sweet and pure. A false and selfish neglect will bring speedy retribution. Though far removed from the centre of the cloud of miasm, he and those near and dear to him may yet experience its deadly effects. Let him listen to the faithful words of Mr Simon; and if humanity do not inspire his efforts, at least let fear arouse him from his sluggish slumber: 'Not alone in Rotherhithe or Newington—not alone along the Effra or the Fleet, are traced the evils of this great miasm. The

deepest shadows of the cloud lie here, but its outskirts darken the distance. A fever hardly to be accounted for—an infantile sickness of undue malignity—a doctor's injunction for change of air—may at times suggest to the dweller in our healthiest suburbs, that while draining his refuse to the Thames, he receives for requital some partial workings of the gigantic poisoned blood which he has contributed to maintain.'

It is sad to contemplate the waste of life consequent on this giant evil of imperfect drainage. In this age of money-making and enterprise, one of the many consequences of the exposure of the evil—namely, the desertion of localities otherwise desirable for residence, and the consequent loss to the proprietors of house-property—will furnish one of the strongest motives for reform. Any plan for the new drainage of London should certainly be carried out under the supervision of government; and it would be but a just application of the public revenues, to vote grants in aid of private enterprise. Of what importance is the ornament of the capital, in comparison with the removal of this poisoned air, which breeds a hundred plagues? What satisfaction can be found in the finished perfection of new architectural triumphs, when we well know that the filthy courts and lanes, crowded with deformity and disease, are ever pouring out their deadly exhalations in the close vicinity of the new edifices? In such circumstances, building for ornament is little less than a studied mockery of wretchedness; it is making of the capital of the world one vast whitened sepulchre. True, we are now only just trembling at the approach of a new, and therefore a more terrible enemy; but typhus and the other infectious diseases are really more deadly, because they are ever beside us. Let us take care, or the cholera will become their permanent ally.

Rome exulted in her aqueducts and baths: her meanest citizen could bathe luxuriously; but how many thousands of the unhappy Londoners can scarcely afford to wash their hands in comfort! We are not, even as regards abundance, in the unenviable position of the *Ancient Mariner*—

Water, water everywhere,  
And not a drop to drink!

though, indeed, as regards quality, the latter line is almost literally true of this great city. We are a long way behind the ancients in this matter of water-supply. The world has grown young again, and full of folly. We now drink water loaded with organic matters. In some springs, the peculiar flavour is derived from church-yard drainage. One of these is described by Mr Simon under the title of a celebrated city-pump—which celebrity we should think it will now long retain. Listen, O luxurious habitant in the Modern Babylon, to another argument for restricting your imbibitions to generous Port or sparkling Hock!

'The grateful coolness so much admired in the produce of that popular pump, chiefly depends on a proportion of nitre which has arisen in the *chemical transformation of human remains, and which being dissolved in the water, gives it, I believe, some refrigerant taste and slightly diuretic action.*' Listen, too, ye fair and temperate ones, whose delicate palates delight in the unalloyed taste of Souchong and Pekoe, or in the pure simplicity of the limpid element. There is death in the cup; you are fitting your bodies for the poisons of cholera and typhus; you are shortening your lives at every draught. The generations pass, and pass too quickly, for the hand of death is aided by the sluggish indifference of man. A new Exchange, a new Museum, new Houses of Parliament spring up among us, but an aqueduct is the dream of a vulgar mind, and the tale of filth and degradation must not be breathed in the scented atmosphere of refinement. But though misery may not speak with effect, death will not be dictated to, and by the hand of his new and subtile ally he

strikes down the highest, and avenges our neglect of the poor. We can scarcely read the facts lately published concerning the domestic miseries of the poor, in London and other great cities, even with proper feelings of humanity. Disgust conquers pity, and the brutalised condition of the unfortunate victims of poverty goes far to destroy our sympathy with them. A degradation less horrible would strike a tenderer chord. It is dreadful that this should be possible in an age of civilisation like the present—that a large population should be degraded, in all that relates to physical comfort, far below the level of the brutes that are fattened for our table. But truth compels us to admit that the fact is so. A new crusade against dirt and disease, in support of that cleanliness which is only next to godliness, is the one cure for the evil. Mr Simon is one of those who march in the van, and we heartily wish him God speed!

In conclusion, we cannot resist the melancholy pleasure of extracting the following noble sentences from his Report:—

‘If the possible mischief to be wrought by epidemic cholera lay in some fixed inflexible fate, whatever opinion or knowledge I might hold on the subject of its return, silence would be better than speech, and I could gladly refrain from vexing the public ear by gloomy forebodings of an inevitable future.

‘But from this supposition the case differs diametrically; and the people of England are not, like timid cattle, capable only, when blindfold, of confronting danger. It belongs to their race, it belongs to their dignity of manhood, to take deliberate cognizance of their foes, and not lightly to cede the victory. A people that has fought the greatest battles, not of arms alone, but of genius and skilful toil, is little likely to be scared at the necessity of meeting large danger by appropriate devices of science. A people that has inaugurated railways, that has spanned the Menai Strait, and reared the Crystal Palace, can hardly fear the enterprise of draining poison from its infected towns. A people that has freed its foreign slaves at twenty millions’ ransom, will never let its house population perish, for cheapness’ sake, in the ignominious ferment of their filth.’

Every one who can procure this Report should read it. It is a noble effort of genius and industry; and if, by the present notice, we can but extend the circle of its diffusion, we shall not regret the attempt to reduce its proportions, and to reproduce, in a shorter form, the general results to which it points our attention.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER II.

#### LIFE IN SIMPLE LODGE.

HE would see about it to-morrow! Poor captain! he never saw about anything to-morrow; and how could he? since to-morrow never comes—it is always to-day, and to-day, and to-day. Thus he continued to sit, in his accustomed chair by the fireside, bending upon his sister ferocious brows that concealed—though not from her—a world of gentleness and love; and sometimes turning to throw a puzzled look at the small thin figure that had gradually got beyond the door, and at length flitted slowly through all parts of the room, as silent and unquestioned as a shadow. Elizabeth now and then bestowed a wan smile upon the little boy, and by and by even made a motion with her hand, which she intended to be playful. But she was hardly up to this sort of thing; it was a new language she was trying, and the boy only looked at her the more intently, with his soft, calm, searching eyes. She was more intelligible when, one evening that he was in the

room at tea-time, she thought of offering him a slice of bread spread with preserves. This was surprisingly clear; and Elizabeth was so proud of the advance she had made in the science of puerology, that she repeated the experiment every evening, and every evening with the same success.

It was difficult to get that boy to sit upon a chair. This was probably a mode of bestowing himself he had not been accustomed to, for he always contrived to slip gradually down, and land upon the carpet. There he would sit long and patiently enough, looking first at one, and then at the other interlocutor; striving, apparently, to comprehend the philosophical abstractions of Elizabeth, and trace the appositeness of the captain's stories. The appendages of the latter's face, however, were still a grand object of inquiry. As their acquaintance advanced, he made many attempts to satisfy his curiosity; and at length, one evening, he fairly got upon a footstool, and laying hold of the captain's whisker gently with one hand, and of his shaggy beard with the other, he looked earnestly into the eye they had concealed. The examination was probably satisfactory; for from that moment the patron and his protégé were on familiar terms.

The captain, as had been said by good authority of Mrs Margery, took to him wonderful. And this was not surprising; for although constitutionally fond of children, and, indeed, of everything weak, small, and unprotected, he seemed debarred by some unhappy fatality from exercising the sympathies of his nature. Among the juvenile classes of the common, he bore, in fact, the reputation of a sort of ogre; the trees surrounding his enclosure were observed to have a preternaturally gloomy look; and the silence that usually dwelt in the domain was of the character which betokens constraint, as if there was something kept hushed. There was a tradition afloat touching a little boy he had tried to tempt with an apple, and who would actually have fallen into the snare had he not fortunately looked up into the ogre's face, when of course he ran home, screaming the whole way. A particular child was even pointed out as the hero of this adventure; and although the identity was never absolutely established, he was looked upon for some time by the juvenility as a public character. This being the state of matters, it is not surprising that the captain took to our Boy wonderful; that he told him stories—still beginning, never ending—without number; and that when at last they walked out on the high road, or the common, hand in hand, the old soldier felt as if he was patronised.

As for the boy, who had lived all his life among real ogres, it was not likely that he should be terrified by a sham one. He had been accustomed to take things at their true value, to be imposed upon neither by looks nor words, neither by beads nor imprecations, but to watch narrowly what deeds came of them. As for the bad habits to which he had probably been bred, they dropped away from him from mere want of use. In a house where all were his providers, his occupation of foraging for himself was gone; and nothing remained of it but the self-possessed mind, the noiseless tread, and the observant eye. The qualities that would have fitted him for a successful tramp were thus quietly transferred, before the awakening of moral consciousness, to the service of civilisation; and the natural gifts that would otherwise have grown crooked, were permitted to attain a healthy development. From the captain he learned to fence; from Mrs Margery, to read; from Mr Poring, to meditate; and from Elizabeth he acquired insensibly the refinement of manner imposed upon masculine spirits by the presence of a gentlewoman.

But still the captain was puzzled. Every now and



then he would turn a wondering look upon the boy, as if he could not well make out how or why he was there; and on withdrawing his eyes, he would be heard to mutter: 'That's very extraordinary!' Even Elizabeth, who usually took things with great equanimity, appeared to have a misgiving; and her brother thought she probably indicated the propriety of consulting the rector, by remarking one day, 'that men who acted as spiritual guides to their flocks, might perhaps be considered competent to advise likewise in the far less difficult matters of worldly concernment;' but the veteran did not choose to acknowledge himself a sheep in any but the religious sense of the word. As for Mr Poring's hints touching the public refuge provided by the humanity of the legislature for deserted and destitute children, they were listened to with horror by both. The workhouse was inseparably associated in their minds with ideas of captivity, tyranny, and starvation; and the very mention of it made the captain attach himself to the little boy with all the chivalrous generosity of his character. And so matters went on at Semple Lodge, or, as it was pronounced by the villagers, who always cling to colloquial words, Simple Lodge—the castaway of the common anchoring himself more and more securely every day in the affections of its inhabitants, till at length the captain's puzzlement wore off, Elizabeth's misgivings gave in, and even the thoughtful Mr Poring determined that to think more about it was no use.

It is surprising how long this went on—how completely the rags of the common were metamorphosed into the somewhat eccentric manufactures of Mrs Margery and Molly, and these into the orthodox fashionings of the village tailor, before the boy was called anything else than Boy. The question of a name received much discussion in the kitchen before it came before the upper-house, Mrs Margery being all for Alphonso, and Molly for another proper name of romance, which she thought fit to render Ludovig-oh! When at length, however, the difficulty began to be felt in the parlour, an adviser of quite a different calibre was taken into council, and Mr Poring's prosaic taste prevailed.

'I say, Poringer,' said the captain, 'since you found this boy, you might at least tell us what to call him.'

'Excuse me, sir,' replied Mr Poring; 'I didn't find the boy. I wouldn't find a boy on no account. If I had found him, I know what would have happened to him!'

'Why, what, eh? You don't mean to say you would?'

'I would have done it, sir! Yes, miss, I would have done it! I know where he would have been to-day. Snug enough, miss. No fear of his coming out of there, like the Gravel-pits.'

'Wretch!' cried Elizabeth, dropping her work, 'you mean the house appointed for all'—

'Destitute and deserted brats. Yes, miss, I mean the workhouse—that's it.'

'Well, well,' said the captain, as Elizabeth cast down her excited eyes and resumed her work, 'we don't want to know what you would have done; only, the boy must have some name to answer to when the roll is called. Boy is not a name at all.'

'Then, sir, I would give him the very next thing to Boy that is a name—not another letter. If we do not keep the lower classes down to strict allowance, you will see what will come of it. I don't see, sir, that as a vagrant, and the son of a woman of the name of Sall, he has any call to more than Bob.'

'Bob! why that's the very thing! a prodigiously happy idea, for it's no change at all to speak of. Boy—Bob, Bob—Boy! capital!' and the captain would have chuckled outright if that had been his habit; as it was, he contented himself with grinning like a death's-head with the hair on, as he repeated: 'Bob—Boy, Boy—Bob!'

The next thing the boy wanted—for, in fact, now that his original rags were off, he had nothing of his own in the world—was a surname; and this seemed to the captain to be a matter of a little more delicacy. Generous as he was, the idea of giving his own, although it occurred to him for a moment, was dismissed as impracticable in a neighbourhood of idle chattering people. He thought of Mollison; but although he knew he could take that liberty with his deceased friend, he was afraid it would distress Elizabeth. Poringer, that was a name that rung well; but he feared the proprietor, although so liberal in the matter of Bob, which belonged to nobody in particular, would object to sharing his own name with a vagrant. The misgiving proved to be correct.

'Mine is a family name,' said Mr Poringer; 'a family name, sir. Service is no inheritance; and my grandfather was a glass and chinaware man in Manchester.'

'What, glass and china? Earthenware too?'

'No, sir: only to complete the stock. Glass and china was the goods he dealt in.'

'Well, that's very extraordinary! I remember—good family, eh? Ah! not unlikely. Elizabeth, I once heard a story read about the "Noble Poringer," and it's all concerning glass and china and earthenware. You see, a certain old gentleman, a grandfather I shouldn't wonder, took himself off to foreign parts for seven twelvemonths and a day, leaving his young wife behind him, on her pledge that she would not take a new husband within that time. Well, home he comes just half an hour before the latest day is out, and finds that his wife is to be married again as soon as the clock strikes. So you see, poor soul, he is no younger, and his skin has grown brown with the sun, and his clothes seedy with travel, so that not one of them knew him from Adam. Well now, you must know they are all drinking together, and just to give his wife—who keeps her oath so strictly—a hint of who he is, as the ballad says—

It was the noble Poringer that dropped amid the wine  
A bridal ring of burning gold, so costly and so fine;

and he sends the—no, it was not a glass, but a—no, not a china-bowl, but a—no, not an earthenware mug: it was, in fact, a golden beaker; but—What now? I didn't say it was your grandfather!'

'It may have been, sir,' said Mr Poringer resignedly: 'all I can undertake to say is, that I never heard a word of the story. My grandfather may have had a ballad made about him, just like any other respectable individual. The lower classes will be impudent; it is their nature, sir, and we can't break 'em of it now.'

'Then, Poringer, send Molly,' said the captain; 'I daresay she cares nothing about her name: I only hope she knows what it is.' Molly soon entered the room in her usual astonishment, and hung helplessly to the handle.

'Well, Molly,' and her master modulating his voice winningly, so that it almost got to the creak of a civilised door, 'you have a name, haven't you, Molly?'

'O yes, sir! O please, sir—two, sir!'

'It is only one we want just now. You see Bob, poor fellow, has none at all, and he must be Bob Something, you know, Molly. You wouldn't mind letting him take yours, would you?'

'O yes, sir! O hark, sir! mine, sir? Oh, is he to be Molly, and I nothing, O please, sir?' and consternation opened still wider her astonished eyes.

'Nonsense! nonsense!' growled the captain; 'it is the other name you must give him: and we don't want you to give it—you may share it with him.'

'O please, sir, it's such a little name, it won't share! Oh, it's only Jinks, sir; and what ever am I to be, if I am not Molly Jinks?'

'Jinks be hanged!' ejaculated the captain with

contempt. 'Who would take a gift of such a miserable little imp of a name as Jinks? Keep it to yourself, every letter of it: Bob shan't be Jinks. And now, get away with you, and send the cook.' The captain strode up and down the room, indignant with himself at having asked, and been refused, a name that nobody in his senses would accept, unless accompanied by an estate of considerable magnitude. His meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of the culprit.

'It is the cook I want!' he growled furiously.

'O yes, sir!' said Molly, 'O please, sir, Mrs Margery is up to the elbows in the soup, and both her best caps in the washing-tub!'

'That is very extraordinary!' said the captain. 'How long has that woman been in my service?—do you know?'

'O yes, sir! sure, sir! O please, sir, she came fourteen months before me!'

'And when did you come?'

'O please, sir, just after father and mother died of the typhus;' and Molly put the corner of her apron to her eyes, and jingled the door handle nervously.

'And when was that, poor Molly?' said the captain softly.

'O please, sir, I don't know, sir! It can't be long, sir,' added Molly, smothering a small sob, 'for I remember it like yesterday.'

'Elizabeth!' and the veteran turned solemnly to his sister: 'here is an individual, whose name is said to be Margery, and who, it is pretended, has been in my service for years—I don't know how many, but for years, mind you—and I never set eyes on her in my life! How can I believe in that woman? I don't believe in her! I might as well believe in a ghost, merely because other people say they have heard and seen a ghost!'

'O please, sir,' interposed Molly, who could not bear her friend spoken lightly of, 'Mrs Margery is nothing like a ghost! She is round, sir, and good-humoured, and can't a-bear Mr Poring, and teaches the Boy to read, and makes him comfortable and say his prayers, and is willing for him to take her name, which he will give credit and renown to, like John Gilpin, and return honourable in the denowment, when he is the Heir-at-law.'

'What is Margery's name?' demanded the captain anxiously.

'O please, sir, it is Oaklands.'

'And a very sensible name, upon my honour! Oaklands! A capital name—worth forty Jinkses. Get away with you now, poor Molly—the thing is settled.'

It was in this wise the waif of the common received the name of Robert Oaklands, destined to become known to the reader of the English tongue wherever these ubiquitous pages travel.

It is no wonder that the captain had never seen Mrs Margery, for the kitchen was to him a region of mystery, which he would hardly have entered even if the rest of the house had been on fire; while Mrs Margery was never known to stray from its precincts further than the little room adjoining, where she slept. She never went out of doors, even to go to church, having always some article of dress deranged, or wanting, which served in case of need for an excuse, although her usual plea was 'that she had not cleaned herself.' Yet notwithstanding this lack of air and healthful exercise, Mrs Margery, in defiance of the laws of hygiene, grew fat and fair; and it was supposed that Mr Poring was very anxious to know where she invested her money, and that some of his most deeply meditative moments were spent in calculating the probable amount of her savings.

When Molly returned from her mission to the parlour, she announced the result to her patroness in these words: 'Oh, it is all settled! The Boy is Oaklands now,' and then sat down dejectedly on a chair.

'Did I not tell you so?' cried Mrs Margery, her comely face beaming with delight. 'Now mind me, that is the first point, and see if I don't come right as well in all the rest. Keep watching for it, girl, if it should be for ten years; it's your own interest; for as sure as you are sitting there, you will never be married till it happens!'

'Oh, and am I never to be married for ten years?' said Molly in discontent.

'Not till the denowment—depend upon that. Keep watching, I tell you, wherever you are, and in whatever service you may be. Never lose sight of young Oaklands for your life!'

'Oh, then I must watch here,' said Molly, 'for I will never leave the captain!'

'The captain! Why, I thought he frightened you out of your seven senses! What ever has come over you, Molly, for you look as woe-begone as the Lady Araminta herself?'

'Oh, it was before he knew about my coming here he frightened me—before he knew that father and mother were dead of the typhus. And then he spoke so kind, and called me' (some hysterical sobs) 'poor Molly. And I am poor Molly! I haven't nobody in the world but you, Mrs Margery, and you ain't nothing to me; and I will never leave the captain—not for six pound a year, and tea and sugar—never! Not till I'm married!' added Molly more composedly, as she wiped away her tears with her bare arms.

After receiving his name, Bob, as in duty bound, grew rapidly, both lengthways and breadthways; and for the son of a woman of the name of Sall, was really a very fine-looking boy. Mrs Margery thought he had quite an aristocratic air; and it may be so. He was well fed, clothed, and lodged; he was the pet of everybody in the house but Mr Poring; he was strong and healthy; and having been pretty well his own master ever since he ought by rights to have been a baby, it is no wonder that he had the light, springy, yet sedate step, the easy carriage, the self-possessed manner, and the independent look vulgarly supposed to be the peculiar attributes of good birth. Being naturally of quick faculties, he very soon surpassed his mistress at reading. While he was still learning, he listened to the evening lectures, and sometimes was the reader himself; but all this was quickly over. He devoured the slender volume on his way home with it from the library, remaining on the common till it was finished; and no entreaties or reproaches could prevail upon him to endure it a second time. The captain's books, which related chiefly to the military art, he next attacked, and got through them like a moth; then Elizabeth's, which were almost all on philosophical subjects—these proved tougher reading, but he finished them; and then a number of older volumes—the usual heir-looms in all middle-class families in this country—which, mixed with the mass, gave a higher character to the whole. Then he copied with a pencil everything of the pictorial kind in them all; made a bust of Molly in pipe-clay, which was considered in the kitchen a master-piece of art; and executed a wooden caricature of Mr Poring. The boy, in short, by insensate degrees, laid a capital basis for education; but, exhibiting general talents and capabilities rather than a passion for any particular study, it was evident that he was not one of those heaven-born geniuses who are destined to achieve greatness by their own unassisted efforts.

Bob had no companions of his own age. In the earlier period of his abode at the Lodge, he had made an effort to get into juvenile society; but he was unsuccessful. He joined a group of boys who were playing at the edge of the wood just behind the garden; but it was evident that he was looked upon as an intruder. Some of the small boys shrank from him as a kind of familiar of the ogre, while the larger ones desired him to go and look for his mother upon the

common. He did not at the time feel this as an insult, for he was not ashamed of the common, or of anything else; so he merely replied, that he did not want his mother, nor she him.

'And we don't want you!' cried a great lubberly boy, somewhat his senior; 'we will have no vagrants here; so troop, or it will be the worse for you!' Bob merely looked at him, and when the boy advanced to enforce his commands, he did not stir, but continued to look him in the eyes.

'Don't you know,' said the other imperiously, 'that I am master here—that what I say is to be done? If you don't go, I'll throw you over the wall!' and he stepped up to take hold of him. But Bob waited, still looking, till the Philistine was just upon him; and then, seeing that there was no mistake about it, he caught suddenly up from the ground a piece of stick, gave a smart blow with it to the outstretched fingers of his antagonist, and, taking advantage of the pain and astonishment he had caused, glided into the garden of the Lodge, and locked the door. That afternoon, Bob went to the common as he had been ordered. It was the first time he had visited the place without an errand—the first time he had looked in it for anything more than the path to and from the village. Now, he seemed as if he had come in quest of something. Was it his mother? Perhaps. But Bob did not know.

Time wore on, and at length an incident occurred which awoke the still life of Simple Lodge. It was the arrival of a young girl, bequeathed for a certain number of years to the captain by his sister-in-law, the widow of his only brother long deceased. The brothers had rarely met since boyhood; and although Elizabeth had resided for some time in the house of the one engaged in commerce, she had not taken kindly to the wife, and after the husband's death was very glad of the captain's invitation to change her quarters. The widow was now dead in her turn, as they were informed by a lawyer's letter; and although she had maintained but little intercourse with her husband's relatives, she had not scrupled to confer upon them her only child during the years of her nonage. Sara's fortune was two thousand pounds, which was to be allowed to accumulate for her benefit till she was twenty-one; it being supposed by the testatrix that during the intervening years she would be amply provided for by her uncle and guardian, Captain Simple. This was an arrangement which the captain and Elizabeth thought only natural; but it cannot be denied that they both felt a little uncomfortable at the idea of a stranger, even though only a little girl, breaking into the midst of their quiet ménage. The captain had never seen his ward, and Elizabeth recollected her only as an infant, whom her mother had watched over like a dragon, to protect her from the consequences of the old maid's unskilful attentions—for Elizabeth had begun early in life to be an old maid. Upon the whole, the announcement was not a pleasant one, and Simple Lodge was a good deal put out of the way by it. Had the girl been left wholly destitute, it would have been another thing; but as it was, notwithstanding the eleemosynary nature of the duties required of him, she appeared somehow to the captain in the character of an heiress, with whom it was necessary to be upon his Ps and Qs.

This, however, was a good deal mended by the manner of her advent. She had been brought, without notice, by one of her mother's relations, who dismounted with her from the stage-coach at the village, in the midst of an all day's—we may say an all week's—rain. Her luggage was sent round by the road on a cart, and the travellers came across the common with an umbrella between them. With a proper geographical knowledge, they might have managed better than they did; but as it was, they were wading every now and then in a shallow pool, to which the heavy and monotonous plash of the rain communicated a cha-

racter of tenfold discomfort; and when at last they entered the house, cold and wet, the slight girlish figure, arrayed in the deepest mourning, and the desolate and lonely look she cast round the strange place, melted the good captain's heart, and he pressed his brother's child in his arms with uncontrollable agitation. Elizabeth was more composed, but not less kind. She kissed the wet little girl at arm's length, and remarked that this sublunary world was made up of comings and goings, that life was a journey of which death was only the end, and that a pale orphan, with wet feet and destitute of luggage, represented man in the abstract coming naked and helpless into a vale of tears.

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain; 'that's very true. So go and change Sara's dress before she takes cold; and Bob, fly to the kitchen, and tell the cook to get her something warm and nice to eat; and Molly—poor Molly!—do you bring it up, for you are the fittest to wait upon the orphan.' Whereupon Elizabeth led off the young girl by the arm, Bob disappeared like a shadow, and Molly, after bidding good-by to the door handle with a nervous shake, set to to wipe the table frantically with her dirty apron. The relation, being a man of business, and having executed his commission, had already taken his leave; shaking the orphan absently by the hand, and the moment he left the house, taking out his pocket-ledger, to enter as he went along the last item of the expenses of the journey.

#### FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europe—that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West: their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution; and in consequence of the want, their finely cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and sallow when they should be rosy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five, and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely evening. In America, twenty-five is the farewell line of beauty in woman, beyond which comes decay; at thirty-five, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolising the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age.

It is customary to regard this as the effect of climate; but some think it folly to go to an ultimate cause, when the whole system of artificial life in America offers direct defiance, as they assert, to the known hygienic laws. This view is supported with great intrepidity by a woman's journal in Providence, called the *Una*—not a Lady's Magazine, fair reader, but a regular broad-sheet, written by and for women, whose leading articles are on women's rights, and whose advertisements are from women-doctors, women-professors, women-lecturers, women everything. *Una* admits the fleeting character of her countrywomen's charms, and contrasts more especially Old England with New England, yielding frankly the *pas* in beauty to the former. She hints, we must own, at some very problematical causes of the early loss of female charms in America—such as, 'the bounding of life's horizon by the petty cares that wait on meat, drink, and raiment; the absence of genial and improving intercourse, and of earnest interest in the hopes and fortunes of the race; and the little rivalries and little aspirations on which, for lack of better objects, so many a soul is



fail to waste its energies.' All this is very well for the philosophic Una, who pays her taxes under protest, since she had no voice in laying them on; but the implied notion, that our pretty countrywomen have no petty cares connected with their food, no little rivalries and little aspirations, but plenty of earnest interest in the destinies of the race—is very complimentary. After flourishing a little, however, about these grievances, which, we fear, are not *wholly* unknown to our English beauties, she proceeds to the main point. 'What,' she asks, 'is the diet of New England generally? Hot biscuits, fat pork, and tea! these are the staples. They are varied with preserves, made pound for pound, and endless varieties of cake, and the inevitable pie. Pastry, which most children in England are not allowed to touch until they get their long frocks or tailed coats on, is here the everyday food of young and old. Salt pork is cheap—that is, greasy fulsomeness makes it pall sooner on the appetite than any other meat, and so it forms the *pièce de résistance* at almost all tables, except those who live within hail of a butcher, and whose owners are well to do in the world. Tea is the grand panacea for all fatigue, low spirits, dampness, coldness, pains in the head and in the back, and, in short, for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to; the quantity taken by middle-aged and elderly women almost surpasses belief. Certainly, to put the average at six or eight cups a day would be setting it low enough.'

What mere human beauty could stand these horrors? Fancy Miss Angelina, dressed for her first ball, and sitting down, before she goes forth conquering and to conquer, to keep up the stamina with just a little snack of fat pork, gooseberry-jam, and pumpkin-pie! Is it any wonder that this young lady should wither at twenty-five? Yet fat pork has its advocates. Cobbett was delighted with the fondness of the Americans for 'extreme unction,' and on his return to this country, did everything in his power to force the greasy dish upon the English palate, affirming that a dislike to fat pork was a decided symptom of insanity. We may allude, likewise, to the important part played by hogs' lard in the composition of cosmetics. The thousand and one kinds of paste and pomatum for the skin and hair are all of this substance, only differing a little in the colour and perfume; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, hogs' lard is bears' grease. Why should a substance improve beauty when absorbed by the skin, and destroy it when taken into the stomach? This is a question we leave to be settled between Una and the chemists.

Another cause of the unhappy condition of female beauty in America is stated by the outspoken Una to be—the dirtiness of the fair sex. This is dreadful. Not one woman in ten, she asserts, permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, and not one in five performs the same ablution once a week; 'while, if the truth could at once be flashed forth from its hiding-place, it would shew still longer intervals, from the bare thought of which imagination shrinks.' We do not know what is the case in this respect as regards the majority of our own countrywomen; and, to say the truth, we are afraid to ask.

The wrath of Una falls next upon the sleeping accommodation. 'Three-quarters of New England,' she tells us, 'sleep in slightly enlarged coffins;' and, in our opinion, a capital plan it is, for if the fourth quarters were stowed with the rest, the people might as well be in their graves at once. These coffins are called bedrooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light-stand, and a wash-stand; and 'they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of coats, pantaloons, dresses, and petticoats hung on the walls.' This is so faithful a sketch of the bedrooms of the middle-class Londoners, that one might fancy Una to be speaking, by mistake, on the wrong side of the question,

till we hear that the dens described are 'purified by the perfumes of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its red-hot stove. Here "pa, ma, and the baby," with now and then a brace of small fry in a "trundle-bed," seethe and swelter through the winter nights, and fit themselves admirably for facing the nor-wester in the morning. Here, when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die; because a fever almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the fetid atmosphere around, and the struggling currents of health are sent stagnating back to the burdened heart and lungs.'

Up to this point, Una makes out no case specially against her countrywomen; and if the argument ended here, we should have to bring in Nature guilty of what is laid to the charge of the American women. But now, at the very fag-end of the discourse, comes the whole gist of the matter, and we see why it is that Englishwomen are superior in freshness of looks, and in their duration of beauty, not only to their transatlantic sisters, but to the women of most of the countries of Europe. 'All day long in winter,' says Una, 'the stove-heat burns into the brain, and withers the cheeks, and palsies the muscles, and enfeebles the step; and though summer comes with its outer air and its fruits and flowers, the loads it is asked to remove are too much for it, and the years circle round, the weary, aimless, soul-consuming years, and the bad diet, and the uncleanly habits, and the foul air, and the hot stove have done their miserable work. Beauty is gone, health is vanished, hope has set, and the young mother, who should be just beginning to shed beauty and goodness and light around her, has shrunken mournfully into the forlorn and wrinkled and unlovely old woman. When will our countrywomen awake and ponder the things that concern their peace?'

The stove, in fact, including the foot-stove, or *chauf-frette*, is the great enemy to beauty throughout the world. Wherever this is used, there is no such thing seen in the women as middle age; all are either young and pretty—if nature has bestowed charms—or old and ugly. The blooming middle age of the Englishwomen is the grand distinctive feature of our island; and it is owing neither to the absence of fat pork in their diet, nor to the presence, in their feelings, of earnest interest in the destinies of mankind, but simply to their inhaling a pretty considerable quantity of fresh air, both in summer and winter. Not that they imbibe enough: far from it. Their sleeping arrangements and their ablutions are both very imperfect, we know; but it may be a question, whether their negligence in these respects, though hurtful to themselves, is not advantageous to us of the ruder sex. Things are bad enough with us as they are; but if Englishwomen 'awoke and pondered the things that concerned their peace'—what would become of the peace of the men?

#### FRENCH EXPERIMENTS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

At intervals during the last three years, Parisian savans have been occupied in various curious researches of equal importance to the entomologist and the physician. Every one knows how extensively leeches are used in medicine, and how efficacious their application frequently is. But leeches are every day becoming rarer and more expensive, especially in France,\* where the efforts made to naturalise them have hitherto been neutralised by various obstacles, and among others, by a destructive agency long unknown to science, which has at length been discovered and revealed to the world by a learned Frenchman—M. Soubeiran.

In April 1850, M. Soubeiran began his experiments. He caused a large basin of a peculiar construction to be placed in the central surgery of the hospitals,

\* For the Natural History of the Leech, see Journal, vol. iv., second series, p. 334.

in which basin he deposited a number of leeches, with the intention of watching their habits and ascertaining the best mode of treating them. The basin was circular, and lined with lead; a stream of water could be turned through it at will by means of a *jet d'eau*, from the head of a watering-pot; and there was an opening for the escape of the surplus water, covered with clear muslin, to prevent the leeches from getting out. At the bottom of the basin was a thick bed of potter's earth, in which were placed a number of aquatic plants, such as the *Iris pseudo-acorus*, the *Typha angustifolia* or reedmace, the *Caltha palustris* or marsh-marigold, &c.; and above all, some of the *Chara*. In one part of the basin was an island level with the water, composed of a bed of clay covered with a layer of light soil and turf, in order that the leeches might bury themselves at pleasure in the light earth. Three hundred fine Hungarian leeches were placed in the basin thus prepared, where they were left undisturbed until the end of September. During this time they were fed three times—twice with blood and once with frogs.

But the animals did not multiply, as was expected. When the harvest came to be looked for, only about 100 young ones were found. These were mostly hidden within the folds of the leaves of the plants, and attached to each of them was a small, pale, tetradecapodous animal with a flat elongated body. It had four folded antennæ, two of them longer than the others, and a biforked tail composed of a single segment. Beneath this tail were appendages that continually agitated the water, to renew it at the surface of the respiratory organs; the feet were furnished with a hook. The animal did not swim, but walked at the bottom of the basin, or along the stems of the plants beneath the water. It was found in great numbers upon the sieves used in fishing up the leeches, and upon the stems of the iris and typha; but the greater number lay within the interior folds of the leaves with the young leeches.

M. Soubeiran placed a few of these insects in a jug filled with water, and threw in among them some young leeches. The animals speedily seized upon the leeches, which could not shake them off, but, in spite of all their efforts, were speedily overpowered. Wishing to satisfy himself whether they would attack full-grown leeches in the same way, the experimentalist put several of them, together with two adult leeches, into another jug likewise filled with water. At the end of a few minutes, they had fixed themselves upon the poor animals, which struggled violently, and endeavoured to escape from their enemies, but could not make them quit their hold. This scourge of young leeches is very common in the Seine, and in some of the stagnant pools in the environs of Paris. Naturalists call it the Soft-water Asellus.

From these observations, M. Soubeiran concluded that the great numbers of the *Aselli* frequenting the waters of the Seine and the stagnant pools above referred to, render the propagation of leeches impossible, unless this water could be kept from the basins where these useful animals are reared; and even in that case, this method of rearing them is costly, and not easily practicable.

Another insect to which the Parisian naturalists have lately been directing special attention, is the *Acarus* of the itch. The repugnance and disgust excited from remotest antiquity by this disease are well known. There is a reference to it in the 13th chapter of Leviticus. It is mentioned by Hippocrates, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Horace, by Cicero, by Juvenal, by Rabelais, and by a hundred others. Some of these, and especially Rabelais, give unmistakable indications of being acquainted with the singular insect that causes the disease. But it was reserved for a Corsican student, M. Renucci, to demonstrate the existence of the *acarus* in such a manner that no one could dispute its authenticity; since that time people have troubled themselves

very little about it. The experiments of a learned French physician have at length rendered the observations on this insect conclusive and complete.

These observations at first presented great difficulties. Dr Bourguignon could readily study the *acarus* with the aid of an ordinary microscope. He could define its form; he could even delineate its anatomy and reproduction; but how was he to arrive at a knowledge of its habits?

To arrive at this knowledge, the doctor had recourse to a peculiar species of movable microscope, invented by himself, which enabled him to observe the *acarus* on the diseased person. This microscope is very simple: it is composed of the frame of an ordinary microscope, the optical and essential part of which has been raised from the socket that supported it, and articulated to a movable knee at the extremity of a lever; the instrument can thus be transported to the part under inspection.

Another difficulty, however, presented itself in the fact, that the ordinary light is obscurity for opaque bodies seen through the microscope. Dr Bourguignon was forced, therefore, to have recourse to artificial light, the luminous rays of which he concentrates into a brilliant focus by the aid of a round magnifying-glass, which focus he directs upon the chosen point of observation.

We will not here speak of the fantastic form of the *acarus*—of its forepaws, which, armed with a kind of sucker, enable it to fasten itself in the furrow which it digs under the skin; of the movable points which it carries on its back, to fix itself more firmly in these furrows; of its terrible mandibles, and all the other weapons with which nature has armed it, to accomplish its destructive mission. We shall merely notice one or two curious details concerning its habits.

The *acarus* is a kind of microscopic tortoise. In the moment of danger or sleep, it draws in its head and feet. If pushed out of its burrow, it turns its head from right to left, to find out where it has been placed; and speedily regaining its form, it squats in it instinctively, for it has no eyes. Its march is precisely that of the tortoise. Notwithstanding all his optical resources, Dr Bourguignon has not yet been able to discover a single male *acarus*. All those observed by him were females fecundated, doubtless for many generations, as is the case with several other insects—the gnat, for example. The *acarus* usually lays sixteen eggs, which are carefully deposited in a furrow under the epidermis, where they are ranged in pairs. They are hatched in about ten days.

Thanks to the observations of Dr Bourguignon, the disease caused by this insect, so terrible to our ancestors, can now easily be cured in two days.\*

#### FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

The golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile, watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a greep valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble

\* This article is chiefly taken from the *Archives de Pharmacie*, a French medical journal.

cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people. Mrs May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving, as curates sometimes do not, a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence. Having fought the fight of life nearly out on L.50 or L.60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for L.1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London, to hear of 'something to her advantage.' This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbours, her own character, and a mother's prayers.

She has been absent more than a week. What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hillside to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the *Tally-ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. 'That's a gal's voice as screamed,' said a man to the Whip as they passed. 'Full, inside and out!' was the reply, and on went the *Tally-ho* along the level lap of the valley.

'She is not come,' murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbours, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hang their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attended to, then dropped occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that fitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went wafting down the stream of the future, that widened as she went, and flowed, at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolmen have sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's

absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze at her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurled; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow-boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams. There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as if we could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on this canvas of the universe.

The man was of the south by travel, if not by birth, and muttered some 'Santa Vergines!' more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girl's attention, but waited until her eyes, which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

'Young lady,' he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, 'I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn.'

'The roof of the mansion shews above the trees,' replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

'I might have guessed so,' said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; 'and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be.'

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. 'Florence May,' said she, 'is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders.'

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorised question?

'Child,' replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, 'you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present, let me thank you, and say farewell.'

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement, and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidity of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts, but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip. Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphonism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment; for soon her attitude would have reminded a sculptor of that exquisite group

in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it not as an article of faith that Florence had 'fallen in love,' as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at any rate, an impression had been produced: this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had never seen any members of that category of 'lovable persons,' which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr Simmer, their pale-faced, sandy-whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished, then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that whilst she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening, she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams, we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy-leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day, it was rumoured in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simply Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was 'obligated to express himself in a barbarous lingo,' as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casually, to some old spectacled lady—who observed 'indeed she never,' and told her neighbour that 'Miss May seemed very forward'—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter. We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she had not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow-hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but 'a concealed fault is half pardoned.' We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she, partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, entrenched herself behind the rampart of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from: all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her

better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations, she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger? Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanour; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that hers was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eyes, her lips trembled, and she was on the point of perilling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

'No,' said she rising, 'I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience. He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part'—And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying 'Yes' too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been 'taken in.' They forget that the most fervent Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to be kept from it; and that every one of us perhaps would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed slightly, but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. 'Do not be alarmed, Miss May,' he said; 'I came here in hopes to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorised accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry.'

'Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire: I must not be seen by the neighbours talking to a stranger at this hour.'

'There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you a minute. Cannot you find in your heart to give

me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference.'

'You have no right, Mr Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and—and— But I must go in.'

'This gives me hope,' cried he; 'I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!'

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion of that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

'She will come to the meadow to-morrow,' said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies woman, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorise what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: 'Nothing.' But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon: a den of thieves was nothing to it. The 'something to her advantage' was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself 'much obliged' to her correspondent; adding, however, that 'some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay.' Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mrs May at length, setting down her tea-cup, 'I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!'

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself, was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr Angelo. Let it be admitted that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

'Well, child,' quoth Mrs May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—'I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?'

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. 'I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—we shall see; but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners.'

It was no easy matter for Mrs May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise.

Poor Mrs May was highly indignant when she learned that all those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

'You must,' said she, 'forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions.'

'I will try,' replied her daughter with an arch look; 'but there he is coming down the street towards our house.'

The stranger had heard of Mrs May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavoured to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

'My name,' he said, 'is Angelo Melvyn, and I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally with melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighbourhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings towards her?'

This explanation 'made all things straight,' as Mrs May afterwards said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. 'In those southern climes,' said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, 'it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children.' The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr and Mrs Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, whilst two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

## CORKS.

THE published announcement in the newspapers of a new Cork-cutting Company, gives us one among many reminders of the remarkable fact, that one kind of wood, and one only, should be available for the simple purpose of stopping bottles. We call it wood, though it would more correctly be designated bark: since bark, which it really is, is wanting in many of the characteristics of true wood. No other bark hitherto known possesses in so remarkable a degree the softness and elasticity of cork; or, if there be such, it is too small in quantity to be commercially available. Cork is such a peculiarly inert substance, such a neutral, such an innocent, such a nothing, that it will injure few if any of the liquids with which it may come in contact: the liquids may ruin the cork, but the cork will not retaliate. And then its obedient mechanical qualities are striking enough. We have all heard of a man jumping into a quart-bottle, and when we have seen it done, we will believe it; but in the meantime, we can more readily believe that a quart-bottle cork can be driven into a

pint-bottle; and this is a far more valuable feat of the two. It is, of course, this power of compression which gives to a piece of cork its chief value as a bottle-stopper. When a cork is in its right place in an unopened bottle of wine, the lower part swells out in the wider part of the bottle-neck, and renders extraction all the more difficult.

Before speaking of this modern attempt, only one among many, to cut corks by machinery, we may say a little concerning the origin and nature of the peculiar substance which is the material operated on.

Cork is nothing more or less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain and other countries bordering the Mediterranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork-tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; and after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals of eight years, to the extent of even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two or three inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk whence it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to, and at some distance from the former; and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry: they are, in fact, scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and to bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

According to a description given by an anonymous traveller in Portugal a few years ago, a cork-forest must be a very interesting object. The cork-tree is, in that country, the king of the forest; and the forests of these noble trees are now mostly comprised within the parks of the king and nobility. The largest is situated near Moira, in Alemtejo. 'When I beheld it,' says this writer, 'the beauty of the scene was heightened by the temporary occupation by the troops of Don Pedro. The bivouac is always a scene of bustle and animation: the lively costume of the soldiers, the glitter of their arms, the artillery drawn up, the cavalry dismounted, the soldiers formed into groups of various magnitude—are at any time objects of interest; but when surrounded by the noblest works of nature, the effect is irresistibly imposing. Such was the scene in the cork-forest of Moira. Every tree became, as it were, a house for a dozen or more soldiers, the broad branches and thick foliage affording ample protection as well from the heat of the sun by day as from the heavy dews by night. Some were busied in preparations for the frugal meal; others were reposing after the fatigues of the march; others, again, forming beds with the branches or underwood; and all happy that they could avail themselves of a protection and cover as beautiful as it was grateful.'

This singular substance comes to England in rather large quantities, and is employed for a considerable variety of purposes—some on account of its lightness, some for its dryness, some for its softness, some for its compressibility.

The lightness or buoyancy of cork has led to its application in numerous contrivances for life-boats, buoys, and so forth. The specific gravity being so much less than that of wood, it assists in giving a buoyancy or levity to heavier substances which are required to be floated. Pliny describes the Roman

fishermen as using floats of cork to lighten their nets. The Romans were shrewd enough, also, to observe the usefulness of cork in facilitating swimming; for we are told that the Roman whom Camillus sent to the Capitol when besieged by the Gauls, put on a light dress, and took cork with him under it; when he arrived at the river Tiber, he bound his clothes upon his head, placed cork under his arms, and swam across. In modern times, as in ancient, this cork-aid to fishermen and to swimmers has been abundantly well known. In the first life-boat, constructed by Mr Greathead sixty years ago, cork was placed around the upper edge, to increase the buoyancy of the vessel; and cork has ever since been a favourite material among the inventors of the numerous life-boats. Cork, we may be certain, put forth no few claims to attention in the boats which competed for the Duke of Northumberland's life-boat prize in 1851. And the life-belts, life-cloaks, life-capes, life-hats, life-jackets, have exhibited abundant ingenious modes of applying cork.

The stopping or stoppling of bottles still remains chiefly within the domain of this curious substance; notwithstanding that, now and then, new claimants to the office spring up. The distillers of one of the varieties of British brandy have introduced a patent capsule, for securing the aforesaid liquid in an undeniable manner. It is not a substitute for a cork, but a mode of guarding the cork itself. It consists of a thin plate of metal, formed of a layer of tin united to a layer of lead; and this plate is brought to a shape which enables it to cover entirely the corked mouth of the bottle. But Mr Brockedon has invented a stopple in which cork is not employed at all: there are several cotton fibres twisted into strands and lapped with flax thread; there are many of these strands laid together longitudinally, with loose fine cotton-wool laid between them; these prepared strands are then lapped in a cylindrical form with flax thread, and the imitative cork thus made, is finally dipped into a solution of gutta percha. These stopples were, we believe, invented for a particular purpose, and are not intended as a substitute for corks generally. A later invention is the gutta-percha stopple, made wholly of this very useful substance. We have one now before us, and a neat little affair it is. The colour is dark, and the surface is glossy; the side is smoothly conical, the top is stamped with a slight device, and the bottom is stamped with the inscription 'Hancock's Patent, West Ham, Essex;' it is evidently hollow, and this hollowness enables it to assume a cork-like pliability: it appears to be, in fact, a little conical cup, on which a top or cover is firmly cemented. Other kinds of substitutes for corks have from time to time been brought forward, but none have yet progressed far towards the supplanting of the *Quercus suber* bark—the real cork.

Cork has something very salubrious about it, due to its singularly negative character; it absorbs very little moisture, and very little miasmata, and it is such ungrateful food for insects to live upon, that they pretty generally abandon it, and thus leave it clean and wholesome. Hence some persons have thought that cork-cuttings and shavings would constitute a suitable material for stuffing beds and cushions; and two or three patents have been granted for modes of attaining this end. One of the patentees, who uses the cork in a state almost as fine as saw-dust, states, that if a substratum of this finely comminuted cork be covered with a layer of horsehair or wool, we shall have all the smoothness of a horsehair or wool mattress, combined with the elasticity and lightness of cork. Such a mattress, if used as a cabin-bed on shipboard, might be valuable as a floating life-preserver. Messrs Esdaile and Margrave, at the extensive saw-mills in the City Road, have adopted many modes of employing cork-shavings or scraps. One of these purposes is as a packing for the stuffing-boxes of steam-engines: under



ordinary circumstances, it is necessary to employ oil to lubricate the place of contact between a piston-rod and the collar or box through which it moves; but it is found that a mass of cork fragments, against which the rod must press in its up and down movement, has a singular effect in cleaning the surface and enabling the rod to glide smoothly.

All the world knows that hats are now made with a lightness far surpassing the lightness of other days. There are zephyr hats, and gossamer hats, and ventilating hats, and satin and velvet, and extra-fine and superfine hats; each of which claims to be lighter than any or all of the others. Sometimes the lightness is sought to be effected by making the body or foundation of clip, sometimes of stiffened cambric; but there really does seem a reason why cork should possess superior qualities to other substances for this purpose; and, consequently, a patent has been obtained for a method of cutting cork into thin veneers, and fashioning it into a hat-body. The firm mentioned in the last paragraph possesses machinery of a very delicate kind for cutting wood into thin veneers; and analogous machinery, with a provision for slicing rather than sawing, has been by them made available for cutting cork into surprisingly thin sheets, applicable not only for hat-bodies, but also as a substance to be printed on. At the great industrial display two or three years ago, they exhibited remarkable specimens of their skill in this art—comprising finished hats made of cork; cork bodies or foundations, for use in making hats; cork-hat bodies strengthened by muslin; cork-veneers from 1-50th to 1-120th of an inch in thickness; cork-hat brim-plates, cork-hat cylinders, cork-hat tips, in the state in which they are supplied to the cork-hat body-makers; and, lastly, there were specimens of printing on cork-veneers, with type and engraved blocks.

We may here incidentally remark, that the same wonderful assemblage which displayed these examples of cork-veneers, illustrated also the peculiar fitness of cork as a material in which to execute models. There were, by M. Cruse of Stettin, cork models of the church of Kobern on the Moselle; the Nun-hill and fortress at Salzburg; the gate at Basle; the Château de Meillau in Berri; the Château de Josselin in Bretagne; the castle of Rheinstein on the Rhine; Castle Langenau on the Lahn; ruins of the church of the Septs Douleurs at Jerusalem; ruins of the gate at Damascus; the castle of Babertsberg, near Potsdam; and the castle of Rheineck. All these models presented much picturesqueness of effect, cork being well fitted by its porous texture to imitate the decayed masonry of ruined structures. There was also, by M. Cassebohm of Oldenburg, an elaborate cork model of Heidelberg Castle, on a scale of 1-185th of the original. Nor were our home modellers mistrustful of the facility which cork afforded to their labours. Mr Bury modelled a group to represent the story of Mazeppa—all in cork. The East India ship, with hull, and sails, and rigging, all made of cork, we can only regard as a failure; the material was not suited to the purpose in view.

There are, in truth, many modes of applying and employing cork besides those hitherto noticed. In Spain and Portugal, the peasants make bee-hives and water-buckets of cork; and some of the labourers employ it in making plates, goblets, tubs, and other culinary vessels. In some places it is used as a roof-covering, in lieu of slates, or tiles, or thatch; and it is also useful for lining stone-walls in particular places, thereby rendering apartments dry and warm. Every one knows that cork inner-soles for shoes are valuable in keeping the feet warm in winter. We believe that the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made of cork. Beckmann tells us that, 'among the Romans, cork was made into soles, which were put into their shoes, in order to secure the feet from water, especially in

winter; and as high heels were not then introduced, the ladies who wished to appear taller than they had been formed by nature, put plenty of cork under them.' Cork legs are too well known to be expatiated on. Cork is used as a convenient substance whereon entomologists may pin down their insects. Much of the outtings left by cork-cutters is sold to colour-makers, who burn and prepare them into what is called Spanish black.

All these minor applications of cork, however, amount to a trifle when compared with the manufacture of corks *par excellence*. The ancients kept their wine in casks and jars which were stopped with pitch, clay, gypsum, potter's earth, and other substances; and the wine was drawn from these vessels into open cups or pitchers, which were brought to table; but when, in the fourteenth century, it became customary to keep wine in small bottles, then did also become prevalent the method of securing these bottles with small bits of cork-bark, which bits very soon acquired the name of corks. Cork appears to the eye very porous; but the pores do not open one into another, and it allows neither beer nor any ordinary liquid to percolate through it. It is only one-fourth the specific gravity of water: it is very compressible and elastic; and it is easily cut—hence cork possesses remarkable qualities for bottle-stoppers.

The cutting of corks requires a peculiar action of the implement employed. The cork-cutter first flattens and smoothes the large pieces, then cuts them into narrow strips, and then severs these strips into square or oblong pieces, each large enough for one cork or bung. The cork pieces are, in the clumsy language of the workshop, designated 'short,' 'short-long,' and 'full-long,' according to the size. The cutting of the pieces into actual corks is a curious process. The knife employed has a blade about six inches long by three in width, very thin and very sharp; and this is repeatedly sharpened during the process of working. How the cork-cutter manages to give such a neat cylindrical or slightly conical form to the cork, by cutting without any means of guiding the hand, is pretty to look at, but not easy to describe.

Now this art, like many others, has excited the attention of inventors, who seek to devise some mode of cutting corks by machinery. In one American patented method, the squared pieces of cork are held between two revolving spindles which grip them, and as they revolve, the cork is cut cylindrically by a revolving cutter-wheel; there is apparatus for placing and displacing the pieces of cork at the proper moments, and there is an ingenious mode of sharpening the cutter-wheel, by applying its two faces to two rotating disks covered with leather and emery. One among many English patents for cork-cutting machinery depends on a different mode of cutting; here the cutter is a cylinder with a very sharp edge, and this cylinder being pressed up against the surface of a piece of cork, and rapidly rotated, cuts out a cork in the way that a punch drives out a small circular piece from a sheet of metal.

Whether the simple cutting of corks will ever pay for the parade of a joint-stock company, with all its array of secretaries and treasurers, and so forth, is for those to decide who may choose to invest their capital; but there is, at anyrate, such a company now claiming attention. It is not precisely a joint-stock company on the ordinary English plan, but a *société en commandite*, based on a system which has more than once been noticed in this Journal; and it goes under the name of the responsible manager as the firm of 'A. Crenet & Co.' The offices are in Paris; but there is, or has been, an agency for the sale of shares in England. We notice the project only so far as it bears relation to the ordinary trade of cork-cutting. The managers say that a machine, of which they own the patent, will cut

corks more rapidly, and more highly finished, and at lower prices, than they can be cut by hand. They say that England and France import about equal quantities of cork—between three and four million kilogrammes annually; and that, in addition, France pays more than four million francs annually for corks obtained ready made from other countries. The managers own to the ambition of being able to make and sell corks so cheaply as to obviate the necessity of any purchase from their neighbours. They state that each machine will make 100 gross, or 14,400 corks, in a day—about as many as fourteen expert cork-cutters ordinarily produce; and that it can be attended and worked by a mere boy. Patent licences are to be granted in Algeria, where cork-forests are now carefully attended to.

Thus does even so simple a little product as a mere cork become the basis for joint-stock operations.

#### CONDITION OF THE WORKMAN.

Let each man cease to recognise any insurmountable distinction between his employer and himself, and he may be assured that he will soon cease to think of the rights of labour in the interest of his increasing capital, and will leave the exhortations of orators, to feel a deeper excitement in ambition and a warmer zeal in hope. A few only, indeed, might achieve greatness, but all would feel the benefit of attempting it. As it is, want of ambition is a great obstacle to the elevation of the working-class. An acquaintance with physical comfort, and a determination to have it, insure some degree of exertion, but it is only that of routine; the qualities necessary for great successes, enterprise, and self-denial are comparatively unknown. The idea which the workman attaches to the term 'labour' is a proof how confined are the notions entertained by his class. He expects great rewards for the performance of mere manual toil requiring little thought and no invention. The higher qualities of the master's exertions, the enterprise, the originality, the imagination, go for nothing. This, perhaps, may be expected from the great division of labour, which, if it produces vast effects, often deteriorates its instruments. The man has been all his life a part of a great machine, a sort of human spoke or winch; and he cannot be expected to have much conception of the laws which regulate the rewards of exertion, or to know that the difference between success and poverty is the difference between originality and routine. The comforts of life are to be attained only by the exercise of qualities which all have not. The true reward is given to each man under the present system, and to quarrel with it is to question and defy laws which are unchangeable. The workman knows of himself that there are various kinds of labour, of value widely different, although the absolute toil may be the same. Employments may be agreeable, or the contrary; they may be permanent, or liable to interruption; they may be difficult or expensive, requiring a long apprenticeship and a considerable outlay; they may involve responsibility; success in some may be uncertain; health in others may be endangered; some may require activity and quickness, others taste and judgment. In all these, the relative value is determined by the rarity of the faculties required, and by the wants of society; and it should be the great endeavour of the workman to acquire that kind of labour which is most in demand—a course of proceeding similar to that of the manufacturer, who anticipates the wants and studies the tastes of his customers, and does not continue the production of what was fashionable twenty years back, and then declaim against society for declining to purchase what it does not want. It is the chief use of education to the workman, to teach him what kind of labour it will be best for him to have to offer, and where he may dispose of it to advantage. Ignorant populations are always on the brink of misery; for not only is their unskilled labour almost worthless, but they are ignorant of where it is in request, and have not knowledge or self-dependence enough to shift their abode, and offer it where the price would be remunerative. Let the operatives apply the laws which regulate the difference of their own wages to the case of their masters, and they

will generally find that the remuneration which he receives is not more than skill, enterprise, and the risk of invested capital will justify.—*Times*, December 10, 1853.

#### CUVIER AND SATAN.

It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the tooth of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly 'rich':—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an article, called 'Traits of the Trappists,' and bearing the signature of 'John Doran,' concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. 'Eat me!' exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added: 'Horns? hoofs? grammivorous! Needn't be afraid of him!'—*American Paper*.

#### A FAREWELL.

##### FOR A SWEDISH AIR.

Look in my face, dear,  
Openly and free:  
Hold out your hand, dear,  
Have no fear of me!  
Thus as friends old loves should part,  
Each one with a quiet heart—  
O my Mary—my lost Mary,  
Say farewell—and go!

Never to meet more,  
While day follows day:  
Never to kiss more,  
Till our lips are clay.  
Angry hearts grieve loud awhile;  
Broken hearts are dumb—or smile.  
O my Mary—my lost Mary,  
Say farewell—and go!

#### LITERARY PENSIONS.

The application of the small fund at the disposal of the Queen is a promising peculiarity of the present time. More frequently than otherwise, the recipients are now authors, or their surviving families; and the public is acquainted by the mere name of the individual with the merit that has obtained this mark of royal kindness and distinction. Formerly, the case was very different. No influence, no entreaty could extort from government a pension for the widow of our great national poet Burns; but now this homage is readily paid to the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd, in a pension to his widow of L.50 a year. The widow of Dr Moir, the elegant and amiable Delta, receives L.100; the widow of Sir Harris Nicolas is likewise pensioned; and so are the sister and daughters of our late esteemed fellow-citizen, James Simpson. The pension to Alaric Watts is more timely than these, for he has still, to all appearance, a long course of life before him, and is working as vigorously as ever at literature. The sum is not large—only L.100 a year—but it will help a man of genius in undeserved difficulties, and it is a standing testimonial to his merit, proceeding from the highest quarter. It is not long since we stated our opinion of his productions generally, in reviewing his *Lyrics of the Heart*; and it is pleasing to us to find that Her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen have formed a similar appreciation of the poet.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

THE age may be growing intensely mechanical in its pursuits, and terribly 'positive' in its philosophy; poetry may seem to be fast paling its ineffectual fires before the furnace of science; sensibility may be thought in danger of losing four-fifths of its polysyllabic significance, and of dwindling into curt prosaic-sense: yet we have little fear, while people are born with hearts capable of a graduated scale of beats, and with apparatus in dus working-order for the secretion of tears, that they will cease to find an ample power to soften and subdue in every touch of nature, connected with the sweet and now solemn past. Nor will ever such kindly memories as are suggested, such a longing lingering look behind as is described, in Charles Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces*, lose the spell that makes the whole world of readers kin. The sacred fount of sympathetic tears must be exhausted first—drained dry as hay, or remainder ship-biscuit, or the light-reading of a merchant's ledger, or the subdivisions of a dull preacher's seventeenthly. If the denizens of this 'visible diurnal sphere' should indeed come to be mere metallic structures, Brummagem imitations of the normal race, with a piece of eight-day clock-work where the heart ought to be, requiring to be wound up every Monday morning, and beautifully adapted to answer Lear's bidding to 'anatomise Regan,' and see 'what breeds about her heart'—if such mechanic monsters, with an allowance of Carlyle's cast-iron parsons as herds, should ever multiply and replenish the earth—then, but not until then, will our philosophy be at fault. Given, a man—be his vocation what it may—even entire allegiance to material interests and utilitarian laws; him given, we are sure of a being who is susceptible of emotion, when reminded, as Elia can remind him, of the old familiar faces, and the souvenirs of long ago. For Elia speaks as the Representative Man of no hole-and-corner constituency, no close-borough, when he thus utters his memories in that musical unrhymed metre:

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

That first stanza carries us back to the Blue Coat School of some seventy years since—when Charles Lamb could reckon among his yellow-legged contemporaries, playmates, and companions, the worthies he marshals before us in one of his choicest essays. We see him listening in the cloisters to Coleridge, the

inspired charity-boy, as the future logician, metaphysician, bard unfolds, in his deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus, or recites Homer or Pindar to any that have not been overdosed with Greek in school-hours; or, hurrying in holiday glee to bathe in the New River, or to pay a fifty times repeated visit to the lions in the Tower; or, chuckling with grateful triumph at not being in old Boyer's class—old Boyer, who had an ingenious method of whipping the boy and reading the Debates at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between; while the other master, Field, never used the rod, but let his boys talk and do just as they pleased, and winked at their study of *Peter Wilkins* in preference to Dan Ovid, and their performances with pea-shooters to the prejudice of gerund-grinding.

And then we are carried on to adult life—to the laughing and carousing of manhood's heyday, singing 'Good-night, and joy be wi' you all' at a rather advanced period of the small hours. 'Oh, it is pleasant,' exclaims Elia, 'as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero *De Amicitia*, or some tale of antique friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!' And when a cluster of such ripe fruit, which as blossoms had hung on the bough together, is *vis-à-vis* on the round table with the juice that maketh glad the heart of man—why, there's pretty sure to be a night on't. Bosom cronies hug one another all the closer as they remember them of some who are not, and, like the Lotos-eaters, help one another

To muse, and brood, and live again in memory  
With those old faces of their infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Anon the recorder of the dislimned and evanished old familiar faces summons up the image of a maiden form—the embodied poetry of his spring-tide, 'loss of whom will never from his heart,' left dry as summer dust now:

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

'Methinks it is better,' he says in the *Essays*, 'that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost'—in accordance with the philosophy that 'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. In a letter to Coleridge, too, he refers tenderly to those 'pleasant days of hope,' those

'wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which, says he, 'I have so often and so feelingly regretted.' And so, when he, a veteran bachelor, indites *Dream-children: a Reverie*, and pictures himself with his own little ones about him—it is a little Alice that seems to nestle nearest the paternal heart; and the soul of the first Alice looks out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that he becomes in doubt which of them stands there before him, or whose that bright hair is, and in the doubt he awakes, and behold it is a dream.

And again he tells how he was fain to leave new-formed friendships, however kind and cordial, to muse on those of long ago; how he abruptly quitted the endearments of the present, while it is called to-day, that he might live over again the life, which, being dead, yet speaketh—oh, how tenderly! oh, how searchingly!—of auld lang syne. And as he muses, the fire burns—the fire that lights up dark recesses of memory, and hiding-places thrice ten years deep.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

To meet again on the frosty ground, and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we have frolicked with and loved in the radiant May hours of existence, is, despite a thousand painful suggestions, surpassingly sweet. 'There is a melancholy pleasure,' writes Châteaubriand, 'in meeting with our acquaintances of early days, and in noting the changes which have taken place, meanwhile, in them and in ourselves. Like finger-posts we have left behind, they serve to mark the route we have taken through the desert of the past.' What a fine yet rugged pathos there is in Matthew Bramble's account of his rencontre with Rear-admiral Balderick—whom he had not set eyes on since they were lads together, and who was now 'metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face,' and 'gray looks that were truly venerable.' Says the leal-hearted old cynic: 'Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a newspaper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; and then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam," said I, "forty years ago, I little thought"— I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, sure enough!" cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly through his glasses. "I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard-strained since we parted; but I can't heave up the name." The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed: "Ah, Matt, my old fellow-cruiser, still afloat!" And starting up, hugged me in his arms.'

When Mansie Wauch revisited his school-day scenes, and recognised the very bushes which had served for lurking-places in 'hunt the hare,' and the very bough of the old fantastic beech-tree from which the swings used to be suspended, and then thought what alterations, what sad havoc, had been wrought among his merry schoolmates by time, circumstances, the hand of fortune, and the stroke of death, he could not help reciting aloud to his now lonely self these lines of Charles Lamb on the old familiar faces. And amid a long train of tender meditations, suggested thereby, Mansie observes, that though we think no more of many a sharer of our early friendships and boyish sports, and though they are as if they had never been, yet some accidental occurrence, some word in conversation,

some object by the wayside, or some passenger in the street, attracts our notice; 'and then, as if awaking from a perplexing trance, a light darts in upon our darkness; and we discover that thus some one long ago spoke; that there something long ago happened; or that the person, who just passed us like a vision, shared smiles with us long, long years ago, and added a double zest to the enjoyments of our childhood.' Sweet is the beauty and melancholy of Wordsworth's chronicle of school-time, and his early morning-walks with a since estranged friend:—

Of before the hours of school  
I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear  
For this, that one was by my side, a friend  
Then passionately loved; with heart how full  
Would he peruse these lines! For many years  
Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds  
Both silent to each other, at this time  
We live as if those hours had never been.

How dearly Lamb prized an old familiar, in preference to any other kind of face, is well known. 'I engaged him once,' says Mr H. Crabb Robinson, in a recent communication to a literary journal, 'to dine with a common friend. "There will be no one besides ourselves and the three Mr S—s," I said. Lamb immediately exclaimed: "How I hate those three Mr S—s!" "Why, what do you mean? You have never seen any one of them." "That's the reason. I cannot hate any one I have ever seen," was Lamb's unaffected, heartfelt, and most true reply. Lamb's love,' adds Mr Robinson, 'of the old familiar faces, was his most peculiar and characteristic passion.' At two-and-twenty, he thus wrote to Coleridge, who had maintained, he thought, a 'long and unfriendly-like silence,' at a time when deep household calamity had scathed the poor writer's roof-tree: 'Do what you will, Col., you may hurt and vex me by your silence, but you cannot estrange my heart from you all. I cannot scatter friendships like church-farthings, nor let them drop from my hand like hour-glass sand. I have but two or three people in the world to whom I am more than indifferent, and I can't afford to whistle them off to the winds.' And so to the last; never mind how old the face was, so that it was familiar. The older the better. Familiarity bred the very opposite of contempt. Wrinkles and furrows were at a premium with him, provided only he had known the virgin soil ere yet time had begun to harrow it. He could almost cry: Speed the plough! in such a cause.

Natural it is that with scarcity should come increase of price. Dearth enhances the value of those who remain, as death consecrates the memory of those who are gone. When, of two that stand beside us, one is taken and the other left, 'tis meet that each should be henceforth dearer in our eyes—

The most are gone;  
And whoso yet survive of those who then  
Were in their summer season, on the tree  
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,  
Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.\*

When the number is thus reduced, and the once plentiful array of bosom cronies made to dwindle, peak, and pine, nothing can be more inhuman than the selfish apathy and chronic indifference—ossification of the heart, call it—which the poet has portrayed in the lines—

And how their old companions now may fare,  
Little they know and less they care;  
The torment he is doomed to bear  
Is but to them the wonder of a day,  
A burden of sad thoughts soon put away.

So true it is, that that which hath died within us, is

often the saddest portion of what death has taken away—sad to all, sad above measure to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. For it was not always so chilly about the heart, and if its altar-fires are extinct, it is not that they never burned, and brightly too. Lost feelings, withered sensibilities, are always sad, and often humiliating things. They shame us with the sense of 'foiled potentialities;' they upbraid us with the reminder of what we might have been, set by the side of what we are. What, it has been asked, would be the heart of an old weather-beaten hollow stump, if the leaves and blossoms of its youth were suddenly to spring up out of the mould around it, and to remind it how bright and blissful summer was in the years of its prime! Yet is it possible—and then how refreshing!—to find a young unwithered heart in an old withered breast; one that can even 'smell sweet and blossom in the dust' of threescore years and ten, or even of the fourscore years whose strength is but labour and sorrow, but whose white hairs—true crown of glory—yet glisten with the dew of the morning. Happy old man be his dole, whose philosophy says:

Life is but thought, so think I will  
That youth and I are housemates still—

according to the doctrine, that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Barry Cornwall feelingly alludes to Lamb's keen sense of bereavement, and his tender yearning after the old familiar faces, in the epistle indited on the occasion of Charles's emancipation from clerkship, when the clerk had mended his last pen in the office, and made his last entry in the ledger's 'huge and figured pages,' and was free to go home and write (as he did) an essay on the Superannuated Man—in which essay, by the by, true to his principles, the elderly chartered libertine remembered so wistfully his old desk-fellows and co-brethren of the quill, whom he had left in the state militant—those faded compeers, faithful partners of his toils for six-and-thirty years, whom his heart smote him to leave in that dreary counting-house. Entering accurately into the mixed mood of the freed man's sensations, Barry Cornwall thus congratulates and condoles with him:

Happy beyond that Man of Ross,  
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,  
Art thou; with hope, health, 'learned leisure';  
Friends, books: thy thoughts, an endless pleasure!  
Yet—yet—for when was pleasure made  
Sunshine all without a shade?—  
Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest  
Through the busy scenes thou lovest,  
With an idler's careless look,  
Turning some moth-pierced book  
Feel'st a sharp and sudden wo,  
For visions vanished long ago!  
And then, thou think'st how time has fled  
Over thy unsilvered head,  
Snatching many a fellow-mind  
Away, and leaving—what?—behind!  
Nought, alas! save joy and pain  
Mingled ever, like a strain  
Of music, where the discords vie  
With the truer harmony.

*Telle est la vie!* But from the life that now is, the vaulting ambition of man's highest instincts aspires to a less checkered future; and his final adieu to departing friends is, as its name imports, a commending them to the Fountain of Life, in the faith that all live unto Him—and the heart-full *au revoir* is big with promise that the severance is not for evermore. For it is 'faith as vague as all unsweet' that man should not retain his individual life, and recognise that of others,

the old familiar faces, after he has shuffled off this mortal coil, as the true poet of *In Memoriam* says, in his assurance of rejoining and recognising the beloved object of his elegy:

Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside;  
And I shall know him when we meet:  
  
And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good;  
What vaster dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth?

Or as a true poetess, Mrs Browning, expresses her convictions, on the same theme of the endeared dead and gone:

I know we shall behold them raised, complete—  
The dust shook from their beauty—glorified  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

Lines which, in connection with the occasional cause of this paper, remind us of Lander's warm apostrophe to the memory of Lamb, as a fit conclusion to our discursive thoughts—

Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth  
In every utterance of that purest soul!  
Few are the spirits of the glorified  
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

#### MUSIC IN LARGE BUILDINGS.

It is not improbable that the year now commencing will witness much discussion concerning the interesting question—to what extent are large buildings adapted for sound, and for musical performances generally? The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, lately noticed in the Journal, is under the management of directors who are keenly alive to all the available or possible resources whereby grandeur of effect may be produced, in their singularly varied and unparalleled undertaking. Before noticing the subject of music in connection with this Palace of Light, we will throw together a few remarks bearing collaterally on the subject.

Musicians and architects are by no means yet agreed as to the proper size and proportions of music-rooms. Time after time we meet with controversies in the public journals on this subject, and men of science, fresh from the study of acoustics, occasionally step in and offer an opinion on the matter. It may be worth while to shew how closely *echoes* are associated with this inquiry.

Sir John Herschel has collected many examples of remarkable echoes, illustrative of the influence produced on the propagation of sound by the forms of buildings. In St Alban's Abbey-church, the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the church to the other. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave. An echo in the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, repeats twenty-one syllables. In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne, with perfect distinctness, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet—a fact which occasioned some scandal a few years ago, by rendering the secrets of the confessional audible to persons who sought to gratify their curiosity unknown to the confessor or the confessed. In the Whispering-gallery at St Paul's, as is well known to most country visitors in London, the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but is not heard at the intermediate points. In the Manfroni Palace at Venice is a square room about 25 feet high, with a concave roof; a person standing in the centre of the room, and stamping gently with his foot

on the floor, hears the sound repeated a great number of times.

Sir John proceeds to point out the necessary connection between the form of a room and the effect of music heard therein. In small buildings, the velocity of sound is such that the dimensions of the building are traversed by the reflected sound in a time too small to admit of the echo being distinguished from the principal sound. In large buildings, on the other hand, such as churches, theatres, and concert-rooms, the echo is heard after the principal sound has ceased; and if the building be so constructed as to return several echoes in very different times, the effect will be unpleasant. It is mainly for this reason that in cathedrals the service is usually read in a sustained uniform tone, rather than of singing than speaking; the voice being thus blended in unison with its echo. 'A good reader will time his syllables, if possible, so as to make one fall in with the echo of the last, which will thus be merged in the louder sound, and produce less confusion in his delivery.' In respect to music, the result is varied by many different circumstances. In a room of moderate size, the echo is not prolonged in any sensible degree after the original sound: it therefore only tends to reinforce it, and is highly advantageous. In churches and other large buildings, an echo can only be advantageous in the performance of slow pieces, where the echo shall have done its work before the harmony of a chord has changed; else a dissonance would arise. Sir John gives the following curious estimate, derived from the laws of sound: 'When ten notes succeed one another in a second, as is often the case in modern music, the longitudinal echo of a room fifty-five feet long will precisely throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following one, wherever the auditor be placed; which, in most cases, will produce—in so far as it is heard—only discord.' There seems, in fact, to be a scientific basis for the assertion that, after making allowance for the absence of open windows, deep recesses, hangings, or carpeting—all of which interfere with reverberation—there is a certain relational fitness between the size of a music-room and the rapidity of the music played therein: if this size and this rapidity assort well, echo will strengthen and improve the music; if not, echo will have a discordant result. It is impossible to carry out this principle with any full practical effect; because not only do different tunes differ in average rapidity, but also different bars of the same tune; nevertheless, if the theory be well based, it may enable us to understand the well-admitted fact, that some music-rooms are found better fitted than others for their destined purpose. Sir John Herschel speaks of the notion sometimes entertained, that a parabolic form should be given to the walls around an orchestra, to throw out the sound in parallel lines; but he sees no wisdom in this: 'The object to be aimed at in a concert-room is, not to deafen a favoured few, but to fill the whole chamber equally with sound, and yet allow the echo as little power to disturb the principal sound, by a lingering after-twang, as possible.'

Any one who has paid attention to the discussions relating to the new Houses of Parliament, will remember how much has been said concerning the alleged unfitness for hearing, arising out of injudicious acoustic arrangements in the first instance; and musical persons will be equally familiar with the various opinions expressed concerning Exeter Hall, St Martin's Hall, the Town-hall at Birmingham, St George's Hall at Bradford, and other large rooms, in relation to their fitness for musical performances. But the sounding of music in the Hyde Park Palace gave a new impulse to this subject; for never before, perhaps, were musical instruments subjected to so severe an ordeal, owing to the immense size of the structure.

During the Great Exhibition of 1851, as every one

knows, music was performed every day. However fine the pianos and harps may have been, they were not audible at any great distance from the instruments; and even the fine organs of Willis, Ducroquet, Hill, Gray, and Davison, and other makers, did not fill the building generally with a volume of sound. One curious example of this was, that all four organs might have been playing at once different tunes, and yet each have its own audience, very little, if at all, affected by the sound of the other instruments. The sound of each organ magnificently filled a certain small portion of the building, but could not be said to have filled the vast space generally. Herr Sommer's gigantic horn, the 'Sommerphone,' really threw out its sound to a greater distance than any of the organs. There can be no question that the *shape* of the building had much to do with this matter, irrespective of its size. If the 10,000 little voices which produce such a grand and thrilling effect in St Paul's Cathedral once a year—if these were in a building of the same shape, and twice as large, we cannot safely infer what the effect would be, for there has never been an opportunity of putting such a performance to the test.

During the progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it appears to have engaged the occasional attention of the directors, whether or not, and in what way, to introduce music into their wondrous structure, that the ear as well as the eye may drink in beauty. It is a question of some importance; for if done at all, it should be done effectually—nothing puny must take part in the Sydenham Palace. In order to prepare themselves for grappling with the question, they wisely determined to call in aid from other quarters. They appointed a committee of inquiry, formed of three persons well skilled in the theory of music and of sound generally. These are: the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., 'Mus. Bac.' at Oxford University; Professor Willis, of Cambridge University; and Mr Donaldson, professor of music at the university of Edinburgh. We have been favoured with a copy of the report which these gentlemen have sent in to the directors; and there are in it a few particulars and suggestions highly interesting in connection with our present subject.

The question submitted to the committee was: 'To inquire into, and advise the directors of the Crystal Palace Company upon the construction of an organ; the number and kinds of stops, &c., which it should contain; its position in the building; the fittest person or persons to build it; and, generally, any points that may suggest themselves for the purpose of adapting it in the most perfect manner to the peculiar nature of the building, and of the objects by which it is to be surrounded.' The committee commence their report by adverting to the fact, that the admirable organs in the Hyde Park building ceased to be admirable to persons far distant in the building, inasmuch as the sounds themselves became nearly inaudible. The committee report, that there is no reason to doubt the possibility of constructing an organ suitable for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but that such an organ must possess a much greater magnitude and completeness than any yet constructed. The largest organs in England at present are those in the Town-hall at Birmingham, and the Minster at York. One of these buildings has an interior capacity of about 600,000 cubic feet, the other upwards of 4,000,000 cubic feet; but the transept alone of the Sydenham building—which is 340 feet long, 170 wide, and 200 high—greatly exceeds the larger of these two, irrespective of the other parts of the structure. The clerestory of a cathedral—the narrow portion above the nave-arches—greatly assists in reverberating the sound; whereas in the Crystal Palace there will be very little to prevent the diffusion of vibratory waves in every direction; and this renders all the more necessary the production of a powerful body of sound.

The proposed organ must not only be larger than any other, but it must have some new and powerful means of sonorous effect. The committee enumerate sixteen organs which have become famed for their power. Some of these organs owe their power to the number and judicious arrangement of the stops, while others owe it rather to some one particular stop, which soars above all the others in power. A 'stop,' we may here observe, is a technical name for a whole row of pipes, all of which have the same kind or quality of tone, although differing in pitch. There are numerous stops or sets of pipes in every large organ, and it is thus that the pipes become so very great in number; at Weingarten, the organ contains more than 6800 pipes. The fine organs in the Paris churches are said to owe their power chiefly to the quality of those which are called the reed-stops; and it is considered to have been proved, that this reedy quality of tone permeated the Hyde Park building better than any other. The committee recommend that especial attention should be paid to reed-stops, in any organ destined for the new Crystal Palace; they point also to the fact, that very large pipes have a wonderful effect in producing a volume of sound fitted to fill a building of large dimensions. The largest pipe yet made to any organ is thirty-two feet, producing a note two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello; and those organs which have such pipes derive a marvellous power therefrom, irrespective of the quality of the tone produced. A very large pipe actually requires a very large building, to enable the pipe to 'speak' at all.

After going carefully through the whole subject, the committee decide that it is quite within the compass of the skill of our organ-builders to produce an organ suitable for and worthy of the new Crystal Palace; but the details sketched by them have a vastness which—to use a familiar expression—almost takes one's breath away. Such an organ as they prefigure, would as far excel all other organs as the Crystal Palace will—in its own peculiar style of beauty—excel all other buildings. We will shortly run through their list of suggestions.

The organ would be placed, the committee say, at one extremity of the central transept. Its *monstrous* dimensions would be 108 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and 140 feet high. The internal construction would be like that of a house, in stories, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. The feeders of the bellows would be worked by a small steam-engine, which, together with the feeders themselves, would be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ would be entirely open and disengaged, being only occupied by pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The lower or supporting part of the organ would be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, open on all sides with arches; and the pillars would be made hollow, so as to serve as wind-trunks. The interior mechanism of the organ would comprise all the modern improvements, with especial reference to reed-stops and large pipes, and the construction of two pipes 64 feet long each, twice the size of the largest yet made. These magnificent pipes would form part of an architectural or at least ornamental frontage to the organ. The whole of the vast instrument would be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general character of the building itself; for, provided the supports be firm and substantial, the organ might have a lightness and delicacy of arrangement notwithstanding its huge dimensions. The interior of the organ would be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to shew as many of the pipes as possible at one view; the sides and back would be constructed, in a great measure, of iron framework and glass, and thus spectators in the gallery will be enabled to inspect the interior mechanism while actually at work. There would, to prevent

the lateral dispersion of sound, be erected screens of glass and ironwork, extending from the floor of the gallery to the roof, thus enclosing the organ to a certain degree on two sides; and it is recommended that not only should all kinds of carpeting and drapery be kept at a distance from the organ, but that plants and fountains should not be allowed to be brought nearer to it than is actually necessary for carrying out the general arrangements of the building, since moisture interferes with the vibrating state of the air near a musical instrument. Such a vast organ as the committee recommend would cost, they say, at least L.25,000, and would require three years in construction.

What decision the directors may arrive at concerning this bold and daring scheme, we do not know: possibly some time will be needed before all the contingencies and consequences of such an enterprise can be duly weighed. At all events, if adopted, three years must elapse before the Sydenham Palace can be enriched with such an organ; and, in the meantime, lovers of organ-music may ponder on the vast idea, and may dream of Bach and Handel, of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

### THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twittings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage

with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn! Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skilful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the calèche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassée; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything

furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

'Have you any other guests here to-night?' asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

'Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot.'

'And what may be the reverend father's name?' asked my companion.

'Fra Carlo Benevoluto,' replied the other.

'Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name.'

'Very likely,' said the innkeeper. 'There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family.'

'Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honour to drink wine with us.'

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shewn into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighbouring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of



this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our calèche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, 'Let us go!' and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. 'Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!' said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his firearms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. 'Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!'

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: 'Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them: we await your return;' and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. 'Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself: no thief would rob a priest.' It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: 'Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a

bullet through your head. Va!' Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: 'Piano! piano!' and we instantly passed through St Antonin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain shewed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: 'Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!' I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated him at last.

'Yes,' said he; 'it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too.' I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night. 'A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did.'

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: 'The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the

Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers.' A carbinier at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Nor being gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and possessing no skill in sciences abstruse and occult, we are not going upon the present occasion to attempt any explanation of the mysteries of the past, or to project forward from the dark lantern of imagination an enlightening gleam upon those of the future. We know nothing whatever about the Coming Struggle—have not even the honour of a bowing acquaintance with the Coming Man—have no pretensions to decide upon the completion of the chiliadic periods, nor have looked over the proof-sheets of the next year's almanac by Raphael. The great uproar among the nations that is to be, or is not to be—the long-looked-for *débâcle* which is to hoist Turkey in Europe out of Europe—and all the threatened and promised marvels and prodigies and horrors, which certain hungry and thirsty seers find it so profitable just now to send drifting down the current of public opinion—these must take their course for us, and crown their own especial prophets and promulgators with honour or disgrace, as it may happen: they are not wares for our market. The signs of the times with which we at present have to do, though they do some of them hang out aloft very high, and blaze like meteors—while others glimmer feebly and fitfully in fuliginous and cavernous resorts, have nothing either celestial or infernal, supernatural or prophetic about them. They are substantial realities, the work of men's hands; they appeal in silent but unmistakable language to a very numerous class of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and, unlike the symbols of ancient or modern soothsayers, are never misunderstood by the dullest pate in Christendom. For instance: 'The Cat and Bagpipes.'

When certain unpropitious planets are in apogee, or when Mars and Venus are in opposition, there may be a shindy brewing somewhere, we don't deny it—very probably there is—we cannot undertake to determine; but when we see the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes in the ascendant, and swaying gracefully in the evening breeze at the corner of a street, we don't want the aid of astrological lore or the spirit of divination to inform us what it symbolises. We know as well as if we were Spigot himself, and had doctored the beer and spirits with our own hands for these twenty years past, what it means. It means stout in draught, and bottled beer, and treble X at threepence-halfpenny 'in your own jugs'; it means 'max,' and 'mountain-dew,' and 'yards of clay,' and a brown japanned tobacco-box, inscribed with the venerable legend—

A good half-penny pay before you fill,  
Or forfeit sixpence, which you will;

and a saw-dusted floor crowded with kitchen-chairs and iron-spittoons, and mahogany-tables baptised in beer and loaded with foaming pots, each the temporary property of a volcanic proprietor in a state of eruption, to be followed by a state of harmony, and to end in a state of beastliness. And besides all this, it means skittles in the mouldy patch of garden-ground in the rear, and 'goes' of gin, and 'noggins' and 'three-outers,' and plenty more of that sort of thing, as everybody knows, and no mistake at all about it.

If any one doubts the universal knowledge which bibulous man has obtained with respect to the language of these signs, he or she must be a person of most happy experience, who has dwelt apart in some delectable Arcadia where milk and honey have not been banished by malt and hops—and not in dusty, miry,

smoky, beery, brewery London, where Sir John Barley-corn surveys the whole capital from unnumbered elevations, and is monarch of all he surveys. Yondet fustian-jacketed labourer is in no such a state of heathen, or, if you like it better, classical ignorance. Ask him the way to Aldgate, and he will direct you along the whole route, though it should extend for a couple of miles, by those to him hospitable and infallible guides. He knows the charms of each separate paradise, and, never dreaming but that you are equally well informed, directs you to go straight on till you come to the Three Turks, then to turn to the right and cross over at the Dog and Duck, and go on again till you come to the Bear and Bottle, then to turn the corner at the Jolly Old Cocks, and after passing the Veteran, the Guy Fawkes, and the Iron Duke, to take the first turn to the right, which will bring you into it. By this civil communication you are taught, as we have been taught a hundred times, that the publicans' signs are, to no small section of the public, a substitute for the map of London. We propose to take a brief glance at them as they hang over our heads or flourish on side-posts or ground-glass windows. We have no intention of entering their sacred precincts, but shall confine ourselves to some selections from the catalogue which the bare enumeration of them would present, in order to see who and what are supposed to be the presiding deities in these veritable homes of half the working population of the capital of Great Britain.

The public-houses in London amount in number to something not much short of 5000, and if we suppose that the average number of customers to each is 100 a day—and some of the gin-spinning fraternity may count their daily customers by thousands—the sum-total will be more than equivalent to half the adult population—which does not say much for the spread of the total-abstinence principles. The half-million men and women who daily subscribe to the great alcoholic fund for promoting the demoralisation of the human race, and throw their personal example into the bargain, are the supporters of about 80,000 persons employed in the sole occupation of administering the popular libations, and of half as many more engaged in their manufacture, for the consumption of London alone. They congregate together for one uniform purpose, but under banners including every variety which the imagination can suggest. Somebody has said, that upon a question capable of popular solution nearly everybody will arrive at a just verdict, though perhaps no two men will be found who do so upon the same premises: your thirsty subject has always a problem to solve, and, so that he comes to the desired conclusion, is not at all particular as to the premises. If in a loyal mood, he may get drunk on the premises of the Victoria or Prince Albert; if in a patriotic one, at the Nelson or the Duke of Wellington; if in a benevolent one, at the Open Hand; if in an angry one, at the Hand and Dagger; and so on, suiting the action to the sign, with true drunken philosophy, the action being always the same whatever the sign.

The first class of signs demanding notice are those bearing the names, and frequently the portraits, of celebrated individuals. The first on the list, for we like to begin at the beginning, is of course Adam; but Adam, before he had his Eve, had his arms, for which we must refer the reader to the College of Heraldry, putting no faith in the legend of a pewter pot, and a couple of crossed tobacco-pipes, attributed to him by the learned members of the Licensed Victuallers' Company. There is but one Adam's Arms in London. Then come Adam and Eve together, and the blissful pair dominate over exactly twelve reeking tap-rooms within the sound of Bow Bells. Our first parents are the only antediluvians on the list, but of Noah's Arks, which form the connecting-link between the world before and the world after the deluge, there are eight. David with his harp



begins the catalogue of royal personages, of whom there is literally no end. There is a King Alfred, only one King George, two Henry the Eighths, three Kings of Denmark, fourteen Kings of Prussia, five King William the Fourth, one King on Horseback, ten King and Queens, ninety King's Arms, and seventy King's Heads. Of Queens Adelaide and Charlotte, there are two each; of Queen Victoria, twenty-one; of Queen's Arms, a dozen; and of Queen's Heads, fifty; and for the use and behoof of all these royal personages, there are threescore-and-ten Crowns; and about as many more in connection with Anchors, Anvils, Apple-trees, Barley-mows, Tin-cans, Dolphins, Horse-shoes, Leeks, Sceptres, Shears, Shuttles, Sugar-loaves, Thistles, and Woolpacks; to say nothing of fifty Roses, the rose always taking precedence of the crown on the sign-board. There are a dozen Prince Alberts; twice as many Princes of Wales; as many Prince-Regents. Each Prince-Regent might be matched with a Princess of some designation or other; and foreign princes and princes' heads complete the catalogue of sovereignty. Then there is everything Royal, from the Royal Albert, down through the whole alphabet to the Royal Yacht, including five-and-twenty Royal Oaks and fifteen Royal Standards.

Of Dukes, there are ninety-eight, including fourteen Dukes of Clarence, six Dukes of Sussex, twenty-five Dukes of Wellington, and thirty Dukes of York. There are ten Earls, and forty-five Lords, including thirty Lord Nelsons; thirty-six Marquises, of whom one-half are Marquises of Granby. Of Shakespeares, there is but one, and six Shakespeare's Heads. There are two Sir Isaac Newtons, two Sir Sydney Smiths, and one Sir Walter Scott; one Van Tromp, three Whittington and Cats, two Sir John Barleycorns, four Sir John Falstaffs, and ten Robin Hoods.

Among the signs especially appealing to workmen, there are the arms of every profession, from the Bricklayers' Arms, of which London boasts thirty, through the whole alphabet again, down to the Watermen's Arms, of which there are fifteen.

In the animal kingdom, there are three Antelopes; fourteen Brown Bears, besides a whole bear-garden of various other lively colours; Birds in the Hand, five; Black Bulls, sixteen; Bulls' Heads, twenty-five; Black Dogs, four; Black Horses, twenty-five; Black Lions, ten; Black Swans, six; Blue Boars, seven; one Blue Pig; one Blue Lion; one Camel; four Cart-horses; three Cats; one Civet Cat; twenty Cocks; four Cocks with Bottles; two Cocks with Hoops, and one Cock and Neptune; two Dogs and Ducks; fourteen Dolphins; six Eagles; seven Elephants, with or without Castles; ten Falcons; one Fish; thirty Foxes, with Grapes, Geese, or Hounds; three Hampshire Hogs; five Hares and Hounds; ten Goats, some in Boots, and some furnished with a pair of Compasses; thirty Green Men; nine Greyhounds; two Hen and Chickens; one Hog in the Pound; twenty-seven Horses and Grooms; ten Lions in a state of nature, some tête-à-tête with Lambs, some with French Horns; ninety Lions in red skins, and twenty-eight in white ones; seven Magpies, one with a Maiden, three with a Stump, one with a Pewter Platter, and one with a Punch-bowl; twenty Nags' Heads; one Old Cock; one Old Fox; six Old Red Lions; and four Old Swans. There are twelve Peacocks; one Pheasant; four Pied Bulls; two Rams; two Ravens; nine Red Cows; one Red Horse; ten Roebucks; seven Running Horses; one Running Footman; three Spotted Dogs; eleven Spread Eagles; thirty Swans, some with Horse-shoes, some with Sugar-loaves, and one with two Necks; five Tigers; twelve Turks' Heads; five Unicorn; eighteen White Bears; seventy White Harts, and only one White Hind; fifty-four White Horses; one White Raven; thirty-one White Swans; four Stags; one Leopard; three British Lions, and one Porcupine.

Some publicans betray a partiality for a particular number, and double or treble their signs, or choose some device which shall express their favourite figure. Thus we have the One Tun, the One Swan; the Two Bells, the Two Black Boys, the Two Sawyers, the Two Ships, the Two Mariners, the Two Brewers (of which there are thirty), the Two Eagles, &c. Then we have the Three Colts, the Three Compasses (twenty-seven in number), the Three Cranes, the Three Crowns, the Three Cups, the Three Goats' Heads, the Three Hats, the Three Herrings, the Three Jolly Butchers, the Three Kingdoms, the Three Kings' Heads, the Three Loggerheads, the Three Lords, the Three Mackerel, the Three Neats' Tongues, the Three Pigeons, the Three Stags, the Three Suns, and the Three Tuna, which last number over a score. Four is not a favourite number with publicans, and the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street is the only quadruple alliance upon the sign-boards of London. Fives there are in plenty; among which we may particularise the Five Bells and Blade-bone, the Five Ink-horns, and the Five Pipes. Of sixes, there are but two—the Six Bells, and the Six Cans and Punch-bowl. Of the sevens, there are just seven—of which six are the Seven Stars, and one the Seven Sisters. Then the Eight Bells, of which there are four; and the Nine Elms, of which there is but one. There is also but one ten—the Ten Bells; and one twelve, which is also a peal of Bells.

There are sixteen saints—St John, St Luke, and St Paul being the favourites; and though there is but one bishop, Bishop Blaize, there are eleven Mitres. Of Georges, there are fifty; and twenty more of that gentleman settling his account with the Dragon. There are twenty-one Angels, and fifteen more Angels in partnership with Crowns, Suns, and Trumpets; seven Flying Horses; about thirty Golden prodigies of various kinds—Anchors, Fleeces, and Lions; of Green Dragons, there are sixteen; and five Griffins, three Men in the Moon, one Monster, three Neptunes, eleven Phoenixes, and one Silver Lion.

Among the Jolly fellows are the Jolly Anglers, the Jolly Farmers, the Jolly Millers, the Jolly Sailors, and the Jolly Waterman, with a Tippling Philosopher at their head.

Of fruits, fruit-trees, and vegetables, we have—Artichokes, seven; Apple-trees, three; Cherry-trees, five; Grapes, sixty-six; Mulberry-trees, four; Orange-trees, two; Pine-apples, five; and Vines, three.

The most absorbent colours are found to be black, blue, green, red, and white. Of these the Blacks amount to nearly a hundred, the greater part of them being Black Bulls and Black Horses; the Blues are sixty, being mainly Anchors, Boars, and Posts; the Greens are fifty, mostly Green Dragons or Green Men; the Reds are a hundred and ten, of which three-fourths are Lions; and the Whites are above two hundred, in which the White Hart and the White Horse principally predominate.

Among the mysterious signs which are apt to puzzle us as we walk the streets, are the Hole-in-the-Wall, of which there are seven; the Bag of Nails—thought to be a corruption of The Bacchanalians—the Two Black Boys; the Cat and Salutation; the Fish and Bell; the Globe and Pigeons; the Goose and Gridiron; Grave Maurice (who was he?); the Half-moon and Punch-bowl; the Ham and Windmill; the Hat and Tun; the Hop and Toy; the Horns and Chequers; the Horse-shoe and Magpie; the King's Head and Lamb; the Naked Boy and Woolpack; the Queen's Head and French Horn; the Rose and Three Tuns; the Salmon and Compasses; the Sash and Cocoon-tree; the Sun and Sword; the Ship and Blade-bone, &c., the significations of which, if they have any, lie too deep beneath the surface for our comprehension.

Of the implements of agriculture there are—Ploughs,

eighteen; Harrows, five; one Shovel, three Carts and Horses, and two Wagons. We may add that there are fourscore Ships in all conditions, from a Ship on the Launch, to a Sheer Hulk; and of Anchors there are twenty, most of them allied with Hope, and twenty more allied only with blue paint.

The above selections from the list of wooden banners, beneath which assemble nightly the thirsty population of the metropolis, must suffice for the present. They are the multifaced symbols of the most frequented, most popular, and best patronised of all our national institutions; whether they reflect much credit upon us as the inhabitants of the most enlightened city in the world, is a question we have not leisure to enter upon. The hospitality they practise is regarded by humanitarians as a very doubtful virtue—and some of them do not scruple to declare, that though by no means ministers of charity themselves, they are the originating causes of half the munificent and splendid charitable endowments which adorn our land, and, moreover, of not a few of those palatial-looking prison-fortresses which the genius of architecture has latterly condescended to render ornamental too, on the principle, we suppose, that if the body politic cannot get rid of an unsightly wen, the next best thing is to hide it beneath an agreeable covering.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE progress of science is in our day so rapid, that a man cut off, for a single year, from sources of information, would find himself in a very uncomfortable state of ignorance on resuming his intercourse with society. A monthly sketch of this department of knowledge—though assuming to be nothing more than a kind of popular gossip—will, we think, put our non-scientific readers at their ease in well-informed company, while it may be of use to the savant as a chronological record and remembrancer of the progress of discovery. With such objects, we propose taking some pains to group in this department of the Journal whatever is more remarkable in the passing history of science and the useful arts.

‘Is there any limit to the number of planetary bodies?’ is the inquiry more and more repeated among astronomers, as the list of minor planets is increased by continued discovery. Twenty-seven of these little orbs have already been recognised and named, and the finding of others is now considered to be scarcely more than a mechanical task; one, however, which may lead to a confirmation of the views that certain starry phenomena are about to be better comprehended than hitherto. Le Verrier argues, that the whole mass of these small bodies within the zone in which they are found, will prove to be equal to not more than one-fourth of the mass of the earth; deriving his conclusion from the fact, that Mars appears to be altogether undisturbed by their presence. In pursuing the question, it is thought that something like a satisfactory explanation may be arrived at concerning *aérolites*—one of the puzzles of science. Besides this, a classification for comets is to be drawn up, by which our knowledge, such as it is, of those eccentric wanderers may be reduced to a system; and a connected series of observations on *auroræ* is to be attempted from different parts of the northern hemisphere. With respect to the latter phenomenon, De la Rive puts forth the opinion, that we may attribute it ‘to the electricity with which the currents of air are charged that rise from the equatorial regions, and travel in the upper atmosphere towards the poles, where they combine with the negative electricity of the earth, forming, under the influence of the magnetic pole, those luminous arches.’

A communication from Aden warns mariners navigating the Arabian seas, that a change has taken place in the variation of the compass. This fact, however, is well known to scientific men; it is a process continually going on in that region at the rate of rather more than a degree every ten years. It is now 2°49 west; in 1834, it was above 5°. The causes will probably have to be sought for in the as yet occult phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The inquiry into these is still perseveringly carried on. Colonel Sabine has just presented an important paper to the Royal Society, in which he demonstrates, from five years’ observations, that the moon, as well as the sun, exercises an influence on the magnet. It is another step towards clearing away the obscurities that at present darken the subject.

Dr Palagi of Bologna has made some curious experiments, by which he finds that bodies, of whatever kind, ‘in a natural state, exhibit signs of vitreous electricity in proportion as they are raised up from the surface of the earth, and signs of resinous electricity as they again approach it in descending.’ It is not, he remarks, the effect of muscular force, nor of the rate of movement; for whether fast or slow, organic or inorganic, the result is still the same. A man may produce it in favourable circumstances by raising his arm. The experiments, however, are subject to great modifications, and will not succeed unless carried on in some very open place out of doors. The connection between these phenomena and those of magnetism may become apparent in the further progress of the investigation; meantime, the results obtained by Professor J. Phillips are worthy of notice. He finds, from a course of magnetic observations made in Yorkshire, that different sets of isoclinical lines appear for different portions of that great county. He believes these differences to be due to the nature and inclination of underlying strata, and that in time we shall be able, by nice observations of the magnetic needle on the surface, to judge of the strata that lie below as correctly as by boring. If these views hold good, magnetism will prove a valuable aid to geology; and there is perhaps more relation between the two than is commonly supposed. Magnetic disturbances are known to have occurred during eruptions of Mauna Loa and of Etna; and it is not impossible that some of the unsettled points in geology may hereby come to be cleared up. According to Professor Edward Forbes, the geology of England is all to do over again, as is indicated by facts which have recently come under notice in the Isle of Wight. Strata and outcrops, he says, have been mistaken, and we have now to regard our ‘English series of Eocene tertiaries,’ hitherto imperfect, to be the most complete perhaps in the world. And by these we are enabled to assign true places to strata bordering on the Mediterranean, and even so far off as Australia. No fear, therefore, of geological inquiries becoming exhausted.

A subject of some importance to farmers has been brought before the Chemical Society—the deposits of ‘soluble or gelatinous silica’ found in the lower chalk-beds at Farnham. They are probably from 80 to 100 feet thick, and they cover an area of several miles. In some samples that have been taken up, the silica amounts to seventy-two per cent. Mr Way proposes ‘to employ these beds as a source of silicate of lime for agricultural purposes. He finds that the silica can be made to combine with lime with great ease in various ways. A mixture of slaked lime with the powdered rock, when made into a thin mortar, and left for several weeks, is entirely converted into silicate of lime.’ The use of this substance on light lands is said to be beneficial, inasmuch as it prevents the over-luxuriance of growing grain, and strengthens the straw. It is something to have a fertiliser at command without sending for it to South America. It appears that the quantity of Peruvian guano available is much less than

was supposed—about 8,000,000 tons, which will probably be exhausted in about eight years. Notwithstanding that specimens of bats' guano have been sent over from Penang, and that great deposits are said to be scattered about the Indian archipelago, it seems desirable that other substances should be looked for as a means of fertilising our fields. In these circumstances, we hear with interest of plans for obtaining artificial manure from the abundant fish of our seas, and from the sewage of our large towns. We are certainly on the eve of realising some of these plans.

The same society have had their attention drawn to certain remarkable phenomena witnessed in the treacle stores of the London Docks. In 1849, 110 casks of molasses, containing altogether 1270 hundredweights, were stowed away in the usual manner. In September 1851, an increase of weight was observed, when the casks were re-coopered. In February 1852, they were again weighed, and again was there an increase of weight, amounting on the whole to 23½ hundredweights; or more, for in some instances it had no more than made up for leakage. Another squadron of 347 casks, weighing 4160 hundredweights, were also stowed away in July 1849, and reweighed in September 1852, when some were so swollen, that the heads bulged as though overfull, and on starting the bung, the molasses spurted upwards for several feet like a fountain. These casks weighed 12 hundredweights each: the greater number had gained from 1 pound to 30, and nearly 100 from 30 to 51 pounds, the total gain being 56 hundredweights. In a third instance, the increase ranged from 23 pounds to 68 pounds, an extraordinary result. A remarkable property of absorption is said to be the cause, and most powerful in the casks made of Quebec pine.

It is well known that the Davy-lamp used by miners, with all its merits, was not free from imperfections, and that many attempts have been made to improve upon it. Among the latest is the safety-lamp exhibited by Dr Glover at a meeting of the Society of Arts. It has two glass cylinders—the outer one, a quarter-inch thick; the inner, one-eighth, kept in place by a fitting of wire-gauze. The air descends between the two, and passes through the gauze to feed the flame from below, which insures almost entire combustion, while by this arrangement the lamp becomes less heated than the Davy, and can be held in the hand. There is safety in the two cylinders, since if the outer one should be broken by a drop of water falling on it while heated, the other suffices to prevent mischief until a new one can be fitted. Another means of safety is, that whenever the lamp is surrounded by an explosive gas, the flame is at once extinguished by a tin cone attached to the gauze; and moreover, the flame goes out should the miner attempt to light his pipe by it. From the trials made, this improved lamp appears well adapted to its purpose, in increased brilliancy of light, as well as other respects. It may be well, however, to mention, that a safety-lamp 'on the lock-spring principle,' was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, by Mr E. Simons, of Birmingham, who placed it in a stream of hydrogen gas, and shewed its construction to be such, 'that the least attempt on the part of the miner to open the lamp would cause the light to be extinguished.'

There were a few instances of self-educated endeavour brought before the same meeting that are deserving of notice: one, a man of the coast-guard, who had prepared the skeleton of a porpoise in a way superior to anything of the kind yet accomplished, the fins and pelvic bone being retained in their place. Besides the prize awarded to him, a number of his specimens have been purchased for the British Museum, the chiefs of that establishment being well satisfied with the skillful preparations. Another example was a model of a mine and its machinery by a working-mechanic, described 'as both novel and ingenious, and displaying an amount of

perseverance and talent of no ordinary kind.' There is talk of establishing a School of Mines for Cornwall at Truro: judging from appearances, we may believe that there will be no lack of intelligent students. We may add also, before quitting this subject, that an important machine has been brought into use for drying the 'china clay,' of which 80,000 tons or more are exported every year from different parts of Cornwall, chiefly to Staffordshire for use in the Potteries. The usual method has been to prepare the clay, and leave it to dry by the natural process—one which, as it frequently demanded six or eight months, involved great loss of time. The machine now used is similar in principle to that employed for drying clothes after washing: the lumps of clay are placed in the compartments made to receive them, the apparatus is then rotated with great velocity, which throws off the water by centrifugal force, and in this way two tons of clay can be dried in five minutes. Seeing that more than £200,000 is spent annually in Cornwall in 'getting' and preparing this clay for the market, any shortening of the process must lead to important consequences. The same principle has been introduced in the drying of manufactured sugar with considerable advantage.

The rearing of fish is about to have a fair trial at Storemountfield on the Tay, where a salmon-nursery has been formed, with 400,000 eggs, all duly fecundated by the artificial process, and now going through the stages towards hatching in the spring. If but one-half of the young fry come forth and survive, there will be good reason for repeating the experiment. Across the Channel, there is a scheme for naturalising the sturgeon, and the *saluth*, a large fish from the Swiss lakes—in the rivers of France. Should it succeed to any extent, we shall be able to get caviare and isinglass without sending to Astrakan for them. It is thought that, as the Rhône has no mills or factories along the greater part of its course, parks or conservatories of fish may be laid off in suitable places, and attempts made to cross different breeds, as is practised successfully by the Chinese. The Dutch government has just established two of these fish-nurseries in the neighbourhood of the Hague; so that we may hope to see ere long to what extent it is possible to add by this means to our food resources.

Assam, in addition to tea, has sent over fifteen bales of *Rheea* grass, the same as that from which the much-talked of 'grass-cloth' is made. It may be used also for other purposes; for it is said to be superior to Russian hemp, and cheaper, and producible in large quantities. Madeira, too, is sending us more of her produce in the shape of pine-apples and oranges, to make up for her losses by the grape disease. Apropos of this malady, it has been stated that it can be cured or prevented by a solution of the higher sulphides of calcium. Vines washed with this solution continued to flourish, while others, purposely left untouched, suffered severely.

M. Bobierre, a chemist at Nantes, says that bronze is much more lasting and serviceable as sheathing for ships than copper or brass. M. Nickles is still working at his experiments in magnetising the driving-wheels of locomotives. He has made some trials on the Paris and Lyon Railway; and now, having arrived at a better knowledge of circular electro-magnets, he thinks certain difficulties may be overcome. The object aimed at, is to increase the 'bite' of the wheels upon the rails. 'I shall not rest satisfied,' he says, 'until it has become easy to use gradients of more than ten millimetres to the metre, and until it shall become no longer necessary to construct tunnels at great expense, or to build extensive earthworks, or make curves of large radius.' With respect to the electro-chemical engine that has been a good deal talked about for the past few weeks, some of our ablest mechanicians deny the possibility of an apparatus that shall, as fast as galvanic

effect is obtained, reproduce the liquids still as active as before. If this be possible, the perpetual motion is achieved.

The project for an atmospheric conveyance-tube between New York and Boston, has advanced into the company stage with a prospect of being carried out. The tube, when complete, will be 200 miles in length; and small parcels are to be sent from one end to the other in fifteen minutes by the force of compressed air. It is a scheme worthy of American enterprise, which has just produced a tunnelling machine, compared with which all other contrivances for boring holes in the globe are mere gimlets. It is made of iron, works by steam, and weighs seventy-five tons. The cutters are steel disks, which revolve with 'irresistible power,' and carve an opening seventeen feet in diameter, 'through the hardest rock, at the rate of about three feet in two hours;' and with the attendance of only four men. A 'mechanical nautilus,' a new kind of diving-bell, has also been contrived, which can be moved from place to place, or kept stationary at any point between the surface of the water and the bottom with great facility. A report states that 'treasure, pearl-shells, coral, sponges, and all products under water, may be easily gathered, and sent to the surface without requiring the machine to rise. It has an arrangement which permits the digging of trenches, by which telegraph wires and water-pipes may be placed below the reach of anchors.' In short, there is no under-water employment for which it is not available. It has room for ten persons, and will rise from a depth of thirty feet in four seconds. Without necessarily disparaging the machine here described, which appears to be constructed with remarkable ingenuity, we may remind our readers that Mr Babbage suggested something very similar, nearly thirty years ago, in his article *Diving-bell*, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. Agassiz is making known to the savans of Europe and America, that he is preparing a *Natural History of the Fishes of the United States*. He has just described a new species of fish sent to him from California, perch-like in appearance, and from ten to twelve inches long, which brings forth its young alive. It is believed that the auriferous state contains many other curiosities of natural history; and now that an Academy of Natural Sciences has been established at San Francisco, they will probably not long remain unknown.

The Photographic Exhibition held at Suffolk Street has proved successful, if only in demonstrating the real advancement made in that interesting art. Apparatus is simplified, landscapes more beautiful than ever have been taken, and life-size portraits can now be produced.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A WEARYFOOT REPUTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It is a curious fact in the natural history of little girls, that although they are passionately attached to young children, the feeling gradually changes to downright hostility as these creep up into the category of great boys. The great boy, on his part, can hardly be said to reciprocate the enmity; or at least his dislike is so much chastened with contempt as to change its character. He merely pooh-poohs the little girl. He looks upon her as a naturally inferior animal—inferior in wisdom, courage, and strength; and it is not till he has left great boyhood behind, that he finds out his mistake. Then he begins to blush and falter in the presence of the expanded weakling; then he pays obedience to the lightest look of this lower nature; then he dedicates to her service, and makes her own, all those qualities on the exclusive possession of which he had prided himself;

then he acknowledges in his heart—yea, in his heart of hearts—the supremacy of womanhood.

Sara at first shrunk from the great boy, as she called him, although he was probably very little older than herself; and Bob, after looking at her by the hour till he had learned her entirely by heart, turned away, with a kind of good-humoured disdain, to his books, or his fencing, or his chess. But he gradually discovered in Sara something that was necessary to his progress. She was much further advanced than himself in various kinds of knowledge, because what she knew she had learned methodically from its earliest rudiments. She was acquainted with at least the first lines of sciences—for instance, astronomy and botany—of which he knew nothing more than the names; and what was of still more consequence, she possessed a large collection of those multifarious school-books that are used in modern education. Sara thus acquired more and more consequence in his eyes every day; not in her own individuality, but as something which he instinctively felt to be necessary to the satisfaction of the blind, unconscious longings of his intellectual nature.

The little girl, on her part, pale, timid, and retiring, began erelong to fancy that after all there was nothing so excessively disagreeable in the great boy, who asked her questions, listened to her replies with calm attention, and received with thankfulness the loan of her books. To confer favours on a great boy changed entirely the relations between them; and by degrees Sara began to reap the advantage of being obliged to revert to the lessons she would otherwise soon have forgotten, in order to teach them to one whose natural gifts quickly carried both beyond them. The children studied in books together, looked at the stars together, botanised in the wood together. Elizabeth had a new listener; the captain another pupil in chess; and, to the extravagant delight of the veteran, Bob taught the little girl to fence, while she taught him to dance to her aunt's mechanical drumming on the piano. It is a trait worth mentioning in the life of this simple family, that Molly, after having been drilled for a week or two in private by Sara, was frequently called into the room to sustain a part in the dance, when it was necessary to make a second couple out of a movable partner and a chair. It must be added, that Molly, although at first frightened, nervous, and astonished, and eliciting far more laughter than applause, took at last to the exercise with such good-will, that it produced a manifest change for the better in her air and carriage. And no wonder; for her performances in the room were repeated step for step before Mrs Margery in the kitchen; and at other times, too, when she had nothing special in hand, or when the idea came spontaneously into her head, she would rush suddenly out to the middle of the floor, to the great annoyance of Mr Poring, and indulge in a skip on her own account.

All this time the good captain had never once thought of sending his protégé to school, or getting a governess for his niece. His sister, he considered, was all-sufficient in the latter capacity, for there was no end of her homilies; and as for the boy, was he not under his own special care—under the care of a man who had seen the world at home and abroad? The two children would thus have entirely lost some important time, had it not been for the restlessness of mind of the young son of the mist, who was never easy but when groping after knowledge of some kind.



But matters were not destined to continue always in this unsatisfactory position. Bob was growing upon their hands into a really great boy; and Sara's little figure was filling rapidly up and out, under the influence of good air, healthful exercise, and comfortable living. She was a pretty little girl, so far as regularity of features and sweetness of expression were concerned, but as yet there was no telling what she would grow into; while Bob, as it sometimes happens with the masculine, was a fine-looking, self-possessed, energetic boy, with his conformation, both outward and inward, requiring only expansion to give assurance of a man. The circumstances that led to a change as regards him, and at the same time almost turned Simple Lodge out of window, were as follows.

The visits of the neighbours were very unfrequent, for the captain, as has been seen, was not a man to set strangers so much at their ease with him as to induce them to desire anything like an intimate acquaintance; while the cold and unpractical Elizabeth was not readily understood as an interlocutor in conversation. Still, as a family keeping a man-servant, not to talk of the captain's commission, they were decidedly in the grade of genteel people, and their movements were watched with corresponding interest by the idlers of the neighbourhood. The advent of Bob, as was plain from the expressions made use of by the son of one of them, was well known from the first; and the nice little smash that young gentleman's fingers received, had doubtless the effect of fixing the circumstance in his memory. The reputed origin of the foundling, however, as the subject came to be more and more discussed, was regarded as decidedly mythical. The idea of a boy of his respectable age being found suddenly in the mist, brought straight home by a man-servant, and instead of being sent to the workhouse, treated from that moment by the gentleman of the house as his own son, was quite too absurd—it was an outrage upon the common sense of the public. Even the doctor, whose professional visits had somehow never been required at the Lodge, but who was, nevertheless, full of charity for all men, women, and children, went so far as to admit, that the story was not well concocted—that our worthy neighbour might perhaps advantageously have taken a little more trouble in disguising the affair; but when the boy was understood to pass by the name of Oaklands, the name of a mysterious cook, of comely features, who was never seen out of the house, the whole thing stood plainly out in all its appalling reality.

Still, the neighbours did not know what to do, although all felt themselves called upon to do something; till the captain—brought up as he had been in the freedom of the camp, and in habitual defiance of the laws of God and man—had the audacity to bring his own niece, the daughter of his deceased brother, to reside in the same house! 'This was quite too bad. It was the signal for a general tea-table emente; and a resolution was passed *nem. con.*, that if any of the neighbours did continue to visit at the Lodge, it should only be in the hope of finding an opportunity of remonstrance. The opportunity, however, was long of coming. The captain was very grim—evidently not a man to be bearded with impunity; and as for Elizabeth, nobody could make anything of her at all. But one day, when the doctor and doctress, Mrs Seacole, a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood, and the rector of the parish, met in the parlour of Simple Lodge, the malcontents, finding themselves strong enough, cleared for action. Sara was in the room, and had been patted by all in turn, and asked about her studies by the rector, when Bob entered in his usual quiet manner, and taking a chair with the gravity of an elderly person, began to read the visitors, one by one, with his calm, observant eyes.

'That is not Miss Sara's brother, is it?' asked the doctor's wife innocently.

'No,' replied the captain.

'Oh!'

'A relative, though, of course,' said the doctor, moving up to the support of his spouse.

'No relation at all.'

'Oh!' Here the visitors exchanged looks, and an awkward silence ensued.

'It is the opinion of many divines and moralists,' said Elizabeth at last, 'that a tie of consanguinity runs through all mankind. It is difficult, doubtless, to name the relationship, when the common ancestor is at so remote a point of time; and that may be the reason why we are called, in a general meaning, brothers and sisters. It may be questioned, however, whether cousins would not be less incorrect, since there are cousins, more especially in Scotch families, that diverge to an incalculable distance.'

'Did Miss Semple say they were cousins?' asked Mrs Seacole, looking puzzled. 'How can that be, sir?' turning to the captain. 'You had only one brother, I have been told, Miss Sara's father, and you were never married.'

'No more I had,' said the captain—'no more I was: but'—and he executed a sardonic grin, which he intended to be facetious—'the fact is, Bob and I are only recent acquaintances—comparatively. He came accidentally—popped in when nobody wanted him—hey, sir?' and he jagged his beard at his young playfellow.

'I regret, sir,' said the rector gravely, 'that I cannot join you in this facetiousness. Your conduct towards the boy, or your motives for it, no one here, I am sure, desired to inquire into. Your explanation, therefore, was quite unnecessary; but we cannot help feeling for the poor little girl, the daughter of your deceased brother, whom you have determined to bring up in such society.'

'And where's the harm? Bob is a very good fellow, and a very clever fellow; he teaches her more than she teaches him; he makes her a capital fencer—a thing no girl ever was before; and of an evening they sing, and then they dance, with nobody but themselves, and the chair, and poor Molly, and—and where's the harm?'

'Where's the harm, indeed!' repeated Mrs Seacole, tossing her head.

'Oh, you are all too bad!' cried the doctor's wife: 'it is nothing but a mystery, and I do so love a mystery! Come here, Master Robert, and tell us what your name is.'

'Robert Oaklands, ma'am,' replied Bob, rising respectfully.

'And whose son are you?'

'Captain Semple's, ma'am.' The company looked at each other, and then at the captain, who blushed ferociously.

'He means what my sister calls metaphorical,' said he in confusion.

'Go on, my dear,' said the doctor; 'I shouldn't wonder if the lad does speak metaphorically.'

'Good gracious!' replied the lady half aside, 'I am almost afraid. Who is your mother, sir?'

'Mrs Margery, ma'am.' The questioner gave a little scream; her husband looked as liberal as he could under the circumstances; Mrs Seacole edged her chair a little way out of the circle; and the rector drew himself up stiff and awful.

'That is metaphorical, too,' said the doctor, 'I shouldn't wonder.'

'Whatever you please to think of it,' said the captain choking: 'I never set eyes on that woman Margery in my life!'

'What! never saw your own cook!'

'Never, as I am an officer and a gentleman!' This was proving such an extravagant deal too much, that even the doctor gave up the case as hopeless. The visitors merely bent their heads, and said: 'Hum!'

—what else could they say?—and then hastened to take their leave in a kind of panic, as if feeling that their enterprise, though successful, had ended tragically.

And so it did so far as the captain was concerned, for they left him one of the most miserable men on the face of the earth. If he had been plucked by the beard, it would have been comparatively a trifle, for he knew how to redress any wrongs of the kind; but to have all his notions of propriety outraged—for, like Spenser's valiant knight, the captain was 'modest as a maid'—to have been betrayed into an assertion which, although he knew it to be true, he himself felt, on consideration, to be too monstrous for belief, was an accumulation of unhappiness which stunned him.

'And you, sir,' said he, starting up at length, 'how dare you call me your father before company? That was all very well at first, and I didn't mind it; but, grown up as you are to be a great fellow, you should have more sense.'

'You allowed me at first, sir, to call you so,' replied Bob, 'and you have been more and more a father to me ever since; and so I forgot—what I am. What could I say? I could not tell those cold, hard people that I never had a father.'

'Is it better, think you, to tell an untruth? And that hideous woman in the kitchen must needs be your mother!'

'I see now it was wrong, but I did not think of it at the moment. Mrs Margery has been so kind to me, so like what I have read of a mother! But never mind, sir'—and he tried to smile down a little sob—'they will forget it all by and by, and you will never have to complain of me again.'

He turned away in agitation, and went to the window. The common lay before him, wide, still, and cold; and he looked long at it through his tears—the captain watching him with a yearning heart, that felt unconsciously the responsibility it had incurred, by awaking this desolate boy into thought and feeling. When Bob returned from the window, his eyes were dry and his cheek pale. His protector grasped him by the hand.

'And so they will, Bob,' said he; 'they will forget it all by and by, and you and I will be better friends than ever. And you will be a good fellow, and a clever fellow still; and we will not mind them, Bob, but be happy among ourselves, God bless you!'

'God bless you, sir!' said Bob; 'God bless you, my only father!—a name I shall never call you more. It was very wrong of me, I know, and I have disturbed you all. But you will not think unkindly of me, Miss Semple, will you?'—and he kissed the cold cheek of the virgin, who drew him in silence to her bosom.

'Sara, too—you will forgive me for having been called your brother, and your cousin, won't you, Sara?'—and as he kissed her pretty lips, he tried to smile down another little sob, and then left the room.

'I tell you what, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'there is more in that boy than you or I think of. What it is, I don't know, or how it came into him; but it is something out of the common, I'll be bound!'

That night the veteran did not sleep well. Ignorant as he was of the world, he knew that, in justice both to himself and his niece, matters could not be suffered to rest where they were. Even if the true origin of his connection with Bob could be explained to the satisfaction of the neighbours, he felt, now that the subject had been forced upon him, the impropriety of the two young people growing up together in all the intimacy of brother and sister. But how to manage? Was he to send away the lad to be a mechanic, after he had brought him up to feel like a gentleman?—that was impossible. He had no money to buy him a commission, for he and his sister, having no posterity to provide for, had lived completely up to their moderate income. But, at anyrate, Bob was too young for that yet—and

could they not hoard in the interval? That was the only thing to be done—and it must be done. But, in the meantime, the poor fellow must leave the house, and at once. So much the better, for it would be necessary for him to go through some preparation for the army. He must have some years of school; and to school Bob should go, before he was two days older.

While these reflections passed confusedly through his brain—for we have traced their direction, not their actual sequence—the captain fancied that he heard, every now and then, a very slight but unusual sound proceeding from another part of the house. When he had arrived painfully at the conclusion he had been labouring after, he set himself to listen intently, till he was almost sure it came from the attic where his protégé slept. The sound was fitful and unequal, but always so low, that it could not possibly have been heard at any other time than in the middle of the night. The veteran's heart began to quake, he did not know at what. He sat up in bed to listen the better. He fancied, at one time, that something was being dragged along the floor, but slowly and cautiously, as if from fear of detection; and by and by he could have persuaded himself that all had been fancy together, for everything became as still as the grave. He lay down again, but not to rest. The stillness seemed worse than the sound, and at length he determined to ascertain what it was all about.

He got up noiselessly, opened his room door, and peeped out. All dark—all silent. He crept slowly up the narrow stair, leading to a small closet forming the apex of the roof, and opening the door stealthily, looked in as grim as a bandit. A candle burned on a little deal-table in the middle of the floor; and although its wick was two inches long, it gave light enough to illumine the whole of that small apartment. A kind of knapsack, made of coarse canvas, was likewise on the table, and a good serviceable staff, cut doubtless from the neighbouring wood. Some articles of wearing-apparel lay neatly folded on a chair, and a number of books were ranged symmetrically against the wall: everything was to be left, it appeared, in apple-pie order, when the knapsack and staff and their master should vanish. On a little neat bed, with white dimity curtains, lay the adventurer himself in a profound slumber. He was completely dressed, even to the foraging-cap, and, having finished his preparations, had evidently lain down to wait for the dawn to light him on his solitary journey.

The captain gazed at the boy in a kind of awe. He looked old—so old, that one might have thought he had in that night grown to be a man; but on further examination, the appearance of age was seen to reside in the expression alone, for the exquisitely chiseled features had all the softness of early youth. His brown hair hung in clusters upon a brow as white as Parian marble; his cheeks were suffused with the rich glow given by the sun and wind to the young and healthy; and in the firm, horizontal line of the mouth, although the lips themselves had all the sweetness of a woman's, might be seen the indomitable will, and the power both to do and to suffer. The captain looked long at this portrait; and then, softly extinguishing the candle, he left the room, turned the key in the lock, and stole back to bed.

The next morning, he was early astir. As soon as he was dressed, he went up to call his protégé, as if nothing had happened, and, unlocking the door, invited him to walk in the wood. Their walk was a long one; but they returned at the breakfast-hour better friends than ever, as the veteran had prophesied, and Bob flushed, though grave. The particulars of their conversation were not known, and were probably of little consequence. It was understood, however, in the house that day, that Bob was about to go to a boarding-school at some considerable distance, and to remain



there during three years, holidays and all. No one suspected that the youth himself had made it a stipulation that he should pass his holidays at school, and that the bandit captain was moved almost to tears as he at length gave a reluctant assent.

During the next two days, although Bob contrived to see Mrs Margery alone, and tell her, with all the confiding fondness of a boy, of his new purposes and prospects, he was not at other times in the kitchen. He was too grave and old for that; and somehow—nobody knew what was the first occasion of it—he was now called 'Master Robert.' It was suspected that Mrs Margery was at the bottom of this innovation; but if so, it came like an electric communication to the parlour. As for Molly, it threw her into such a state of excitement, that she was like one demented. She flew about the house on all manner of errands, but never could open her lips without coming out with something about Master Robert, pronouncing the title with such a flush of pride, that no acting on the stage could come near it. Any one might see that there was something underhand going on between her and Mrs Margery, for the latter was heard to say:

'Didn't I tell you, girl? Isn't it all coming out? But watch, watch, without a word!' To which Molly replied only with a look out of her astonished eyes, closing her lips as if they were fastened with nails. All the time, however, Mr Poringe was dignified and supercilious. He durst not say Bob, but seemed as if he would not have said Master Robert for a month's wages.

On the third day, the aspect of things changed a little at Simple Lodge. In the afternoon, the youth's three years' banishment was to begin. Mrs Margery, notwithstanding all her prognostications of good-fortune, was every now and then in tears, and Molly said 'Master Robert' in a whisper, as if it was his funeral that was going forward. The captain was in very low spirits—he was losing his young comrade—he would have nobody now to fence with him, to walk with him, to play chess with him. Sara was nobody—she was only a girl. Even Elizabeth looked as if her occupation was gone, for her work lay for hours idle on her knee. At length the afternoon came; and the luggage was despatched by Mr Poringe, the large portmanteau, surmounted by a smaller box, to stand on end against the wall of the Plough, looking out for the arrival of the stage-coach. From this antiquated word, the reader will gather that a cross-road led from the village to the railway. The traveller was to arrive at the station late in the evening, and pursue his journey at an early hour on the following morning.

The adventurer was accompanied to the starting-place of his exodus by all the other denizens of Simple Lodge excepting the cat and Mrs Margery, both of them remarkably domestic individuals. From his leave-taking with the latter, Master Robert came forth with a flushed cheek and a glistening eye; but upon the whole he preserved his grave, old look surprisingly well. When they reached the Plough, Mr Poringe touched his hat to his master and mistress, but did not condescend to notice anybody else; and then the whole party stood awaiting the coach in profound silence. The coach at length dashed up to the door; and the portmanteau and box were on the top in an instant. The captain shook hands roughly with the youth, clearing his throat and shaking his whiskers like a fiend; but Elizabeth held him nervously by the arm.

'It has been noted,' said she, 'by the wise and thoughtful, that on the first entrance of a youth into the world depends mainly his success in life. You, I know, Master Robert, will have firmness to withstand'—here her own firmness seemed giving way, and it was with a tremulous voice she proceeded—'and courage, Robert, to endure'—but it would not do, for her own courage was going—going—gone; and when she had

stammered out—'and—and—energy, Bob—dear Bob'—her voice was choked, and the virgin, quite overcome, leant her face on his shoulder.

'Now then!' cried the coachman, with a smack of his whip, which made the horses prance as if they were off that instant. Molly was stuffing a packet into the traveller's greatcoat, but her shaking hands would have made little progress had he not assisted her.

'It's a cake, Master Robert,' she said with as shaky a voice, 'made by me and Mrs Margery.' He sprang up to the top of the coach almost at a bound; the whip smacked again; the horses danced impatiently for a moment, and then set off as if they thought they had lost time; and Robert, conscious of the strange eyes that were upon him, in spite of the sinking of his boyish heart, looked a last adieu to his friends with such an air that Mr Poringe involuntarily touched his hat. The vehicle almost instantly disappeared; and Elizabeth holding her brother's arm, groped her way home through her tears, while the captain 'hem—hemmed' defiantly, and brandished his stick as if daring any scoundrel extant to suppose that he had a sore heart and a moistened eye.

That evening the people at the inn where the coach stopped could not have suspected that the calm, self-possessed gentlemanly youth, who gave his orders so firmly yet so gently, had never been in a similar position before. But when the young traveller retired to bed, the novelty of the situation struck him almost with awe, and his thoughts, so wild, yet so coherent, appeared to belong in equal degrees to sleep and waking consciousness. The mist of the common seemed to close gradually over him. There was no human being near him on any side; no sound but an inarticulate hum that told of a peopled world far, far away. He was choked with that thick vapour coming down darker and darker around him, and the feeling of loneliness oppressed his spirit. Presently the cloud was broken here and there with rays of light—to be extinguished ever and anon by heavy rain-drops plashing in marshy pools. He would have cried aloud, but his voice could not penetrate the thick air; he would have followed one of the numerous tracks he could feel beneath his feet, but they were all lost in the next pool. Onward, however, he strode—onward—onward—onward; the marsh splashing under his feet, the light gleaming through the cloud, the rain beating on his uncovered head, till he passed into unconsciousness. This was partly a dream, partly a memory, partly a prophecy. But the water at least was real; for when the solitary youth sank into a deep slumber, his pillow was wet with his tears.

#### THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MARTINIQUE.

That the Mammoth Cave is an antiquity of the world before the Flood—a city of giants which an earthquake swallowed, and which a chance roof of rocks has protected from being effaced by the Deluge—is one of the fancies which its strange phenomena force upon the mind. All is so architectural. It is not a vast underground cavity, raw and dirty, but a succession of halls, domes, and corridors, streets, avenues, and arches—all underground, but all telling of the design and proportion of a majestic primeval metropolis. It is not a cave, but a city in ruins—a city from which sun, moon, and stars have been taken away—whose day of judgment has come and passed, and over which a new world has been created and grown old. By what admirable laws of unknown architecture those mammoth roofs and ceilings are upheld, is every traveller's wondering question. In some shape or other, I heard each of my companions express this. No modern builder could throw up such vast vaulted arches, and so unaccountably sustain them. And all else is in keeping. The cornices and columns, aisles and galleries, are gigantically proportionate, and as mysteriously upheld. Streets after streets, miles after miles, seem to have been left only half in ruins; and here and there is an

effect as if the basements and lower stories were encumbered with fragments and rubbish, leaving you to walk on a level with the capitals and floors once high above the pavement. It might be described as a mammoth Herculeum, first sepulchred with over-topping mountains, but swept and choked afterwards by the waters of the Deluge, that found their way to its dark streets in their subsiding. What scenery and machinery all this will be for the poets of the West, by and by! Their Parnassus is a house ready furnished.—*A Health-Trip to the Tropics*, by N. P. Willis.

### CHARON'S FERRY.

BY MRS D. OGILVY.

THE tide-streams up the inlet sweep,  
The fog-wind rises from the deep,  
And damp and chill with floating spray,  
Soaks the loose sandhills of the bay,  
Till their reed grasses, stiff as spears,  
Bow down beneath his silent tears,  
While wails and sighs around them float:  
'Charon! Charon! loose thy boat;  
Shift thy helm and take us in;  
We are sick with cold and sin—  
Charon! Charon!'

There is a hazy helpless moon—  
She cannot light the vast lagoon,  
Nor daunt the marsh-fire, wandering wild,  
Like some belated orphan child,  
Nor pierce the sea-fog's misty curls,  
As on the sandy marge it swirls,  
In vapour wreaths and folds of shrouds,  
All shifting like aerial clouds,  
All wailings, wailing evermore:  
'Charon! Charon! lift thine oar;  
Haste to help us—urge thy bark;  
We are waiting in the dark—  
Charon! Charon!'

Then from behind a jutting cape,  
Steered out a boat of ghastly shape,  
With confined ridge it blackly glides,  
Like those that brush San Marco's sides,  
And shoot below Venetian walls  
Their rapid, noiseless, funeral palls.  
Her prow hangs forth one single lamp,  
That flares and flickers in the damp;  
One single boatman tugs the oar,  
And, stoutly pulling, nears the shore,  
Whence issue sighs and dreary wails:  
'Charon! Charon! spread thy sails!  
We have watched the midnight through,  
Dawn approaches, cold and blue—  
Charon! Charon!'

But, lo! the boatman stern replied:  
'O ye who haunt this fatal tide,  
Remember, he who sails with me  
Must buy his place and pay his fee,  
Since I account to gods below  
For souls that o'er their ferry go.'  
Then sad and sadder down the gale  
Outrang the spirits' woful wail:  
'Charon! Charon! grant us grace;  
We were slaves of wretched race,  
Lived with brutes—man's serf and hind,  
Died deserted by our kind—  
Charon! Charon!'

Inexorable still, he said:  
'I judge you not, ye hapless dead;  
Your life was hard—your road was rough—  
Of stripes and plagues you felt enough;  
Howe'er, this word abideth true,  
The Elysian fields are not for you:  
Without my token, none may cross;  
Ye should have friends to save your loss.'

Then rose a shriek of men and maids,  
Of aged ghosts and infant shades:  
'Charon! Charon! we were poor;  
Must the punishment endure?  
Are the gods like men, who hate  
Those who are abused by Fate?  
Charon! Charon!'

Lo! fables these of ancient times—  
They only live in poets' rhymes;  
Yet still, methinks, there are to-day  
Who would the churlish Charon play,  
And standing by Salvation's shore,  
Forbid the Outcast's passage o'er,  
Pressing the mockery of a claim  
On some neglected child of shame,  
And crying out: 'The fee, the fee!'  
While spirits wail in jeopardy:  
'Charon! Charon! we were slaves,  
Tossed on Misery's barren waves,  
Want, despair, and crime our lot,  
We can give but what we got—  
Charon! Charon!'

### PORTRAITS FROM DAGUERRETYPE.

Happening, a few days since, to be at the studio of Mr Ransom, in the University building, on Washington Square, he shewed us a mode, invented by himself, of painting portraits from daguerreotypes, which cannot fail to produce very important results in portrait-painting. It is purely mechanical, and consists in so placing the daguerreotype as to throw an exact copy of it, magnified to any required size, upon canvas placed at the distance of a few feet from it. In this way, a most accurate likeness, the size of life, is projected upon canvas from a daguerreotype; and may be sketched with a crayon or otherwise, to be finished and coloured with oils afterwards. The utility of the invention consists in enabling the artist to get a perfect copy of the features with infinitely more accuracy and ease than in the ordinary way; while it does not interfere in the least with the subsequent finish of the portrait. We saw at his rooms some most remarkable likenesses, painted wholly from daguerreotypes in this way, without ever having seen the originals.—*N. Y. Times*.

### CHINESE FISHERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

Many of our readers may not be aware that on the south side of Rincon Point, near the mouth of Mission Creek, there is a settlement of Chinese well worth a visit. It consists of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in fishing. They have twenty-five boats, some of which may be seen at all hours moving over the waters—some going to, others returning from, the fishing-grounds. The houses are placed in a line on each side of the one street of the village, and look neat and comfortable. Here and there, a group is seen making fish-lines, and with their rude machines, stacking in heaps the quantities of fish which, lying on all sides around, dry in the sun, and emit an ancient and fishlike odour. The fish which they catch consist of sturgeon, rates, and shark, and large quantities of herring. The latter are dried whole, while the larger are cut into thin pieces. When they are sufficiently dry, they are packed in barrels, boxes, or sacks, and sent into town to be disposed of to those of their countrymen who are going to the mines or are bound upon long voyages. An intelligent Chinaman told us that the average yield of their fishing a day was about three thousand pounds, and that they found ready sale for them at five dollars the hundred pounds, which would amount in money to six hundred dollars, or, if my estimate of the number of inhabitants is correct, to four dollars per man.—*California Journal*.

EDINBURGH: Printed by ROBERT CHAMBERS (residing at No. 1 Doune Terrace), No. 339 High Street, and Published by him at the same place, on

SATURDAY, January 21, 1854.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 4.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THERE IS GOLD IN ENGLAND.

Yes; and there are pitfalls in England, too. It is part of the object of the present paper to prevent the gold from dragging us into the pitfalls. We can have no kind of objection, commercial or geological, to the fact that gold exists among our mineral treasures; but there is much reason to apprehend the consequences of any exaggerated estimate of the quantity or diffusion of this gold. In former times, in England and in Wales, in Scotland and in Ireland, there have been periods of excitement, during which the thirst for gold has been eager and pernicious; a thirst which has been temporarily quenched, because the gold met with has been too small in quantity to pay for working. We think there are symptoms observable of a new gold-thirst. We think it not improbable that new joint-stock projects will start up, having a Californian aspect which results will not bear out; projects started, not because of the gold, but because of the thirst for gold. It is fully borne out by experience, that in a time of joint-stock excitement, for every sound legitimate project there are two worthless bubbles, which will burst as soon as the wary birds have feathered their nests. An immense sum of money has been unprofitably sunk in Devon and Cornwall mines: those two counties being almost honey-combed by shafts, and galleries, and adits. A few of the mines have returned enormous profits; many have realised small dividends; but the large majority have never returned a single sixpence to the adventurers who vested capital in them. It was the enormous profits of the select few that led to the establishment of the unprofitable many; and it would be matter for regret if a revival of this reckless spirit should take place.

A few paragraphs will enable us to state why this subject is taken up just at the present time, and why a little caution need not in any way damp legitimate enterprise. So much has been written in the Journal, as in almost all the popular periodicals, concerning gold in California and Australia, and the state in which it occurs in the diggings, that little need be said here on this point; but it bears directly on our object to consider the mode in which the pure metal is usually separated from the quartz or other rock wherewith it may be combined.

Gold usually occurs, disseminated in small quantities, either in quartz or in some rock which is very quartzose. It is found also, but less frequently, in clay-slate, limestone, granite, and other rocks, more or less combined with various metals and minerals. It is found sometimes among sands or gravels, caused by the disintegration of the parent rock; and sometimes

in true mineral veins. In the gold countries known until within the last seven years, the chief supply was obtained by washing the sands which had been formed by the crumbling of the gold-bearing strata; but in California and Australia, digging or mining into the solid rock has been attended with very profitable results. Where auriferous veins are merely disseminated in a crystalline rock, such as quartz, the quantity is seldom sufficient to pay the expenses of working. The 'nuggets,' which we hear so much about, can hardly be said to form parts of real veins; they seem more like isolated fragments, the very isolation of which renders it difficult for the diggers to find them. In so far as respects our present subject, however, the most interesting ore is that which, whether quartz or any other, is spread abroad in millions of acres, and which contains only a few ounces of gold in a ton of rock. For such rock, it is necessary, first, that the mass be ground to a fine state; and then, that it be treated chemically, to separate the morsel of precious metal from the huge bulk of useless, or nearly useless rock.

The crushing of the rock has until now been generally conducted in a very clumsy manner, owing to the scarcity of machinery in most of the gold districts. Rolling-stones, rolling-cylinders, and stampers of various kinds, are the obvious means; but rude substitutes are much more general. In one of the mines of Chili, the crushing is effected by means of two stones; the under one about three feet in diameter, and slightly concave on the top, and the other a sphere about two feet in diameter; the sphere has two iron plugs fixed in it, to which is secured, by lashings of hide, a transverse horizontal pole of wood, about ten feet long; two men, seated on the extremities of this pole, work it up and down alternately, so as to give to the upper stone a sort of rolling motion, sufficient to crush and grind the materials placed beneath it. Where water-power and ordinary wheel-work can be procured, the stamping-mill is often used in crushing ore; such a mill consists of a number of heavy wooden pestles, each shod at the lower end with a large mass of iron; the ore is placed in a kind of trough, in which the bottoms of the pestles also work; and as the water-wheel is so adjusted as to lift and to let fall each pestle in succession, there is a succession of heavy blows which suffice to crush the ore. Sometimes the crushing-mill is used: this consists of rollers placed at a short distance apart, and kept in motion by a water-wheel, or by some other power: the ore is put into a hopper, from whence it falls into the space between the rollers; and it can only pass through this space by being previously crushed by the pressure.

The chemical treatment, for separating the gold when

the ore has been crushed, is different according to the ratio of gold contained; but that which is most important is amalgamation—a process depending upon the affinity of gold for quicksilver. One mode of amalgamating adopted in the gold districts is as follows: the ore, having been pounded fine, is washed, to separate as much as possible of the light stony matter. This is done either with a machine called a sweep-washer, or more simply by placing the pounded ore in a shallow vessel with two handles; such a vessel, when immersed in a tub of water or a running stream, and made to rotate, separates the lighter from the heavier particles. The residue left from the washing is dried and mixed with a sufficient quantity of mercury to amalgamate the gold. To favour this amalgamation, a gentle but long-continued heat is applied to the mass, at the end of which time the chemical union has taken place, the quicksilver having drawn to itself all the golden particles. The fluid amalgam thus produced is pressed through a skin of leather, which separates a considerable portion of the quicksilver, leaving it ready for use a second time. One of two chemical processes, called cupellation and quartation, separates the gold from the rest of the quicksilver; and thus the precious metal is isolated from all its coarser companions. When the ore is very argentiferous, or valuable rather for the silver than the gold which it contains, a modified form of this amalgamating process is adopted.

Now the sum and substance of the 'gold in England' excitement is simply this: that by an improved mode of crushing and amalgamating, English ores may probably be worth working, which by any former process would yield too little gold to pay the expense. It appears that Mr Calvert, a gentleman well acquainted with the gold-geology of Australia, has written a volume on the subject of 'gold in Britain,' just about the time when Mr Berdan, an engineer of New York, has invented a new ore-crushing machine. We are not exactly aware whether the book or the machine appeared first; but both have been instrumental in bringing about the present state of active inquiry and eager anticipation. We must say a little both of the volume and of the machine.

There is something of the prophetic glance of science in these matters. When Sir Roderick Impey Murchison was in Russia, he minutely studied all the circumstances connected with the occurrence of gold in the Ural Mountains: the kind and size of grains, the state of the neighbouring rock, and the altitude at which that rock is principally found. He concluded that the auriferous sand—the earthy matter containing the golden particles—resulted chiefly from the disintegration of a slaty kind of rock. Some years afterwards, when the geology of Australia had to a small extent become known, Sir Roderick made one of those sagacious inferences, or reasonings from analogy, which seem to belong of right to the true man of science. He saw, in the direction of a mountain-chain, in the nature of the rock, and in the prevailing conformation of the country, so many analogies between the south-eastern quarter of Australia and the Ural district of Russia, that he boldly propounded the opinion, that gold would be found in Australia. This was some considerable time before Mr Hargreaves astonished Sydney, and then astonished the world, by galloping into the Australian metropolis with a nugget in his pocket from the Turon.

Now, what Mr Calvert is aiming to do, is to carry Sir Roderick's analogy still further, by applying it to England as well as to Australia. He says, in effect, to the great geologist: 'You have yourself, in the Silurian

system, so admirably described in your former works, an analogue to the Silurian system of the Ural: why not extend your gold-prophecy, so that it may include Britain?' Mr Calvert has laboured with great industry to collect every possible evidence of the existence of gold in the British islands; and it is really surprising how extensive such evidence has become. In more than half the counties of England, in nearly all those of Wales, and in many in Scotland and Ireland, gold is known to have been found at one period or other. There is proof that a few of these spots were known to and worked by the Romans; while others, it is equally plain, were busily examined during the mediæval period. That those spots have not lately been mined for gold, is no proof that the gold is not present; for the clumsy manipulations may have been such, that all the gold actually obtained would not more than just pay the expense of working. Such was the case at the Wicklow gold-mines in Ireland. A story goes that, 'once upon a time,' about the year 1770, an old schoolmaster in Wicklow county was heard to talk a good deal about golden treasures, and was believed to wander about mysteriously at night: he married a young wife, and one consequence of his marriage was, that the secret got abroad—he had found a spot containing a good deal of gold. Whether the schoolmaster's story were a fact or a myth, the subject was not seriously taken up until 1796, when a man picked up nearly half an ounce of very pure gold. The effect was prodigious. Young and old, male and female, rushed to the spot (a mountain called Croghan Kinshela), and began grubbing among the earth for bits of gold. It was calculated that the country people picked up £10,000 worth of gold before the government entered upon the consideration of the subject. A Mr Weaver was then appointed to superintend the searchings and workings, and to apply system and science to the matter; but when Mr Weaver sent in his balance-sheet, it shewed a greater expenditure than receipt, and so the Wicklow gold-mines were abandoned. Such appears to have been the case in all the four portions of the United Kingdom. The doubt has not been concerning the existence of the gold, but whether the quantity were such as to pay for the expense of working. Mr Calvert takes his readers about from county to county, shewing them, by the aid of his own Aladdin's lamp, the golden treasures which lie beneath our feet; and certainly the sight is glittering and attractive. Still, the commercial question remains—the cost of procuring. If there be nuggets, the size of the nuggets must tell the story for them; but if there be only a few ounces of gold disseminated in a ton-weight of quartz or other rock, will those few ounces bear the charge of mechanically and chemically treating the ton of rock, so as to separate the precious morsel from the ruder mass?

This brings us at once to the subject of the ore-crushing machines—the means of liberating what little gold there may be in a mass of rock. It is impossible to glance over the advertising columns of the *Mining Journal*, and similar works, without seeing that these machines are now busy agents in the matter. One inventor points out the excellence of his stampers; another, of his cylindrical rollers; another, of his conical rollers; and so forth—each one claiming, of course, to be better than all the others. We are placed under no sort of necessity for expressing an opinion concerning the relative merits of the various machines: it will suffice to notice briefly what is now being done, or tried, or planned, especially in relation to one particular machine, towards which the Devon and Cornwall mining companies are just at present looking with very eager eyes.

It appears that Mr Berdan, connected with a large engineering firm at New York, had his attention directed to the subject of the quartz in California; the quantity of which is immense, but the profitable

working of which depends upon the invention of some more efficient apparatus than any hitherto in use. He sent engineers to California to examine the actual working of the existing machines, and the qualities requisite for efficient working. The result of his inquiries was the invention of a new machine, in which the mechanical and the chemical processes can be going forward at one time. Berdan's Gold-ore Pulveriser, Washer, and Amalgamator, was patented in 1852, and was first seen in London in October 1853. It was set up in an engineering establishment in the City Road, and has gone through a continuous series of trials down to the period when this paper is being written. These trials have been instituted in part by such of the Californian and Australian gold companies as have offices and officers in London; but still more extensively by the Devon and Cornwall and Welsh companies, having copper, or tin, or lead mines. The objects in view in all these trials are two—to ascertain how much gold exists in a ton of ore, and to determine the expense at which the extraction can be effected.

The machine itself, be its efficacy what it may, is certainly remarkable. A huge rotating basin, with two huge balls rolling about in it, quicksilver within it, water trickling into it, and fire beneath it—altogether a strange combination of the mechanical and the chemical. The machine is intended, as we have said, to perform, at one operation the pulverising, washing, and amalgamating of such ores as contain a little gold, with especial regard to the recovery and retention of every atom of the precious metal so contained. The basin, which forms the primary part of the apparatus, is made of iron, very strong, and about 7 feet in diameter. It rotates on an axis; but this axis, instead of being vertical, as might be expected, is inclined. In this basin are two monster cast-iron balls, such balls as would take an artilleryman's breath away: the smaller measures about 24 inches in diameter, and weighs about 20 hundredweights; the larger is 34 inches in diameter, and weighs 50 hundredweights. Under the basin, and attached to and revolving with it, is a conically formed furnace. When operations are about to commence, fire is kindled in the furnace beneath the basin; quicksilver is poured into the basin; the ore is thrown in in lumps; and the basin is made to revolve. Hand or horse, or water or steam power would suffice, so far as the principle is concerned; the details would be determined according to the circumstances of each case. Now the movement of the balls, owing to their difference in size, and to the obliquity of the axis of the basin, becomes very peculiar; they appear to be making a perpetual but ineffectual attempt to ascend the curved incline, and to roll down again by their own gravity; they combine a sort of spiral with a rotating motion, and the combination is found to be peculiarly effective in crushing the ore which is in the basin. The smaller ball does not so much crush the ore, as affect the peculiar movements of the larger. The actual crushing is effected at the point of contact between the larger ball and the basin; and at this particular point the ore is immersed in quicksilver. Directly, therefore, the little gold particles become isolated from the earthy particles, by a crushing which reduces the whole to a fine powder, the quicksilver seizes upon the gold, and forms with it an amalgam or chemical compound, which remains in a state of proud exclusiveness from the baser substances. This is aided by two other elements in the apparatus: the furnace, by heating the quicksilver, renders its affinity for gold greater; while a streamlet of water, which falls into the basin from above, forms a thin paste or mud with the refuse power which rises to the top of the quicksilver, and flows off through openings just below the rim of the basin. This paste is called, in the technical language of the metallurgists, *tailings*; and it is spoken of as a great point in Berdan's

machine, that the *tailings* contain scarcely an atom of gold. In some cases, where ore has been prepared by the clumsier machines of earlier invention, the *tailings* have yielded as much gold by Berdan's process, as had been before obtained from the ore. Some of the machines have two, and some even four basins, with a due quota of furnaces and balls. The four-basin machines are of immense size, and give one a striking idea of the power of the apparatus, accompanied as it is by a kind of roaring sound due to the movements of the ponderous balls. The prices of the complete apparatus are, L.650, L.1250, and L.2400, according as it comprises one, two, or four basins—prices which sufficiently shew how large and important the machine must be. It is estimated that a machine with four basins will treat forty tons of ore per day, with fifteen horse moving-power.

Professor Ansted wrote to the *Times* in December 1853, to detail the results which he had obtained in a series of experiments on the Berdan machine, the apparatus having been placed at his disposal by Mr Berdan for that purpose. There were two series of operations: the crushing and amalgamating of certain Californian and English ores supposed to be auriferous, conducted by Professor Ansted himself; and the ultimate analysis of the waste from each sample, conducted by Mr Henry, a distinguished metallurgic chemist. It would be out of place to detail all the experiments here; but a few notices may be interesting. About a year ago, 100 tons of quartz were sent over to England from California, belonging to the *Agua Fria Mining Company*; there was barely a trace of visible gold in it; but the company wished to determine whether it was really worth working or not. Ten tons of it were purchased by the *Crystal Palace Company*, for deposition at Sydenham; and from this portion Professor Ansted obtained half a ton for purposes of experiment.

The feeding of the machine with this quantity occupied about an hour and a quarter. When the quartz had passed into the basins, the latter were rotated at the rate of about twenty revolutions in a minute, and ten gallons of water were introduced into each basin in a minute. The ore or quartz was previously ground to a very fine powder. The result of the analysis was, that there were 4 ounces, 4 pennyweights, 21 grains of fine gold, worth L.17, 18s. 3d., in a ton of the quartz; and from a subsequent analysis of the waste or *tailings*, it was found that so little gold was contained therein, that 95·8 per cent. of all the precious metal had been preserved by the action of the machine. In another experiment, Professor Ansted selected some of the '*gossan*' which occurs in the copper lodes of some of the Devonshire mines, and which presented nothing like an auriferous appearance; nevertheless, the analysis brought out 1 ounce, 12½ pennyweights of gold to the ton of *gossan*, nearly, but not absolutely pure. The waste contained about 7 per cent. of the gold. In comparing the relative advantages of this and of other methods of crushing and amalgamating, Professor Ansted awards the superiority to Mr Berdan's in these three particulars: that it separates and preserves a much larger percentage of whatever gold may happen to be contained in the ore; that it requires no skilled labour to work it; and that it affords easy means of preventing the speculation which is apt to occur when the working of other apparatus gets into the hands of dishonest persons. He states, finally, that when ore contains even only half an ounce of gold to the ton, Berdan's apparatus will work advantageously.

Cornwall and Devon companies are now speculating on these two questions: how much gold is contained in the '*gossan*' and '*mundic*' found in abundance in most copper and tin mines; and how small a percentage will pay for the expense of working. In other counties, there are pyrites and other minerals, instead of *gossan* and *mundic*, known to contain gold; and to those other

minerals, attention is being directed. The research is quite a legitimate one. Our only fear is, that if even moderate success should result, it may lead to the formation of numerous bubble-companies. These are the pitfalls into which 'Gold in England' may drag us.

### ABOARD A SPERM-WHALER.

WE daresay the reader is sufficiently familiar with the many-times-told story of the Greenland whale-fishery, but we may be permitted to doubt whether he knows much about the sperm-whale, and its capture in the far-off South Seas. We therefore invite him to accompany us on board a whaler, on its cruising station—and to do this he need not quit his cushioned arm-chair by the parlour fire—and we will shew him the whole art and mystery of capturing the sperm or cachalot whale.

But before stepping on board, it may be as well to say a few words about the South-sea whalers and their equipment. These vessels are not old double-sided tubs like the Greenlandmen, but smart, well-formed, thoroughly rigged ships and barques of 300 to 400 tons, manned by a crew of which at least three-fourths are prime A. Bs. These ships make voyages which frequently occupy three years, and which call into exercise the utmost degree of nautical skill, both scientific and practical. During this prolonged voyage, the mariners generally make the acquaintance of foreign people of all colours and all degrees of civilisation, in the South Sea Isles, the coast of South America, the Indian Archipelago, &c., and find abundant exercise for every manly virtue—courage, endurance, patience, and energy, all being absolutely requisite, together with no small amount of real talent on the part of the commanding-officers. The South-seaman surpasses all merchant vessels in the very romantic nature of its service. It roves round the globe; and in the vast Pacific Ocean sails to and fro, and from island to island, for years at a spell. The crew employed in such a service, if they only possess the ordinary intelligence of seamen, cannot fail to have their powers of observation sharpened, their reasoning faculties called into exercise, and their whole mental development stimulated. Accordingly, sperm-whalers are remarkably shrewd, intelligent men; close observers of the phenomena of nature so liberally exhibited in their ocean pathways; and altogether noble specimens of the British seaman.

On the deck of a sperm-whaler, there is a platform to receive the portions of the whale taken on board, and at the mainmast-head are strong pulleys, called the cutting blocks and falls, which are used to hoist the blubber, &c., on board by aid of the windlass. There is also on deck a square brick erection, a little abaft the foremast, made to support a couple of great iron caldrons, called *try-pots*, in which the blubber is boiled. Adjoining them is a copper cooler; and every possible precaution is adopted to guard against accidents from fire. The number of casks carried by a South-seaman is very great, and the sizes vary up to nearly 350 gallons. The crew generally have abundance of fresh water till the cargo is nearly full; and besides the casks, there are four large iron tanks. Indeed, we have been informed that recently the South-seamen have been entirely fitted with iron tanks for the oil, and carry no more barrels than are requisite for the supply of fresh water, which in some instances is also kept in iron tanks.

On a somewhat similar system to that adopted in the Greenland trade, the officers and crew of South-seamen are paid for their services, not in fixed wages, but in a certain percentage on the cargo—thus stimulating them to obtain as large a freight in as short a period as possible, and insuring the best exertion of their energies for mutual advantage. The *lay*, or share of the captain, is, on the average, about one-thirteenth of the value of the cargo; and an able seaman gets about the one-

hundred-and-sixtieth part for his portion. The entire crew, including master, mates, surgeon, harpooners, &c., amount to from thirty to forty men. A supply of provisions for three years and upwards is taken out from England; and the arrangements now made for the preservation of health are so judicious, that scurvy is of very rare occurrence. South-seamen are remarkably *clean ships*—the reverse of the popular notion concerning whalers; within a few hours after the capture of a whale, the vessel and crew exhibit no signs of the temporary disorder the cutting-up necessarily occasions.

A South-seaman usually carries five swift boats, thirty feet in length, built of light materials, and shaped both ends alike, in order that they may with greater readiness be *backed* from the vicinity of a dangerous whale; they are steered with a long oar, which gives a much greater and more decided command over a boat than a rudder. Five long oars propel each boat, the row-locks in which they play being muffled, in order to approach the destined victim without noise. Sockets in the floor of the boat receive the oars when *apeak*. As these whale-boats are thin in the timbers, for the sake of buoyancy and speed, they very frequently get shattered by blows from the fins, flukes, and tail of the whale attacked; and consequently their crews would inevitably perish, were it not for a contrivance which we think cannot be too generally known to all who go a-boating either on business or pleasure. Life-lines are fixed at the gunwales of the boat; and when an accident causes her to fill, the oars are lashed athwart by aid of these lines, and although she may be quite submerged, still she will not sink, but bear up her crew until rescue arrives. We are sure that were this simple expedient known and adopted by merchant seamen and others, many hundreds of lives would be saved every year; for it is rarely that a boat is swamped so rapidly that there is not time to lash the oars athwart her gunwale.

And now, reader, please to step on board the sperm-whaler. We are cruising somewhere in the great Pacific Ocean. Our ship is clean from stem to stern—from try-works to cutting-falls; our boats are hanging ready to be launched at a moment's notice; keen eyes are sweeping the horizon in every direction, and sharp ears are anxiously listening for the anticipated cry of 'There she spouts!'—for we are sailing along the edge of a current, and sperm-whales are known to be in the vicinity. It is early morning, with a fine working-breeze; and if you will take your station with us on the cross-trees—or, if that is too lofty an elevation, on the foretop beneath them—we will point out to you the well-known indications of sperm-whales being hereabouts. First of all, you probably glance, with a sort of wondering smile, at the queer-looking machine at the cross-trees overhead. Well, that is the *crow's-nest*; but its tenant is not a feathered creature, but a tarry, oily, old Salt, who is the look-out man for the nonce, and whose keen gray eye, even whilst he refills his cheek with a fresh plug, is fixed with absorbing attention on yonder tract of water, where he seems to expect every instant to see a whale rise and spout. The *crow's-nest*, as you perceive, is composed of a framework in the shape of a cask, covered with canvas, and furnished with a bit of seat and other little conveniences, to accommodate the look-out, and, when necessary, shelter him in some measure from the weather, as he frequently has to remain long aloft at a time. We believe, however, that South-seamen do not use, nor require, the *crow's-nest* so much as the Greenlandmen.

Now, look around, and mark what vast fields there are of the Sally-man, and of *Medusæ* of all kinds, and observe the numerous fragments of cuttle-fish floating about, remnants of the recent meals of the cachalot; and, above all, see the great smooth tracts of oily



water, which shew that a party of whales has passed over this portion of the ocean's surface not very long ago. Ah! you admire the countless flocks of birds hovering close by the ship. Yes, they are in unusual numbers, for they know by instinct that they will soon obtain abundance of food. But for one bird in the air, there are a thousand fish just beneath the surface. See! for hundreds of yards on every side of the ship, the water is literally blackened with albacores. They have attended us for many weeks, and will not be got rid of, unless a strong wind drives the ship along at a very rapid rate. They swim sociably along with us from one cruising-ground to another, and can be captured by hook and line with the greatest ease. They are fine fellows, averaging some four feet in length, and are of excellent quality for the table. Watch them frightening the poor little flying-fish into the air! The latter are soon snapped up by the hovering birds, or are seized and devoured by the voracious albacores, the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea again. The albacores, too, have a very terrible enemy in turn—nothing less than the sword-fish, many of which corsairs make a rush, from time to time, through the dense droves of albacores, and transfix them, one or two together, with their long projecting swords, off which the slain albacores are then shaken and devoured by their ruthless enemy. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his weapon into, and even through a ship's side, to the great danger of the vessel.

Ha! our old look-out man sees a sign! Now he hails the deck. 'There she blows! there she spouts!' What lungs the old fellow has! Hark to what follows. 'Where away?' sharply cries the officer on deck. 'A school of whales broad off the lee-bow, sir!' 'Main-yard aback! &c. Out boats!' 'There she blows again! There she flukes!' 'How far off?' 'Three miles, sir! There she breaches.' 'Be lively, men! Lower away!' 'All clear, sir! Lower away it is!' 'Cast off falls!—unhook!—out oars!—give way, men!'

You will please to bear in mind, worthy companion, that you and we are now seated somewhere in the boat, as it pulls away, 'With measured strokes, most beautiful!' and that we shall consequently see whatever takes place. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the interval which must intervene ere the whale we pursue is within harpoon's reach, to enlighten you a little about sperm-whales generally. The cachalot or sperm-whale is one of the largest of all the cetacean tribe, not unfrequently attaining the length of 60 feet: there is an authenticated instance of a sperm-whale 76 feet in length, and 38 feet in girth—a leviathan among leviathans! The female cachalot does not attain much more than half the size of the male, and yet gives birth to young ones 14 feet in length, and of proportionate girth. The average yield of oil is about eighty barrels for a full-grown male, and twenty-five for a female. The cachalot is black in colour, but is occasionally spotted with white towards the tail. The head is one-third the entire length of the creature, and is of a square form, with a very blunt snout. The body is round, or nearly so, and tapers much towards the tail. The fins are triangular shaped, and very small; but the tail is of immense size, very flexible, and of tremendous power. When the animal strikes it flatly on the water, the report is like that of a small cannon. When used in propulsion, the tail is bent back beneath the body, and then sprung out again; when aiming at a boat or other object, it is bent sharply, and strikes the object by its recoil. The eyes are placed far back in the head, and well protected by integuments. They do not measure more than two inches in length by one in breadth, and have small power of gazing in an oblique direction. The tongue is small, and cannot be protruded; but the gullet or throat is quite in proportion to the bulk of the animal, so that it could easily

swallow a man; and this fact clearly disposes of the sceptical objection to the Scripture narrative of the prophet Jonah. The expansion of a pair of jaws nearly a score of feet in length must be a startling sight! The lower jaw appears slender in comparison with the vast bulk of the upper one.

The greater part of the head of the sperm-whale is composed of soft parts, called junk and case. The junk is oily fat; and the case is a delicate fluid, yielding spermaceti in large proportion. The teeth of the cachalot appear mainly on the lower jaw, projecting about two inches through the gum, and they are solid ivory, but without enamel. The black skin of this whale is destitute of hair, and possesses such a peculiar alkaline property, that seamen use it in lieu of soap. The lard or blubber beneath it varies from four to fourteen inches in thickness, and is perfectly white and inodorous. What whalers term schools are assemblages of female cachalots in large numbers—from twenty to a hundred, together with their young, called calves, and piloted by one or more adult males, called bulls. The females are called cows. As a general rule, full-grown males either head the schools or roam singly; sometimes a number of males assemble in what is called a drove.

And now let us revert to the chase we are engaged in. See! the school has taken the alarm, and is off at the rate of eight miles or more an hour. Is it not a beautiful and exciting spectacle to watch these huge monsters tearing along on the surface of the water, spouting vapour from their spiracles like steam from the valve of a steam-boat, and leaving a creamy wake behind them, almost equal to that of a ship. Their movement is easy and majestic, their heads being carried high out of the water, as though they were conscious of being the monarchs of old Ocean. See, again! there is a sperm of the largest size, which has just leaped so as to shew its entire bulk in the air—almost like a ship in size. What a crash and whirl of foam as it falls into its native element! But we gain on one fine fellow, which our headsmen is steering for. Ay, now we are within fair striking distance, and a harpoon is hurled by the brawny arm of the harpooner in the bows, and pierces deep into the cachalot's side. A second follows; and the wounded animal gives a convulsive plunge, and then starts off along the surface at astonishing speed, dragging our boat along with it. You observe that the whale-line runs through a groove lined with lead, and is secured round a loggerhead. The 200 fathoms of line will soon be all out, for the whale is preparing to *sound*, or dive deep beneath the surface. There he sounds; and the practised harpooner has already bent on a second line to the end of the first. Well, he cannot possibly remain above an hour beneath the surface, and probably will reappear very soon. Just as we thought; and now we must haul gently alongside, the officer in command standing with his formidable lance poised ready to dart on the first opportunity. That blow is well planted; more succeed, and already the victim is in its last *flurry*. Our watchful rowers back water, to be beyond reach of a blow from the expiring monster's tail or flukes. He now spins round, spouting his life-blood, and crimsoning the sea far and near: now he turns over on his side, and the cheers of the men proclaim their easy victory.

Whilst preparations are making to tow the dead cachalot to the ship, permit us to impart a little further information concerning the chase and capture of the sperm-whale. You have beheld a very easy capture; but not unfrequently the cachalot makes a most determined resistance, and with every appearance of being actuated by revenge, as well as by the instinct of self-preservation, attempts to seize and destroy a boat with its jaws. In this it frequently succeeds. At other times, it sweeps its tail rapidly through the air,

and suddenly bringing it down on a boat, cuts the latter asunder, and kills some of the crew, or whirls them to a great distance. Occasionally, so far from fleeing from approaching boats, as the Greenland whale almost invariably does, the terrible cachalot will boldly advance to attack them, rushing open-mouthed, and making every effort to crush or stave them. Often will the cachalot turn on its side or back, and project its long lower jaw right over a boat, so that the terrified crew have to leap overboard, oars in hand. Sometimes it rushes head-on at the boat, splintering it beyond repair, or overturning it with all on board. But what shall we say to a cachalot attacking the ship itself, and actually coming off victor? An enormous cachalot rushed head-on, and twice struck the American sperm-whale ship *Essex*, so as to stave in the bows, and the ship was lost, the crew barely having time to escape in the boats! We refer the reader who desires to know more of the peculiar habits of the sperm-whale, to the books of Herman Melville, the American sailor-author, and of Mr Bennett. We may say a few words more, however, on the subject of the dangers incident to the capture of the cachalot. The harpooner, especially, is liable to be entangled in coils of the line as it runs out after a whale is struck, and to be then dragged beneath the surface; and even although the line is severed at the moment by the axe kept in readiness, the man is usually gone. Yet more appalling is the calamity which occasionally befalls an entire crew, when the struck whale is diving perpendicularly. It has happened repeatedly on such an occasion, that the line has whirled round the loggerhead, or other fixture of the boat; and that in the twinkling of an eye, almost ere a prayer or ejaculation could be uttered, the boat, crew, and all, have been dragged down into the depths of ocean! Such, too, is the pressure of the water upon a boat when it descends to a certain depth, that on being drawn to the surface again, it will not float, owing to the fluid being forced into the pores of the planks, not only by the mere density of the ocean, but also by the rapid rate at which the whale has dragged it. It has happened many a time, that a boat at a distance from the ship has been seen to disappear suddenly, pulled bodily down by a harpooned whale, not a vestige of boat or crew being ever seen on the surface again! If we regard whaling merely as a manly hunt or chase, quite apart from its commercial aspects, we think it is far more exciting, and requires more nerve and more practised skill, and calls into exertion more energy, more endurance, more stout-heartedness, than the capture of any other creature—not even excepting the lion, tiger, or elephant.

But let us return to our own captured cachalot. You perceive that the men on board the ship are preparing to receive it. They have placed some short spars outside the vessel to facilitate operations, and have removed a dozen feet of the bulwark in front of the platform to which we before directed attention. The cutting-falls are also all ready, and the ship itself is hove-to. We will anticipate what ensues, and describe it for you. The dead whale floats buoyantly—although in some rare instances it will sink—alongside the ship, where it is well secured, and a stage is slung over the vessel's side, from which the officers overlook and direct operations, &c. The blubber between the eye and pectoral fin is cut through with the spade, which is a triangular-shaped instrument, as sharp as a razor, attached to a long shaft or handle. A man now gets upon the whale—his boots being spiked to prevent slipping—and fixes the hook of the falls to it. The windlass is then manned, and lifts up the detached blubber, the spades cutting away and the whale slowly turning over at the same time. The strip of blubber thus in course of separation is about four feet in breadth, and is called a blanket-piece. It is cut in a spiral direction, and lowered on deck when it reaches up to the

head of the cutting-falls. Fresh hold is then taken, and the operation is continued until the whale is entirely flensed. If the whale is a small one, the whole of the head is at once cut off, and hoisted bodily on deck; but if a large one, its important parts are separately secured. Finally, the skeleton is cut adrift, to float or sink, as may happen. The entire operation occupies at least ten hours, if the whale is very large.

During this cutting-up affair, the water far and near is red with blood, and great flocks of petrels, albatrosses, &c., hover about to pick up the floating morsels. Swarms of sharks also never fail to attend; and so voracious are these creatures, that the men have to strike at them with their spades, to prevent them from devouring the whale piecemeal, ere its remains are abandoned to fish and fowl as their legitimate prey. Although the whalers generally kill many sharks on such occasions, it is said that if a man slips from the carcass of the whale into the midst of these devourers, they seldom attempt to injure him. Personally, however, we cannot say that we should like to put the generosity of Messieurs Sharks to such a test.

The blubber is carefully separated from the bits of flesh which may adhere to it preparatory to boiling, an operation first undergone by the head matter, which is kept distinct from the body matter—the former yielding spermaceti, the latter sperm-oil. The scraps, or refuse matter from the oil, themselves supply the furnace with fuel, burning clearly, and emitting intense heat. This operation is called trying-out, and is only dangerous when proper precaution is not used to prevent water from falling into the boiling oil, or by carelessly throwing in wet blubber; in which case the caldrons may overflow very suddenly, and everything be in flames together. From the try-works the oil is conveyed to the coolers, and thence to the casks; and a good-sized whale, in favourable weather, may be cut up and converted into oil, &c., within a couple of days.

The spectacle of trying-out on a dark night is exceedingly impressive. There is the ship, slowly sailing along over the pathless ocean, the furnace roaring and producing lurid flames that illumine the surrounding waves, the men passing busily to and fro, and dense volumes of black smoke continually rising in the air and drifting to leeward. Trying-out in a gloomy midnight has a touch even of sublimity about it; and we can conceive the feelings of awe and terror it would inspire in a spectator beholding the ghastly show for the first time from the deck of another ship. We think it is Herman Melville who compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, on such an occasion, to a party of demons busily engaged in the celebration of some unhallowed rite; nor is this fancy at all outrageous, to our thinking. What a picture might a painter of genius make of the scene!

And now, reader, we hope you do not begrudge the time spent with us aboard a sperm-whaler? But we crave the favour of your company, or rather, in Shakspearian language, we say, 'lend us your ear' yet a little longer. Certain announcements appeared recently in the papers concerning improved methods of killing the leviathans of the deep. First in order was a simple and presumably effective plan for projecting the harpoon into the body of the whale. A small cannon or swivel was fixed in the bow of the boat, so as to be capable of being raised or depressed, and to turn on its pivot in any required direction. The harpoon was fired from this gun at the object—with a few fathoms of small chain attached, so that no injury would result to the whale-line itself in the act of firing. This scheme appears to have been well received for its apparent feasibility; but whether it has, on fair practical trial, been found to fall short of what was expected from it, we are unable to state. Its advantages were expected to be the following:—The harpoon could be fired from such a distance, that there would not be any

necessity of approaching dangerously near the animal at the outset; and the force of its projection would be such, that the harpoon would be certain to be firmly planted, and very probably might penetrate a vital part, and nearly kill the whale at a blow.

A yet more important and extraordinary innovation is that which was proposed some two years ago, and is now again attracting new attention—being nothing less than whaling by electricity. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to re-conduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. This machine is stated to be capable of throwing into the body of the whale such strokes of electricity as would paralyse in an instant its muscles, and deprive it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

Should all we are told about this whaling by electricity be true, a marvellous change will take place in the fishery. The danger of attacking and killing the cachalot will be reduced to its minimum; few or no whales which have once received the fatal galvanic shock will escape; the time consumed in their capture will probably not average the tenth of what it does at present; and the duration of the ship's voyage will be materially shortened, for there will be no limit to the success of the chase, and the rapidity with which the cargo will be made up, except the time which now, as always, will be absolutely necessary to boil down the blubber. But how long will the supply of cachalots be sufficient, under the new system, to yield remunerative freights? We know that the sperm-whale has already been seriously thinned in some localities, and that a certain time—perhaps much longer than whalers and naturalists reckon—is necessary for whales to grow to a profitable size. Now, the electric battery, according to our authorities, being so deadly in its application, we should suppose that when a whaler falls in with a large school of cachalots, and sends out all his boats, each armed with a battery, they will be able to kill perhaps thrice the present maximum number (five), which can be secured at one chase and attack, and in one-fifth of the usual time. If they do this, it matters little whether they can secure all the dead whales for cutting up—the animal is at anyrate destroyed, and years must elapse ere another will have grown to take its place in the ocean. To drop this speculation, however, we may at least reasonably conclude, that the capture of sperm-whales will become a matter of more certainty and greater expedition than it is at present; and if the number does not rapidly diminish year by year—although we seriously anticipate that it will—the price of sperm-oil, and the other commercial products of the fishery, may be expected to become materially lower. That this would cause an increased demand for these products, there can be no doubt, for at present the limited supply, and the large quantity of sperm-oil used for lubricating delicate machinery, keep up the price.

Let us now conclude with a few words on the commercial products of the cachalot. The most important is the sperm-oil, used for lamps and for lubricating machinery. It is more pure than any other animal oil. Spermaceti is a transparent fluid when first extracted from the whale, but it becomes concrete when exposed to a cold temperature, or placed in water. It is found in all parts of the whale, but chiefly in the head and the dorsal hump. After being prepared, it is cast in moulds for sale in the shops, and is chiefly used for making candles. Formerly, as Shakespeare tells us, it was considered to possess curative properties—

The sovereign'st thing on earth  
Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.

The teeth yield ivory, which always sells at a remunerative price. Lastly, there is the rare and mysterious substance called ambergris—the origin of which was long a problem, which even the learned could not solve. It is now known to be a kind of morbid excretion produced in the intestines of the cachalot, and in no other species of whale. It is sold as a perfume, fetching a pound-sterling an ounce when pure, and rare in the market even at that price. When found floating on the sea, it has undoubtedly been voided by the cachalot, or has drifted from it when the body became decomposed after death.

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF OUR GREAT TOWNS.

We live in an age and country which at least talk much of class grievances; and that everybody knows to be the first step, though perhaps a far-off one, to their removal. There is, however, an annually increasing class of Her Majesty's subjects whose peculiar disabilities have been championed by no pamphleteer, and represented by no petition to parliament, nor has any honourable member yet pledged himself on the hustings to attempt their remedy. It is not that the unfortunate themselves are voiceless: go to the streets and lanes of our cities—the poorer and more crowded the better—and you will hear them in summer afternoons, or in calm evenings when the spring is coming, send up their daily remonstrance. Ill worded, indeed, it is, and unequal, now rising in shouts, now falling in broken murmurs, for the aggrieved subjects are children, who have known no daisied common, meadow-brook, or household garden; and the burden of the petition is—Room to play.

Reader, there is no treason against your gentility imagined; but if you live in a back-street inhabited by honest artisans and small shopkeepers, near the busy heart of a great English town, your hearing the said petition cannot be a matter of choice. It will come in all forms, and at every season—through your window, open for air in the early summer, ring discordant shouts for the May, as a vender of blossomed hawthorn passes. If your childhood has seen it whitening up old trees and hedgerows, think what theirs has missed. When you sit by the fire as the winter twilight falls calm and frosty, listen. They are singing old nursery-rhymes hard by the gin-palace. Look out on their poor plays—how circumscribed they are and meagre: trundling a hoop along the pavement, building banks in the gutter, and running small races from door to door. A real run or jump is not to be had; business has left no room for them. The streets belong to the grown-up and their interests; and even these limited entertainments bring the rising generation in everybody's way. Ladies in pink bonnets put them aside with sour looks; the respectable householder, who has lived there ever since the street was built, wonders their parents don't keep them within doors (he means in a two pair back); cab and omnibus threaten their very existence; and the policeman is to them a continual terror. There is probably a park within seven miles of their homes; their busy parents take them there some Sunday or holiday in their best clothes and behaviour, and they are afraid of the damp grass or of walking too far. Childhood in town and country are different things. O the bramble banks on which our clothes were torn!—O the green lanes where we wore out our shoes—the pools we fell into—the marshes in which we stuck fast, and feared nothing except our misadventures being found out at home! There were swings taken stealthily on old orchard-trees; there were garden-beds of our own, with London Pride and Sweet-william in them—close by a southern wall where great cabbage-roses bloomed rich and red

at midsummer. There were gatherings of everything that ripened in wood and dingle, from the first wild strawberry to the last of the haws.

The city-born can have no such memories. Their early world is one of brick and stone; its glory consists of shows and shop-windows; and its wisdom is the precocious knowledge of what can be had for a penny. Worse learning, doubtless, there is, even for childhood in large towns; but this is the common lot, not only of the working-people's children, with whom our theme began, but of the heirs and successors of well-to-do respectability. Genteel-street children are not, indeed, scolded off the pavement, or chased out of the gutter; there is commonly a room in the house for them to play in, and a grassplot, with some acclimated trees, in most of the squares where they live. They see far more sights; they have finer toys bought for them; they are taken oftener to the parks, and once a year to the country. But behold how early the compensation balance of life is made manifest: while the carpenter's five fir-twigs can rush down from the paternal mansion on the third floor, hoop in hand, to improve the shining minute, it requires at least two hours' hard dressing before a corresponding number of the mercantile or professional gentleman's olive-branches can go forth—hatted, gloved, and maided—to take the morning air. Then, only think of the fine clothes that are to be taken care of under high penalties! How is Miss Mary-Anne brought into bondage before the time to her laced polka; and the playtime of Master Tommy's existence sacrificed to his tunic! On the premature vanities thus instilled, let graver moralists discourse: a dressed-up child is a sad spectacle; and we never meet a group of little boys and girls, overlaid with their seniors' costly inventions, and kept in worship of the same by maid or mamma, without wishing, for their own sakes, that the silk were calico, and the velvet fustian.

Could any benevolent fairy be found to accomplish that wish, many a young life might be happier, and many an old one wiser; but the fairies have left our world to trade and fashion; Cinderella's godmother and the queen of the lilies are gone even from country nurseries, for there also finery has come in like a flood; nevertheless, there are ditches and duck-ponds at hand; moreover, the proverb, 'out of sight, out of mind,' retains its ancient truth, and splendid hats and frocks run so many chances of injury, that they are apt to be reserved for occasions of ceremony. Regarding city childhood, there is one question which has long puzzled us: Do its merely local memories haunt the pauses of after-life, like those that bind the dreams of the country-born to hill and river? We know that hut or hall may become alike hallowed, because of the loving glance and tone whose like will meet us no more on this side the skies—over these, time and place have no power; but does the gutter in the back-street, long pulled down and built over, return to the workman's visions, as the meadow-stream, with its primrose banks, comes back to those of the peasant's son? Can the second floor in the beer-shop over the way be remembered as vividly as the cottage among the corn? Will the grassplots and parks where the olive-branches went gloved, &c., be dreamed of like the woody dells, where springs flashed up, and violets grew thick at the roots of old mossy trees? We cannot think they will; and, if we are right, the players in park and gutter are spared one dreary experience—the vague and reasonless pining for the old place which comes over one in far-off times, when all he once knew are changed and gone, and there is nothing to be seen but graves and strangers.

After all, it may be that early scenes have their hold on the heart only through association. It is not the violet dingles, but life's violet days we miss—not the home garden, but the fresh feelings with which we turned the mould. On that principle, what springs of

pleasantness may well up from the memory of the back-street gutter—what summers may shine back through recollections of the grassplot in the square! There is, then, something like real childhood in cities, in spite of pinched play, in spite of early business, yea, and in spite of hats and tunics. Well, we wish it more room and better air, not forgetting its vested rights in butter-cups and daisies. Indeed, it has long been our private persuasion, that families should be brought up only in the country. The idea occurs often, particularly at Guy Fawkes's time; and now a sound of promise rises through the march of civilisation. Science will win back to the workman's children their birth-right, that was sold for such a miserable mess. Has not everybody heard of the subterranean railways intended to carry passengers from the utmost edge of London to its heart, for something between a half-penny and a farthing? Should that experiment succeed to the satisfaction of shareholders—and there seems no cause of doubt—the close of the present century will probably see our cities surrounded by huge village-like suburbs, full of cottages and gardens, where households will live and children play, and fathers come home when workshops close, leaving the crowded streets entirely to business, and citizens who own no other responsibility.

Reader, the time specified would not bring a raven to his discretion; but they that interrupt your meditations with, 'Here we go round!' or, 'All on a Monday Morning!' will be gray before it comes. Be entreated, then, for the luckless disturbers. If you must scold them from door or window—for human patience has limits—don't scold hard; and you, O gentle dames, who do the dressing of posterity, we know the awful necessity that requires the little Whites to be as fine as the small Greens; but do make allowances for tumbles in the mud, admit the possibility of a scramble through dust and dead leaves, and more will be gained than ever was expected by this plea for the little people of our great towns!

## RELATIONS NOT ACQUAINTANCES.

It is surprising how many of our words, apparently strangers to one another, are, in reality, near akin. The wear and tear of accident and time have so disfigured some of them, that genuine descendants of the same stock daily rub shoulders without recognition. It is interesting to trace the affinities of these estranged members of our vocabulary. We like to meet a heretofore unknown cousin—in Scotland, even a second or third cousin; and it is no less pleasant to see a number of words made to shake hands as relations, that had hitherto looked on one another as strangers. The smile of recognition, that is reflected from one to the other, brightens up their faces, and throws a new light over the page in which they stand.

Much has already been done in clearing up these disguised relationships among the Greek and Latin words of our language. Even those who have never made a particular study of Latin, have been taught at school that such words, for instance, as *prospect*, *conspicuous*, *spectacle*, *species*, &c., are all of one family, the descendants of the Latin verb *specio* (*spectrum*), 'to look at.' This is so far well; but we remember that, for years after we were familiar with this, and other families of Latin origin, we went on using daily such common Saxon words as *garden*, *girdle*; *ward*, *warren*, without perceiving any connection between them, although it is no sooner looked for than it strikes. We suspect our case is far enough from being singular, and that the majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen never think of *gate*, for instance, as coming from *go*; still less would they dream of finding anything in common between *war* and *beware*. And yet, to a right knowledge of the

English tongue, it is surely as necessary to have a perception of the fundamental notion common to all the words of each such group—to know something of the pedigree and relationship of the *wars* and *wards*, and of their French cousins the *guars* and *guards*—as it is to study the family tree of *specio*—*spect*.

But there is yet a higher step. We have been too long accustomed to look upon these Latin families as separated from the Saxon part of our vocabulary by an impassable gulf, with no more relation between them than if the former had dropped down from the moon. But the recent researches of philology have thrown quite a new light upon the subject, and have proved, nearly to demonstration, that almost all the languages of Europe must have had a common origin—are daughters of some one unknown mother, of whom many features are found, on examination, to be common to them all. This prepares us to look out for relations, not merely among Latin words by themselves, and Saxon words by themselves, but to find a Saxon group and a Latin group intimately connected; as if some old family in a distant land had branched into two lines, and those lines, after migrating in different directions, were found at last living side by side on our island, apparent strangers to one another, till some observant eye detects the family features, or some patient antiquary traces the genealogy of each back to the common ancestor.

A much more striking instance might be chosen; but having spoken already of the Latin clan of *specio*, let us see if they have any congeners among the words of our language not Latin. *Spy*, and its derivatives, occur readily enough. This word, in some form, is found in most at least of the Teutonic languages. In Dutch, it is *spien*; in German, *spähen*; which last will enable even the uninitiated to see how it could ever have been identical with *specio*. For, in the first place, *h* in the older forms of the German tongues was a strong guttural, much the same as *ch*—therefore *späch*; and, again, *c* in Latin was originally the same as *g* hard, or rather, like *g* in German, something approaching to guttural *ch*, which brings *spec* also to *speech*. Then, along with the *spy* family, which is not very numerous, having apparently not thriven on British soil, we have some French immigrants, evidently of the same stock, *espier* (espier or épier), *espionage*, &c., which have every appearance of having come into France at first, not from Italy but from Germany, from which we got our Saxon branch. Much more like the German is the Scottish provincial *spae*-wife—that is, 'a female seer,' 'one that tells fortunes.'

To give a richer example of the unexpected consanguinities that may thus be established, we start with the assertion that the following words, which are certainly far enough from being like, either in sense or sound, are all from the same root: *hand*, *prize*, *ten*, *hundred*. This we undertake to prove to the satisfaction of unprejudiced readers, without supposing them to be versed in Latin or Sanscrit, or any tongue but their own; and merely asking them to believe us when we state, that there are such and such words in such and such languages; which facts, we must confess, we take in several instances on the word of those who profess to have verified them. Well; there were in the Gothic language—the oldest form of any Teutonic tongue that we have any records of—two words: *hand-s*, signifying 'a dog;' and *handus*, 'the hand.' In

many cases, the first syllable of *handus* passes into *hun*, shewing the same root in both; and they are evidently connected with the verb *hinthan* (*henden*), 'to catch' or 'seize'—both a dog and a hand being 'catchers' or 'seizers.' We have traces of this verb in our own language as late as Chaucer, who has 'he *hente*,' for 'he held' or laid hold of. This is one of those words common to all the Indo-European languages. In Latin, the root has not survived in its simple form; but we know a Latin word, *prehendo*, 'to put forth the hand and seize,' from which were formed compounds, since adopted into English; such as—*apprehend*, *comprehend*, &c. The participle of *prehendo* was *prehensus* or *prensus*, 'seized;' which was changed by the French into *preuse*, *prince*, *prise*, 'something seized,' 'a prize;' and in this form it came over to us. The blood-relationship, then, of *hand*, *hound*, and *prize*, we believe to be established beyond dispute; and the idea they have in common is that of *seizing*. But how bring *ten* into the brotherhood?

Nothing more simple. The Goths, barbarians as we think them, had already a notion of the decimal notation; the foundation of their system, in the higher numbers at least, was *ten*. The sensible representation of this number was two hands held up, with their ten fingers; and the word they expressed it by was *taihun*, a mutilated form of *twai-hund* or *twai-hand*. This is the oldest form of the word; but as it descends the stream of time, it gradually contracts into *tehun*, *tehen*, *ten*; in High German, it is *zehen* or *zehn* to this day.

The case of *hundred* is not more difficult. In Gothic, it was *ten tens*, two hands  $\times$  two hands, *taihun-têhund*. This might be tolerable so long as the possession of a hundred head of cattle was a rarity, but not longer; and as the busy Londoner makes short work of *omnibus*, and says 'buss, so, as the Goths got more articles to count, they would content themselves with the last part of the expression, with a difference—*hunda*. And this, in fact, was done from the beginning, with all the hundreds except the first: two hundred was not *twai-taihun-têhund*, but *twai-hunda*.

Our readers might fancy that we were imposing upon their credulity if we asked them to believe that *cynic*, *canine*, *cent*, *decade*, *quintessence*, &c., have all sprung from the same prolific stem that we have seen to give us *hound* and *ten*. Yet in these, and a great many more as unlikely cases, we believe that philologists have made out their point, though the array of outlandish words, and of reasonings by which it is made to appear, would be out of place here. We prefer returning to the great Teutonic clan of the *Wars*, which we alluded to above, and endeavouring to clear up the relationship of some of its branches, that are living quite estranged from the rest.

It may be well to premise, that, though the great bulk of the French language is derived from the Latin, it retains many words from the original languages of the northern tribes that from time to time settled in ancient Gaul. Among others, there are several descendants of the stock we are speaking of; but there being no *w* in French, the Teutonic syllable *wer* or *war* is transformed into *quer*, *guar*, or *gar*; just as in Latin the northern name *William* was written *Gulielmus*, and our *Wales* becomes in modern French *Galles*. These French *guars*, then, came over to England with the Normans at the Conquest, and settled alongside of the Saxon branches, retaining their French dress to this day. There will, therefore, be no difficulty in looking upon *guard* and *ward*, for instance, as the same words differently spelled.

The ground idea, that pervades nearly all the members of this group, is that of *defence*. Yet there is reason to believe that the primary meaning of the root, from which they all sprung, was 'to look at.' Starting

from that notion, we have *regard* (from the French *regarder*, 'to look at'), *award*, *reward*, *guerdon*, all involving the idea of 'looking' favourably at a case (compare the phrase, 'a consideration'); *wary*, *aware*, *unawares*, *warn*, *beware*, 'to look out' so as to be on our guard.

In the remainder of the series, the idea of 'looking' becomes less prominent; the secondary meanings predominate. The very different significations of the same expression in the two sentences, 'Look to yourself!' and 'Look to it!' enable us to see how the same root could give rise to a series of derivatives, some meaning 'to guard,' 'keep,' or 'protect,' and others 'to guard against,' implying also 'to attack.' The principal are—*ward*, *guard*; *warden*, *guardian*; *wardrobe*, *warrant*, *guarantee* (French, *garantir*); *warren*, for keeping rabbits; *wear* or *weir*, for confining the water of a river, or for fish (compare the French *gare*, in a canal or river).

The English *war* and the French *guerre*, with their numerous progeny, involve the idea of the offensive as well as the defensive; in the *wehr* of modern German, which has another word to signify 'war,' the idea of defence predominates—as in *Landwehr*, 'the national guard.' The root occurs in the word *German* itself, which is merely the Latin way of spelling the name *Wehrman* or *Warman*, which the warlike tribes of Germany arrogated to themselves. The name of their national hero, Hermann, who destroyed the legions of Varus, is the same word slightly modified. We need not pursue the direct line further; many more will suggest themselves to the reader. Let us see if there are any collateral branches, where the relationship is more obscure.

Whoever thinks of our sportsman's exclamation to his dogs—*wars!* and of the French term of the chase—*gare!* (the same word once familiar to Edinburgh ears in the warning *gare-l'eau!*) and would explain them by 'look out,' 'have a care!' will feel that in his explanation he has used the same word. The relation of *care* to the Latin *cura* increases the probability of this, when we reflect that the Latin letter *c* was originally *g*. We thus seem entitled to claim *care*, *cure*, with all their offspring, *careful*, *secure*, &c., as collateral branches of the great *War* family.

Again, we are told that in Sanscrit, which is older than either Greek or Latin, there is a root *vr*, or *var*, 'to protect;' recollecting that *v* is pronounced *vr* by most people but ourselves, we recognise in this our old friend *war*, or *wehr*. Now, there is also a Sanscrit noun formed from this root, *vrī*—namely, *viras*, 'a warrior,' a hero. The Latin *vir* is clearly the same word; it, too, signifies not 'a man' in general, but 'a brave man;' and *virtus*, formed from it, signified originally 'efficiency in war;' the only kind of 'virtue' of much account in those days. Here is another numerous addition to our clan.

What would our readers think to be told that the same alliance is claimed for *hero*, *aristocracy*, *Mars*, and others of the like heterogeneous aspect?—But their faith and patience have already been taxed enough for the present.

In the meantime, we take the liberty of recommending this curious and interesting subject to all that are fond of classifying, and of tracing analogies and resemblances. It is a kind of natural history particularly suited to this season of the year, when flowers and butterflies are equally scarce; and with all respect for botany and zoology, we must confess it has for us at all times a deeper human interest—*mentem mortalia tangunt*. We like, as well as another, to contemplate the tooth of a pre-adamite pachyderm, and picture to ourselves the unwieldy creature munching its strange-looking herbage; but we often find still greater attraction in some obsolete word, or worn-out form of speech—those *cruxes* of once living thoughts. To trace how, and with what resemblances and differences, men have, in different ages and countries, striven to embody and

make manifest to their fellows their thoughts and emotions, is surely of more concern to a man, than to know the habits and habitats of all the other animals on the earth.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE HOUSE THROWN OUT AT WINDOW.

SIMPLE LODGE, to do it justice, did not very soon forget the poor youth it had ejected; but still things appeared to go on pretty much in their usual course. Even the advent of a governess made no commotion in the family, for Miss Heavystoke settled quietly down in it, in her own place. What is a governess's place? Strictly speaking, it is that of a person hired with money, and money's worth, to perform certain services not menial; and who must, therefore, neither be treated as a servant, nor be permitted to assume as her right a position of equality. When this position is conceded—which it frequently is—it is not to the governess but to the woman. The social qualities of the individual fit her for a social rank quite apart from her professional rank; and the lady of the house finds it very convenient to have a family friend in the instructress of her children. The instructress herself labours for an hire, and the labour is not necessarily of an intellectual character, although sometimes rendered so by talent and zeal. We have known good governesses very ignorant women—women who had not the mental power of assimilating the information they imparted.

As for Miss Heavystoke, she did not trouble herself about questions of position, and in this family she had no occasion to do so. She went conscientiously through a certain routine of teaching she had studied at a boarding-school on purpose, and became gradually attached, in a motherly way, to her pupil. She accepted without demur the chair that was offered her, next to Elizabeth's, and rather preferred it to the arm-chair, as in cold weather it gave her more of the fire, while it always afforded her the luxurious use of the table. The chivalrous captain treated her, of course, as a gentlewoman; and although his courtesy was a little alarming at first, she got used to it. As for either he or his sister thinking of dispossessing her, in any emergency whatever, of her accustomed seat, or of leaving her out in the calculations of a dinner—such were impossible ideas. For the rest, Miss Heavystoke was a good listener to the captain's stories: they kept her curiosity in a chronic state of sub-excitement, and she was never tired of being disappointed. After a time, however, she did not scruple to controvert some of the philosophical opinions of Elizabeth, but in a quiet, undemonstrative way, which answered well with the coldness of her adversary. To these arguments the old soldier listened attentively; but he considered himself to be on the side of Elizabeth, and the governess, therefore, was sure to get the worst of it. On such occasions, he was always more kindly gruff than ever; and when the tray came up, would make a perfect point of putting some consolatory sherry into her customary glass of water.

The life led at the Lodge was slow for Sara; but at least once a month there came a letter from Robert, which stirred up her ideas, and set them working for some weeks. The letter was always about his studies. He had always something new to communicate, some-



thing to direct her attention to, some book or passage to note for her reference. In fact, the poor lad fancied that this was the only return he could make for her uncle's kindness; and he never learned anything new himself without trying to impart a portion of it to her. This was fortunate for Sara, for Miss Heavystoke was just one of those excellent governesses who teach everything necessary but the art of thinking; and her lessons, therefore, without some such supplementary aid, would have left the mind of her pupil as dark as ever. As it was, Sara received everything her governess could give—and the amount was not small—supplying herself the intelligence that was necessary to digest information into knowledge.

But this was, of course, a gradual process. Time wore on, and Sara's body grew with her mind, till the generation she belonged to left juvenile tea-parties behind, and took their places in quadrilles. Here Sara was of some consequence; for, having lived longer than her contemporaries—thought being life—she looked and felt older. But, besides this, she was known to be an orphan heiress; and more than one mother in the neighbourhood whispered anxiously to her son to be sure to ask her to dance, and try to be first with the lemonade. No one knew the amount of her fortune; but as the captain alluded to it with respect, it was usually set down in figures, with a gratuitous 0 at the end. The veteran, in fact, really regarded it as a very considerable sum. His experience of money was confined to income, and it never occurred to him that the handsomely sounding amount of Sara's fortune would have been fairly represented by a moderate portion of his own annual outlay.

Among the young men who neither required nor received any maternal hint of the kind, was the son of Mrs Seacole, the widow lady who, as the reader may remember, had assisted in unmasking the wickedness of the captain. The Seacoles, it is well known, are an ancient family, and this branch of it possessed a very tolerable estate, to which Adolphus would succeed at his approaching majority. The young man was good-looking, and not ungentlemanly in appearance; and although, on his first presenting himself in these pages, we find him engaged in an attempt at petty tyranny, for which he was properly punished, all such foibles of boyhood were now, it is to be supposed, past and forgotten. Sara saw few or no foibles in him. How could she? He was the first who had paid her those undefinable attentions that are so well comprehended even in the first stage beyond girlhood—attentions which, in a person of his prospects, were beyond question disinterested, and to which even his age—for he was somewhat older than herself—added an almost irresistible flattery. Young, good-looking, rich, and loving, what more could she want? Sara did not know. She was very well pleased with her admirer, and with herself for being admired; and, if she had had a confidential friend, would have doubtless filled a heavy correspondence with her sentiments and feelings on the subject. As it was, she had no confidante, and only one correspondent; and even Adolphus she saw only during the long vacation, for, like Robert, he was placed at a distant boarding-school.

The correspondence of Robert did not change so much with the progress of time as might have been expected. His letters were full of general information, but they disclosed no idiosyncrasy. He never

mentioned the school, his masters, or his companions. No one knew whether the treatment was good or bad, whether he was happy or miserable. He gradually became an abstraction in the mind of Sara—an invisible Mentor, who inspired her studies, and whom she was never to see in corporeal presence. With the captain and Elizabeth he was just what he had been on the day he left them; and his letters to Sara were for them so engrossing a study, that in the week they arrived, the Sunday newspaper had no chance. These documents were of great interest, too, in the kitchen; for the good-natured Sara read them, word for word, to Mrs Margery, while Molly listened with astonishment always ending in disappointment. The faith of her patroness, however, remained unshaken.

'Things don't turn up all on a sudden, Molly,' said she; 'fate is a slow coach, and the denowment is not till the end. Wait, girl—wait!' As for Mr Poring, when such reading began, he always left the kitchen, or else set to work to brush something, making the hissing sound with his lips which appears to be essential in the occupation of an hostler. Mr Poring, not to mention the caricature, and sundry other treasured matters, never could forget the degradation of that moment when he had been seduced by the audacious vagrant into touching his hat to the son of a woman of the name of Sal.

At the epoch we have arrived at in the history of Simple Lodge—it was very near the end of Robert's educational term of three years—a gifted seer like Mrs Margery would have pronounced that matters were to proceed quietly as usual for a little while longer, and that then the captain's niece would become Mrs Adolphus Seacole, and the Lodge go on and flourish more than ever in the protecting shade of the Hall. But things did not come out in this way. Captain Semple all on a sudden received intimation that the agent through whom he had been accustomed to draw his private income had become bankrupt, and he was at once reduced from comparative opulence to the straitened position, or not far from it, of a half-pay officer. This did completely away even with the prestige of his whiskers; and some of the neighbours—those whose gawky sons had never had any chance with the heiress—did not scruple to hint that his silence with regard to the amount of Sara's fortune was in all probability a deliberate swindle. Mrs Seacole, however, was a quiet, dignified lady, and quite above being betrayed into such demonstrative vulgarity. She doted on her son with the passionate fondness which only a mother can feel, and would not have scrupled to gratify him with the toy he had set his mind on, if it was of any tolerable pecuniary value. But to throw away the heir of the Seacoles upon a portionless, or comparatively portionless girl, was not to be thought of, and it was necessary to proceed with caution till she could ascertain how the land lay. This was difficult in a case where no proposals had been made, or could be made beforehand; and Augustus, too, exhibited a generous pertinacity which somewhat surprised his mother. But there was nothing really surprising in it; for human nature is an excellent nature in itself, and if let alone by the circumstances which try the strength and weakness of character, it would remain excellent to the end. What nice people we should all be were no such trial to take place! We talk of the generosity of youth, and the selfishness of age; but age is merely youth

modified by circumstances. Some men there be who grow old in the mysteries of life almost at once; others, though old in years, remain boys in heart to the last breath. Mrs Seacole determined very wisely, if the result of her inquiries into Sara's fortune should render it necessary, to send her son from home, to try the durability of his calf-love in collision with the hard corners and soft sponges of the world.

It is hard to say how the captain and his sister, if they had been left to themselves, would have arranged to meet their altered fortune. The veteran seemed at first merely surprised; then his mind wandered away into some old apropos story, which turned out to relate to an unexpected legacy; then he sympathised with the poor bankrupt, whose poignant feelings of distress had been alluded to in the intimation of his misfortune; then there rose before him, like twin spectres, the dependent condition of Sara till she was of age, and the commission which never could be Robert's; and then, last of all, came the puzzlement as to how to accommodate his expenses to his shrunken income. Elizabeth contributed to his relief a declamation on the propriety of submitting tranquilly to the dispensations of Providence; and Sara, although she appeared to comprehend more clearly than either of them the grave circumstances in which they were placed, could do nothing more than give forth a burst of wishes that she was twenty-one, and able to enrich her uncle with her fortune. Fortunately, however, Miss Heavystoke was at hand. This lady, although a good mechanical governess, was not intellectual, or even clever, but she was well up in that science of the world which may be acquired even by the narrowest natures. She saw, as if by instinct, what was necessary to be done, and how to do it; and it was surprising how implicitly the captain gave himself up to her guidance. On one point, however, he was inflexible: he would not consent to let the Lodge, and retire to a cottage. It was his own property, he said, and at his death it would be Elizabeth's. Let her do what she would with it; but for his part, though willing to make any other sacrifice, he would live and die in his own house. It was arranged, therefore, that a general reduction of the expenses should take place; that the servants should be dismissed, and a strong countrywoman got to do the work of all three; and that the governess herself should seek elsewhere the salary which Captain Semple could no longer afford to pay. This last proposal Miss Heavystoke made in the same practical matter-of-course tone as the rest.

When all this was agreed upon, the only difficulty that remained—and the captain felt it to be the grand one—was the settlement of Robert in the world. He had pledged himself to buy him a commission in the army, but the pecuniary accumulations made for this purpose were not nearly sufficient. What was to be done with the unfortunate lad?

'Make him an usher,' said Miss Heavystoke; 'his letters are exactly like those I used to write home to my brother from the boarding-school; and I should say he is just cut out for the scholastic profession.'

'I doubt that, madam,' said the captain; 'a governess is another thing: it is a ladylike situation, and suited for a lady; but the task of flogging a parcel of fellows is only fit for a drummer—for a drummer, madam: I could tell you a good story about that.'

'He will be an author or an artist!' exclaimed Sara. 'He will teach men, dear Miss Heavystoke, not boys, and will leave the impress of his intellect on the soul, not the memory.'

'An author!' repeated the captain indignantly, 'and live in a garret, sleep on a bulk-head, and be choked with a penny roll! Never! Better that he had eaten no bread of mine—better that he had been lost in the mist—that he had been left in the Gravel Pits—that he had even been sent to the workhouse! Poor lad,

poor lad, what is to become of him!' This thought appeared to distress the captain much, and for several days it was obvious he was thinking of nothing else. It was necessary, however, to take Robert from school at once, for this was the vacation, and a new term could not be suffered to commence. Sara was therefore commissioned to write to him of what had occurred, and request his immediate return home; and the veteran appeared to derive satisfaction from the idea that the whole affair would be broken to him tenderly before he saw his protégé face to face.

Sara, like many young women, had a considerable facility in letter-writing; but, on the present occasion, she found her task a difficult one. Her epistle ran thus:—

'MY DEAR ROBERT—I have no heart to thank you for your late beautiful letter, or to tell you how little I have been able to benefit by it; for a very sad affair has occurred here within the last week, and an affair, I am sorry to say, that will require you to look out for some new path to fame and fortune. But why should I be sorry to say this? The army was not your own choice, and ever since I began to think and to reason, I have persuaded myself that a mind like yours was fitted for a nobler field than that of war. Not that I despise a military uniform, for I think it very charming; but you know, after all, it is only a livery—a badge of servitude—and the mercenaries who wore it first were looked upon with dislike and disdain by the generous warriors of old.

'You are aware that I could not have written this if my letter was to receive its usual supervision; and you may conceive, therefore, the state of confusion that reigns in King Agramant's camp. The cause, you will be grieved to hear, is the failure of a private agent—a circumstance which will curtail very considerably my dear uncle's income. All sorts of expenses are to be reduced; the three servants are to be exchanged for one; and you and I are to bear our share of the calamity. You are to be removed from your studies, and my governess, dear Miss Heavystoke, is to be dismissed. My uncle bears up like a man—in all things save one. He is distressed to think that the fund intended for the purchase of your commission is quite inadequate, and that you will be compelled to lay it out in opening for yourself some other path of life.

'Come home, then, at once, dear Robert, and let us all lay our heads together, and see if we cannot contrive something for the good of the whole. I am ashamed to tell you of how little use your poor pupil has been in the emergency—how mere a child I found myself when brought for the first time into contact with the business of life. Had it not been for Miss Heavystoke, I don't know what would have become of us. Come home; your presence will be a great comfort to my dear uncle and aunt.—Always your faithful friend, and grateful pupil,

SARA.

'P.S.—I was called away, while about to seal my letter, by a disturbance in the hall; where I found Molly and the captain, the former with her rich cheeks deluged with tears, plaintively entreating to be kept, and declaring that she was as strong as any cart-horse, and would work like two. No mediation of mine was required; for my darling Ogre told her in a gruff voice, broken with feeling, to get away with her for a pest, and dry her ridiculous eyes, and stay till doomsday if she liked. I am so glad! Poor Molly!'

On the third morning from the dispatch of this letter, as the captain and his sister were standing at the parlour window scanning the weather, they observed a gentleman crossing the common from the village. It was not one of the neighbours. Could it be Robert? No: there was hardly time for an answer by return of post; and besides, Robert was only a lad, and this was a gentleman grown. But as he came nearer, the grown gentleman waved his hat; and the brown hair, lifted by

the wind from the pale brow, shewed that it was Robert indeed. The captain ran out to the hall and opened the door himself; and his protégé, clearing the road with a light run, was in his arms in an instant. Elizabeth's greeting was as cordial for her undemonstrative nature; and as the young man stood in the parlour holding a hand of each, the flush of emotion mantling over his cheeks, and his calm deep eyes lighted up with affectionate joy, his two protectors looked at him with surprise as well as love.

Robert Oaklands had, in fact, filled out into a remarkably fine young man. He was somewhat above the middle height, and of rather a robust than delicate make. His features, although sufficiently regular, owed more to expression than to regularity, a soft, harmonious light seeming to be diffused over them by the contemplative eyes. In his pose, and in his whole manner, there was that air of calm and dignified self-possession which, although it sometimes comes from nature, is more frequently the result of habitual intercourse with refined society, and is justly regarded as one of the grand external distinctions of a gentleman.

'And Sara!' cried he at last, 'where is my dear little friend—my pupil, as she calls herself?'

'There she is all the time,' said the captain, 'as large as life!' and Robert, sweeping round, would probably have caught her in his arms if he had not been arrested by astonishment. Sara was, like himself, older in appearance than her years, taller than the middle height of woman, and her exquisitely proportioned figure had nothing of the attenuation which bespeaks fragility rather than delicacy. Her face, however, in former days so thin and pale, was what struck him with the most surprise. Her features, although such as were chiseled by the genius of the old sculptors, had been awakened into life and love by influences unknown to the antique world; and her ingenuous but modest eyes had a light which seemed welling from some fountain of thought within. Half stepping forward to welcome her early friend, half arrested by surprise at finding him so much older, so proud-looking, so altogether different from what she had pictured, her finely developed figure presented a perfect model of womanly grace; rendered still more interesting when his astonished and admiring gaze sent a crimson flush of beauty at once over face, brow, neck, and shoulders. But when she did move in advance, ashamed of the awkward feeling she was conscious of in herself, and bashfully observed in him, the picture was complete. Till a woman is in motion, it is impossible to be sure of what she is in reality. Before, it is only our own imagination that lends her the finished charm we profess to admire. Thus, when *Aeneas*, wandering in the wood, is accosted by *Venus*, although seeing at a glance that she is not of the common mortal nature, he does not recognise her as the goddess of beauty till she moves: *Vera incessu patuit dea*—

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is seen.

The mutual observation passed in a few seconds, although it has taken so many words to describe it; and then Robert, recovering from his surprise, took hold of his young friend's extended hand, and instead of kissing her, as he probably intended to have done, raised it, gravely but affectionately and admiringly, to his lips.

It was Robert's intention to have paid on this occasion only a very short visit to his patron's house, to which Sara in her letter had given the name of *home*—a word which thrilled the poor lad to the very centre. But circumstances prolonged his stay. He found himself useful—almost indispensable in saving the captain from pecuniary outlay. There were a thousand things to do about the house and garden, and the ready, ingenious, and untiring young man was mason, carpenter, and gardener in one. He would brook no interference,

however, with the amusements, such as they were, of Simple Lodge. He pitted Elizabeth and Miss Heavystoke against each other in an argument, which he then perplexed by his remarks, and made just sufficiently ridiculous to puff out Sara's ripe cheeks with suppressed laughter, without awaking the suspicions of the belligerents; he played chess and fenced by the hour with the captain; and danced as far into the night with Sara as she would permit, Miss Heavystoke being now the performer on the piano. On these occasions he sometimes insisted on having Molly up as of yore; and she now made an admirable partner for the stiff and phlegmatic chair. Molly, be it said, was grown a fine young woman, with a nose as broad, flat, and good-humoured as you shall see on a summer's day, and great round eyes that were not merely astonished themselves, but the cause of astonishment in others—as the son and heir of the village-baker could testify. But after getting through all this business, Robert was up and at work with the first gleam of daylight.

Perilous work it was for the retired and generally abstracted student, who thus called back the recollections of his boyhood to cheer sufferers so dear to him!—Perilous work for the learned ignoramus, who had never spoken freely to another young woman in his life, and who now found in the one he was thrown into hourly companionship with, a mind that seemed a dimmer reflection of his own, and was the more piquant from its comparative dimness, and an external form, looking a congenial temple for the ideal beauty that haunted him like a passion! And all the more perilous was this companionship for its frank, domestic character. The feelings excited in formal society are no more genuine than its own aspect. They are founded on a prophecy, almost always a false one, of what the woman could and would be at home—a gay, sad, steady, froward, strong, ailing, laughing, weeping sister of humanity—lovely in her smiles, lovely in her tears, and beloved in all.

But the day was at length at hand when the domestic changes that had been determined on were to take place; and on that day Robert, as well as the governess, the footman, and the cook, was to bid adieu to Simple Lodge. In the forenoon previous, having finished his work in the garden, he went into the parlour in his shirt-sleeves, to say a word to the captain before going up stairs to resume his coat. The captain was not there. No one was there but Sara—and another. The two were sitting close together; and when he appeared at the door, Sara flushed up to the eyes, averting her head for an instant, while her companion looked full at the intruder, a blaze of triumph lighting up his face.

Robert's brow, glowing from hard work, grew slightly pale. He hesitated for a moment, but then walked calmly in, and bowed slightly to the visitor.

'I expected to find the captain here,' said he to Sara.

'He is gone out. Allow me to introduce you to'—

'That is unnecessary. Mr Seacole and I know each other sufficiently well.'

'You surprise me. You did not mention this, Mr Seacole?'

'Because I did not know that you were specially interested in any of my schoolfellows: indeed,' and he hesitated as if from delicacy—'I thought the name might possibly be embarrassing to you.'

'Why so?' demanded Sara imperiously, and bending her flashing eyes full upon him. 'Robert Oaklands was my early friend and playfellow here at home; when at school, he was my untiring correspondent and instructor; and in this day of calamity, he has been the support and solace of us all.'

'He is happy in your approbation, Miss Sara,' said Seacole meekly. 'He is no doubt laudably anxious to shew his gratitude to his patron's family; and his only mode of doing this is by the performance of such manual labour as he is acquainted with. The services,

doubtless, are gratuitous. He was a good worker, too, at school.'

'And a good debtor, likewise, Seacole,' said Robert, with a sarcastic smile; 'you know I always repaid the favours I received!'

'I took no account of your payments,' replied Seacole, flushing; 'but I repeat,' he added, in a tone of suppressed passion, 'that it is nothing more than your duty now to repay with your manual labour the goodness of a gentleman who rescued you from the life of a vagrant!'

'Oh, Mr Seacole!' cried Sara, springing from her seat, and looking with terror at Robert.

'Be tranquil, Sara,' said Robert, with a faint smile: 'he speaks nothing more than the truth—a truth that is known to you, to the whole neighbourhood; and, I need not now tell you, to the whole school.' He walked up to the window, and looked steadily out upon the common. What phantasmagoria passed there before his mind's eye, we need not tell; what wild and desperate figures came trooping across, as the mist tumbled and thickened around them; what poor little ragged boy lagged behind, till he stood alone—alone—in the middle of the waste, and was covered over by the vapour, as if with a pall. Robert turned away from the window, calm and pale.

'You have once more taunted me with my origin, Seacole,' said he: 'do you forget that at school it did not prevent me from being your Master—in play, in study, in fight, even in number of adherents?'

'You will find the field of the world different,' replied Seacole—'in its weapons, as well as in everything else. It is there we must now meet, if your walk be high enough.'

'“Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.”' And with this quotation, Robert, bending his head slightly to both, left the room.

That evening was a comfortless one at Simple Lodge. It was not worth Miss Heavystoke's while to begin a new argument with Elizabeth, even if the latter had been in good enough spirits, and they both sat silent. The captain was gloomy and disconcerted; for Robert had obstinately refused to take more than a very trifling portion of the fund collected for his own behoof, and his patron could not conceive how the young man was to keep himself afloat in London, even for a few weeks, till he should get into employment. Sara, agitated with a profound emotion she could not analyse, was mute and pale; and once when, at her uncle's request, she had drawn the window-curtains aside, to look at the appearance of the night, and had thrown a glance at the black sky beyond the desert common, she fixed upon Robert a long, terror-stricken gaze, and sank into her chair, forgetting to make the report, which the captain forgot to ask for. Robert alone was calm and firm. Robert alone forgot nothing.

The next day the silence of the Lodge was broken. A hired gig came and carried off Miss Heavystoke. Then the baker's light cart drove up to the side of the house, and received the portly person of Mrs Margery; the captain, who was standing at the parlour window, striving in vain to obtain a view of more than the reverse part of this mysterious figure. Then came forth two lads, bearing staggeringly along a great hair-trunk, on the top of which Mr Poring laid his hat-box, greatcoat, and umbrella, following it himself with dignity, burdened with nothing more than his cane. Lastly, Robert Oaklands appeared, with a flushed face and glistening eye; and swinging upon his shoulder his portmanteau, which awaited him at the door, he crossed the road, and took his solitary way through the common. The captain stood looking out of the window long after he had disappeared. Elizabeth sat in her customary chair, staring at the blank wall, her work lying in her lap, and her idle hands crossed over it. Sara was kneeling at her own little lattice, following

the solitary figure upon the common, her eyes half-blinded with tears, which, when it had disappeared, were accompanied with passionate but inaudible sobs. There was silence in Simple Lodge, broken at intervals only by a voice of lamentation from the kitchen—the burden of Poor Molly.

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

THE principal feature of the literature of last month is undoubtedly the unprecedented shower of Christmas illustrated books which was poured upon the metropolis, and from hence over the whole kingdom. Formerly, a few annuals—the *Keepsake*, the *Pictureque*, the *Amulet*, the *Forget-me-not*, and the *Book of Beauty*—were the only literary and artistic offerings to the Christmas-tide; but this season has been characterised by the outpouring of at least a couple of hundred Christmas-books, by far the greater proportion illustrated. It seems, indeed, that not only as regards Christmas-books, but in respect to the ordinary literature of the day, we are fast verging to a state of universal pictorial illustration. Neither is it the bibliopoles, whose special department is works of art and engravings, that are the main promoters of this revolution. Even the sober Longmans and the majestic Murray have caught the infection, and both are issuing illustrated works. The times are, indeed, brave for artists on wood, both with the pencil and the graver. As to the literature of these books, many of them, we are happy to say, are standard works, or meritorious new ones; but one large portion is trash of the most puerile description, whilst another is composed entirely of children's story-books, mostly taken from the Swedish or the German. These tales are frequently connected with animals in the quaint Teutonic style, and they sometimes contain a good deal of odd and eccentric fancy; but, after all, we cannot but think that the fashion of writing down for children is too generally pursued. A smart child cares very little for conventional stories about Tommy and Sophy, and of being put in the corner, or sent supperless to bed. Why not try narratives of adventure, or striking passages of history, particularly of the mediæval and chivalresque periods? We warrant you that Jack and Fanny would fling Tommy and Sophy into the corner, if they were introduced in a simple form to Joan of Arc leading on the chivalry of France, or to Charles II. hiding in the oak.

But we must turn from Christmas fare to the ordinary literary dietary of the month, which includes several sound and interesting works, with the usual quantum of those that are neither one nor other.

The biographies of Thomas Moore and Edmund Burke shew how little great men may be in private life. Moore is revealed in all his pettiness of character—his constant absence from the domestic circle, his incessant toadying of the great, his weak procrastinations, and his insane love of empty pleasure. This man, who had made scores of thousands by his pen, died a pensioner on the Marquis of Lansdowne.

As for Burke, the mystery of his early life is solved by the fact, that his brothers were great and successful gamblers in Indian stock; that Edmund shared the spoil; that he withdrew great sums from speculation; and that he was the proprietor of the Gregories' mansion and estate in Ireland, and of the Beaconsfield mansion and estate in Buckinghamshire, when his brothers, ruined in the smash of Indian stock, were bankrupt and penniless. We have only to add, that the present biography was copied by wholesale from a memoir by a Dr Bisset, which and whom the plagiarist had perhaps fondly hoped had fallen into oblivion.

A *Life of Martin Luther*, contained in fifty drawings, artistic and expressive, and of course decidedly Teutonic, by Gustav Koenig, the illustrative text by a Mr Gezler, written in paragraphs descriptive of each picture, forms one of the prettiest of the illustrated volumes of the season. The life is followed by a sketch of the Reformation, intended to supply the links between the events recorded by the pencil of Herr Koenig.

Another illustrated volume is a reprint of an old series of *Picturesque Views in England*, by Turner, and an artist whose name is too much forgotten—Girtin. This Girtin was Turner's early friend, and his teacher in the art of water-painting. Girtin, however, who was of a delicate constitution and social habits, died young—at twenty-seven years of age; Turner, who was the very reverse in both points, died at a good old age. The plates, which, from their rarity, were frequently picked up at comparatively great sums by collectors, do not seem to us worth sixpence apiece. The best part of the work is the biographical sketch of Turner, exposing, in a number of pithy and highly characteristic anecdotes, his insufferable meanness, and his misanthropic perverseness. The sketch is drawn up by Mr Thomas Miller.

Mr Macaulay's indignant letter regarding Vizitelly's edition of his speeches, has been replied to by that gentleman, who states that he had nothing to do with the getting up of the edition; that the speeches had been copied from *Hansard*; and that he should prosecute Mr Macaulay for slander. There was a passage in Mr Macaulay's letter, which will afford unmixed pleasure to a host of his admirers. Reports had got abroad that, from bad health, he was relaxing in his great work. Now, here we have the assurance that Mr Macaulay, in order to prepare, which he was very unwilling to do, an edition of his speeches, suspended with great regret the publication of 'that work which was the business and the pleasure of his life.'

Two works have been lately published—one within the month—in both of which Benjamin Disraeli is mentioned. In the first instance, the name occurs in the dedication of a couple of volumes by Miss Disraeli to her brother, which, as they consist of an unintelligible rhapsody about Mendelssohn and music, may be passed without more words. In the second, we have a political biography of the ex-minister, written for the purpose of displaying him in the least favourable light, every redeeming feature of his character being suppressed. It is a pity to have treated this subject in so partial a tone, because it certainly affords opportunity for an impressive lesson regarding the consequences of a career in which mere selfish ambition has been the main impulse. There was lately a paragraph in the newspapers, giving the recollection of a school-companion as to a resolution expressed in early life by Mr Disraeli to become a famous man. *There was a text for a judicious writer! a youth enters upon life with the resolution to be great or famous. He makes himself be talked of or wondered at only. Had he set out with the design of accomplishing some great good for his fellow-creatures, with no thought of fame or greatness for himself, he would have obtained, with equal fame, a true happiness, instead of something little better than entire disappointment.*

#### THE STUDIO.

The attention of artists is at present naturally directed to the report and the evidence taken by the select committee in the National Gallery. The recommendations of that committee seem to us limited, meagre, and unsatisfactory. It recommends a continuation of management by trustees—a system which has been found quite inefficient—and then contradicts itself by recommending that, as the trustees die off, the

recommended to be appointed by the Treasury; but what does the Treasury know about art or its professors? A salaried director is recommended to be appointed—we presume to select the new pictures which he thinks ought to be bought—a system practised in almost every gallery on the continent. Selection, however, according to the report, is to end his powers. The purchase is to be decided on by the trustees; but how are trustees to decide when, by the inevitable operation of nature, there are no trustees? Two of the best of the recommendations are—that a fixed sum be annually voted by parliament for the purchase of pictures; and that the present site not being well adapted for the erection of a new gallery, Kensington Gore, on ground which had been offered to the nation by the royal commissioners of the Great Exhibition, be chosen for the purpose. Still, all these are but matters connected only indirectly with art. The art-world and the country call for a great institution on the most liberal scale—for schools of drawing, painting, sculpture, open at the smallest practicable fee; for models, specimens of every species of art; for the best teachers, and plenty of them; for the extension of the associates to any number that might be deemed proper; and for the election of new members by the general body. It has been even proposed to intrust the election of the academicians to the associates. At present, that body is nothing but a rotten borough; and it is notorious that every one of the associates is capable of producing finer works than a certain twenty which might be named of the academicians, who, confident of having their pictures hung, take no pains to strike out new conceptions, but have sunk down into a conventional school of contented mediocrity. These are the days of the reforms of institutions, and we confidently expect that the National Gallery and the Royal Academy will come in for a sweeping share.

A question imported from Italy relative to painting marble statues, and which is at present being much debated in the sculptor world, is one which we hope the good sense and good taste of English artists will never permit them seriously to entertain. An admirable protest against the system and its upholders has been written and published by Mr Power, the American sculptor, with every word of which we fervently concur. The gist of his argument is, that sculpture has to do with form, and nothing but form; that the spirit, the soul of the statue, is to be indicated by the nobleness of its expression and the grace of its attitude; while, if coloured, it would convey the gross idea of flesh, and in an instant the goddess would wither down to a mortal. The spirit, instead of residing in noble proportion and tenderness, or majesty of expression, would be degraded into something closely connected with the sensuous, dependent for its existence on the free play of blood and the unimpeded action of certain fibres. In pictures, these ideas are not excited; but from the incongruous junction of two anomalous arts, they undoubtedly are so. The advocates of coloured sculpture contend that the tints would be made exceedingly light; that the hair would be adorned with a bright golden hue, like that of the Venetian Madonnas; that lightly purple veins of a hair's breadth should wander over a pearly skin, the whole to be viewed under a subdued medium—green or blue light, we should not wonder—with a gauze between the object—in the worst sense of the word—and the spectator. Such are the miserable tricks which a certain clique would have art submit to. Let such persons become artists to the representatives of Madame Tussaud—that is their proper element—or paint the spotted dogs and the green parrots that English venders of English art carry on their heads on boards!

Pre-Raphaelitism is dying out. Good sense has prevailed in spite of Mr Ruskin. Those who liked

everything, with no perspective whatever, but leaves and vegetation at twenty yards' distance, painted as though they were at twenty inches' distance, must make such monstrosities for themselves. The leaders of the movement—Mr Millais and Mr Holman Hunt—are rapidly returning to reason. The former has painted a scene in the Trosachs, in which Mr Ruskin is introduced gazing at the rainbow in the spray of a waterfall. We have reason to believe that Mr Millais and others consider this painting as the finest of his works; Mr H. Hunt, we hear, is engaged upon a Scripture subject from the Old Testament; Mr Dyce is at present at work in painting the frescos in the beautiful church of St Margaret, Margaret Street, near the Polytechnic. For a wonder, Mr Ruskin praises this church, the spire of which is certainly one of the noblest we have ever seen—wonderfully light, and exquisitely proportioned. It has got among artists the name of 'Beauty.' Mr Ruskin writes that there is no Gothic artist in England, save the architect of Mr Hope's church, in Margaret Street, 'which challenges fearless comparison with the noblest work of any time;' and in which, 'if either Holman Hunt or Millais could be prevailed upon to do even at least some of the smaller frescos, the church would be perfect.' Another favourite of Mr Ruskin's is Mr Watts, an able fresco painter; and it is whispered that some unpleasantness has occurred between Mr Ruskin and Mr Dyce, by the former in one of his volumes placing Mr Watts as an artist above the latter—one of Mr Ruskin's unaccountable whims.

Art has lost a patron and a professor—Mr James Wadmore, and Mr G. P. Harding. Both died at the same age—seventy-three. Mr Wadmore's face was well known at all private views, and he was always seen amongst a group of contemporaries. He was also a great frequenter of the studios, and a ready buyer, when his judgment, which was excellent, was satisfied. His collection of Turners is said to be extensive and choice. It is rumoured that the gallery will be sold. Mr G. P. Harding may be recognised as the indefatigable copier of family portraits; hardly an historical portrait-book exists without his name being upon a corner of the plate. His life was not a prosperous one, but he laboured on steadily and faithfully, and increased his annual income by periodical sales of his works.

#### PROGRESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The establishment of the Royal Society was opposed because it was asserted that 'experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith;' and the readers of Disraeli will remember the telescope and microscope were stigmatised as 'atheistical inventions which perverted our organ of sight, and made everything appear in a false light.' So late as 1806, the Anti-vaccination Society denounced the discovery of vaccination as 'the cruel despotic tyranny of forcing cow-pox misery on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity.' Learned men gravely printed statements, that vaccinated children became 'ox-faced,' that abscesses broke out to 'indicate sprouting horns,' that the countenance was gradually 'transmuted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls'—that the character underwent 'strange mutations from quadruped sympathy.' The influence of religion was called in to strengthen the prejudices of ignorance, and the operation was denounced from the pulpit as 'diabolical,' as a 'tempting of God's providence, and therefore a heinous crime;' and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism. When fanners were first introduced to assist in winnowing corn from the chaff by producing artificial currents of air, it was argued, that 'winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own.' A route has just been successfully opened by Panama between the Atlantic and Pacific. In 1588, a priest named Acosta

wrote respecting a proposal then made for this very undertaking, that it was his opinion that 'human power should not be allowed to cut through the strong and impenetrable bounds which God has put between the two oceans, of mountains and iron rocks, which can stand the fury of the raging seas. And, if it were possible, it would appear to me very just, that we should fear the vengeance of Heaven, for attempting to improve that which the Creator, in his Almighty will and providence, has ordained from the creation of the world.' When forks were first introduced into England, some preachers denounced their use 'as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers.' Many worthy people had great scruples about the emancipation of the negroes, because they were the descendants of Ham, on whom the curse of perpetual slavery had been pronounced. Many others plead against the measure for the emancipation of the Jews, that the bill is a direct attempt to contravert the will and word of God, and to revoke his sentence upon the chosen but rebellious people.—*Abridged from the Scottish Review.*

#### RETROSPECTION,

FOR A SWEDISH AIR.

WINDS in the trees  
Chant a glad song;  
O'er fields the bees  
Hum all day long:  
Night lulls the breezes, the bees' hum is o'er—  
Nature, like *thee!* changes evermore.

But sunshine bright  
Wakens the bees:  
Airs warm and light  
Stir the young trees:  
Morn is returning with joy-laden store—  
*Thou* wilt return to me—never more!

#### A BRIDGE IN CASHMERE.

The bridge over the Jhelum is not a couple of hundred yards from the Fort of Oorie, though considerably lower, and is not more than from thirty to forty yards long. The two piers are of equal elevation—that is to say, from the water—and are constructed of wood and unhewn stone. The bridge itself is entirely made of *twigs*, and the bushes which are despoiled for this material grow close to the banks of the river. These twigs are twisted into ropes of an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and three or four of these twig-ropes form each of the sides of the bridge. The flooring of the construction is of twigs formed into ropes, and placed lengthwise from pier to pier, across the gulf. The width of this footway is about six inches, just enough for a passenger to walk across, putting one foot before the other. The side twig-ropes are about three feet high. Short ropes join the sides to that part of the bridge where the passenger walks across; but these twigs are two and three feet apart, and the trembling wayfarer has plenty of opportunity to gaze at his leisure on the roaring flood, a few yards only beneath his feet, dashing madly on! However, I have seen many worse bridges of the kind; and the one below Khöksur, in Lahoul, is twice as long and twice as frightful. The longer the bridge is, the more sickening is the swinging to and fro of the frail construction.—*Mrs Hervey's Adventures.*

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS.—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY of TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Eight volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

EDINBURGH: Printed by ROBERT CHAMBERS (residing at No. 1 Doune Terrace), No. 339 High Street, and Published by him for W. and E. CHAMBERS, at the same place, on  
SATURDAY, January 23, 1854.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 5.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE GRACE AND GLORY OF LIFE.

HAVE a respect for life. It is a great and beautiful thing, notwithstanding all the gloomy and depreciatory views that have been taken of it. The Giver puts it at your disposal, as so much raw material for you to work upon, leaving you; in accordance with that system of general freedom assigned to you, to turn it into silk or into serge as you may please. What a superb tissue it becomes in some hands, and what a horsecloth in others! Overlooking altogether the ambitious few who seek for mere distinction in the eyes of their fellow-creatures, as being set upon the glorification of their own little personalities, let us view the rational and cultivated man addressing himself to the duties placed before him, and the enjoyments within his reach, and making out of these a self-consistent respectable life, in conformity with the natural conditions in which he is placed—that is, with the divine rules that hedge his being—and then turn to any one of the numberless unfortunates who abuse this inestimable possession by sloth, folly, and wickedness, and what a contrast is presented! the one so fair a scene, the other such a desolation—a queen's robe compared with a beggar's rag! Yet what the one makes it, the other may. Each and all of us, whatever our position, may cultivate in some degree the grace and glory of life.

We wake into this world, and, after seventy years, go to sleep again. Of that rounding sleep, the phenomena are unknown. The waking interval, which is the subject we have to deal with, is tolerably well understood. It includes labour for the supply of wants, thoughts, affections, aspirations; a pursuit of happiness that never appears quite successful, but only because, if happiness were attained, we should find in it just the misery of having no more to seek for. Well, then, we must work, and work is always more or less, you say, antagonistic to the grace of life. Grant that it is, God has at least made it a hardship to no man—so much the reverse, that its activities and excitements are indispensable to our having a pleasant life at all. What we have here to observe is, that, if work be conducted in the advantageous ways that our ingenious faculties suggest, it need not so much engross any of us, not even the humblest hand-labourers, as to preclude some decent share of attention being given to the cultivation of the grace and glory of life. The poorest drudges may have their times of cleanness and neatness; care may surround them in their dwellings with things lovely and pleasant to look upon; they may walk the upright walk of manliness and self-respect, if they only will think they are men, and believe that to be a Man is something in this grand

Economy. There is a spiritual life which such persons have often exemplified in fairer forms than those placed above them in this world; to none is this denied, not even to the slave, whose every bodily power is the property of another. It is a sad truth that, as things have hitherto been, the life of the hand-worker has everywhere been one in which hardening, coarsening toil has borne too large a part. But the existing modes of working are not necessarily permanent. Continually are men discovering means of reducing the amount of labour required to produce certain results; and this process goes on at an increasing ratio. It is a mistake to suppose that the condition of the labourer has not consequently been improved. Though it were true that he still worked as hard as ever, it would be for larger wages, or for wages that could purchase a larger amount of gratifications. But it is not true that labourers in general work so hard now as they did in the last age. They have very wisely determined to have more of their time exempt from toil, and we would fain believe that this time they have not wholly disposed on objects apart from the grace and glory of life. Where it has been given to mental cultivation, or to pleasures that awaken and gratify the higher feelings and tastes, it has been bestowed in perfect conformity with our maxim.

It were hard to say whether the worker, under the compulsion of the master's eye and the need of a trifling addition to his weekly wages, is under a greater temptation to neglect the grace and glory of life, than the master, who, having great and pressing affairs, feels called upon to give them his days and nights, that he may maintain his position, and have the chance of securing some provision for those dear to him. Lamentable it is that so many of our middle classes thus sell themselves to a self-imposed slavery, leaving scarcely a space for intercourse with their families, much less for the cultivation of any intellectual gifts or elevating tastes, or for the duties of social life. Such a man feels that all is not right. His neglect of the grace and glory of life cannot but tell upon his consciousness in some obscure way. But he always hopes that the leisure time will come at last and make up for past deficiencies. He might as well omit taking his breakfast for a week, and then think to take seven breakfasts at once. It is worse. Habits have set their chains upon him. The mind, narrowed down to a beggarly routine, is totally unprepared to enter upon the more refined pursuits and occupations proper to a wealthy retirement. The heart has lost its native liberality. A set of prudential maxims, very useful in different circumstances, assert an impertinent empire over him. Such, in a greater or less degree, is the ultimate state

of those who have neglected, for the sake of money-making, the true grace and glory of life.

Just as we believe that improvement of tools, machines, and working arrangements, will add to that leisure which the worker is enabled to employ in cultivating this grace and glory, so do we expect that better plans and maxims of business will by and by allow the middle classes to follow their industrial pursuits with the same results. The unsatisfactory character of a life wholly given to the materialities in which they deal, must be seen and acknowledged. They will find, that what they follow as the substance, is apt to prove but the shadow; while what they used to neglect as the shadow, is the true substance. Already, we are told, the progress of a conviction to this effect is beginning to be observed in some of our principal seats of industry. Streaks of rational, graceful, philanthropically social life are beginning, to checker the once incessant round of business cares and duties. We begin to find men getting above considering things merely by their prospect of *paying*; a mean word which should be banished from all decent society. This is a great reform, and we sincerely trust it will go on, till no one shall have the face to sport Mammon's maxims as other than the partial and temporary truths which they are, but all will take a pride in promoting, by their precept and example, the true grace and glory of life.

It would go some way to advance this great cause, could we convince all that life is a thing capable of being made as beautiful as we have asserted. We feel that it were equally out of place and needless for us to use arguments on the subject. We merely would wish those who come within our influence to observe what a wonderful work Man is, in his powers and susceptibilities, and how many fine things surround and stand in relations to him! To employ his powers on these things, so as to bring their benefits to bear upon his susceptibilities, is, in a word, the secular destiny of man. If, walking humbly with the Giver, and not forgetful of an ultimate and higher destiny, he could fulfil this perfectly, he would come as near to happiness as a being of indefinite desires ever can. Seeing what admirable things these powers and susceptibilities are, and what a beautiful relation it is in which they stand to external things, how sad to see so many men misusing them, making life, consequently, a mere series of blunders alternating with sufferings, till the designs of creative Providence itself come to be called in question! Not one of us but might do better with this fine thing called life, if we only believed it possible, and were to make a resolute endeavour.

#### A PREDICAMENT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

PERHAPS few of our colonies are so little known as Guiana. Its very name, ten years ago, was seldom either heard or seen, except in the counting-houses and ledgers of the comparatively few merchants trading to one of its three great divisions—Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. It is better known amongst us now, by name at least, as the home of the Victoria Regia; to say nothing of the impetus given to its timber trade by the fine collection of its woods shewn in the Great Exhibition. Perhaps I may just say, that Guiana is the north-eastern portion of South America, extending from the Orinoco southward to the Amazon. It is divided amongst the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana is the most northern portion, extending on the sea-board from the Orinoco to the Corentyn, and inland to the sources of the last-mentioned river and the Essequibo—an area of perhaps 50,000 square miles. Dutch Guiana, or

Surinam, extends from the river Corentyn to the Marony, and between them inland to their sources—the area being not much less than 80,000 square miles. French Guiana, or Cayenne, extends coastwise from the Marony to the Oyapock, which separates it from Brazil. Its extension inland is uncertain, but the area is supposed to be 14,000 square miles. With all these divisions of Guiana, I have had occasion to become more or less acquainted, though chiefly resident at George Town, the capital of Demerara—indeed, of the whole colony, there being perhaps as many whites in George Town as in the whole of Essequibo and Berbice together.

My business in Guiana was an odd one. It was the collecting of skins—alike of beasts, birds, and reptiles—and such other specimens of natural history as could be dried and transmitted to Europe, to become reanimated in the hands of the professional stuffer. Perhaps I do not overestimate my success, if I say that for some years two-thirds of the specimens exported from the colony were the produce of my expeditions. These were, of course, undertaken only in the dry seasons, of which, in Guiana, there are two—the long dry season, from August to November, and the short, February and March. The course of proceeding was this:—My Indian scout, an Arawak named Barra, got his corial ready, and laid in a supply, according to the time we purposed being absent, of Indian corn, cassava, &c. For the meat to accompany this, we depended on my double-barrelled gun or rifle, as the case might be. As to clothes, Barra's course was the reverse of that usually adopted by travellers. Instead of adding to his stock, he discarded the decent suit he used to wear in town, and contented himself with a single strip of cotton cloth bound tightly round his loins, and serving to hold a large knife. My own wardrobe was somewhat of the scantiest, but we each had a bag slung round us—Barra's to hold provisions when we left the corial for the forest; and mine to receive such feathered or other spoil as we might be able to collect. One part of our equipment must not be forgotten—a strong, but not thick rope, about eighty feet long, knotted at intervals of half a yard, and having at one end a two-pound iron ball. This was used when, by good-luck, we came on a bush-hog or other animal, and did not wish to scare the forest by our firearms. It was of still more essential service in another way, to be described presently.

It was a lovely morning in August, when Barra and I stepped into the little corial, and paddled leisurely up the noble Essequibo. As we landed at two or three islands on our way, we had not made above twenty miles when evening drew in; soon after which we pulled ashore to an Arawak encampment for the night. The next day and night were spent in the same way; and on the third morning we paddled a few miles higher up still, to the foot of the rapids, some fifty miles from the river's mouth, where we secured the corial. Having slung our bags, I took the rifle, Barra the fowling-piece, and we started for the forest—which indeed came down to the water's edge—carrying the coil of rope by turns. As my object was to secure birds, we did not care to fire until we should see something worth firing at. We had been tracking the mazes of the forest, assisted by Barra's knife, for about two hours, when we came upon a small patch of savanna, at the further side of which stood a noble greenheart (*Nectandra Rodiei*) of large girth, and without a branch for perhaps fifty feet. The tree, however, might have been passed unnoticed, had it not been crowned by an unusually fine group of toucans. Had I fired at them from the ground, I must have used shot that would have commercially damaged them; while, if we could only get up the tree pretty near them, small-shot would secure them almost uninjured.

Uncoiling the rope, Barra tied to the end opposite

the ball a long piece of string, and then taking the ball in his right hand, retreated some twenty paces from the tree, measuring with his eye the distance from the ground of the lowest limb. Poising himself, the ball flew from his hand and fell over the limb, round which, by a dexterous jerk at the same instant, the rope was coiled some four or five times. He had hit the distance so nicely, that the end of the rope now dangled down to within a couple of feet or so of the ground. The string was therefore not needed, and was untied; the object in affixing it being to have a means of readily recovering the rope from the underwood if, as was sometimes the case, it overshot the mark, or became entangled in the branches. Resting my rifle against the trunk, I prepared to ascend, taking with me the string and my game-bag, with the ammunition contained in it. Barra now laid hold of the knotted rope, and kept it as steadily to the ground as possible, while I climbed it hand over hand, and was soon on the limb to which it had been fastened. By means of the string, I now drew up my gun, and proceeded along the limb to the fork of the main trunk. In a minute or two, Barra had joined me, with the provision-bag still round him, there being too many monkeys about, he said, for him to think of risking it below.

We now, as quietly as possible—and that was very quietly indeed, for we were both almost in a state of nature—crept towards the top of the tree, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the light dancing through the topmost boughs, and our covey of toucans still quietly preening their feathers, their brilliant breasts glittering in the sun. Barra now took off his waistcloth, and went immediately beneath the birds, some fifteen feet below them, and made ready to spread the cloth, so as to catch the game with the least possible damage, the moment I had fired. All being ready, I gradually, inch by inch, advanced the muzzle to within perhaps twenty feet of the toucans, and let fly with both barrels. The shot was one of my best. Five first-rate birds fell into Barra's cloth, three only getting away.

As the provision-bag was so handy, we thought we could not now do better than lunch in our leafy retreat, and so spent perhaps half an hour. So luxurious a bower can scarcely be imagined in any but a tropical country. The surpassing richness of the forest scenery was seen to great advantage from our lofty perch; and had there been but a few songsters to relieve the silence, nothing would have been wanting. These, however, were in the thickest shade for an hour or two, to say nothing of my gun having driven them beyond us.

Descending, which required more care than the ascent—not only because it is always easier to climb than to return, but because I was burdened with my toucans, and had to guard them from injury—we came in sight of the limb to which our rope was affixed. Well might we start dismayed! A grave-looking aragato, one of the howling monkeys (*Myiotes ursinus*), was coolly seated on the limb, with the ball in his hand, he having unwound the rope in order more leisurely to inspect it. The weight, as I afterwards remembered, seemed greatly to astonish him, as he passed it from one hand to the other, balancing it as he did so. On the impulse of the moment, a shout burst from me at the unprecedented sight—more shame for me!—as a hunter I should have had more presence of mind; but perhaps, after all, nothing could have averted what followed: the monkey, dropping the ball, leaped in an instant to a neighbouring tree, and disappeared. Never did any sound so smite upon my ear, as the sound of that ball bounding on the ground. Even Barra's unconcern in ordinary forest dangers was overcome, and he stood behind me grave and almost trembling. We were, in fact—I did not joke then—a pair of tree'd coons.

It was some minutes before we fully realised our position—on the lowest limb of the tree, some fifty

feet from the ground, and without any means of reaching it but the string which had drawn up my gun, and which was almost as great a weight as it would bear. It was therefore quite useless so far as we were concerned. On taking counsel together, no way of escape suggested itself, for our scanty clothing, cut into such shreds as would bear us, could not reach, when tied round the limb, above ten feet down. Our bags added would scarcely have diminished the certainty of a broken neck, and, as the trunk was almost too smooth for a jaguar, we were fairly at our wit's end.

We now took a narrower survey of the tree itself. There did not seem to be anything to fear—no cougar or jaguar marks were visible, nor was there much probability of snakes being found in it, as none but the very largest could compass such a trunk, and they generally prefer a tree overlooking a stream or pool, their prey being thus attracted within an easy distance for the fatal spring. Should anything approach us, however, we had both arms and ammunition. As to food, we were well enough off even for some days, Barra having brought the bag with him, to say nothing of my dearly-bought toucans; but water we had none, nor was there the smallest probability of a drop falling. Our chance of being observed by any passing Indians was small indeed, in a forest the nearest footpath through which was a mile distant; and as to attracting attention by firing, that seemed equally hopeless, as we were known to be out on business, and the report of our arms would, therefore, be thought nothing extraordinary. Time had passed during these cogitations, and it became unpleasantly certain that the night, at least, must be spent in the tree.

As evening drew on, we made a sparing meal, and prepared for such rest as we might be able to obtain. Barra's knife was of good service in cutting some of the smaller branches, which we so disposed in a fork a little above the main one, as to render us tolerably secure from falling if either of us should doze—sleep we hardly expected. Darkness now came on apace—a darkness that might almost be felt. Even in the day, these forests are sombre enough, though pleasantly so, as they shield one from the rays of a blazing sun. Looking towards the patch of savanna, the outlines of our tree could, after we had become used to the 'dim obscure,' be faintly traced; but, towards the forest, all was solid blackness. While coming on, indeed, the darkness seemed more as if it were something tangible being poured into the forest from above, filling up the spaces between the trees, and the smaller interstices between their branches—more like this, than a simple deprivation of light. It was oppressively, terribly grand. Soon after night had thus set in, nocturnal sounds began to greet our ears. They were, of course, not new to us; but in our present situation, they seemed invested with double significance. A jaguar came moderately near—to the opposite edge, we thought, of the savanna; on the look-out, probably, for some hog-deer in the open space. Upon the whole, however, the most striking feature was the deep silence that prevailed, except when invaded by these sounds. It made us both, at first, almost afraid to break it by a word, as if we should in some sort be committing sacrilege in thus aggressing upon Night's domain. How strange that this dead silence and darkness, and the ceaseless roar and brightness of Niagara, should affect the mind exactly in the same way! It was so at least with me.

Man's power of adaptation to circumstances is a benign provision. If our misfortune had come upon us at the close instead of in the middle of the day, the probability is that we should not have slept a wink. But having brooded over it for some hours, it was scarcely, I should judge, past midnight, when, in spite of the chilly though calm atmosphere, and our scanty protection from it, we both began to doze, and at length fell asleep. I awoke once or twice afterwards, but Barra slept on as though

he was swinging in his hammock at home. About an hour before dawn, which I could somehow *feel* was coming, apart from the warning-cries of nocturnal birds and beasts, I became thoroughly aroused, and awoke Barra just as the first streak of light cut like a knife into the forest gloom. He was more rigid than I, not having changed his position for some hours, but soon roused himself, throwing a wondering glance round our nest. A frugal dip into the bag was followed by renewed consultation as to how we should get down. We at length agreed that by the aid of Barra's knife, the string, and our cloths, we should try to make some kind of ladder, by which to release ourselves from our leafy prison. The prospect was not an inviting one, greenheart being one of the heaviest and hardest woods of the colony; and Barra's being the only knife, only one of us could be employed—unless, indeed, that one could tie what the other cut.

This plan was again revised, and at length we commenced making a pole intended to reach the ground, down which we could slide without further damage than perhaps some slight laceration. It was agreed to join the pieces of which our pole must necessarily be composed by a peg and socket—the latter foreshadowing an uncomfortable amount of difficulty and enforced patience. We had not long commenced chopping off a branch, pretty high up, as the first length of our pole, when the three toucans, as I verily believe they were, which had the day before escaped, again settled on the topmost bough. Speedily hearing, however, the noise below them, they flew off, and we saw them no more. From morning to night, with the exception of a short visit to the bag, we worked away, and after all, had not been able to complete more than eighteen feet at most, in three lengths. The two joints, however, answered admirably, having been made sufficiently tight to require some force in screwing home the peg. We suffered much from the want of water, especially as the labour caused us freely to perspire; and we felt some faintness of heart creeping over us as we lay down to rest for the second night.

We slept, notwithstanding—deeply, heavily—and awoke in the morning as before, to recommence a toil that now seemed hopeless. The branches that answered our purpose became scarce; our knife was blunted by the hard wood; and suddenly we at the same moment gave up work, and looked in each other's faces. Whatever he may have found in mine, I read only despair in my companion's, and I turned away my eyes for relief. They made a discovery which caused my heart to leap. On the further side of the next tree to us—that, in fact, by which the monkey had escaped—was a huge liana, large even here, where they twist among the forest, and bind the trees together, like stout ships' cables. It reached within about ten feet of the ground, depending some twenty feet from a limb which our weight would put into no sort of danger, if we could only reach it. And why should we not reach it, by bridging the space between the two trees by means of our pole? It was already long enough, and the idea was no sooner conceived than we set to work it out. Having decided on the most eligible point whence to make the experiment, a careful hoist sent the further end of the pole neatly into a fork of the further tree. The joints bore the jerk almost without a sound, and Barra was over in a trice, running catlike along the pole, at a height of perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground. Being a much heavier man, there was the more reason why I should cross in the same way, as quickly as possible; but I confess I was afraid; and, on Barra's assurance that it would bear me, I crossed astride, and without mishap—thanks to the exceeding toughness of the wood. We had hardly congratulated ourselves on our success so far, when it simultaneously occurred to us both that the gun, bags, &c., were all in our late nest, and very blank we looked. Barra, how-

ever, insisted on immediately returning, and lowering them at once to the ground by the string.

In the meantime, I descended to the limb whence the liana hung, and saw at once that our troubles were at an end. Barra soon joined me, and first slid down. It would not break with him, he said, even if it did with me. On reaching the bottom, however, he told me to follow him, which I did as soon as the oscillation caused by his descent had ceased. Taking up our guns and baggage, which seemed twice as heavy as when we last carried them, we made the best of our way to the river, and never found water so delightful before.

Barra was none the worse for his arboreal sojourn. I contracted a fever, not severe, which lasted for a week or ten days, and which I regretted chiefly because of its shortening the dry season by the term of its duration.

We several times visited the tree afterwards, in our rambles through the forest, and on the very last occasion the space between the trees was still bridged by our peg-and-socket pole. It may be there yet, liana-bound, to render it the more secure.

### PRINTING BY MAGIC.

In a recent number of the Journal, was given an account of certain improvements in lithography, capable of affording a great impetus to the commercial spread of the art. It has occurred to us, that it might be well to group together a few short statements and descriptions, calculated to shew how numerous are now the varieties of printing, wholly distinct from the old-fashioned letter-press and copperplate processes. This we are further induced to do, on account of a remarkable and important novelty lately introduced in Austria, and from thence into England.

Chromotype, or printing in colours, does not imply the use of any one printing-surface in particular; it simply denotes the fact, that coloured as well as black inks are employed. Albert Dürer practised a sort of colour-printing, or imitation of *chiaro-oscuro*, or light and shade, by the use of oil colours and surface-blocks. The late Mr Branstons the engraver, and the late Mr Vizetelly the printer, were mainly instrumental in introducing colour-printing into England; and it is a curious fact, that the chief application of the art, soon after its introduction, was in printing lottery-tickets; the lottery contractors vying with each other in making their tickets and placards as attractive as possible. After the abolition of lotteries, colour-printing fell comparatively into disuse for some years. It was revived in consequence of improvements in preparing coloured inks for printing playing-cards in oil, about twenty years ago, and since that time the art has progressed rapidly. The very remarkable labels for Day and Martin's blacking-bottles, were among the early specimens of colour-printing. There is a lace-work ground pattern printed in red ink; waving lines in red and black ink; white and black and red letters of various sizes and shapes; a wood-cut picture of the factory; and the copied autograph of the manufacturers. The mode of producing these labels will illustrate colour-printing in many of its varieties. There is a small printing-machine with two cylinders, one for black, and the other for red ink, each large enough to print eight labels at once. For each label, two stereotype plates are prepared, by a combined process of casting, stamping, and modelling; so accurately adjusted, that every raised spot in one plate has a corresponding sunken spot in the other. One plate contains, in relief, the whole of the letters and devices which are to be printed in black; while the other contains those for red; and both plates are bent to the exact curvature of the two cylinders. Eight plates are accurately adjusted to each cylinder; and the inking rollers are so placed that the inking of the black plates is completed just as the paper is brought near; while the red plate

is similarly brought in readiness to seize and impress the paper as soon as it is liberated from the swarthy plate.

Simple and humble as this blacking-bottle affair may seem to be, it really contains the pith of many varieties of colour-printing. Mr Baxter has devised a mode of producing beautiful pictures, by printing in oil-colours from wood blocks and steel plates conjointly. Some colour-printing is effected from wood blocks only; while other specimens are worked off by the wood-cut method, from mezzotinted metal plates, of which as many are used as there are tints in the picture. Nothing can be more varied and beautiful than the chromotypic productions of the present day: they may be obtained from engraved steel, or from mezzotinted softer metal, or from stone, or from wood, or from stereotype plates; they may be by Baxter or Hanhart, or Hulmandel or Day; they may be copies from the old masters, or from our own landscape painters, or book illustrations, or decorative ornaments, or architectural designs, or fruit and flower pieces; they may be as simple as the paper covers of our own *Miscellany* and *Repository*, or as elaborate as some of Mr Baxter's *Gems from the Great Exhibition*—they may be any of these; so widely has the art of colour-printing now become extended. There was a most interesting group in the Saxon section at the Great Exhibition, comprising a series of sheets, each exhibiting one stage in the chromotypic process, shewing how many times the print itself had to pass through the press before its final completion. Among the simply beautiful printing processes now adopted is the cameo-embossing, in which the surface of the die is inked or coloured; an example of this kind is furnished in the oval postage stamps on the post-office envelopes. The patent-medicine labels, supplied by the Excise department, are printed in two colours at one impression, by a very ingenious arrangement of the printing machinery. Printing in gold is in some degree allied to chromotype. Sometimes gold-leaf is applied, by means of a gum or size, to type or stereotype when made hot; sometimes bronze-powder or gold-powder is rubbed upon letters printed with gold-size; while in other varieties of the process, gold-powder is mixed with oil to the consistence of an ink, which is then used like printers' ink.

Some of the productions briefly adverted to above are almost magical in effect; but we are inclined to think that 'printing by magic' is more remarkably shewn in other processes which have recently presented their claims to notice. Some of these depend mainly on intense pressure, some on chemical action, some on electrolytic action, and some on casting or moulding; while others comprise two or more of these varieties of action. Let us briefly glance at a few of them.

There is a galvanoplastic process, in which a mould in gutta-percha is obtained from any raised or sunken device; a galvanotype or electrotype cast is obtained from this mould in copper, and impressions on paper are printed from the mould. There is a galvanographic process, in which an artist paints a picture or design, on a plate of silvered copper, with a paint or pigment varying in thickness; this plate is electrolytically, whereby is obtained a copy in intaglio of every line produced in relief on the plate by the lines or markings of paint; and impressions are printed from this electrotype as from an engraved copper plate. There is a galvanographic process, in which a drawing is etched upon the varnished surface of a zinc plate: a coat of ink is applied to this varnished surface, to which it adheres everywhere but in the engraved lines; other coats of ink are applied by a roller; and from the plate thus prepared an electrotype is obtained, which can be printed from by the wood-cut method. There is a chemotype process, in which casts in relief are taken from an engraving; a design is etched on the etching-ground of a polished zinc plate, and bitten in with

aquafortis; the etching-ground and the acid are removed; a coating of fusible metal is applied to the zinc plate by melting fusible filings; the fusible metal is scraped down to the level of the zinc; the plate is immersed in an acid solution, which eats away the zinc and leaves the fusible metal; and thus the latter is left in relief, so as to be printed from by the typographic press. There is a paneiconographic process—a long name, which seems to imply a power of copying or reproducing any or all kinds of engraving; the design is drawn with lithographic ink, or is transferred from any kind of engraving, upon a plate of polished zinc; this thin layer of ink is thickened by passing an inking-roller over it, and by dusting it with finely powdered resin; the plate is immersed in acid; the acid eats away the zinc surface in the parts left unprotected, and the remaining portion serves as a raised plate whence impressions may be taken by the common printing-press. There is a stylographic process, whereby a copper plate may be engraved without the aid either of graver or of etching-acid: a black composition is poured upon a smooth metallic surface; a thin coat of silver is applied to the composition; the artist sketches his design with a sharp tool, cutting through the silver to the level of the black composition; he obtains an electrotype cast, on which the design is of course in relief; he obtains a second cast by the same means, with the design sunk or in intaglio; and from this second cast impressions are taken by the ordinary copperplate-printing process.

There are doubtless other 'graphics' and 'types,' the names of which escape us at the present moment, but the above will give a familiar idea of the very ingenious modes in which chemical action and mechanical pressure are now made available in printing. There is, however, one method, which made a great noise a few years ago, and of which a little description may be desirable. This is anastatic printing. Towards the close of the year 1841, the *Athenæum* startled its readers by the announcement of a new discovery, which seemed at the time to promise very serious consequences. The proprietors received from a correspondent at Berlin a reprint of four pages of the number of that journal which had been published in London *only* on 25th September. The copy was a very perfect fac-simile, differing only from the original in the impression being somewhat lighter, and the body of ink less than usual. In 1845, it was announced that the inventor or introducer of the method was a M. Baldermus. The proprietors of the *Art-union*, as a means of shewing the nature and capabilities of the method, printed two pages of one of their numbers thereby. They proceeded as follows: The compositors set up in the usual way sufficient matter to fill two quarto pages of the work, leaving spaces for three wood-cuts, three drawings, and a few lines of writing in pen and ink, which were properly adjusted to the blanks left for them. The two pages were then copied or transferred to zinc plates, from which the printing was effected. The impressions were fainter than those from the original types, but in other respects were perfect fac-similes.

Now, it is evident that the whole gist of the matter must depend upon the nature of the 'copy' or 'transfer' just adverted to; and Professor Faraday soon afterwards explained the *rationale* of the process with that felicity of manner which so distinguishes him. The process is, in fact, another example of that *chemical printing* which is now brought about in so many ways. We know that water attracts water; that oil attracts oil; that water and oil repel each other; that metals may be wetted with oil or with gum-water, but not so readily or completely with clean water. Now, these few facts are really the foundation of the whole affair. A sheet of printed paper, whether printed by the letter-press or by the plate-press, is first moistened with dilute acid, and then rolled forcibly on a clean zinc

in the morning fasting; while the preservative by food is a roasted fig, containing walnut-kernel, salt, and herb-of-grace; observing, to 'fast one hour after, but use it daily;' and an aliter or alternative is a slice of toasted bread, spread over with butter, treacle, and herb-of-grace. The airing of rooms, and beds, and clothes, is directed to be done by means of cedar, juniper, lavender, bay-leaves, rosemary, rose-water, or vinegar, more or less heated. The mixture intended to produce the sweating, and the poultice 'to ripen the sore,' we will say nothing about, except that the variety of the ingredients is as remarkable as their number is considerable. There then follows a recipe so very curious in the tone of thought which it exhibits, that we cannot do better than transcribe a portion of it; it characterises a quaint conceit of those days, in mixing up Christian virtues as the ingredients, in a kind of posset or medicine. It is designated 'A Special Means to Preserve Health,' and runs thus:— 'First, fast and pray. Then take a quart of Repentance of Nineveh, and put in two handfuls of Faith in the Blood of Christ, with as much Hope and Charity as you can get, and put it into the vessel of a clean Conscience. Then boil it on the fire of Love, so long till you see by the eye of Faith, the black foam of the love of this world stink in your stomach; then scum it off clean with the spoon of faithful Prayers. When that is done, put in the powder of Patience, and take the cloth of Christ's Innocency, and strain all together in His Cup. Then drink it burning hot near thy heart, and cover thee warm with as many cloths of Amendment of Life as God shall strengthen thee to bear, that thou mayest sweat out all the poison of Covetousness, Pride, Idolatry, Usury, Swearing, Lying, and such like. And when thou feelest thyself altered from the forenamed vices, take the powder of Say-well, and put it upon thy tongue; but drink thrice as much Do-well daily. Then take the Oil of Good Works, and anoint therewith thine eyes, ears, heart, and hands, that they may be ready and nimble to minister unto the poor members of Christ'— with a little more to the same effect. We may observe that the three broadsheets before noticed were published in the reign of Charles II., in 1665; but that this last-named example appeared twenty-nine years earlier, during the reign of Charles I.

Not one word anywhere of the true preventatives of plague—cleanliness, ventilation, and healthful food!

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER V.

#### IN WHICH THE SCENE CHANGES.

TALK of the Great Exhibition as you will, it had little more than the merit of concentrating in one spot the common daily exhibitions of London. There are at least a score of streets in the metropolis, to which, if they were made exhibitions at a shilling a head, people would flock from the remotest corners of the country and the world. The shop-windows are full of the wonders of science and industry both home and foreign; and from them and the warehouses behind, a very correct idea may be obtained of the comparative status of the nation as regards the arts of civilisation. To such exhibitions the natives have been accustomed from childhood; and it is fortunate that it is so, or there would be no such thing as getting along the thoroughfares; but even among the natives, there are many determined window-starrers, and it has often occurred to us, that these are the persons who really enjoy London, and benefit by its teachings. In general, however, you may set it down with tolerable certainty, that the spectators who are busy with such gratuitous shows, are strangers from the country or from foreign parts.

There could be no mistake at least about one individual, who might have been seen for several successive days studying the shop-windows as if he had paid his shilling for the privilege, and was determined to make the most of it. The survey Robert made of the metropolis was of a practical nature, and although he may at the same time have gratified his taste and curiosity, he did not suffer this to interfere with his business purpose. Frequently he went into the shops, and asked permission to examine the object that had attracted him, and this was never refused: on the contrary, although he made no pretence of purchasing, the dealer usually seemed gratified with the questions of a polite, earnest, gentlemanly young man, and was not loath to enter into conversation. The exhibitions of the fine arts and of scientific apparatus, even those that actually cost a shilling, came next; and lastly, from the corner of the lofty gallery, where he sat buttoned up to the throat in an old coat, he was the critical yet delighted spectator of the doings on the stage in some of the popular theatres.

Robert had no fear of being unable to obtain a living in London; but it was necessary to put himself properly in the way, so that no more time might be lost in experiments than was necessary. His survey, without daunting him in the main, had brought down a good deal the estimate he had formed of his own capabilities. There was a completeness, in its own way, about everything he saw, which shewed him that something more was wanting than the bent of genius. The rudest toy was obviously put together by accustomed hands, which did what they intended to do, and nothing more. The humblest actor, whose business perhaps was merely to deliver a letter, performed his part like a man who knew perfectly well what he was about. It struck Robert that the most gifted amateur imaginable could not construct a toy as well to answer the same purpose—that is, to sell for the same money—or deliver a letter as well, with the business-like propriety demanded, and the subordination required to the rest of the action. In the pictorial art, so far as he could judge from the depôts of the ordinary picture-dealers, the case was somewhat different. There the untaught, uncertain, inexperienced hand was often painfully obvious; and in periodical literature, likewise, there were specimens without number of jejune twaddle and feeble violence. These were not the rude completeness of the toy, the humble finish of the actor, but the floundering of weak and illogical minds in a pursuit for which they were naturally unfit.

When a few days had passed in practical observation and mental debate, it was necessary to determine upon some trial; but before doing so, he thought it proper to deliver his only letter of introduction. This was not from Captain Semple, who, with the exception of his bankrupt agent, had not a single acquaintance in the world whose whereabouts he knew: it was from Mrs Margery the cook, and addressed to a cousin of her own, originally a sign-painter, but now, she thought, a little higher in the world. Even Robert smiled at the nature of the introduction, and at the square letter containing it, with its blotch of wax, that seemed to have fallen by accident, and was stamped with a thimble. But it would be a comfort to one so new to the scene, and so solitary in it, to be able to converse upon his prospects with any habitué whatever; and our adventurer, for a very obvious reason, was hardly entitled to look down upon any calling, however humble. He was surprised, however, to find that the address led him towards the haunts of quality; and when he stopped at the private door of a respectable shop in Jermyn Street, St James's, he would have thought he had made a mistake, but for the name on a small brass-plate at the side: 'Mr Driftwood.' He rang the bell, and after a moderate time the door was opened in a great hurry by Mr Driftwood in person, with a



well-bedanbed pallet on his thumb, garnished with the accessory maulstick and bundle of brushes.

'Well!' cried the artist, in apparent surprise at the aspect of his visitor, 'if I did not think it was his lordship come by appointment; and I would not keep him waiting for that rascally boy. But never mind, it's no trouble, step in, sir;' and shuffling rapidly through the passage, he led the way. After ascending a stair, they went out upon the leaded roof of a lower building, and crossing it by means of a railed gangway, entered what seemed the upper part, or garret, of an outhouse.

This was obviously the artist's studio; a character conferred upon it by numerous unframed pictures, placed in all sorts of angles to catch the light from the roof, and a large easel supporting a painting recently begun. There was nothing else, however, to distinguish the place from an ordinary garret, if not its strangely uncared-for and ruinous appearance. The rough wood-work had never been painted; both the sky-lights were broken in more than one place, and the apertures stuffed with something to keep out the rain; the naked tiles bore little or no token of cement, and in one place, where they appeared to have suffered some damage, they were propped up with a thin spar, which the artist turned to account, likewise, by hanging upon it his coat and stock. The only furniture in the room was a small form covered with soiled baize; a large chest, which appeared to do duty as a table; and a screen adorned with caricatures, behind which the curious visitor might enjoy a peep at a truckle-bed. The master of the studio was a man approaching middle age, with a small black eye that would have been piercing, if it could have fixed for a moment; an untidy moustache, under a nose of the pug order; a brush of dark hair round his uncovered throat; and an unkempt mass of the same material, cut short and square at the upper part of the brow, but descending in clots upon his shoulders.

Robert had time to study this portrait while the artist was conning over, with considerable difficulty, the pothooks of the cook. At length, Mr Driftwood having come to the end of the missive, turned his restless eyes upon the introduced, and hopped him over from head to foot in a twinkling.

'Glad to see you, Mr Oaklands,' said he; 'hope cousin Margery is well—never ashamed of poor relations—best families decay sometimes. But what can I do for you, my dear sir? An artist or a patron? Never could make Margery out. Oh, I see; merely a stranger in the metropolis, come to have a peep at the works of genius. Well, I own I am one of the victims of art. Here are a few originals and some copies not unworthy, perhaps, of a moment's notice.'

'I shall be happy to be allowed to look at your collection, sir,' replied Robert; 'but I was in hopes Mrs Margery had explained that I came here not so much to gratify my taste, as to look out for employment; she fancied that I should derive some benefit from the hints of a man of your experience in London life.'

'To be sure you will—Margery was right. But are you in a hurry? Can you wait for the tide, or do you mean to take the city by storm?'

'I must get something to do in as much less than a fortnight as possible.'

'Vastly well. But, you see, we are all employed here at this moment—all tearing the bread out of each other's mouths. What part do you mean to take in the m<sup>el</sup>ée? If you are an artist, you must get me down, or somebody else, to step upon. That is the difficulty: nobody thinks of working up—we all want to be top sawyers, every mother's son of us.'

'To be sure we do,' said Robert, smiling; 'but if we can't be top sawyers, why we must just jump down, with a will, and try it the other way.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried the artist; 'that's the ticket! But what do you propose to do? It is

very well to say you want employment; but what employment do you want?—what employment are you fit for?'

'I know a little of sketching and colouring, and I can copy in oil when a thing is before me. I write a tolerable style. I am acquainted with several languages, and could teach them at a pinch; likewise arithmetic, and, to the usual point in Euclid, geometry. I model a little in pipe-clay, but don't know as yet how to cast. I have a turn for carpentry, and might hope, with some experience, to rise to cabinet-making. I am not quite unaccustomed to bricklaying—house-painting—or gardening. I could carry a hod without blinking to the top of a wall as high as the Monument; and if all trades failed me, I think, with a very little practice, I could handle a musket as well as any bumpkin that ever came out of our country.'

'You will do!' cried the artist; 'you will do! One-third of these capabilities would be enough; for the grand thing is, the determination to work. Get work to your liking if you can; but anyway, get work. No use in waiting and wishing, and repining and starving: do something in the meantime till the other thing turns up. Yet don't be too sanguine, after all; for one gets into a circle somehow, and there's no getting out of it. Tried the out-of-doors line first myself, and not a bad thing it was; rose to the gallipots—nothing less than Latin there—got good stuff out of them; but on and up I must go; high art would have me—and here I am.' The *ci-devant* sign-dauber looked round with a kind of rueful pride; and Robert conceived a strong suspicion that he had been more comfortable when among the gallipots. He had already observed that the collection consisted of a few mechanical copies, and many original pieces, that looked wonderfully like sign-paintings, executed on canvas instead of wood. There was one picture, however, on which he gazed with admiration. It was obviously, he thought, the work of one of the old Italian masters, and must be worth an immense sum. It was this the artist was engaged in copying, and the piece on the easel had already rendered the design of the original with wonderful fidelity.

'That is a gem,' said Mr Driftwood, 'a genuine Correggio of the first class; and mine will be so like, that the old fellow himself would not be able to tell which is which. But what a marvellous difference in the pecuniary value! You see what prejudice does, my young friend.'

'If you could only wait for time to mellow your tints,' suggested Robert, with a smile—'say a few hundred years—who knows what the result might be?'

'Oh, as for that,' replied the artist gravely, 'there is no occasion to wait so long. It will be mellow enough before it leaves my hands, I assure you, and with *more* cracks in it than the original. All that is easy enough; but to get your hand into a glass gallipot, and paint the letters upside down, inside out—that is something to talk of. But it must be confessed it is not high art.'

'You, of course, make this copy to order?'

'To be sure I do. How otherwise could I get hold of a Correggio, the like of which is not to be found in any of the public galleries? The proprietor wants money, and so do I—that's how it comes about.'

'I don't understand—the proprietor wants money?'

'Yes: he wants to pledge the picture for a good round sum, and my copy in the meantime, will do duty on his walls instead. Being known to possess the original, nobody will suspect what they see to be Jack Driftwood's handiwork. But come, my friend, I am curious to discover what you can do. Take hold of this brush, will you? and dash away at the dark drapery, while I put in the lights on the left. Don't be afraid, but go right into it.' Robert was afraid, but only for a few seconds. He did as he was desired; and it would have been hard to say

which benefited most—the pupil, by the practical hints he received, or the master, by the rapid and intelligent execution of his orders. The young man was fond of work, and this was of an interesting kind. He threw off his coat and neckerchief, and entered into it with zeal and determination, and Driftwood was the first to tire; declaring heartily, that with the advantage of his advice now and then, his assistant, in the course of time, would become almost as good a painter as himself. Here the door-bell rung.

'Zounds! where's that rascally boy?' cried the artist, as he flew to answer it. Robert did not know, and he went quietly on retouching the picture. In a short time Mr Driftwood returned, ushering in with great formality, a lady and gentleman.

'Did you see that boy, Mr Oaklands?' said he—'never mind: only a friend of mine from the country, Sir Vivian. I have been giving him a hint or two while working at your Correggio, and he takes well to it for an amateur.'

'Upon my word,' said the stranger, who was an elderly man of a rather dignified presence, 'you appear to have taken your own hints to some purpose. There are bits here quite above the fidelity of your usual mechanical touch. Did you say Mr Oak—?'

'Oaklands, Sir Vivian.'

'Of the Devonshire family, sir?'

'Of no family at all,' replied Robert.

'That is, of no family to speak of,' put in the artist, frowning aside. 'Who would talk of his own family in the presence of Sir Vivian Falcontower?'

'You see, Claudia, there is a spirit here which Driftwood's material copies have hitherto wanted. He is improving. You are improving, Driftwood.' The artist bowed low. The lady called Claudia was a very lovely young person, and although rather slight and petite than otherwise in figure, of a still more distinguished air than her father. Her nose might just incur a suspicion of being retouched, and it was this, probably, that gave a certain piquancy to her otherwise still features; but the face owed its character chiefly to a pair of large, well-opened, brilliant eyes, which turned their full blaze upon those of the person she addressed, to the manifest discomfiture, sometimes, of the feeble or the sensitive. Those eyes were turned upon Robert when he said, 'Of no family at all,' and they remained fixed upon him with the interest one bestows upon a new or rare animal. Sir Vivian's visit was merely to learn what progress was being made with the copy, and perhaps to ascertain that the valuable original was safe; but his daughter seemed inclined to linger. She at length demanded of Robert suddenly, whether, as an amateur, he was an admirer of Correggio? Having satisfied her on this point, he added, with straightforward simplicity:

'But I am not an amateur, in the usual meaning of the word: I might rather be called an artist, for I would apply myself to the profession if I thought I could live by it.'

Miss Falcontower lightened upon him again, and this time from head to foot. 'If you desire to be an artist,' said she, 'you will doubtless make yourself acquainted with what is going on in the world of art. You perhaps do not know, seeing you are only recently from the country, that a new school threatens to supersede such objects of your admiration as this?'—pointing to the Correggio.

'I know,' replied Robert, at once pleased and surprised at being addressed so frankly by a young lady of Miss Falcontower's rank—'I know that Young Germany is indoctrinating Young England in the theory that the masters of art strayed in a wrong direction from the mediæval point; and that it is necessary, before any real advance can be made, to go back to the era before Raphael, and before Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.'

'And do you not believe that this will lead to a school greater than that of Italy?'

'Not lead, in the ordinary meaning of the word; but it may give rise to a school that will avoid the errors both of the new and old. I have seen some specimens of the English heterodoxy, and they seem to me to be composed of the *disjecta membra* of art, not the whole body—far less the soul.'

'Do they not imitate nature with remarkable fidelity?'

'They imitate individual objects with remarkable fidelity, and then put them into the piece, as men put curiosities into a glass-case in a museum. Nature works differently in her pictures. The effects there are mainly produced by means of light and shadow. Shadow, so far as painters can deal with it, is merely an obscuration; and the things plunged in it become more or less rounded in their edges and indefinite in their figure. The new artists—if I may judge from the little I have seen—express shadow by a dab of dark colour, and give the objects within it as distinctly and definitely as if they were in the full blaze of the sun. They deal by distance in the same way. Yonder picture, near the door—I can hardly tell what the subject is, although my sight is reasonably clear; but the new artists, I have a notion, would make it a miniature copy. You, ma'am, are the centre of the piece I see before me: everything else is comparatively dim and disregarded; but in painting the scene, the new artists would do their best to injure the impression of interest or delight, by elaborating, as carefully as the principal figure, even the caricatures on the screen behind you, which serves as a background. This elaboration, it is true, would produce an exact copy of the actual thing; but not of the actual thing as it appears to me, faint and subsidiary to the figure in the foreground, which is the object of my interest and admiration. All this tends, I think, to shew that although the new imitations of nature would serve as exquisite illustrations for a treatise on botany, or zoology, or anything else requiring the minute depiction of individual objects, their authors have not yet risen to the conception of a picture.'

'But what do you mean by a picture? If everything in the piece, taken individually, is correct, is not the whole correct?'

'No. Nature, in her pictures, does not represent individual objects as they are, but as they seem to be, when observed through the media of air and distance, and modified by light and shadow; and the colour with which she glorifies the scene is no inherent property of its component parts, for that would sometimes be discrepant and irreconcilable.'

'The colours of nature irreconcilable with themselves!—that seems a strange idea. Is it not the province of art to copy nature as she is?'

'Not always—not often. Nature rarely—perhaps never—presents a finished picture, small enough for the canvas of man. Were it otherwise, photography would be the highest art. It is the business of art, or rather its high and hopeless study, to select and combine the forms of nature, and work with them towards the production of one grand impression. This was the aim of the great painters—great only from the noble conception. This was the aim of the great sculptors, who, out of the materials of mortal life, created gods.' Robert grew warm as he spoke on his favourite subject. His figure seemed to dilate; the veins of his finely chiseled neck swelled; and his kindling eyes pierced proudly through the blaze they encountered. Sir Vivian listened with interest to this dialogue, for he was himself an adherent of the old masters, while his daughter was infected with Young-Englandism.

'Do you write as well as paint?' said he with some cordiality.

'I do a little of both,' was the reply; 'but to do either

well, I must see and think more. At present, my aim is merely to secure the means of living.'

'I shall be glad to hear of your success. Your lucubrations, when they appear, will render me valuable assistance in my conflicts with a heretical daughter.'

'Nay,' said Miss Falcontower, 'if there are two to one, it is time for me to retire; but be assured it is only to collect my resources against a future occasion.' While she spoke she was walking towards the door, followed respectfully by Robert, with her head turned, Parthian-like, towards the enemy, till she was suddenly brought up by the thin spar that propped the frail part of the roof.

'For God's sake, come away!' shrieked the artist, smiting his hands together. The warning was of no use, for it only made the young lady look up; but our adventurer, darting his spread hands, with the speed of lightning, above her head, received on them a dislodged tile, the broken edge of which cut him to the bone, and splashed a drop of blood upon her face. Leading her away from the dangerous spot, he calmly wound his handkerchief round his bleeding hand; and then, requesting the loan of her own, with an air of tender deference, unmingled with the slightest touch of gallantry, he wiped carefully away the taint from a lovely face, which, but for him, would have been lovely no more. Sir Vivian stood looking on at this scene, pale and terror-stricken, unable to move during the few moments it lasted; and the artist was hardly less paralysed. Miss Falcontower alone was calm and collected; her cheek did not change its colour; and she watched the motions of Robert with a wondering but composed scrutiny, as if they referred to something in which she herself was not personally concerned.

'I thank you,' said she at length recollecting herself. 'My father, too, will tell you that he is grateful.'

'I am, indeed, grateful; but I cannot fitly express my thanks in this horrid den. Come, Claudia, let us leave it at once and for ever.'

'I beg to assure you, Sir Vivian,' said the artist, 'that the moment I can lay hands upon that boy, I will send him for a workman to repair the roof.'

'And if he should fail in laying hands on that boy,' added Robert, 'I will undertake the task of reparation myself to-morrow morning.' Miss Falcontower gave another flash; and the artist hastened to say:

'Let him alone; it is only eccentricity—all young men of genius are eccentric.'

'I shall be glad to see you at my house,' said Sir Vivian, after a look had passed between him and his daughter; 'and to shew you my insignificant collection.' Robert bowed.

'And soon,' added the young lady, with another of her brilliant flashes—for her face seemed unaccustomed to fall into the form of a smile.

'I shall be only too happy to avail myself of the privilege,' said Robert. After a momentary hesitation, she put out her hand, which he accepted calmly, bowing over it, too much in the Grandisonian style, it must be told, but gracefully withal. She then took hold of her father's arm.

'Where 's that rascally boy?' cried the artist. 'Never mind, I'll open the street door myself;' and then they all passed from the studio, leaving Robert to the luxurious feelings of a young man who has met with an adventure.

When the artist returned alone, his new friend expostulated warmly with him on the impolicy of suffering his studio to fall into so ruinous a condition; but Mr Driftwood denied stoutly that it was his fault—it was all along of high art.

'The public will not patronise the modern masters,' said he; 'and what can we do but let the tiles come down on them? An author is well off. He gives an address, perhaps at his bootmaker's or stationer's, in a genteel street like this, and lives where he likes; his

whole stock in trade being merely a little paper, pen, and ink, which he may carry in his coat-pocket. An artist, on the other hand, has his works to exhibit; and exhibit them he must in a respectable locality. That is no joke, let me tell you; and then, again, look at the necessity he is under of keeping a boy!'

'Very well, Mr Driftwood, all you have to do is to borrow a ladder for me to-morrow morning, and a carpenter's plane, for I see you are well supplied with what you will call out-of-doors' paint; and before I am done with it, I will turn this into a new house for you.'

'Will you really? that is kind. But you are a queer fellow for the young gentleman cousin Margery speaks of! I can borrow a whole chest of tools, for that matter. However, you have already done a fair job for to-day, and you must dine at my expense. What do you drink?' and he thrust his hand into his pocket, apparently to examine the state of the treasury.

'Anything,' replied Robert, putting on his coat and neckerchief—'anything from claret to cold water.'

'Then, perhaps, you wouldn't mind doing with a pot of beer?'

'Nothing better.'

'Come along, then, old fellow. Boy!—never mind; we'll open the door ourselves.'

### IMPRESSIONS FROM SEALS.

ON approaching the precincts of that district of the metropolis called Bermondsey, the wayfarer is sensible that he has entered into quite a different atmosphere. The heavy odour he perceives resembles that of leather, and it is soon obvious that it arises from the principle to which leather owes its peculiar smell, and likewise its adaptation for the many industrial uses to which it is applied. The Ronel Tanneries are close by, and if he will peep into the courtyard, he will be able to account for at least a portion of the peculiarity of the region. The open space presents the regular equipments of a tanner's yard—pits, hills of hides and skins, and larger hills of refuse tan. Ovine, bovine, equine trophies, the tribute of Europe, India, Brazil, respectively, form mimic mountains in various parts of the yard—scattered in so much apparent confusion that we must take him in tow, or he will never be able to discriminate. But leaving these things without present examination, we turn to a heap in the corner, the deposits of several wagons: these are seal-skins. To a casual glance, they differ nothing from a dirty, hairy, raw calf-skin; but to the touch they are thick, oily, and heavy.

The seal-skin manufacture forms a very material part of the great business of these tanneries. After as much oil as possible has been expressed from the unctuous skins, they are put into the lime-pits near us, to loosen the bulbous roots of the hair, and prepare them for depilation. We may see the workmen hooking them up, turning them, and then allowing them to glide like sheets of alime through their leather gloves, from one pit into another, as easily as eels slip through the fingers. When by the 'handling' they receive, the action of the lime is hastened, the skins proceed to the long low fleshing-house at hand, where strange-looking beings—wearing only a shirt and leather breeches, and all with a pipe in their mouths—are to 'unhair' them on one side, and to 'flesh' them on the other. A thorough washing afterwards, and 'striking out,' currier fashion, on an inclined bench, leave them in a state fit to be turned into leather. But, in deference to modern taste, leather must not only be good, but fine. The seal-skin, in its natural state, would make leather too thick to please the customer, and take too much tanning to please the producer. These considerations have led to the invention of a skin-splitting machine, which, amongst the manifold contrivances that facilitate the operations of the

modern manufacturing world, stands very prominent for its ingenuity.

Two of these machines are working at the Ronel Tanneries, and through one or the other our seal-skins will have to pass. In each are a couple of iron rollers, which, as they revolve horizontally, one above the other, seize the skin, spread out before them by the workman, and present the edge, as it emerges on the opposite side, to a keen and rapid blade, moving parallel with the line of contact of the rollers. So nicely adjusted is this blade, that it gives us in the result two skins instead of one, of equal superficial extent, and of such thickness as may be desired.

Our utilising age turns everything to account. Seal-hair, if fine and long, finds its way, with cow-hair, to the feltmaker or the plasterer; but more usually it is fit only for the waste-heap, and, along with the refuse from the flesh-house, goes to fertilise our fields. Even the flesh-side of the skin from the splitting-machine is usually given up as manure. This splitting process is not gone through for the object of getting double the amount of leather, but to get the grain-side thin. Seal makes the toughest and most durable leather, and admits of being reduced—under the knives of fleshers, splitters, curriers, and finishers—to about a tenth of its weight. The pure gelatine of the under or flesh side, as it comes from the splitting-machine, makes now and then an inferior kind of leather. In general, however, it is unfit for this purpose, or even for glue or size, either of which would be of so deliquescent a nature as to retain the solid form only two or three days.

Let us now return to the vats. Round about them in various parts are hillock-ranges of seal-skins prepared for tanning. A busy crew of men handle these skins, and steep them in successively stronger baths of the astringent infusion of oak-bark. Another crew, in one of the buildings that skirt the open yard, are engaged, meanwhile, in tanning many of the skins more expeditiously by means of sumach. And a curious manipulation it appears, for the skins, sewn flesh to flesh round the edges, are filled with the liquid sumach, and then float about like gigantic bowls, in colour and consistence resembling green turtle. The sumach is the powdered leaves and stalks of a plant that sometimes decorates our shrubberies at home, but which grows abundantly in Sicily. It contains more of the tanning principle than oak-bark, and is very extensively used where expedition is desired.

The after-processes which the seal-skin undergoes are very much the same as with other leathers: it is dried and curried, and worked and grained, and finished, before the tanner has done his whole duty. It then gives occupation to the varnisher, and reaches the leather-dealers. Journeying onwards, it comes into the hands of Crispin, who makes it into the close, beautifully grained shoes for children's wear, or into the toes of the leather cordovan boots, with high military heels, of which our ladies during the last two seasons have been so proud.

Remember, these are the details of only one scene of manufacture. A larger community is busy at the Ronel Tanneries than at almost any other, with respect to seal-skins, but every tanner has something to do with them. The seal gives employment to a greater number of our human working-bees than is generally supposed. Both in the extent to which it pays tribute to some of our common domestic comforts, and in the particulars of its commercial and manufacturing history, it offers points of peculiar interest. Even before its arrival in England at all, its adventures would furnish matter both interesting and useful for a long gossip. The capture of the seal gives employment, in the proper season, to a fleet of three or four hundred vessels belonging to Newfoundland. The number has been gradually increasing during the last quarter of a century, and the trade is by far

the most profitable part of the business of that colony. Although not so extensive a staple, nor so generally followed, as the cod-fishery, circumstances give it the precedence in importance. When we take into account the capital and time, and the almost certain and immediate return for investment, it is perhaps the most remunerative employment in the British Empire.

The most suitable vessels for the service are from 130 to 160 tons, and carry forty or fifty men. In 1852, the outfit consisted of 367 vessels, employing 13,000 men. A quarter of a million seals are sometimes captured: about this number was caught last year, although, in respect to loss of vessels, it was a very disastrous season. Young ones are destroyed by being literally knocked on the head; the slightest blow with a club or a bat on the back part of the head despatching them. Breeding-season is deemed the best time for the seal-hunt, as the animals are then in the best condition.

The seals frequenting the coast of Newfoundland are supposed to whelp in the months of February and March. This takes place upon the pans and fields of ice—whelping-ice as it is called—that float down with the north and north-east currents from Labrador to the coast of Newfoundland. The cubs are three months old before they take the water. They are often discovered in such immense numbers within a day's sail of St John's, that three or four days suffice to load a vessel with pelts, as they are called, consisting of skin and fat. The skin is taken off while the animal is still warm; and what little remains of the carcass—for it is nearly all blubber that is attached to the skin—is left upon the ice. Sufficient time being allowed for the pelts to cool, they are stowed away; and five-sevenths of them reach the market of St John's, the rest going chiefly to the United States. Formerly, they were disposed of by tale; now they are sold, fat and skin together, by weight.

A thousand seals are thought remunerative; but the majority of the vessels come with 3000 or 5000, and some with 7000, 8000, or even 9000. The season for starting on the voyage is from the 1st to the 15th of March; before this time the young seals would be too small to be remunerative. A voyage seldom occupies more than two months, and sometimes only two or three weeks. If the take is speedy, two, and sometimes three voyages are accomplished in one season.

There are four varieties of seals in these captures—the young *harp* and young *hood*, the old *harp* and the *bedlamer*, or old *hood*. Of the first two kinds, about equal proportions are taken. Generally, all four varieties are in a cargo. The young *harp* is the best and most productive of oil. It is only when the ice is jammed together so that no open water can be reached, that any considerable number of the old seals are caught. Their timidity, as well as their intelligence, teaches them to dive under water, whenever that is possible, upon the slightest alarm.

As soon as the pelts reach St John's, they are unshipped, and immediately begin to undergo a series of manipulations. The first operation after being landed, is that of separating the fat from the skin: a dexterous hand can manage 400 a day. The pelts are dry-salted for a month, and are then sufficiently cured for shipment. Nearly all of them reach the British market; the lion's share going to the Ronel Tanneries.

Although our attention thus far has been chiefly claimed by the pelts or skins, yet the oil is the most important product of the seal. The blubber, separated from the skin, is cut up and put into vats, where it is gradually subjected to great pressure, and the oil trickles out into a pan underneath, and is immediately ready for casking. The weight of the blubber itself is sufficient at first to render the oil, and this, called *pale seal*, is of the finest quality. As pressure is applied and time elapses, decomposition takes place, and the oil becomes darker. The operation is exceedingly dis-

agreeable from first to last, on account of the stench that accompanies it, and it makes St John's during July, August, and September, a most undesirable residence. We are told that, towards the latter end of the oil-season, the stench for many miles round is absolutely horrible; but it does not seem to affect the health of the inhabitants, owing, doubtless, to the naturally healthful position of the town. The workmen have a particularly hearty appearance.

The immense consumption of seal-oil in the United Kingdom is known to everybody. The increasing demand for it in the United States, where only the great cities are lighted with gas, may be supposed. We might also dwell upon its indispensable utility to those frozen children of the north who, without it, would exist in darkness half the year, or rather could not exist at all. The seal-skin is the covering for their boat as well as for their back—making both impervious to the water, and the fearless adventurer happy in the wild waves. The blubber illumines the half-year's night, and provides the food denied by the niggard plains. Important as is this view of the seal's use, and large as the number of seals must be that supply the northmen's wants, this is altogether insignificant compared with the demands of commerce. The demand alone for skins dressed with the hair on—more in favour twenty years ago than now—must almost equal the entire number of seals slaughtered yearly by the sparse tribes of Esquimaux and Greenlanders.

#### BLANCHETTE: A FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a bad king of France, Louis XI., and a pretty little dauphin, whom they called Charlot, but who was looking forward to be one day Charles VIII. The old king generally reigned, trembled, and suffered unseen within the dismal walls of the castle of Plessis-les-Tours. But about the middle of the year 1489, he went upon a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Cléry, accompanied by Tristan his hangman, Poitiers his physician, and François-de-Paul his confessor, for the old tyrant feared greatly men and death and God.

The remembrance of one deed of blood among a thousand—that of the death of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours—particularly tormented him. That great vassal had paid with his life an attempt at rebellion against his liege lord, and so far justice was satisfied. But the cruel monarch had compelled the three young children of the condemned noble to the same fate with their father, and for a long time after, the stings of a wounded conscience reproached him with the guilt of this unnecessary revenge. Frequently did he feel sorry for his crime; but he did not amend. By a strange inconsistency, common to most wicked men, remorse did not awake pity in his heart; and at the same time that, in the trembling consciousness of sin, he interposed the image of the Madonna between himself and the unquiet spectre of Nemours, which always haunted him, one of the innocent children of the late duke was languishing and dying in the dungeons of Plessis-les-Tours.

That castle was a terrible and mysterious place: its vestibules black with priests, its court bristling with soldiers, its chapel always illuminated, and its drawbridge raised, gave it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. Every one there spoke in a low tone, and trod with a measured step, as though they were pacing the avenues of a cemetery. Hopeless captives, buried by hundreds, groaned in the vaults beneath: some for having spoken against the king, some for having spoken against the people—the greater part, however, for nothing at all. Each slab of the pavement was a tombstone placed over the living. In this melancholy abode dwelt the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth

year. Without employment for his mind, he lived nearly as solitary and secluded as his father's prisoners. In vain did the poor child look around him for some object to distract his attention from the miserable moans that from every side disturbed him. A forest, green and fresh, waved at the foot of the castle; the Loire, bright and joyous, meandered along the horizon; but the severity of the king was always creating some new horror, and there was not even the peace of solitude in this distressful place. Therefore, after notching his sword for a long time against the wall, and spelling the large characters, red and blue, of his *Rosary of Wars* and Holy Bible, this dreamy youth would pass his time leaning on the window-sill, and gazing for hours upon the beautiful sky of Touraine, and imagining in the changing forms of the clouds armies and battles.

One day, his manner as well as his look expressed a greater degree of ennui than usual. The *Ave-Maria* of mid-day had been already chanted. His breakfast, which was composed, at his own request, of sweetmeats and confections, failed to entice him, and remained untouched upon the table, which he occasionally struck impatiently with his hand. He rose at intervals, gaping and yawning with expectancy and inquietude, and frequently repeating: 'Blanchette, Blanchette! the breakfast will melt in the sun, and if you delay longer, the flies will eat your share;' and he listened for a reply. But as the forgetful guest did not answer to this invitation, the poor Amphytrion tormented himself still more, and stamped upon the ground. Suddenly a slight noise upon the carpet made him start up. He turned his head, uttered a faint cry, and fell back into his arm-chair, intoxicated with joy, and murmuring with a sigh: '*Child!*' You imagine, without doubt, that this Blanchette so earnestly desired was a fine lady, sister or cousin of the prince. Be not deceived: Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, so active that she glided along like a ray of light, and so gentle that, in time of war, she might have found grace with Grimalkin himself. Charles caressed the pretty little visitor. He looked at her with delight for a long time, whilst she ate biscuit from his hand; and then recollecting that it became his dignity to grumble, said, in a tone pleasantly grave: 'Ah, miss, inform me, if you please, what I ought to think of your conduct. I have forbidden my doors to Olivier le Dain, the cat, whose physiognomy and whiskers frighten you; even Bec d'Or, my fine falcon, is dying of jealousy; and you leave me, ingrate, in this way, to run in the fields all night like other mice! And where have you been, regardless of your own danger and my anxiety? Where have you been? Tell me, for I will know.' The interrogator pressed his questions, but, as may well be supposed, poor Blanchette answered nothing. She fixed her little intelligent eyes with a sorrowful air upon those of the grumbling child, and rumbled the pages of the Bible that lay half-open on the table. She stayed her pink paws, however, on the passage: '*To visit the prisoners!*' Charles became confused and surprised, as often happens to the presumptuous who receive a lesson at the moment when they intend to give one. He had many a time heard strange things of the underground inhabitants of Plessis-les-Tours, and many a time meditated a pious pilgrimage to the dungeon of the young Armagnac, whose age and birth more particularly excited his curiosity and sympathy. But the terror which his father inspired had hitherto restrained him. He now reproached his prudence as a crime, and determined the same evening to expiate his offence.

A few minutes after the curfew had tolled, he stole away from his turret, followed by a young page laden with a basketful of bread and wine and fruit, and descended into one of the interior courts of the castle. A company of the Scotch Guards was pacing along

its massive walls in the light of the moon. 'Who goes there?' cried a voice hoarse and menacing.

'The dauphin.'

'No one passes here.'

But Charles approached the officer of the watch, and whispered some words into his ear.

'If it be so, young prince, go on, and Heaven protect thee. If you are discovered, I am lost.'

Our hero employed the same means with the other guards of the castle, and dispelled their scruples with the like success. Perhaps you are anxious to know what were those magic words which, in the mouth of a child, could sheath the sword and open the bolts of the prison-house. They were these: '*The king is very ill!*' Charles had faith in that formula, the all-powerfulness of which he had often experienced: it recalled to the memory of the gentlemen attached to the old king, to the soldiers, the courtiers, the jailers, and the pages, that the dislike of a child might be suddenly converted into the rancour of a king.

The dauphin and his page, under the guidance of the jailer, ventured, not without some hesitation, into the humid and gloomy vaults, and down the slimy spiral staircase, that menaced them with danger at every step. All three proceeded by the uncertain glare of a pine-torch—sometimes struck by the wing of a blind bat, sometimes annoyed by the water that dripped from the frigid walls. At length a noise, vague at first, but becoming more and more distinct at each advance—a noise of moaning and wailing announced the limit of their expedition. Picture to yourself a cage of iron fastened into the wall, low and narrow, where each movement must be one of pain, and where sleep could be only a continual nightmare! In this, a child groaned and tortured itself. I say child, though the Duke of Nemours, guest of that frightful dwelling-place, would soon attain his seventeenth year; for, could you have seen him, thin and pale as he was, you would have supposed him to be hardly twelve years old. Not yet arrived at manhood, he had suffered so much that he astonished the keepers themselves by his tenacity of life: and the jailer, who brought him daily his cruise of water and black bread, halted upon the threshold of the vault, demanding each time if it would not be better to send the grave-digger.

To accost the prisoner, the dauphin sought for kind words, but only found tears. Nemours understood that mute salutation, and responded to it with a sigh of acknowledgment. Then the two conversed through the bars of the cage. When the one declined assuming in that place the dignity of the son of a king, the other could not suppress a movement of surprise and alarm; but the uneasy impression was soon removed by the frank and open manner of the dauphin. Shut out for ten years from the things of the world, the young recluse was asking his royal friend naive questions, such as remind us of those put by anchorites of the desert to occasional travellers—'Do they still build towns?' 'Do they still marry?'—when an unexpected incident gave a new and more lively turn to the conversation. A third person came and threw herself between these friends of an hour old; and that personage, so ill brought up as to intrude in this manner—I am ashamed to confess it—was no other than the messmate of the dauphin—the rival of Bec d'Or—Blanchette. Passing through the grating by favour of her small size, she mounted the legs and arms of the encaged Nemours, and lavished on the captive caresses as fond, if not more so, than those she had bestowed that morning on the young prince himself.

'Hey-day! you know Blanchette?' said Charles, surprised and piqued.

'Do I know her?' replied Nemours; 'for six years she has been my mouse, my friend, my sister.'

'The ingrate! it was only this morning she partook of my biscuit and breakfast in the turret.'

'For six years, monseigneur, she has come to my dungeon to share with me my black bread!'

'The little fiend!' murmured the young prince; but his childish rage vanished before the naive smile of Nemours.

'I believe, monseigneur,' said the young duke, 'you will willingly do me the honour to break a lance with me for the fine eyes of Miss Blanchette? It is impossible this moment to comply with the challenge; see'—and Nemours held up before the eyes of his rival his arms incased in irons.

Then ensued an original and touching badinage between the son and the prisoner of Louis. Each of them pretended to surpass the other in misfortune: the one made his adversary touch the clammy walls and the thick bars of his prison, the other painted the ennuï and living bondage of his court existence, the weight of which was insupportable; the one shewed his tortured body, the other his bleeding heart; and both terminated their pleading by the same conclusion: 'You see well, Nemours—you see well, monseigneur—that I have need of Blanchette to help me to live in this suffering.' Thus, after a long dispute, they ended where they commenced. They resolved, then, to throw the matter into arbitration, and chose the object of the debate as umpire.

'You, mademoiselle,' said the dauphin to Blanchette, 'declare freely to which of us you would rather belong.' And suddenly you might have seen the little mouse run from one to the other with all gentleness, then stop between them, looking at them in turns with her brilliant eyes, and seeming to say: 'To you both, my children!'

Soon after, Tristan—that worthy associate of Louis XI.—and his master returned to Plessis-les-Tours. They were accompanied with distrust and alarm. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; indeed, they became from day to day longer and more frequent than ever; and what would not have failed to excite the suspicion of a child less candid than the dauphin Charles, the jailer, who up to this time had been only a reluctant and trembling accomplice in these interviews, now seemed to encourage and provoke them by his complaisance. One evening, the two friends chatted as usual, Charles leaning against a projection of the postern, Blanchette running from one to the other, and distributing her caresses with edifying impartiality. The conversation, a long time straggling, turned at last upon the projects of the young prince for his future reign.

'Let me see! what will you do when you are king?' gaily observed the prisoner, who, older in years, and especially in misfortune, had in the conversation a marked superiority over his friend.

'A fine question! I will make war.'

Nemours sighed sadly.

'Yes,' continued the dauphin, tapping his forehead with his forefinger, 'I have had the design for a long time. First, I will go and conquer Italy—Italy, you see, Nemours, is a marvellous country: there the streets are filled with music, the bushes laden with oranges, and there are as many churches as houses. I will keep Italy for myself—then I will go and take Constantinople in passing, for my friend Andrew Paleologus; and afterwards, with the aid of Heaven, I reckon upon delivering the Holy Sepulchre.'

'And after that?' inquired the young duke with a leer.

'Ah! after that—after that'—repeated the ignorant dauphin, somewhat embarrassed—'afterwards—I shall still have time to conquer other countries, if there be any.'

'And your anxiety for glory will make you neglect your people? Will you do nothing for them?'

'Yes, truly! and first, before I go, I will send Oliver and Tristan to Jericho; and, moreover, I will put



down all hangmen; and as Blanchette at these words frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever, he added in a gay tone: 'I will do something for you, Blanchette—I will put down the cats!'

The two laughed heartily at this sally, but their gaiety was only like a flash of lightning. They checked themselves suddenly, and looked at each other with alarm; for it appeared to them that other bursts of laughter, too different from theirs to be a simple echo, resounded against their gloomy walls. Nevertheless, they contrived to reassure each other.

'Hope and courage,' said the young dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand as a sign of adieu. The poor captive raised himself up to seize and press that consoling hand, but his limbs, benumbed by long torture, refused to perform his affectionate wish. He uttered a cry of pain, and fell back upon his stool.

'O dear! when shall I be king?' cried the young prince, moved to tears.

'Soon, if God will,' replied Nemours.

'Never!' interrupted a third speaker, at the time invisible. But presently Louis XI. appeared, and then Tristan, and then Poictiers, and then others, the familiars of the king.

By the glimmering light of a lantern, which one of them till then had kept concealed under his cloak, Charles could see the terrible old man advance with slow steps, like a spectre, and murmuring these words, broken by an obstinate cough: 'Ah, gallant youth, you long for my crown, even whilst I am alive, do you? Pious and prudent son, you dream already of my funeral! Wretch, your sword!' A fit of coughing more violent than the other interrupted him. The dauphin made no other resistance than that of repelling by a gesture of indignation Tristan, who had sprung forward to disarm him. He then gave his sword to one of the gentlemen present, and, at a signal from the king, was dragged off by the guard. Before leaving this subterranean habitation, Louis threw a look full of hate at the cage of his victim; then, leaning towards his intimate, Tristan, whispered some words into his ear.

'I understand,' assented the hangman; 'he must be got rid of—depend upon me. This night at twelve'—and finishing by pantomimic play the sense of the sentence, already too clear, struck his right hand smartly into the palm of his left. The cortège then departed, and in the midst of the diminishing sound of footsteps, Nemours could distinguish for a long time the voice of the dying despot, who coughed and grumbled, and spat death-warrants through his last teeth.

Poor Nemours! that sweet ray of Heaven, hope, had glided into his dungeon, only to make the darkness appear more profound. 'To have numbered sixteen years,' thought he; 'to have met with a brother like the Dauphin Charles, and a sister like Blanchette, and now to—die!' And in each sound, vague and distant, of the castle-clock, which measured his last hours, he fancied he could hear a voice saying: 'He must die, he must die!'

At length the deep spiral staircase resounded with hasty steps. A streak of light, escaping without doubt from the lantern of the executioner, illumined the threshold of the prison. The condemned, feeling that his hour was come, hurriedly threw the mouse, which he had kept close in his bosom, to the ground. 'Adieu, my mouse,' said he; 'run away and hide thyself, or they will kill thee also.' In the meanwhile the sound had gradually increased, the streak of light became larger and larger, the gate creaked upon its hinges, and, thinking that he could already see the gigantic outline of Tristan on the wall, the young duke clasped his hands, closed his eyes, recommended his spirit to God, and waited—He had not long to wait.

'Duke of Nemours,' cried out a tender and well-known voice, 'you are free!'

The captive started at these words, threw a timid glance around him, and fancied he dreamed. But Charles was there—no longer timid, constrained, dejected as the evening before, but calm, grave, speaking and walking as a master. An hour of royalty had apparently matured him to reign. The noble ladies, who had accompanied him into this abode of torture, contemplated the young prisoner in his cage with smiles and tears; the gentlemen, on the other hand, pressed their hands upon the hilt of their swords, as they stood before that outrage against infancy which they witnessed; and a similar thrill went through the whole crowd of varlets, squires, and pages, who held the dismal flambeaux, and shook the vaults with cries of 'Long live the king!'

'Yes,' said Charles, 'Heaven has made me within an hour an orphan and a king. Nemours, forgive my father, and pray for his soul.' Turning to his attendants, he added: 'Let this cage be instantly destroyed; let it be thrown into the Loire; and let not a fragment remain to keep alive a too painful remembrance.'

The workmen ordered to proceed, devoted themselves to the task with ardour; but, to their surprise, the file was blunted by the bars without making any impression; and the stone in which they were fastened immovable, responded to the strokes of the hammer only by a dull and mocking sound.

'Sire,' said an old monk, shaking his head, 'all human effort will be ineffectual to execute your orders, for,' added he, pointing to the cage, 'this is not human workmanship. I have heard say that a gipsy sorcerer built it formerly, to save himself from the gibbet. It will be necessary, in order to break it to pieces, to have the aid either of the wand of a fairy—but there are no fairies now-a-days that I know of—or of the infernal hand that constructed it—and the gipsy has long ago disappeared!'

'Let them search for the man, and bring him here,' said the king. 'To the person that shall find him, honours and rewards shall be given—a diamond of my crown, if he be noble; his weight in gold, if he be a plebeian; and with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant suite.

The two friends were left alone, except that some pages waited on them at a distance, looking at each other in silence. A terrible disquietude, which they dared not communicate, made their hearts beat in unison. 'If the magic workman is dead,' thought they, 'the enchanted cage can never be opened! Then they wept; but, strange to say, Blanchette for the first time did not appear moved at their tears—an idea more vivid and very natural occupied her mind. The clock of Plessis-les-Tours was on the point of striking the hour. Suddenly the gloomy and fetid vaults of the castle were filled with light and perfume; the iron cage moved *en masse*, like the scene of a theatre, and sank into the earth—who can tell where, if not to the infernal regions, whence the artist had drawn his inspiration. The frightened orphans believed that lightning and thunder proceeded from beneath. 'Blanchette! Blanchette! where art thou?' they exclaimed, trembling for the life of their adopted sister.

'Here I am,' replied a soft voice over their heads. Lifting up their eyes, they beheld with amazement a figure in the costume of a fairy, standing upon a pedestal of clouds, and holding in her hand a glittering wand. 'Be not afraid, my children,' continued she: 'it is I whom you call Blanchette, but whom my companions name the *Fairy of Tears*, for I love to succour the helpless, and comfort the afflicted. For a fault I committed in Fairyland, I was condemned to assume the shape of some animal or insect. I chose that in which you have loved me, that I might visit the captive

in his dungeon. My time of punishment is expired, and my first act on restoration to power, has been to destroy the enchanted cage. Your tears are dried up, and my mission with you is accomplished.'

The little king and the little duke clasping their hands, exclaimed: 'Good little fairy, do not abandon us yet.'

'I must,' replied she with a grave air. 'You have no more need of my consolations, which are wanted elsewhere. I hear near at hand a little beggar-girl, whose sob's call me. I must run to her aid. Adieu, my children!'

She spoke, and disappeared in a flash of lightning.

#### ERRORS THERE IS NO RECTIFYING.

Men are tenacious of Error. There is an obstinate vitality in all clear definite mistakes; they grow with rapidity, propagate with profusion, like all noxious things, and are destroyed in one place only to spring up in another. To the philosopher there is something exasperating in this, to the satirist there is an object for his shafts. Once fling forth a bold and definite absurdity, it will make the hollows ring with echoes, and these echoes will reverberate for centuries. Say that a scientific hypothesis "leads to atheism," and atheistic it will be, beyond power of rectification. Say that Locke admits no other source of knowledge than the senses, and all over Europe men with Locke in their hands will echo the absurdity. How incessantly do we hear attributed to Bacon the aphorism, "Knowledge is power." No such phrase ever escaped him; but Bulwer, who first called attention to the fact, has written in vain to rectify the general error. In like manner, we hear attributed to Coleridge sayings which that archplagiariist appropriated from the Germans, and attributed, too, by men who have read them in the original. As long as history is written, men will believe that Wellington exclaimed: "Up, Guards, and at them!" and that the Imperial Guard declared, *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. Among the current quotations, there is one both in England and in France which is constantly attributed to Buffon—namely, *le style c'est l'homme*—the style is the man. He said nothing of the kind; it would have been an absurdity had he said it. What he really said was this: *le style est de l'homme*—a very different thing, indicating that style is all which can be considered as personal property in literature. The phrase occurs in his *Discours de réception à l'Académie*. In that Discourse, speaking of style as alone capable of giving a work a chance of duration, he distinguishes it from the contents of a work which must get pushed aside by fresh discoveries, he adds, *ces choses sont hors de l'homme; le style est de l'homme même*—these things are independent of the writer, but style is his own peculiar contribution. Will this rectification be of any use? Of none. Multiply it thousandfold, destroy the weed in every spot you meet with it, and before you have gone three yards it will reappear. *Magna est Stupiditas et prevalebit!*

#### CHINESE SHOPS.

Passing into some genuine Chinese streets, I came to the conclusion that, altogether, Canton presented the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. The streets are very narrow, and hung about in all directions with signs and advertisements. Every shop has a large upright board on each side of the door, usually painted white, and on it, in red or black letters, is inscribed a list of all the articles sold. Other signs are hung out over the street, and some are fixed to poles reaching from one side of the street to the other. Many bore puffing advertisements, such as, 'This Old and Established Shop,' &c.; 'The Refulgent Sign. Original Maker of the finest Quality of Caps,' &c.; 'Canton Security Banking Establishment,' and 'No Two Prices at this Shop' was a very common notification. The Chinese writing looks very well in this way; and being generally red letters upon white, black upon red or yellow, and blue upon white, the array of signs had a most gaudy and extraordinary effect. In addition to this, the shops are all open in front, and a large ornamented paper lantern is hung over the door. The best street, the Regent Street

of Canton, was called Curiosity or Physic Street, from the number of curiosity and druggists' shops in it. The former are very attractive, and have some curious collections of old bronzes and old china, which is always very highly prized by the Chinese, who value anything that is very old and strange, and will give higher prices for old china than we should give in England. Jade stones, which look like green opaque glass, carvings in bamboo, and innumerable other things, are among their wares. The carved rhinoceros horns are very handsome, and look, when fixed in a carved wood stand, like cornucopias. They are rather expensive, fetching L.8 or L.10; but it is difficult for a stranger to buy anything really good. The best carvings are done in the cities of the interior, and residents pick them up at the death of mandarins and rich men, when their effects are generally sold.—*Elwes's Sketcher's Tour.*

#### THE LAKE.

Mr life ofttimes seems like a stagnant lake—

Far hidden in some ancient forest dim,

Whose tall trees, growing close around its rim,

All change of light and shadow from it take;

And the joy-giving sun unable make

To throw upon its waters one bright ray:

So that amid the floweriness of May,

No buds or blossoms on its margin wake.

These tall trees keep it neither cold nor warm;

But shield it from the wind that would be life,

Waking its waters unto healthful strife;

So keepeth it a changeless, sullen form,

Below which weeds and rottenness are rife,

Until it shall be purified by storm!

M. J. L.

#### SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS—RUSTIC SUSPICIONS REGARDING THEM.

Professor James Forbes, in his beautiful book on the Norway Glaciers, lately published (Blacks, Edinburgh), gives the following amusing note on the above subject:—'The inability of the peasantry to ascribe any other motive than interest or compulsion to such journeys, is amusingly experienced by every traveller off the beaten tracks, in the theories which are formed as to his vocation. This is nowhere the case more than in the more secluded parts of France. I once amused myself by reckoning up the conjectures as to my business, and the motives ascribed to me, during a journey of no very great extent, which included, as well as I recollect, the following, besides guesses nearer the mark:—An engineer of mines, a government surveyor, a *garde forestier*, a tax-gatherer, the descendant of a confiscated noble of the first Revolution surveying his paternal acres, a criminal escaping by bypaths from justice, an iron-merchant, a stone-mason, and a gold-finder. Of these various *aliases*, the last is probably the most inconvenient. I recollect travelling through the mountains of Cogne with a half-witted fellow, a sort of crétin, for a guide, who, after hearing all the explanations I had to give of my journey, constantly returned with a malicious leer to the loss the country suffered by ignorance of the treasure which lay about in it, particularly under the glaciers, and which more knowing strangers, assisted, he insinuated, by mystic arts, could turn to an excellent profit.'

#### NOTICE.

A Series of Articles on AMERICA, by WILLIAM CHAMBERS, is now in preparation, and its publication will commence in this Journal next week.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### THE VOYAGE.

A VISIT to America is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievements of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings—all had their due effect on my imagination, and stimulated the desire I felt to cross the Atlantic, and see the country which had been the theatre of so many interesting events, and latterly the scene of so many social developments. The ordinary occupations of a busy life, however, had dispelled this early dream. Like other ardently but vaguely entertained notions, it vanished and was forgotten, when circumstances all at once recalled it to mind, and rendered its realisation possible. In short, towards the close of 1853, I was enabled to visit the more interesting portions of North America, where the rapid rate at which travellers are whirled from place to place, left me a reasonable time for observation and inquiry.

When a thing has to be brought down from the realms of fancy, to be considered in its practical details, it is astonishing how many little difficulties require to be encountered and overcome. In the present instance, I had to determine, in the first place, which route I should adopt. Should I go by way of the British American provinces, or leave them to be reached after visiting the United States? I resolved to set out direct for one of the nearest of the colonial possessions—Nova Scotia, and pass on thence to Canada, by this means taking the more northerly parts first. Perhaps, also, the fact of the Nova Scotian peninsula being ordinarily, and it may be said, unjustly, neglected by tourists, helped to fix my resolution, and accordingly I engaged a berth in the *America*, one of the Cunard line of steamers bound from Liverpool to Boston, and touching at Halifax.

It was on a dull September morning, with a thick fog overhanging the Mersey, that I found myself amidst a crowd of persons standing on the deck of a small steamer at the landing quay of Liverpool. In the forepart of the vessel was a huge pile of boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, the luggage of the passengers; while the middle and after parts were so thickly covered with human beings, as to leave barely standing-room. The

duty of this little craft, called 'the tender,' is to carry passengers from the shore to the steam-ship that lies moored in the middle of the river, and which, having previously, while in dock, taken on board all its cargo, is now ready to start out to sea. As nine o'clock struck, the tender moved away from the shore, and in two minutes was enveloped in the fog—a most dangerous situation, for the Mersey was studded over with vessels in various attitudes, and at any instant we might rush violently against them. Such a catastrophe actually occurred. By what I must consider to have been incautious steering, the small steamer was brought suddenly into collision with the bows of a large vessel, and our instantaneous destruction seemed to be inevitable. With indescribable alarm I expected that the vessel would pass over us, and that we should all be immediately struggling beneath the flood. There was a rush to the roof of the small engine-room, as being likely to remain longest above water. I climbed to the highest point near me, and looked ahead for the coming shock. Crash went in the bulwarks of the tender, and down went its mast across the pile of luggage! I thought all was over. Fortunately, the bowsprit of the large vessel, in coming in contact with and breaking our mast, slightly turned off the collision, and we immediately lost sight of her great hull in the mist. We felt, as it were, a reprieve from death, and looked each other in the face with a feeling of congratulation. Then broke forth on the unlucky steersman a shower of those warm epithets which the English, in moments of indignation, scatter about with characteristic liberality. Idiot—ass—fool! with certain pithy adjectives, were pelted at him all the rest of the way; nor did we feel safe from a fresh calamity till we were alongside of the *America*, which towered like a castle above us, and till we had our feet securely planted on her capacious poop. The tender, it is needless to say, had a very damaged appearance. Her mast and cordage lay athwart the confused mass of baggage, some of which was broken in pieces, and some had gone overboard. Whether such incidents are common at Liverpool, I do not know. It is, at all events, clear that the method of putting passengers on board American vessels, in a foggy river, by means of small and overcrowded tenders, is a very bad one; and I have no hesitation in saying, that there is more danger to life from this practice, than in a whole voyage across the Atlantic.

The *America* did not immediately depart. The mails were still to be put on board, and these did not arrive in a subsequent trip of the tender till nearly noon. When they made their appearance, they consisted of at least two cart-loads of well-stuffed leather bags, with some

boxes containing special dispatches for Canada. The whole having been transferred to the hold in the large steamer, the captain and pilot took their places on the paddle-box, the other officers went to their appropriate posts, the bell was rung, the wheels moved, and we were off. Slowly at first did the great floating mass proceed through the water. The mists which lay to seaward were not yet quite dispelled by the sun, and to go down the Mersey required careful guidance. For half an hour, the passengers leant over the brass railings of the elevated poop, catching glimpses of the parting quays—some waving hats or handkerchiefs to friends far in the receding distance—some, myself for one, thinking of those dear to them at home, and half doubtful of our own safe return to Old England. Gradually, the ship got into greater speed; for an instant it paused in its career, to allow the pilot to descend to his boat; again it moved along, and we were fairly on our course. The direction it took was straight up the Channel between Ireland and the Isle of Man. It was going what is called 'north about,' which is preferred to the southern passage in certain states of wind and tide.

As the vessel gained the open sea, and left nothing to look at but the wide-spread waters, one by one the passengers descended to view the nature of their own particular accommodations, or to inspect the general mechanism of the ship. To me, at least, everything was new and curious; and, for the sake of the uninitiated, I will try to give an idea of what came under my notice.

As is pretty well known, there are two chief and distinct lines of steamers. One, the Cunard, so called after Mr Cunard of Halifax, who was its projector, is exclusively British property, and has a large money-grant from our government for carrying the mails. Some of its vessels sail direct to and from New York, the remainder to and from Boston, calling at Halifax. The other line, called the Collins, is American property, and sails only to and from New York; it is subsidised by the United States' government also for mail purposes. These two lines are in many respects rivals, but, by a judicious arrangement, the vessels depart from each port on different days of the week, so that there is no actual inconvenience from their competition. Latterly, there has sprung up a separate line of steamers to and from Philadelphia, and another to and from Portland; but of these I do not need here to speak. It is by the Cunard and Collins steamers that the intercourse with North America is mainly carried on, and on both sides of the Atlantic there is much keenness of feeling as to their respective merits. The Cunards are strong and compact vessels, built wholly in the Clyde, and possess engines of the most trustworthy workmanship. They are likewise in the charge of first-rate seamen. But, from the rounded form of their bows, or some other architectural peculiarity, they do not sail so fast as the Collins steamers, and they ship water on the decks to a somewhat unpleasant extent. They also fall considerably short of the Collinses in point of spaciousness and elegance of accommodation; and I am sorry to say that, in the ticket-dispensing department at Liverpool, there is great room for increased attention and politeness. On calling to get my ticket on the night previous to departure, I experienced such treatment as might be expected by a pauper emigrant who went to seek an eleemosynary passage. Nor was this the worst of it; for although paying the highest fare, £25, which I had remitted ten days previously, and although informed that one of the best berths in the ship had been assigned to me, I found that this said excellent berth was among the fore-cabin passengers—a circumstance that led to much discomfort during the voyage, as I shall afterwards have occasion to notice. I allude to these circumstances with reluctance, and only under a sense of public duty.

On board the *America*, which bears a close resemblance to the other vessels in the line, there was nothing to find fault with, but, on the contrary, much to commend. Everything in the Cunards goes on, as the saying is, 'like clock-work.' In the striking of bells, changing of watches, posting of officers, throwing the log, taking solar observations, and other transactions, there is all the regularity and precision of a man-of-war; and this imparts a feeling of security even in the worst states of the weather, by night or day. The burden of the *America* is 1832 tons, and its length about 249 feet; it has two large engines, which act separately or together on both paddle-wheels, and in ordinary circumstances give a speed of from ten to twelve miles an hour. The quantity of fuel consumed is from fifty to sixty tons a day; necessitating a stock on board of about 900 tons of coal for the trip, and so leaving space for 900 tons of goods.

It is wonderful to see how much is made of the internal accommodation. A great deal is done on deck. There is really little deck visible. Along each side, adjoining the paddle-box, there is a row of small apartments, covered with wood, and over these are empty boats turned upside down, ready for launching in case of accident. In the open space beneath these boats, the cook keeps his fresh vegetables, and you occasionally see one of his assistants climbing up to clutch at a cabbage or bunch of carrots, and bring them from their repository. The apartments on the starboard side (the right side, looking towards the head of the vessel) have brass-plates on the doors, with inscriptions denoting what they are. The first in the row is the cabin of the second officer; next is the cabin of the third officer; next is the workshop of the baker; next is that of the butcher or fletcher; next is the house for the cow; and further on are sundry smaller offices. The apartments on the left side of the deck (larboard) are—first, the cabin of the surgeon; next, that of the purser; and further on are various places for culinary operations, stores, and so forth. Along the centre of the deck, beginning at the stern, are, first, the wheel-house, in which a helmsman is seen constantly at his post, and who has an outlook in front over the top of the saloon. At each side of the wheel-house are apartments for the captain and first officer. The saloon comes next. It is a large sitting and dining apartment for the first-class passengers, and is lighted by a row of windows on each side. Separated from it by a narrow cross-passage, and on the same line with it, is the steward's apartment, surrounded by shelves of china and glass articles, and having in its centre a little bureau whence liquors are dispensed. Over the door of this bureau is a clock, visible from the saloon, which is altered daily in correspondence with the changing longitude. Beyond the steward's room, towards the middle of the vessel, is a kind of apartment open at the sides, and in which stands the capstan. At its extremity is the enclosed chimney of the furnaces, by which means the enclosure is kept tolerably warm even in cold weather. Provided with seats, it forms the outdoor lounge of cigar-smokers, and those who do not know what to do with themselves. Besides being dry overhead, the capstan-gallery is kept dry to the feet by means of open wooden work laid on the deck; so that when the sea washes over the vessel, passengers can remain here without being wetted.

Beyond the capstan-gallery is the kitchen; adjoining is the open deck, with the ventilators for the engine-room. Clearing this spot towards the head of the vessel, we have, first, the mess-room of the officers, a small apartment erected on the deck; and in continuation, the sitting and eating saloon for the fore-cabin passengers. All beyond, is the proper field for the sailors.

So much for what stands on the level of the deck; and with so many incumbrances, the space left for walking amounts only to a stripe at each side of the saloon, unless we choose to mount to the poop, which

is the entire roof of the saloon, steward's apartment, and capstan-gallery, united in one long sweep. The indoor space is necessarily circumscribed. Below the saloon are the sleeping-berths, two beds in each, in long rows; a certain number with a small parlour being set aside for ladies. The descent to this sleeping region is by two good stairs. The fore-cabin passengers, in like manner, occupy berths below their saloon, and in this respect, at least, enjoy accommodations no way inferior to those of first-class passengers.

The conducting of this magnificent vessel from port to port across the ocean, exhibits a remarkable triumph of human skill. A body of officers, dressed in a uniform like that of the royal navy, is charged with the management of the ship. The chief command in the *America*, for the time being, was in the hands of Captain Shannon,\* a Scotsman of experienced seamanship, and most agreeable and obliging in his intercourse with the passengers. Under him are three officers. The laborious duties of the ship are performed by a boatswain and an efficient corps of mariners; there is likewise a head-engineer with his assistants, having the special charge of the machinery. In the ordinary working of the ship, it seems to be a rule, that two officers shall always be on the alert—one stationed on the gangway at the side of the paddle-boxes, to look sharply ahead; the other stationed at the binnacle, to communicate orders to the man at the wheel. When an order is issued by the captain, or first officer on duty, it is repeated aloud by the second officer; and you thus hear it rapidly echoed from point to point till acted upon by the helmsman. Orders to the engineer to slacken speed, to stop, or go on, are communicated by pulling the wire of a bell at the paddle-box; by which simple contrivance, the movements of the ship are under the most perfect control. The watches, as must be known to many, are four hours each, and are regulated by striking a bell placed near the wheel, the sounds being answered by a bell at the fore-castle. The bell is struck every half-hour. Half-past twelve o'clock is indicated by one blow; one o'clock by two blows; half-past one o'clock by three blows; and so on to four o'clock, which is marked by eight blows. At half-past four they begin again; and in this way the twenty-four hours of the day are divided.

Although ably assisted by his officers, the commander of a vessel of this class holds a situation requiring sleepless vigilance. I observed that in his room at night a light was kept constantly burning, to illuminate the charts, compasses, and barometers, with which the apartment is furnished; and at various times a mariner came to report the progress of the ship, and the state of the winds. It is also noticeable, that any order despatched by the captain to the officer on duty, is given in writing, so as to avoid the mistakes incidental to verbal messages. Lately, a tell-tale compass has been invented, for the purpose of checking irregularities in sailing. By means of an ingenious kind of mechanism attached to a compass, its dial-plate is punctured in the line of direction of the ship. Should the vessel be kept unsteadily on its assigned course, the deviations will be marked on the dial like a cloud of zigzag punctures; but should the vessel be kept steadily to its proper path, the punctures, accordingly, will be in a straight line. Fresh dials of paper are supplied daily. With one of these tell-tale compasses, the captain, on awaking in his berth, can discover whether his orders have been carefully attended to or otherwise.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attention to exactness in compasses. Good compasses are doubtless furnished to all vessels of this important class; but the very best compass may be

rendered worse than useless, by a disregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange its action. Captain Shannon related to us a curious instance of a derangement in the compass, which had since rendered him punctiliously cautious. He had left Halifax with his vessel on the homeward-bound voyage; it was during one of the cold winter months, when fogs prevail on the American coast. His directions at night to the officers of the watch were to run for a point thirty miles eastward of Newfoundland, so as to make sure of keeping clear of its rock-bound shores; and the point of the compass that would lead in this required direction was fixed upon. On coming on deck in the gray of the morning, what was his horror on seeing that the ship had just entered a small bay, and seemed about to be dashed in pieces on the lofty precipices that revealed themselves through the mist! By instantaneously shouting orders to the man at the wheel, and by reversing the engines, he barely saved the vessel from destruction. After some trouble, it was paddled out to deep water. His first impression of course was, that the compass had been neglected. But to his surprise, he found that his orders in this respect had been exactly followed. The head of the vessel had been kept in the direction which, by compass, should have led to the open sea, thirty miles from land, and yet here was it running full inshore. To all concerned, the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on any ordinary principle to be accounted for. The truth at length dawned on the captain. The error must have arisen from some local derangement of the compass. He caused all the compasses in the ship to be ranged on the deck; and soon it was perceived that no two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be at a certain spot close to the funnel of the stove of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause? It was of brass, and had never before shewn any power of distracting the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tube had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him! There, in that paltry iron tube, was the whole cause of the derangement, 'which I speedily,' added Captain Shannon, 'made to shift its quarters.' How near was thus a fine vessel being wrecked, from a petty circumstance which no one could have previously dreamt of; and it may be said, how many first-class steamers, assumed to be diverted towards rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.

By a strict regard to compasses and to lights, and by careful pilotage on approaching the coast, the danger to well-built seagoing steamers is exceedingly small. Rocks, collisions, and conflagrations, are the things that need alone raise a feeling of apprehension. On board the *America*, as in similar vessels, lights are hung up at sunset on the fore-mast and on each paddle-box, so as to warn ships that a steamer is approaching, whereby collisions may be avoided; and as regards fire, extreme care seems to be taken. All the lamps below, excepting that in the captain's apartment, are put out at midnight; nor is any one allowed to burn lights on his own account. There is, also, in connection with the steam-engine, a set of force-pumps, by which a deluge of water could be immediately propelled to any part of the vessel. To avert the danger and delay incidental to breakages of machinery, duplicates of various parts are kept on board, and could be substituted if necessary, without materially interrupting the progress of the voyage. Such precautionary arrangements cannot but give a certain degree of confidence to the most timid class of passengers.

The *America*, as I said, quitted her moorings in the Mersey on Saturday at noon; and passing north about, it was not until about seven o'clock on Sunday evening that we lost sight of Ireland, and were fairly afloat on

\* Now in the *Europa*, to and from New York.

the Atlantic. Without any land in view, the ship now seemed to be fixed in the centre of a circular piece of water terminating in the sky. And on and on, day after day, did the noble vessel go ploughing her way across this shifting liquid disk. Seldom did any sail make its appearance on the track we were pursuing. Our ship was seemingly alone on the waste of waters—a thing enchanted into life by the appliances of science and art, hastening across the trackless deep, and transferring a living portion of Europe to America. How suggestive, to sit down to dinner, amidst the splendours of a hotel, and to see so many refined people about you, yet know that you are a thousand miles from land—a mere speck amidst the tumultuous waves! The greatness of this marvel is probably lessened to most minds by the pressure of common-place circumstances. The slightest touch of sea-sickness takes away the poetry of the ocean; nor, when a man is hungry, does he indulge complacently in fanciful speculations. One of the first things which passengers do on coming on board, is to select the place where they propose to sit at table; which they do by laying down their card at the spot. In this way, a party of persons acquainted with each other make choice of a locality; and the seat each selects he keeps during the voyage. Let us pause for a moment on the appearance of the saloon, in its varying character of sitting and eating room.

It is one of the many well-managed matters in these vessels, that the meals are served peremptorily to a minute, according to the striking of the bells. No matter what be the state of the weather, the dishes are brought in at the appointed time; and I verily believe that if the ship were sinking, the stewards would still be continuing to serve the dinner. The stewards, in fact, twelve in number, the whole under a *chef*, and dressed in smart blue jackets, are but a variety of the waiter genus, and know only one thing—which is to supply the wants of passengers. At eight o'clock in the morning, they ring their first bell, which is the signal for rising; and at half-past eight they ring again for breakfast. Irish stew, cold meat, ham, mutton-chops, some kind of fish, eggs, tea, coffee, and hot rolls, are placed in profusion on the two upper tables. The tables in the saloon are eight in number—that is, four on each side, with sofa seats in red velvet plush. Seldom more, however, than the upper tables are covered for breakfast; for the meal is drawn out till ten o'clock, and for two hours people come dropping in and going out as suits their fancy. At ten, the tables are cleared: after this, nothing hot can be obtained; but any one at any time can have such other fare as is on board. At half-past eleven, the tables are covered to a larger extent, and the bell at twelve o'clock is the signal for lunch. This is a well-attended meal, and there is usually a considerable consumption of soup, cold beef, and roasted potatoes—the latter served with their jackets on, and a great favourite with the more moderate hands. Again the tables are cleared, and so they remain till half-past three o'clock, when they are covered from end to end in *grande tenue*, and the bell for dressing is rung. This bell might as well be spared, for not one makes the slightest preparation; and when the bell at four o'clock is sounded, there is a general rush from the poop, smoking-gallery, and other quarters, into the saloon. The number of passengers during our voyage was a hundred and sixty, and the whole of these, with two or three exceptions, sat down to dinner daily. At the top of each of the eight tables is a silver tureen of soup, and the signal for taking off the lids is the entrance of the captain, who appears in the saloon only at this meal, and takes his seat at the upper end of the first table on the left-hand side. The stewards are drawn up in lines, and confine their attendance to their respective tables. When dishes are sent in to the apartment, they are handed from one to another along the lines, and in the same noiseless manner are

they handed out—the whole thing going on silently like an adroit military manoeuvre. Every day fresh bills of fare are laid on the tables for the use of the guests. Iced water is served in abundance, and it is observable that not many call for wines. Those who do, give their orders on cards furnished for the purpose, which they settle for at the end of the voyage.

The elegance and profusion of these dinners is surprising. They consist of the best soups, fish, meat, fowls, and game, with side dishes in the French style; followed by a course of pastry of various kinds, with a dessert of fresh and preserved fruits. How so many things can be cooked, how there can be so much pastry dressed up daily, is a standing wonder to everybody. And the wonder is greater when we know that from the same apparatus must be daily produced not only all this profusion for the saloon, but also copious dinners at different hours for the fore-cabin passengers, the officers' mess, and the working departments of the ship. Dinner in the saloon is drawn out to upwards of an hour, but towards its conclusion numbers drop off to their accustomed lounge in the capstan-gallery or on the poop. A few, here and there, linger over a bottle of wine; some recline on the sofas; and some take to reading. There is now a cessation in eating till seven o'clock, when the bell is sounded the last time for the day, and tea and coffee are served. For these beverages there is always abundance of milk; the cow on board being an assurance that there will be no want in that particular. As regards this poor animal, which was certainly an involuntary passenger, I observed that she was carefully attended to in the way of food and cleanliness; nor did she feel the want of company; for most persons talk to her in passing her little house, over the half-door of which she keeps her head poked out to see what is going on, and to receive the caresses of the sailors. In rough weather, she lies down in a comfortable bed of straw, and is untouched by the spray of the sea; yet, she is sometimes sick, and on such occasions, like others on board, probably wishes she were safe on dry land.

It will appear, from this brief description, that eating goes on with short interruptions from morning till night. One feels as if living in a table-d'hôte room, with the same company always sitting down or rising up; and I should think that, if a person be at all well, he can scarcely fail to add to his weight during the voyage. In tolerable states of the weather, the greater number of passengers take walking exercise on the poop, which is the great airing-ground. The younger men amuse themselves in a different manner, with games of shovel-board, on the stripes of deck outside the saloon. Here, with thin circular pieces of hardwood, they play at a game which resembles that of bowls, only that the pieces thrown are made to slide along instead of being rolled. On fine forenoons, the ladies are spectators of these games, or indulge in walking exercise, if able to bear the unsteady motion of the ship. In the saloon, much is done to kill time by card-playing, chess, and backgammon. Some keep playing on for hours, morning and evening. They have crossed the Atlantic a dozen times, and to them the whole affair is hackneyed and tame. Their only solace is whist, and accordingly no sooner is the breakfast off the table, than the cards make their appearance. At night, when the candles are lighted, these whist-parties increase in number, and to look down the room, you would imagine yourself at a large evening-party in a watering-place. Occasionally, towards ten o'clock, when certain youngsters are finishing the day with deviled legs of fowl and 'glasses of something warm to put away that nasty squeamishness,' you may hear a song break forth, and there is for a time an air of joviality among the various scattered parties. Yet, on no occasion does one ever see any approach to boisterousness; and notwithstanding the mixture of



nations—English, Scotch, American, Canadian, German, and Italian—there prevails from first to last the staid demeanour of well-bred and select society.

Our voyage was rather more rough than usual. Head-winds from the west tumbled the sea about, and retarded the progress of the vessel. At starting, the ship was able to make upwards of 200 miles a day; but on Thursday, the run sunk to 101 miles; on Friday, it rose a little, being 120; and on Saturday, it was 166. During these three days, the beating of rain and wind, and the dashing of spray from the paddles, were the least of the discomforts. As the vessel ducked down in front to meet the billows, she constantly, and just as a spoon would lift water, shipped a sea, which came rolling along the decks ankle deep, and finding only an imperfect outlet at the scuppers. The concussions of the heavy surging waves on the bows and paddles were sometimes awful, threatening, as they appeared to do, the destruction of everything that opposed the repeated shocks. Yet under these pitiless blows, the vessel scarcely quivered, so well were her timbers put together; and calmly she made her way, though at moderated speed, through the raging and foaming ocean. Now was it apparent that mere power of engine is of little avail during storms in the Atlantic, and, indeed, will only aggravate the concussions, unless the prow of the vessel be of that sharpened and vertical form that will enable it to cleave its way, and at the same time sustain a level course in the water. A vessel of this improved shape, and of increased length, is, I believe, in course of construction by the Cunard Company, and it will be interesting to watch the result. Meanwhile, the frequent shipping of seas in bad weather is an intolerable nuisance. As regards myself, the deluging of the decks of the *America* poisoned the whole comforts of the voyage. In going from my berth in the morning, and returning to it in the evening, I had to walk amidst sea-water; and one night, by the plunging of the ship, I was thrown down, and bruised and drenched to a serious extent. For this there was no redress. Some other gentlemen among the first-class passengers had to undergo the like torment of occupying berths in the forepart of the ship. We were in the predicament of persons who, every night after supper, and amidst a storm of wind and rain, had to go out of doors in quest of a lodging. May our sufferings be a warning not to pay for a passage in these vessels without first seeing a printed plan, and being assured that the berth required is actually under or in connection with the saloon.

While the head-winds lasted, and kept the decks in disorder, the smoking and talking assemblages in the capstan-gallery were kept up with redoubled energy. Collected in this sheltered spot, and grouped on camp-stools, the English and Americans carried on earnest discussions on matters of social polity: an Americanised Irish gentleman from Ohio told stories of the early settlements; a Californian, in a shaggy pea-jacket, and with breastpins made of great nuggets of gold, related tales of Lynch law and Colt's revolvers; and from a grizzly-haired little man, who spoke emphatically through his teeth, the captain of a South-sea whaler, we had daily narratives of shipwreck, which would have gone far to fill a volume. It was remarkable, that during even the worst weather, and when the motion of the vessel was considerable, there was little sickness among the passengers. Altogether, I experienced no feeling of this kind except for an hour on the second day. The length and solidity of the vessel, with its power of overcoming the short broken waves, give an easiness that is wanting in the small class of steamers; so that a voyage to America is really attended with less painful consequences than an ordinary trip from Dover to Calais. While the bad weather lasted, only two of the passengers ventured on the poop. One of them was a grave gentleman, clothed from top to toe

in India-rubber, who defied the rain and wind, and became a subject of jocularity to the young men on board. The other was a handsome young Swiss, who had never been to sea before, and was always in a state of extreme alarm lest the vessel should sink. In the midst of dinner, if there was a particularly loud concussion against the paddles, out the poor Swiss would bolt, and hurry to the furthest corner of the wheel-house, as if resolved to be among the last to perish. A hurricane of laughter from the young Nova Scotians followed these demonstrations, which were among the standard subjects of merriment.

On the eighth day out, the weather mended very considerably, and at noon our run by log was 231 miles. Being Sunday, preparations were made for performing divine service. At one o'clock, the principal steward entered the saloon with a tray-full of Bibles and prayer-books, which he distributed among the passengers. He then adjusted a red plush sofa-cushion on the inner side of one of the tables, by way of pulpit; and after these simple arrangements, the bell on the fore-castle began deliberately to toll. Several passengers from the fore-cabin now entered along with the officers in uniform, and about a dozen sailors in their Sunday jackets. In the whole scene there was an air of considerable solemnity. The bell ceased to ring, and a perfect silence prevailed. The officiating minister now took his seat at the cushion, on which lay a large Bible and service-book. When no clergyman is on board, the service for the day is read by the captain. In the present instance, a clergyman belonging to the college of Toronto was a passenger, and by him the service was conducted according to the usual forms; including the preaching of a sermon, which was listened to with as great attention as if delivered in a parish church. The rest of the day was spent with the ordinary decorum of Sunday in England.

On the following Tuesday, being the tenth day out, sailing vessels began to be seen on the horizon, being probably barks engaged in the fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, which we were now declared to be upon. We also enjoyed an agreeable clearing up in the sky, and the colour of the sea changed from blue to a light greenish tinge. From this time, too, more gulls were seen on the wing, and the ship had become a refuge for a flight of small birds resembling larks, which had been driven from land by stress of weather, and were glad to rest their wearied wings by perching on the more prominent parts of the vessel. This day, about noon, a large steamer from New York to Liverpool, came in sight, and was watched with deep interest by the passengers. It passed at the distance of two miles. There were, as usual, mutual greetings by signal. The system of communication at sea, by signals, is one of the most remarkable inventions of the day, and merits a word of explanation.

The inventor, or, at all events, perfecter, of the code of naval signals, was the late Captain Frederick Marryat, of the royal navy, well known as a popular novelist. By Marryat's signals, as they are generally termed, a conversation on almost any subject can be carried on between two ships, as effectually as if the respective captains spoke to each other in distinct words. The signals employed consist of fifteen different small narrow flags, which are run up at a point over the stern, and fully visible through a glass at a distance of several miles. Ten of them represent the ten figures in arithmetic, and by these any number is expressed. The other five refer respectively to certain departments in the code, and are designed to lead at once to the subject of conversation. When a particular number is expressed, the code, which is a volume resembling a dictionary, is turned up by the party addressed, and he sees a sentence or part of a sentence opposite that number in the book. So expert, however, do mariners become in reading the signals, that they seldom require to refer to the code. On

both sides, the signals are run up, and pulled down, and questions asked and answered with the rapidity of ordinary conversation. In this way, vessels passing within sight of each other at sea, no longer need to bend from their course or stop in their career to put questions through speaking-trumpets. The merchant ships of nearly all countries have embraced Marryat's code, which is now therefore the universal language of the sea—a symbol of brotherhood among nations.

Thursday, the twelfth day out. The joyful intelligence of land being in sight, was reported at breakfast. Through the misty distance, rugged headlands and brown rocky hills were visible on the west. We were now going southward, down the American coast, which was kept in view all day. The prospect was not cheering, for the land facing the ocean about the Gulf of St Lawrence has a generally bare and deserted appearance. Why steamers from England to America should for the most part hold so northerly a course before running south, is not clear to the understanding of landmen. The practice may be connected with the principle of great-circle sailing, or that of crossing where the degrees of longitude are comparatively narrow. On this point, there were learned but not particularly lucid discussions in the capstan-gallery; and here also, by the older sea hands, were given accounts of the Gulf-stream, and its wonderful effects in tempering the climate of the British islands. These and other themes of the capstan parliament, as we named it, came abruptly to a close in the evening, when the lights at the mouth of Halifax harbour shone in sight. Swiftly the entrance is made; the lights of the town make their appearance; mails and baggage are brought on deck; guns are fired and rockets sent up; lanterns flit about the wooden quay where we are to land; ropes are thrown out; a gangway is pushed on board; and, along with some half-dozen fellow-passengers who go no further, I scramble ashore, and have my foot on American soil.

The voyage, so far, had occupied nearly twelve and a half days; which, with a delay of several hours for coaling and the subsequent run to Boston, would, to the bulk of the passengers, make a voyage of fourteen days.

W. C.

### LIFE WITHIN LIFE.

WHEN old Leeuwenhoek, prying with his microscope into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, first discovered plantations of algae growing in the human mouth, he little thought he had opened the way for a series of researches which are now among the most interesting in natural history. Since his day, our knowledge of parasitic growths, both animal and vegetable, has largely increased, and we have obtained an insight into some of their causes and effects. Our forefathers were content to account for singular stains on the walls of houses, for rust, smut, blight, and mildew, by assuming witchcraft as the universal cause, as many people now-a-days ascribe everything they cannot understand to electricity. The witchcraft was believed to exercise itself in baleful blasts of air, in sunshine of a peculiar and mysterious quality, or in deadly fogs and mists. But the labours of naturalists have made us acquainted with a microscopic animal and vegetable world not less wonderful than that which everywhere meets the eye; and no witchcraft could be more surprising. There are *epiphytes* and *entophytes*, or outside plants and inside plants; and the animalcules which choose the interior of other animals for their habitation, are generally described as *entozoa*. It is one of the entophytes, the *Uredo fetida*, which produces the disease known as the pepper-brand in wheat: a true parasite, it begins by preying on the heart of the plant, and shews itself at the surface only when the spores are ripe and ready to

be dispersed for further mischief. Other kinds attack the leaves of trees, and produce those unsightly brown, gray, or yellow blotches; and among these there is one particularly dreaded in Herefordshire, as it always makes alarming ravages on the pear-trees. On the continent, too, the growers of grapes have had to lament the visit of a parasite that destroys half their fruit, with a disease known as the *oidium*. Some confine their depredations to hawthorn hedges; some, more choice in their taste, will locate themselves only on the under side of the skin of ripening fruit, singling out always the reddest peaches, and the roses of deepest blush, to the dismay of the gardener, who sees his produce and his hopes at once blighted. At times, these merciless hangers-on cover our favourite flower-bearing trees and shrubs with white filaments, curiously jointed, and ramifying in all directions; others make white fairy-rings on the leaves of cabbages, or coat the stalks of onions with a velvety-looking meal, or interweave a gray cobweb network through whole rows of pease. They flourish alike in heat and cold; growing into large fungoid heaps in the tropics, and dyeing the snow red on mountain-tops and in the polar circle. Some select languid plants, others will have none but those of the most vigorous circulation, and upon these they establish and organise colonies with a rapidity that human beings, even with their Australian experiences, can never hope to imitate. Some confine themselves exclusively to the roots, and a tree is often seen to droop and die before any outward signs of malady become visible. Who that has ever taken a country walk has not seen the dodder growing from and twisting round the stalks of nettles, thistles, flax, and clover, like bright red threads trimmed with small tufts of orange? No lasso ever inlaced its victim tighter than do these ruddy parasites the stems they entwine. Most of them, derive all their nourishment from the substance to which they adhere; but there are a few, classed as false parasites, which are content with a point of attachment merely, and depend on themselves for sustenance. A peculiarity among the latter is worthy of notice: their leaves are unaffected by the light. The sun sheds his rays upon them in vain, they never relax or turn towards him, but keep a fixed position, as if bound by a spell.

From their greater variety, the animal parasites are perhaps more interesting objects of study than the vegetable. Strange little creatures many of them are! Some we can follow through several successive stages of their existence, and then all at once they are lost; and while the puzzled naturalist is trying to account for their disappearance, he finds them again in some unexpected habitat, but in an advanced state or form of development, and with no signs of what they have been doing or where they have been hiding in the interval. To the discovery of this secret, some of the most distinguished observers have devoted themselves with a perseverance which appears ridiculous to those who do not appreciate the engrossing nature of scientific pursuits. The question is a difficult one, for many of these tiny beings need a different habitation with every successive stage of their growth. Now they are found in one organ now in another, now in the viscera now in the veins; and in some instances they have to forsake one animal and take up their abode in another of a different species before their developments can be continued. It is by this shifting of quarters that the inquirer is thrown out; he loses the trail, and recovers it with extreme difficulty or not at all. The shiftings are indeed curious. Some which have lived and flourished in a full-grown animal disappear, and when next found, they will be snugly brooding in the interior of hibernating larvæ. Others, again, pass a portion of their life on the excrement of *salamanders* and *tritons*, or efts, as they are popularly called, and nowhere else, until the succeeding period commences, when, true to their

instinct, they seek another dwelling. Numerous tribes are met with in the intestines of cockroaches, beetles, and other insects; and at times they are discovered in situations where one would have still less thought of looking for them. Among recent examples of these singular facts, we may mention the results obtained by Dr Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, who has devoted some years of study to the subject—with what success may be inferred from the history of his labours having been published by the Smithsonian Institution in the fifth volume of their valuable *Contributions to Knowledge*.

'Almost everybody,' remarks the doctor, 'is familiar with the *gordius*, or hair-worm, vulgarly supposed to be a transformed horsehair. The animal is rather common in brooks and creeks in the latter part of summer and in autumn, occurring from a few inches to a foot in length. No one has yet been able to trace it to its origin. The female deposits in the water in which it is found millions of eggs, connected together in long cords. In the course of three weeks, the embryos escape from the eggs, of a totally different form and construction from the parents, their body being 1-450th of an inch long. No one has yet been able to determine what becomes of the embryo in its normal cyclical course.'

The doctor then observes, that the grasshoppers found in the damp meadows near Philadelphia are much infested with a species of *gordius*, which he thinks may be the same, but in a different state of development. 'The number of *gordii*,' he says, 'in each insect varies from one to five, their length from three inches to a foot; they occupy a position in the visceral cavity, where they lie coiled among the viscera, and often extend from the end of the abdomen forward through the thorax, even into the head. Their bulk and weight are frequently greater than all the soft parts, including the muscles, of their living habitation; nevertheless, with this relatively immense mass of parasites, the insects jump about almost as freely as those not infested. In time, when the grasshoppers die, the worms creep from the body and enter the earth; for, suspecting the fact, I spent an hour looking over a meadow for dead grasshoppers, and having discovered five, beneath two of them, several inches below the surface, I found the *gordii* which had escaped from the corpses.'

Here we have a glimpse of the mode by which one numerous family of parasites is perpetuated: they find their way from the ditches into the bodies of grasshoppers, and when those habitations become unsuitable, they escape into the earth. It would be curious to know what next becomes of them. The more the question is examined, the more is the theory of equivocal or spontaneous generation weakened; for though there are certain animals and plants which appear to reproduce themselves without assistance, there is yet found, by steady and long-continued watching, to be at last a sexual admixture, without which the race would inevitably die out. Recent discovery has demonstrated that most of the cryptogamia—ferns, mosses, and algae—do actually possess the sexual elements; and who shall venture to say that they will not be ultimately discovered in all, even in the fungi, which have hitherto baffled all attempts to detect in them a difference of sex?

Entozoa are more abundant than entophyta: of the former, there are thirty-nine species which infest human beings. They do not, as is commonly supposed, fix their dwelling in the intestines exclusively, for they are found in the eye, in the bronchial glands, the kidneys, liver, and gall-bladder, in the muscles and in the venous blood, as well as in the viscera—different species being peculiar to the different organs. Of entophyta, the hitherto known species are ten in number, and these also are peculiar to certain parts. The *sarcina* is found in the stomach, some grow on sores

and the mucous surfaces, and others appear numerous in those disgusting diseases, porriga and *plica polonica*.

Dr Leidy has added to the number of entophyta, by his discovery of some new species in the intestinal canal of a myriapod, the *Julus marginatus*, and of a coleopterous insect, *Passalus cornutus*, both found in decaying stumps of trees in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. To the plant met with in the *Julus* he gives the name of *enterobryus*: it exists in three varieties—*elegans*, *spiralis*, and *attenuatus*; all of which are remarkably beautiful in form and appearance. Though so small as only to be seen by the aid of a microscope, they present highly interesting objects of study. The *Enterobryus elegans* attaches itself to the membrane by means of a discoid pedicle, from which shoots a hollow stalk or thallus, the whole not more than from two to three lines long, and 1000th of an inch diameter. This stalk has a single spiral bend at its foot, and contains within it a number of minute transparent vesicles, which, at the fitting time, escape by the bursting of the outer skin of the stalk itself, and grow into new plants. A group of these thalli presents a pleasing sight under the microscope, their graceful bends and curves, their dottings of light and shade, as the vesicles are more or less abundant or dense, exhibit effects reminding one of the vegetation seen on the banks of rivers in the tropics. Parasite though it be, it sustains another parasite, the *arthromitus*, which grows in small hairlike tufts from the stalk, and adds to its beauty. It is, moreover, the parasite of a parasite, for it attaches itself to several kinds of entozoa which infest the *Julus*. One of these, the *Ascaris infecta* had not fewer than twenty-three of the plants growing from its body, and yet it wriggled about, when placed in fluid, with such agility as to shew itself but little incommoded.

The *Enterobryus spiralis*, as the name indicates, has a number of convolutions or spirals in its stalk, and the *attenuatus* has a sigmoid flexure, all of which add greatly to the beauty of these singular plants, while adapting them to the circumstances in which they are placed. By means of this arrangement, they are enabled to bear the peristaltic movement of the bowels, and the passage of the food; without it, so delicate is their structure, they would be inevitably broken and expelled. It is another among the numerous instances afforded by nature of elegance arising out of utility.

Another plant found by Dr Leidy is the *eccrina*; it is an allied species of the *enterobryus*, and is, if possible, more remarkable, because in full-grown specimens the multiplication of cells from the earliest to the latest stage can be seen at once. Their subsequent developments are not less interesting than those which take place in larger plants and animals. Some are reproduced by division; secondary cells detaching themselves from the primaries, the form in which they are first seen being that of a transparent ovate vesicle, not more than the 2500th of an inch in diameter. Numbers of the cells are no sooner separated, than they at once fix themselves to the membrane or to the parent plant, which is of the same minute character as the *enterobryus*. The *arthromitus* has no pedicle, but it grows profusely in tassel-like tufts from granules on the membrane, as the algae of the mouth grow from granules that collect between the teeth and in hollows of the gums. Another, the *clado-phytum*, is the smallest of all, being not more than the 700th of an inch in length, and the 30,000th in diameter. There appears to be a strong disposition to fraternise among the species here mentioned; for where one is found, the others are also found in greater or lesser quantity.

Besides these, there are various growths which have not yet been fully made out, but which, so far as examined, are found to possess characteristics equally remarkable. In the mass, they present the appearance of a jungle that half conceals the better-known species;

yet when observed in small groups and in detail, such are the delicacy and grace of their form and structure, so exquisite their colouring, as to produce effects of beauty which we seek for in vain in the larger kinds of vegetation, however luxuriant. In one place will be seen clusters of peacocks' feathers on yellow stalks, the central eye of deepest carmine, shaded from the centre to the circumference, and surrounded by divergent orange rays, all bending and waving at the slightest motion of the fluid in which they are placed. Among them are scattered stems, growing cactus-like, a dark vein running up the centre of their amber-coloured interior, and streaked outside with velvety lines of red, while sable hairlike tufts droop from their crowns like flowing horsetails. In other places stand little forests of what appear to be Scotch fir, denuded of their acicular leaves—dark masses, against which the brighter colours form an admirable contrast. Others, again, resemble hairy artichokes, with a resplendent star at their base; and in others we see clumps of bulrushes, their spikes of pale straw-colour containing a crimson core that shines through its downy covering. Here and there gleams an oval disk, that might be taken for a microscopic feather screen, fit to adorn a fairy's mantle-piece; and all around is a thick undergrowth of plume-like plants of a grayish hue, set off by touches of the richest brown. On such a scene the eye lingers delightedly for hours.

In addition to these vegetable parasites which grow so abundantly within the insects, as to make the beholder wonder how their functions can be carried on, there are seven species of entozoa which infest the *Julus*, and range at will through its internal forests: the *Passalus* has only three kinds, but its thoracic cavity is generally found to be filled with an imperfectly developed worm. Narrow and encumbered as such quarters are, the males and females find ample room to disport themselves, to breed and rear their young.

The presence of entozoa within the body, as a rule, causes neither harm nor inconvenience: they frequently appear, establish a numerous colony for a season, and then disappear, without the individual having been at all aware of their presence. Entophyta, on the contrary, do positive harm: silk-worms are liable to a disease which kills them in great numbers, and shews itself on their bodies as a bluish-green mould, but which is an insidious minute vegetation. The *Cicada septendecim*, or seventeen-year locust of the United States, is also preyed upon by parasites, which grow within it in the form of a white moist fungus that ultimately destroys its life; in which we probably see a natural countercheck to the too great multiplication of a destructive insect. People of sluggish habits are more subject to the invasions of parasites than those of an active disposition; and persons who live much on innutritious food, or substances slow of digestion, will be infested, when those who diet themselves generously, and with well-cooked food, will be exempt. Cooking is one of the means of prevention; and it is often remarked, that those who live chiefly on vegetables are constantly troubled with parasites. The Swiss peasantry are a striking case in point. Seeing, however, that foreign bodies are more readily introduced with liquid than with solid food, aquatic animals are more infested than terrestrial.

Dr Leidy combats the notion that diseases are produced or propagated by parasites taken into the body, as none of the well-known animalculæ are poisonous; and he adds: 'At various times, I have purposely swallowed large draughts of water containing myriads of *Monas*, *Vibrio*, *Euglenia*, *Leucophrys*, *Paramecium*, *Vorticella*, &c., without ever having perceived any subsequent effect.' And although we know that vegetable parasites cause disease, there is no satisfactory proof of their having floated through the air on their deadly

errand. It is quite possible to distinguish particles of matter which are not more than 200,000th of an inch in bulk, and as the smallest vegetable spores are large in comparison, being from 20,000th to 80,000th, they could hardly escape notice were they floating about in the atmosphere. On this point Dr Leidy adds: 'I have frequently examined the rains and dews of localities in which intermittents were epidemic, upon the Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers, but without being able to detect animalculæ, spores, or even any solid particles whatever. I have examined the air itself for such bodies, by passing a current through clear water. . . . Ordinarily, when the atmosphere was still, early in the morning, or in the evening, neither spores nor animalculæ could be detected. When piles of decaying sticks or dry leaves were stirred up, or the dust was blown about by the wind, a host of most incongruous objects could be obtained from the air; none, however, which could be supposed capable of producing disease.'

To assert, under these circumstances, that there are spores and animalculæ capable of giving rise to epidemics, but not discernible by any means at our command, is absurd, as it is only saying, in other words, that such spores and animalculæ are liquid, and dissolved in the air, or in a condition of chemical solution. That the air may be poisoned by matters incapable of detection by the chemist, is proved by the emanations from such plants as the *Rhus vernix*, *Hippomane mancinella*, &c.'

#### WHEN I WAS A BOY.

I OFTEN think there must be a greater difference between looking back in the present day, and at any former period; and although in this idea there may be some of that feeling which makes us ready to believe ours to be the age *par excellence*—after us the deluge!—yet, on consideration, it will be found that, looking back on the past thirty or forty years of the present century, gives us a view of greater social and physical strides than they who had the misfortune to be born before us could ever have dreamed of. What is there in ancient history, in the annals of any former peoples, to compare with the advance from broad-wheeled wagons to express trains, from Leith smacks to Atlantic steamers? Some of the greatest nations of old prided themselves on remaining stationary, on retaining fixed habits and customs, as the Japanese do in our day. What did the Egyptian, Greek, or Roman peasant or tradesman ever see at all comparable to that which we have seen in England, going back only to the days

When George the Third was king?

We can hardly believe that a people who spent ten years in taking such an insignificant little town as Troy, could have been particularly remarkable for progress. It is true, they began with huts made of sticks, and ended with the Parthenon; but the masses, as we call them, were not materially affected by the change; and seeing that they had no newspapers to tell them, day after day, and week after week, of what was going on, and how clever they were, and how discontented they ought to be, we may safely conclude that advancement was not the subject uppermost in their thoughts. It would be easy to illustrate the question by abundant examples, were this the place for such a performance, and were it not that most readers will be able to recall instances for themselves from their historical readings. And besides, the subject in hand must first be treated of.

Short as is our experience of going to New York in ten days, to Edinburgh in ten hours, and of flashing messages to the other end of Europe and back again in ten seconds, we have come to regard them as things familiar; and even at times as things to be critical thereupon, as if there was nothing about them so very

astounding after all: so readily does the human mind adapt itself to new circumstances. And yet, when I look back, as I often do, to the time when I was a boy—and that is not so very long ago, for half a score of summers will have to pass before my number is made up to fifty—I see that 'twixt now and then' the change is indeed great: it certainly cannot be matched in the past, whatever it may be in the future; and if we can recall the former features, their unlikeness to the present will perhaps afford us the means of comparison.

Go back as far as we will, there is always something connecting us with a time still more remote, which presents itself as the starting-point. I was going to begin with my recollection of having been carried in some one's arms into the street, where half the town was dining in the open air, in celebration of a respite in hostilities with France, and of a lump of pudding being placed in my hands; but there came up the vision of my paternal grandmother, a rather grim old lady, whom I saw but once, and who, as I was told, had seen the heads of the rebel lords exposed on Temple Bar, in one of her visits to London. Think of being linked, though ever so slenderly, with such a state of things, when Jacobite and Hanoverian were cries that would stir the blood of thousands! We may form some idea of it, by considering what would be the effect produced in 1853 by similar cranial decorations on the top of the old city gateway. It would not be that of strengthening the government.

I can remember that nearly all the men of our town, my father among the number, wore what were familiarly called knee-breeches and gaiters. There are a few who wear them yet, but the majority took long ago to trousers, and left the short tight garments to grooms and gentlemen who go to court. I should hardly recognise my mother, were she now to put on the dress she then wore, with the waist almost close to the armpits, and a long cloak, reaching to her heels, with a very large hood. There is a faint memory of the clink of her pattens lingering in my ears; and when these were superseded by clogs, an epoch was established in the family annals which was referred to for many months afterwards. There was more need of such appendages to the female foot then than now, for the side-walks of the town were formed of two stripes of ill-laid flagstones, worn by long usage into hollows so deep that a couple of rivulets were always flowing down them whenever it rained. My sisters wore tip-pets and sleeves in summer, and spencers or pelisses in winter, and exchanged straw-bonnets for queer-looking beavers as soon as the cold weather began to set in. Winter was winter then, and people had to resort to sundry comfortable expedients in order to circumvent him, which they seem to have forgotten now-a-days. As for myself and my brothers, we wore what were called skeleton-suits, the jacket and trousers buttoning together, and fitting close to the body, and round our necks a small white plaited frill—a dress by no means convenient or graceful, but at that time the only one available for boys; and in this particular the contrast with the present variety of material and of style, is not less striking than in objects of national importance. Between this jacket and the regular coat there was but one gradation: it was a jacket made to button outside instead of inside the trousers, and with a pinched-up tail, evidently modelled on that of the bull-finch. From such a garment to real coats and waistcoats, was an advance too great for our philosophy; and we looked like very young men indeed, and very shamefaced, when we first went into the streets wearing our long-tailed, brass-buttoned habiliments.

There is a difference, too, in domestic servants, which is not all in favour of the present. Our maids were generally strapping rustic girls, who were not afraid of work, and who thought L.5 a year handsome wages. Their morning-dress was a very dark blue cotton gown,

with short sleeves that left the arms bare, and a close-fitting cap, perfectly innocent of the freaks of fashion. The afternoon-dress was also of cotton, but more showy and varied in pattern than the blue—a clean white apron, a handkerchief pinned over the shoulders, and a cap shewing a full border, and now and then a slip of pink ribbon in some of its folds. There was little or none of that pretence and elegance which female servants now exhibit, but there was contented industry, and a loyalty of feeling that manifested itself in attachment to the household, and care for its interests. In these days of progress, such servants are rare, and as a class, they will soon become a subject for history. What would be thought now of an interdict against shewing the hair? and yet but a few years before my recollections begin, this was a great fact. I have heard my mother say, that it was the talk of the whole town when old Lady Hornblow's servant was seen one evening standing at her mistress's door, shewing a small straight fringe of her hair below the border of her cap. What a daring innovator! If I knew her name, it should have all the immortality these pages could confer upon it.

I can remember, too, that there was a good deal of coarseness of manners which would not be tolerated now; and as you descended in the social scale, the blackguardism became perfectly revolting. What gangs of idle vagabonds we used to see on the outskirts of the town playing at 'pitch and hustle,' 'odd or even,' 'hookem-snivey,' &c., on Sunday mornings when we took our accustomed walk before church-time! Idle, depraved vagabonds, for the most part, who were frequently condemned to the whipping-post or Bridewell; herding together in a miserable street by themselves when no mischief engaged them elsewhere; and there they lived, the very pariahs of society, for no man cared to visit their squalid haunts, until the first Wesleyan chapel was built, and then a few earnest-minded individuals began to go among the outcasts. I often wonder what it was that kept such dangerous elements under control, for at times there would be terrible fights among them; and if any one cared to run for the constable, hours would sometimes pass before that functionary made his appearance. Was it that they were unconscious of their strength, or that they had a wholesome fear of the whip? I shall never forget unexpectedly seeing a man flogged in the market-place: how he shrieked and writhed as the lash fell on his shoulders; and to my young imagination it seemed impossible to do wrong with such a punishment in prospect. One or two very incorrigible scoundrels were flogged round the town at the cart's tail, though with what beneficial effect I never heard.

Those Sunday morning walks! You went to the end of the street, and then another step and you were in the country, with tangled hedges on the top of grassy banks on either side of you, enlivened with plenty of flowers and milk-veined thistles, that made the walk a delight and a wonder to us. There were tall trees, too, bordering the road as it curved gently onwards: now the trees are all cut down, the banks are levelled, and the road straightened; and although it may be true, as some say, that the highway is more useful than before, it is neither so picturesque nor so pleasant; and you have to go a mile or two before you can feel that the town is left behind. The sweet, alas! is not always blended with the useful.

There was then but one postman for the whole town; and how small was the number of letters compared with that now delivered by the three postmen twice a day! Then we paid sevenpence for a letter from London, and twice as much if it came from Bristol; and well do I remember how grudgingly these charges were paid, and how many shifts were resorted to to evade them. Any of our friends going to town were always burdened with a budget of letters for the Two-

penny Post; and that one of our members who lived nearest to his constituents was remorselessly besieged for franks, perhaps to the hurt of the besiegers, for he who had hardened himself into begging for franks, would not find it so very difficult to beg for something of more importance, especially when there were rumours of a dissolution of parliament.

Then the elections used to last for ten days or a fortnight, as long, indeed, as any one of the contending parties could poll a vote per hour, the town meantime being in a state of the utmost excitement and confusion. Such occasions were the saturnalia of the pariahs, and of all the rabble of the borough, and, it must be added, of many who ought to have known better. Sometimes there were four or five candidates, and then the streets were never quiet, for processions of 'free and independent' voters were going about from morning to night with flaunting banners of the rival colours, and noisy bands of music, always preceded by a squad of old women carrying long poles, surmounted by grotesque garlands. Sometimes two processions would meet, and then—the combined excitement of beer and music produced hostile demonstrations and a rattling fight, whereupon would arise a cry for constables; but the constables were partisans also, and, while making a show of keeping the peace among those who were only spectators, they left the belligerents to fight it out, especially when their own side was likely to win. O those elections! What scurrilous placards were sent out, four or five in a day! Every possible source of scandal was ransacked, whereby one party could damage the other. The spirit of mischief had ample time for its work, and profited by it. How cunningly the dodge of polling a vote per hour was resorted to when one candidate wished to tire out another; and behind the scenes, what artifices of corruption were employed to buy the sweet voices of such as had a difficulty in making up their minds! To me, as a boy, the elections were a holiday scene; but I could go down to the old town now, and put my finger on some fourscore helots who used, as a matter of course, to sell their birthright for sums varying from L.3 to L.10. It is better now, for although bribery and corruption still diffuse their dirty miasma, there is not the same protracted social disturbance, and evil passions have not so much time for their work. Truly, it is better now than when I was a boy.

The great road from London to Bristol ran through the town, and as some twenty or thirty coaches then travelled every day from one of those cities to the other, we were indebted to them for no small amount of bustle and business. It was a cheery sight to see the compact, well-appointed vehicles come dashing along the road, and pull up at the stopping-place, where four vigorous horses were waiting to relieve the panting team that had just arrived. How well the hostlers understood their work, and with what celerity they got through it! Nothing but sleight of hand, acquired by long practice, could have sent the coach speeding on again in less than two minutes. The mails, up and down, always went through about midnight; and I heard so many stories about their swiftness, the red-coated drivers and guards, that I had a painful longing to see one of those, to me, mysterious vehicles, which, however, was never gratified in my boyhood. Besides these, we had four or five coaches of our own, distinguished one from the other as the 'nine o'clock,' the 'ten o'clock,' &c., according to the hour at which they set off. Some of these were mainly supported by farmers, millers, and others of the genus, who 'went up' regularly to Mark-lane market. I remember when they used to be six or seven hours on the road, and how everybody was surprised when a spirited 'proprietor,' as the hostlers used to have it, started the *Telegraph*, to do the journey in from four and a half to five hours. What was the world coming to! At all events, the slow coaches had to transform

themselves into fast ones, and another proprietor 'put up' a coach to run to London and back in the day. You started at five in the morning, winter or summer, and were put down at the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, at ten, or at the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, half an hour later, with about five hours wherein to transact your business. At four in the afternoon, you started for the return-journey, and got home to supper. How we youngsters once stared at our father after his first day-trip; it seemed impossible that he could have gone to London and back since five in the morning! We should be less astonished now to see him return from a journey to the moon, now that the express train flies over the same distance in forty minutes.

'Time innovateth slowly,' says Bacon: our turn came at last. One of the first improvements, I remember, was the lowering of the crown of a hill in the main street some two or three feet, which made it an easier descent for the coaches, and enabled us to see from one end of it to the other. Then the worn-out footways were entirely renewed and widened, and finished on the outer edge with a heavy solid kerb of Aberdeen granite. Some of the roadways were macadamised, others levelled and repaved with large flints and pebbles, of which a good supply existed in the neighbourhood. Then—O wonder of wonders!—came gas, and the whole town was given over for a time to excavators and pipe-layers; and soon the miserable twinkling oil-lamps that hung faw and far between from iron brackets, was replaced by rows of iron columns, from the top of which shone afar the steady and brilliant blaze of the new light. It was more than the most inveterate hostility to improvement could bear; and shop-fronts, with their little panes of rough glass and heavy mouldings, found their way into back-streets or to the warehouses of dealers in second-hand furniture; and in their stead came stately fronts with mahogany mouldings, vast panes of 'flatted crown' or plate-glass, brass guard-rails and name-plates, while inside the dazzling flame was reflected from large mirrors and glittering chandeliers. For many weeks after their opening, these shops were surrounded every evening by a crowd of admiring beholders. Then a tall tower was built, with a cistern on the top of it that would hold a surprising number of thousands of gallons of water, which, being forced up by machinery, was to run down again of itself, and find its way to the highest parts of the town. Such instances of enterprise made us feel quite proud of our borough, and not without reason; for as it began to thrust out a new street here, a new terrace there, and detached villas in pleasant spots still further away, the extremities of the town underwent improvement. Filthy lanes were cleansed, levelled, and widened; putrid ditches, the cesspools of a whole parish, were covered over or purified by a stream of water made to flow constantly through them; the gang of foul-mouthed bargemen, who used to be always lounging on the bridge, to the annoyance of every one who passed, was dispersed, never to reassemble; troops of rascals were no more to be seen playing in the out-skirts on Sundays—not that they had all reformed, but that they betook themselves to remote nooks and corners, where vigilant eyes could not spy them out. Then the houses in every street were numbered, and a tradesman, instead of advertising that he lived opposite the *Bell and Bottle*, or ten doors from the post-office, could publish his number with the satisfaction of a man who feels himself possessed of a new capability. Then the old watch-boxes were pulled down and sold for firewood, the watchmen, with their rattles and lanterns, retired into private life, no more to cry the hours, or proclaim the meteorology of the night. As they went out, the new police came in, with their neat uniforms, their strict watchfulness, and searching bull-eyes. No more larking of fast young men at the small hours; no more practical jokes on the Charlies. Then,



one afternoon, Mr Gurney rattled into the town with his steam-carriage, on his experimental trip from Bristol to London; and solemn folks shook their heads, and said it was 'a tempting of Providence;' and some of the knowing sort sneeringly remarked, 'that's a cock that won't fight.' But ere long came tidings of wonderful doings in the north, followed soon after by the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which was a fact that neither the solemn ones nor the knowing ones could in anywise explain away.

By and by, a railway from London to our town and many miles further was talked about. My stars! an earthquake could not have caused greater alarm. Hundreds who foresaw damage to the coaching-trade became virtuously indignant; hundreds more predicted the utter ruin of the town; and hundreds more vowed that if a railway should be made, they, for their part, would still travel by stage-coach. Many were the clever circumventions used, and public meetings held, and bribes of shares judiciously administered, before the idea could be made palatable. Even in the end, it found but small favour; but the beginning had been made, and every day the rails came nearer and nearer, till at last we had a station of our own, and those who had mocked at steam found out their mistake, and chewed the cud of bitter fancy with such philosophy as they were capable of.

Here I must stop, for no one needs to be told what has been the march of improvement since railways were opened; and my purpose has lain more with the past than with the present. Numerous other points I might have touched upon, such as the common schools, the books available for children—how few they were—the habits of workmen, and of the older class of tradesmen, the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute, and other social subjects, which contrast strikingly with what is now to be seen before our eyes. But for all this there is not room; so I must conclude with the hope, that I have shewn there is matter for not unprofitable reflection in looking back to the time when I was a boy.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### LIFE OF THE STUDIO.

As the mysterious Boy could not be laid hands on, the professional workman could not be sent for—a circumstance the artist regretted much; and so Robert commenced his task of reparation in earnest, painting between whiles, and always adding to his store of information touching the life of the studio. What he heard was not very encouraging; but still he considered that Mr Driftwood's representations were, in all probability, coloured by his own feelings of disappointment—disappointment which his pupil did not scruple to set down to want of talent. There were other wants, however, about the poor artist: want of industry, and want of sobriety. But the latter was not a general defect in his character: it was only on extraordinary occasions he took to the 'ramble;' and on his return Robert could easily guess from his conversation that the victim of high art had been among his *premiers amours*—the gallipots and blue lions. At first our adventurer was a good deal startled at finding himself for days together alone in the garret-studio; but by that time he had received some employment from the picture-dealers, and the working-hours passed away agreeably enough, though very unprofitably.

He did not scruple to make use of Driftwood's premises as his own, for, in fact, he had made them his by putting an entirely new face upon them. The roof and

windows were now as good as new; the wood-work was painted throughout; a portion of the screen was metamorphosed into a small table, and the rest converted into a case that concealed handsomely the truckle-bed. Driftwood was enchanted with the change; and he assured his visitors with the most truthful air in the world, that he had chosen the place on account of its incomparable light; that he had been solicited in vain by the first men in the profession to exchange with them; and that if his rascally boy would only be in the way to answer the door, he should find himself as comfortable as any modern master could expect. Driftwood's air could never be otherwise than truthful; because when he told a lie he was always the first to believe it. But Robert paid with his assistance in art, likewise, for the use of the studio, and more liberally than was strictly just. It was here he gave his business address on a gentlemanly card, engraved by himself; while he condescended to sleep in a small three-pair back—by which Londoners will suspect an attic—in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

In London there seems to be a mutual attraction among persons of the same occupation. The publicans are aware of this natural law, and write upon their sign-boards, 'House of call for Carpenters'—'bricklayers,' &c., with the design of making their establishment the rendezvous of the whole fraternity in the district. There are places, however, where persons who pursue quite another sort of calling, gravitate together without any public announcement; for it would hardly do to advertise a place of meeting for thieves or blacklegs. In like manner the artists, in the lower branches of the profession, are usually to be met with consorting in numbers without any signal for the muster. Into this society Robert was introduced by his friend; and we are compelled to say that it awakened in him much more surprise and curiosity than respect. It consisted chiefly of the slaves of the picture-dealers—we mean of the picture-dealers of a certain class, for we would not stigmatise a whole trade—of men who obviously possessed sufficient talent and ingenuity to make their way respectably in the world, but who, from some social fatality, or some original defect of character, had given themselves up, soul and body, to their taskmasters, for a pittance which enabled them merely to live. It was some time before he knew that the employment of a large proportion of these men, if stripped of the prestige of art, would have been called forgery and swindling; but even from the first he saw before him a gulf into which he was able to look steadily only by the knowledge that he was himself safe through his own strength of character. The business, which he was at length able to distinguish in all its curious and contemptible details, was the copying of old pictures—the imitation, by means of chemical and other preparations, of the effects of time—the sale of the forgeries, when thus duly prepared, as works of the great masters—the imitation of the style of eminent living artists, for the purpose of duping the ignorant and wealthy; and the trapping of the intended victims by frauds that under other circumstances would have introduced the perpetrators to the tread-mill or the hulks.

By degrees he came to see clearly enough the process by which men so ingenious had sunk into the mere tools of wholesale rogues. Frequently did the pregnant question of Driftwood occur to him—*Can you wait?* for on that question depends the fate of the artist. We

are not talking now of the few great men who start up in art as in letters by the energy of their own genius, but of the masses of the profession, who must toil and hope, and bide their time, or perish. Robert found that he made no progress, because, having no capital, he could not wait. Pictures are not purchased for their merit, unless that is something extraordinary, but for the name of the artist; and a name requires time to grow. He *could* not wait; he could not bestow elaboration upon a piece on which his next day's meal depended; and he would not lend himself to copy, when he came to know that in nine cases out of ten, it would be making himself art and part in a fraud. He tried the print-shops with water-colour drawings; but this cost too much time, and brought too little money. As a last resource, he resolved to attempt cheap portrait-painting; and, with the aid of Driftwood's studio, and its respectable address, he hoped he had at length hit upon a means of living while his ulterior plans were going on. These plans had reference to literature. He had determined to give that career a trial, but without committing himself, and to begin where periodical writers usually end—with the Quarterly Reviews. The subjects he chose did not belong to the belles-lettres; they were of national importance; and his views being original, and, he flattered himself, correct, he calculated on their attracting some attention, if it was really his destiny to be a top-sawyer. If literature failed him, he was determined to throw off his tailed-coat at once, take to the round jacket, work hard, live frugally, and await patiently the turning of fortune's wheel.

He went, betimes, one morning, to Jermyn Street, to announce his plan of portrait-painting, and to consult his friend as to whether he should offer to take off the lieges at a guinea, or a guinea and a half apiece. Driftwood opened the door to him with a flushed face, which indicated some unusual disturbance of mind.

'Excuse the boy!' said he abruptly, and, wheeling round, walked with an unsteady step towards the studio. When they were in the sanctum, and the door shut, the artist turned to his friend, and pointing grimly to a vacant spot on the wall—

'You see,' said he—'I have done it!'

'You have sold your Holy Family?'

'I have sold my Holy Family. *My Holy Family*. It cost me two months' labour, for the little jobs between were nothing. I painted out Joseph twice, and paid sixpence a time to a real beggar-boy to sit for John the Baptist. The picture was fit for any collection in Europe, and I gave three pound for a frame that had cost five guineas only a month before. Well! It was brought to the hammer, and at a sale swarming with amateurs. It was put up—it was bid for—it was knocked down; and what do you think it fetched?'

'I really can't guess.'

'That picture should have brought me A.R.A.; and it *did* bring me—I know you will not believe me, but it is true; I pledge my sacred honour to the fact—I declare solemnly I tell you the severe truth—it brought me two pound twelve!' Here the artist, choking with indignation, snatched up his hat, and clapped it on so violently, that he bonneted himself.

'Think of that!' said he, fighting his way out of the eclipse—'A five guinea frame, and *my Holy Family* for two pound twelve!'

'Then, in point of fact, your picture sold for nothing?'

'Less! Less! The frame was worth the three pound I gave for it to any bargain-hunter in England; and the price of the picture, therefore—two pound twelve—was just eight shillings less than nothing! Think of this example, my young friend; keep it before your eyes morning, noon, and night; let it teach you that high art is a humbug, patronage an ass, and if you ever formed the hope in your heart of being a modern master—paint it out!' Notwithstanding Robert's

sympathy with his friend, there was something so ludicrous in his anger, that he might have been tempted to smile, but for the conviction he felt that this misfortune would result in a ramble. The foreboding was correct; for it was a fortnight from that day before he set eyes on Driftwood again.

Portrait-painting did not answer very well. He tried a guinea and a half first, but had only one glorious nibble. The intended sitter found the size he proposed too small for the money, and after his canvas was prepared, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. At a guinea he was more fortunate, but the sitters were few and rarely satisfied. That is no wonder; for if one is at the expense of having his portrait taken, it is a hard case if he cannot get a little beauty for the outlay. In one instance he was fortunate enough to please; and the comely mother of a countless family, most of whom attended the sittings, gave him when the piece was finished not only smiles, but excessive laughter of approbation, echoed by her whole progeny. By that time, however, she had become familiarly acquainted with the artist; and in paying him his fee kept back the odd shilling, being 'sure he would not expect more than a sovereign from *her*.' Robert smiled good-naturedly when mulcted of his five per cent.; but for several days after he had not even a nibble, and he had begun to calculate curiously whether it was possible for him to hang on much longer, when he suddenly received a polite intimation that one of his quarterly articles was accepted. The note was addressed to Robert Oaklands, Esquire, Jermyn Street, St James's, with the number put quite into the corner, to signify that it was of no consequence—merely a matter of form—as the residence of so distinguished a person must be well known. To say that the adventurer was not elated would be untrue. For an hour after receiving the missive, he continued to pace up and down the deserted studio, with elastic step, and with glowing cheek and flashing eyes; and he then went home to his three-pair back, to arrange his toilet that he might call once more at the house of Sir Vivian Falcontower.

Once more. He had already been there, only a few days after their meeting; but neither Sir Vivian nor his daughter was at home, and having then no card, he had not had the rawness to trouble the servant with his name. He was not sorry for this afterwards, for his sinking hopes made him feel that there was little chance of his being able to prosecute such an acquaintance; but now that he had a card to leave, and dreams of distinction flitting before his eyes, he summoned courage anew. This time there could be no possibility of disappointment; for on approaching the splendid mansion of the baronet, he saw Miss Falcontower alight from a carriage and enter the house. When the carriage drove off, he went up to the door and knocked; his pleasant anticipations only dashed by the fear that the lapse of time might have effaced him entirely from the young lady's memory. He handed his card to the dignified-looking porter; saw it sent up by a lacquey in splendid livery; and awaited quietly the result. Miss Falcontower was 'not at home'; and the visitor withdrew, smiling at his own folly, and endeavouring to believe that there did not mingle with the smile a grin of wounded self-esteem.

A considerable time passed away in humble labours, and the ceaseless struggle for bread. The quarterly review was published, and without his article. This was not surprising, for the editor had not mentioned any time for its appearance; but still the omission proved that no unusual importance could be attached to the piece, and his hopes were damped—so much damped that he now longed for the end of another quarter of a year, not that he might see himself in print, but in the sturdy independence of a round jacket. That quarter of a year had not yet expired when the Falcontowers were recalled to his recollection by a

circumstance characteristic of the profession on the outskirts of which he still lingered.

One day when dining at a cheap eating-house, frequented by gentlemen of the pallet, he learned from their conversation that an interesting job was going on in an establishment for which he had himself executed some copying before arriving at a knowledge of the true nature of the business. This was the underhand imitation of an exquisite picture on which a considerable sum had been advanced by a capitalist. Robert's questions were answered frankly, as he was considered to be 'one of us,' and he discovered that it was the identical Correggio that had been honoured by his own maiden efforts in copying, and that the gentleman whose property was to be thus injured in conventional value was Sir Vivian Falcontower. The latter fact was unknown at the establishment, the name of the owner of the original being of course kept a profound secret by the capitalist, a man who was supposed to have already realised a large fortune by such fraudulent business.

Our adventurer did not hesitate as to what should be done; but he hastened to Jermyn Street to consult Mr Driftwood on the best mode of doing it. The artist was not at all surprised to hear of a circumstance so little uncommon; but he agreed with Robert in thinking that to put Sir Vivian up to the fraud would be doing him an important service.

'Anonymous' cried he, and his small eyes rested with wonder upon his friend. 'Upon my word, you have less sense than any young man of genius I ever knew. Why throw away the merit of such a service? Go to Sir Vivian and tell him fairly what you have learned; and when he inquires eagerly for the address of the copiers, let him know distinctly—but in any roundabout way you choose—that you have your fortune to make. He will not bid money for your secret, for he has none himself—not a rap; but he has things in his power that are worth money, and if you play your cards well, he will make a man of you.'

'And you would actually have me offer to be bribed for doing the bounden duty of an honest man?'

'Tush, tush! I know nothing about honest men—never met with any in all my life. As for Sir Vivian, he will book you for a natural if you do otherwise than I have advised; or else he will suppose that you speculate upon his gratitude and generosity, and he will half choke himself with laughter at the rich idea.'

'Then I shall certainly not place myself under so degrading a suspicion. Do you go to him, since you have no feeling of honour. I present you with the secret; make your market of it as you will.'

'No, hang it!' said the artist, 'I have more honour than that comes to. You are a young fellow, and don't know how to wriggle yourself on in this dirty world. The patronage of Sir Vivian would place you above it. You have already saved his daughter from having her face seamed like a mended China mug; and now, in preserving the unique character of his great Correggio, you will establish a double claim that he cannot blink. Go, my dear boy, and tell him all, but tell it prudently; just put a few of your scruples into your peniless pocket—there's a good fellow—and leave old Gallipot to paint for a future age, and starve in the present.'

Robert pondered for awhile on the mixture of greatness and meanness, baseness and honour, presented in the character of poor Driftwood; but his conclusions were, upon the whole, favourable, and he saw, in the midst of the dark stains thrown upon it by circumstance, an original strain of good he could not but admire. This time he did not go home to dress, but walking westward with a steady and determined pace, he soon reached the mansion he sought.

Since he knew by experience that his card alone would not admit him, he wrote upon it with his pencil,

that 'Mr Robert Oaklands requested to see Sir Vivian Falcontower on business of importance to Sir Vivian;' and after a brief interval, he was ushered up stairs. There was no one in the room he was shewn into. It was the first of a suite of three drawing-rooms, the folding-doors of which were open; and it was with a flush of gratified taste he looked along the rich and noble vista. Although crowded in the fashion of the day, there was a masterly arrangement throughout which excluded the idea of confusion; the more sumptuous pieces of furniture were here and there relieved with others of exquisite simplicity; and the whole received value and importance from the objects of taste and virtu distributed around. The curtains, the walls, the gilded mirrors, the few but delicious drawings—all were in admirable harmony of colour; while the drab carpets, artfully subdued and chaste, left to its full effect the gorgeous yet elegant character of the scene.

While Robert was surveying with the eye of a connoisseur the most charming and remarkable interior he had yet seen, he observed advancing from the further end of the vista a female figure, which at first appeared to be out of keeping with the picture. As she advanced, however, calmly and gracefully, the sombre hue of her attire assumed a richness corresponding with that of the inanimate objects of the scene, and the same fresh and lovely face he had admired in the studio seemed to bring sunshine into the room. Change of place, time, feeling, had no effect. Miss Falcontower was so absolutely the same, that it was impossible to detect in her physiognomy 'one shade the more, one ray the less.' He could have thought that the life-struggles, disappointments, and miseries that had marked his lot since they parted were only a momentary dream, and that she still stood before him in the painted garret.

Her observation of Robert was widely different. Time and the world had done their work on him. The lines of care were on his brow, and the light of experience mingled with the light of thought in his eye. The newness of look, the solitariness, the abstract curiosity of the provincial and the scholar had vanished, and with them the youthfulness of air indicative of the youth of the heart. He was a man—watchful, ready, resolute, doubting, despising, defying, yet withal frank, simple, and generous. In external appearance, he was more erect than formerly, his face more pale, his lip more rigid, and his countenance more masculine—the effect, probably, of a pair of full but not heavy whiskers, of the richest brown, extending to the chin.

While Miss Falcontower was advancing, the two exchanged a steady glance which learned all this of each other, and she then offered her hand as to an old acquaintance.

'You have been here before, Mr Oaklands,' said she.

'Twice.'

'But only one card?'

'It was the first I ever possessed: I had by that time turned a gentleman artist.'

'Why did you not repeat your visit sooner?'

'Because,' replied Robert, half amused by the coolness of the question, 'because I had only too good reason to suppose that I should not be received.'

'Why, what was the matter?—Oh, perhaps you knew I was at home—that is so rural! Never take a denial amiss unless you have collateral reasons: it means nothing whatever in itself, but that circumstances render it inconvenient or improper to receive you at the moment. Well, you have turned a gentleman artist—and with what success? Have you begun to rival Correggio?'

'It is Correggio who brings me here, and as the business is of more importance to Sir Vivian Falcontower than my success or failure as an artist, I beg you to listen to me, for I have come on purpose to speak.' He

then mentioned succinctly the discovery he had made respecting the picture, and gave the address of the place where it was in the process of being copied. Miss Falcontower was obviously interested, and even indignant; but Robert observed that the conduct of the capitalist appeared to anger her rather by its insolence than dishonesty.

'Oh, as for that,' she said, in reply to his remark, 'they are all alike; from the rich lender down to the poor colour-grinder, there is not a grain of difference—they all cheat to the best of their ability. Sir Vivian, however, knows how to deal with them; but you, Mr Oaklands, you seem above our reach. This time, thank goodness, it is papa you have made your debtor; and by the same achievement of chivalry, too, by the way—the preservation from outrage of a paltry bit of perishing colour. You are an unknown artist, you are young, you are'—

'Poor,' assisted Robert.

'Poor: and what shall I say to Sir Vivian?'

'That there is nothing in art, youth, or poverty, inconsistent with honour,' said Robert, as the blood mounted to his brow. The young lady's cheek seemed to reflect the suffusion. It was the first time he had seen her colour change; and she fixed upon him the admiring, melancholy, and dreamy look called up when the sympathies are stirred by some vision of poetry or romance that has nothing to do with the realities of life.

'But, come,' said she starting. 'You were to tell me of your fortunes in the world, and I will save you the trouble. You have failed to secure the certainty even of a living, because you will not stoop to baseness, and cannot wait the turn of events: is it not so?'

'It is.'

'What, then, are you now doing, and what are your plans?'

'I am supporting myself by means of cheap portrait-painting, till I can ascertain the fate of an article of mine which is to appear, though at no stipulated time, in a quarterly review. If that should attract no attention, then I must give up for the present the hope of being what Mr Driftwood calls a top-sawyer, and gravitate downwards to my allotted place, wherever that may be, in the social scale.'

'An article in a quarterly review! That is good—there is hope in that, for it brings you within the sphere of Sir Vivian's influence. But you must not trust to it alone. Do you hit portraits well? Could you take mine in a style that would do you credit?'

'I cannot say; but it would at least enable me to take others in that style. Such a study would be inestimable!' and he scanned her features with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur, and pierced into the blaze of her eyes as if he would have sounded its depth. Miss Falcontower looked at him with surprise and amusement; but the gaze of mere admiration had no power to kindle that experienced cheek with the glow even of vanity.

'Understand,' said she, 'that you need not expect anything for the work, however well executed, but notoriety and sitters: and that understood, when will you come? To-morrow?'

'To-morrow.'

'Then come at an early hour—come at twelve, that we may be sure to be uninterrupted.' Robert thanked his patroness warmly, and took his leave.

We may here, in order to get rid of the subject, relate the sequel of the history of the Correggio. Sir Vivian, accompanied by a police-officer, proceeded to the place indicated by Robert, painted out with his own hand the valuable parts of the imitation, and carried away his picture, the master of the establishment, under the awkward circumstances, not daring to interfere. The loan was thus converted into an unsecured debt, and the lender took his place with a crowd of other

creditors, who knew that their only chance of obtaining a return of any kind for their money was to leave their debtor unmolested. Sir Vivian then hung up his darling gem in its own place, shipped off for St Petersburg the copy manufactured with Robert's assistance by Driftwood, and sold it to a private collector there as an undoubted Correggio, for more than twice the sum it had been pawned for.

Sir Vivian Falcontower was of an ancient family, although a baronet of recent creation. The son of a baron, and of the eldest daughter of an earl, and brother of the now Lord Luxton, he was a person of considerable consequence in the aristocracy. At an early age, he became the possessor of a large fortune, which, coming suddenly into his hands—through the caprice of an old female relative—he squandered as suddenly; and he was now living, like many other men of rank, in hollow state and splendid poverty. He was, however, a political man, and supposed to possess considerable shrewdness in that line, although not the sort of talent requisite for office; and as the two noble houses he was related to were on opposite sides, and the baronet no enthusiast in his opinions, he did not suffer much from party vicissitudes.

His daughter, an only child, lost her mother at an early age, and having natural gifts as well as acquired accomplishments, became her father's companion even before she had done with her governess. As years passed, her mind overmastered his; and although much too politic to shew purposely that she was a woman of business, it was her will that was the law of the house. Her marriage was the grand card of the politic pair; but somehow they were not fortunate in playing it. She was very near the point, however, more than once; and at the first serious trial so near being a duchess, that when the affair was suddenly brought to an end, the world of ton went into fits, and the *Morning Post* went out of print. What was the cause of the duke's inconstancy no one knew. Sir Vivian was for an action, with damages laid at £50,000; but Claudia, although her colourless cheeks and staring eyes told what a crushing blow it had been, had more sense.

'I could not bear the indignity,' she said; 'and besides'—the words were hardly audible through her white and quivering lips—'besides—it would destroy every other chance!' Instead of an action, therefore, a musical soirée was determined on, the grandest by far of the season. Claudia's magnificent voice was heard on the occasion for the first time in public, in the midst of the best voices of the Opera; and she hid her willow handsomely with leaves snatched from the chaplet of the prima donna.

The chance was tried again—and again—and again; but there seemed to be some fatality in the cards. Not that she was not loved, and madly too; but her object was not love, but rank united with fortune. Claudia's determination, however, some people thought, held out too long; for this blooming girl, apparently about four-and-twenty, was in reality a great many years older—we shall not say how many, although her age certainly overstepped that prosaic thirty, the object of so much dread to young ladies. The secret of this perennial bloom is very simple for those of the sex who enjoy a good constitution and a good complexion. Claudia took equal care of her health and her dress. Even in the full season, she vanished at an early hour in the night, and got up at as early an hour in the morning. Her attire, always elegantly simple, was arranged upon the strictest rules of science. The most vagrant-looking curl had its fixed place and mission; and it was observed that she never sat long at one time in company, a periodical visit to the dressing-room and its cheval mirror being indispensable. She avoided cosmetics, both from taste and on principle. She would as soon have perfumed herself with garlic as with anything else than

the very slightest possible suspicion of musk. She cleaned her pearly teeth with soap, not odoriferous soap, but the only kind she employed for any purpose—namely, the finer variety used in the kitchen and laundry, with the technical name of pale yellow. Finally, she never indulged in laughter or even smiles, for these, she knew, are the prolific parents of wrinkles; but instead of such mechanical demonstrations, her expressive eyes threw gleams of light over her face, that answered all the purpose.

Such were the new friends of Robert Oaklands. By twelve o'clock on the following day, they were prepared to receive him, in a small but elegant room, with a single north window, the curtains of which had been arranged by the baronet himself, in such a way as to admit the light only from the upper part. The hour of noon strikes; a straightforward, resolute, but not loud or long knock, announces a visitor: enter Portrait-painter.

### THE ZAPTI OF THE JEB-EL-TOUR.

THE scene of the following anecdote is laid in a mountainous region but little known to the European traveller. The few who have extended their wanderings through the north of Mesopotamia towards Assyria and Persia, have generally followed the caravan route, which runs along the plain from Diarbekir towards Jezireh and Mosul, passing through Nisibin and Mardin, towns of Roman celebrity. However, on our arrival at Diarbekir, we learned that a shorter, though much more difficult route, lay through a range of mountains which run parallel to the right bank of the Tigris, and form the last outlying bulwark of the great chains of Asia Minor and Armenia. Through these we accordingly took our way; and if we suffered from the toil and difficulty of our journey, we were amply repaid by the change from the monotonous scenery and stifling atmosphere of the plains to the bracing air and constant variety of the mountains.

We had been clambering all day over the rugged passes of the Jeb-el-Tour, when, towards evening, we gained the summit of a ridge which overhung a beautiful valley, green and cultivated, and in marked contrast with the savage rocks around. Abdurrahman reined up his horse, and pointed out the flat roofs and mud walls of Achmédi, which we joyfully hailed as our resting-place for the night. But our guide looked on the scene with far different feelings, and while our caravan was picking a precarious way down the mountain-side, he told me the story of his life.

Ere the days of the renowned Kurdish chief, Beder Khan Bey, Achmédi was a flourishing Christian village. Secluded in a narrow valley of the Jeb-el-Tour, and accessible only by one or two difficult mountain-passes, its inhabitants had enjoyed in peace the fruits of their industry, whilst the surrounding country was devastated by the incessant feuds of Mussulmans and Christians, or the incursions of Kurdish and Arab plunderers. But, in an evil hour, Beder Khan Bey rose to power, and extermination to the mountain Christians was proclaimed. Towns and villages were sacked, whole districts depopulated, and such of the unfortunate inhabitants as escaped death by the sword, were doomed to drag on their existence in a state of hopeless slavery.

But as yet this little valley remained untouched, almost unnoticed. Abdurrahman's father was one of the chief men of the place, but in consequence of his age and infirmities, much of his authority devolved upon his son, who naïvely informed me of the respect in which he was held by all the young men of the place, on account of his prowess in feats of arms, and his skill in the chase of the panthers and wild-goats which haunt the surrounding mountains.

It is to be supposed that these accomplishments had

won him the heart of the beautiful daughter of the kiayah, for Sâfi had promised to be his wife. In a few days the marriage was to have taken place, when one evening a lonely fugitive, galloping for life, entered the village, and threw himself upon the hospitality of the kiayah. He was instantly received and kindly entertained; his wounds were dressed by his host's daughter, and not until he was thoroughly recovered was he allowed to proceed on his journey. But the beauty of his nurse had attracted the young Kurd, and as she rejected all his protestations of affection, he vowed as he left the roof that had sheltered him, that, willing or unwilling, she should be his bride within three days.

He was a favourite and near relative of Beder Khan Bey, and towards his camp he immediately turned his horse's head. The Kurdish forces were absent on some errand of devastation, but a band of a dozen bold spirits was soon collected, and as Sâfi and the other damsels of Achmédi were bathing in the cool and shady waters of the mountain stream which skirts the village, they suddenly swept down, and before the alarm could be raised, the loveliest of the maidens were secured, and being hurried across the mountains.

But little had the marauders dreamt of the energy despair could give their victims. Towards noon, having put many a mile between them and the scene of their exploit, and thinking themselves secure from pursuit, they halted to rest their jaded steeds. The arms of their prisoners were unbanded; but scarcely had they found themselves free, when, as if by one consent, each maiden endeavoured to bury a dagger in the breast of the nearest Kurd. Many fell, and, amongst others, the young chieftain; but the survivors took a bloody revenge, and, after massacring their captives, hurried away to the Kurdish camp.

At this moment Abdurrahman, hot in pursuit, reached the spot, and found his intended bride in the last agonies of death. It took but a moment to sever a lock of hair, wet with her blood, and, alone as he was, he rushed upon the retreating party. Many went down before his sword; but at last, overpowered by numbers, he fell covered with wounds, and was left for dead. Days, he said, must have passed ere he recovered his senses; but as soon as he could travel, he left the friends who had discovered and nursed him, and returned to Achmédi, to find it a smouldering heap of ruins. The Kurds had swept down to avenge the death of their comrades, and of the once happy inhabitants of the valley, not one remained.

With every tie to home thus severed, he left his native mountains, and enlisting in a body of irregular cavalry then forming at Diarbekir, tried to drown the recollection of his sorrows in the excitement of war and plunder. This was the first time he had returned to the Jeb-el-Tour; 'But,' he said, 'what is it to me? Achmédi yonder has risen again, but there are none of my kindred to dwell there; and of the happy days of my youth, the only record that remains is this;' and he drew from the fold of his zuboon a long tress of raven hair, heavy and clotted with blood.

Such was our Zapti's story, and it is but too common a one in the mountains of Mesopotamia and Armenia. The reader will probably remember the graphic account of the persecutions of the Tiyyari, contained in Mr Layard's first work on Nineveh. Since then, this unfortunate people have enjoyed comparative peace and freedom from oppression. Secluded in their native valleys, which can only be approached by the most rugged mountain-paths, scarcely practicable even to the sure-footed mules of the country, and governed solely by their own meleks or chiefs, they mix but little with the rest of the world; and, now that the incursions of the Kurdish marauders are repressed, they are again returning to their homes, carrying with them a lively remembrance of the name and power of England, which supported them in exile, delivered

them from their oppressors, and restored them to their native hearths.

The anecdote we have given above is characteristic of the difference between the Kurd and the Arab. An Arab who had once received hospitality, even from his bitterest foe, would for ever consider his host's house and person as sacred, and would protect him from injury, even at the peril of his own life. So strong is this feeling that, in battle, if an enemy can claim the *dakhel* or friendship of one of the members of a tribe, his life is instantly spared.

With the Kurd it is different. Guided by no principles of honour, and amenable to no laws of society, he is alike the dread and the scorn of his neighbours, and his name is used by the Arab muleteer to goad on the very mules and asses, as one of the most disgraceful epithets he can shower upon them; while the proverb, 'as bearish as a Kurd,' is a saying in common use throughout the East.

#### SOAP AS A MEANS OF ART.

Dr Ferguson Branson, of Sheffield, writing in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, says: 'Several years ago, I was endeavouring to find an easy substitute for wood-engraving, or rather to find out a substance more readily cut than wood, and yet sufficiently firm to allow of a cast being taken from the surface when the design was finished, to be reproduced in type-metal, or by the electrotype process. After trying various substances, I at last hit upon one which at first promised success—namely, the very common substance called soap, but I found that much more skill than I possessed was required to cut the fine lines for surface-printing. A very little experience with the material convinced me that, though it might not supply the place of wood for surface-printing, it contained within itself the capability of being extensively applied to various useful and artistic processes in a manner hitherto unknown. Die-sinking is a tedious process, and no method of die-sinking that I am aware of admits of freedom of handling. A drawing may be executed with a hard point on a smooth piece of soap almost as readily, as freely, and in as short a time as an ordinary drawing with a lead pencil. Every touch thus produced is clear, sharp, and well defined. When the drawing is finished, a cast may be taken from the surface in plaster, or, better still, by pressing the soap firmly into heated gutta-percha. In gutta-percha, several impressions may be taken without injuring the soap, so as to admit of proofs being taken and corrections made—a very valuable and practical good quality in soap. It will even bear being pressed into melted sealing-wax without injury. I have never tried a sulphur mould, but I imagine an impression from the soap could easily be taken by that method.' Dr Branson has also employed bees-wax, white-wax, sealing-wax, lacs, as well as other plastic bodies; and in some of these cases a heated steel knitting-needle, or point, was substituted for the ivory knitting-needle. He has sent several specimens to the Society of Arts, which shew, that from the gutta-percha or plastic cast, a cast in brass may be obtained, with the impression either sunk or in relief.

#### MODERN TURKS.

I have lived much among Turks of every nation and class—more, I am happy to say, among the uncivilised than the civilised; and here is the comparative description I should give of them:—*Uncivilised Turk*: middle-sized; of powerful frame; blunt but sincere character; brave; religious, sometimes even to fanaticism; cleanly, temperate, addicted to coffee and pipes; fond of a good blade, and generally well skilled in its use; too proud to be mean, cowardly, or false; generous to prodigality; and in dress, fond of bright colours and rich clothing, of which he often wears three or four suits at one time—one over the other. *Civilised Turk*: under-sized; of delicate frame; polite, but insincere; not overbrave; often boasting of atheism; neglecting the ablutions of his religion, partly because the Franks are dirty, and partly because his new costume won't admit of them; given to cognac and cigarettes; fond of

a showy sheath, if a militaire; or of a pretty cane, if a civilian; no pride whatever, but lots of vanity; possesses no Oriental generosity; and for dress wears a frock-coat; stays, to give a small waist; a gay-coloured 'gent.'s vest; ditto ditto to inexpressibles, often of a rather 'loud railway pattern,' and strapped down very tight, so as to shew to advantage the only distinguishing Oriental features which remain to him—a very crooked pair of legs; his chaussure consists of a pair of French gay merino brodequins with patent leather toes; his head-dress is a ridiculously small red skull-cap, worn at the back of the head, and often containing a small piece of looking-glass, whereby on all occasions to arrange the rather unruly coarse hair it frequently covers. Straw-colour Naples imitation gloves, at two dollars a dozen, and an eye-glass, are generally considered as indispensable parts of the 'getting up a la Franca.' In point of manners, the lowest *real Turk* is a nobleman; the best of the Europeanised lot is barely a gentleman.—*Parkins's Life in Abyssinia*.

#### WINTER.

[From a volume of elegant poetry by Dr Waller, just published.\* Many of the pieces are already extensively known, having made their appearance originally in a popular periodical of the day—the *Dublin University Magazine*.]

DREARY old Winter! weary old Winter!  
Snow-blanch'd earl, all dripping and chill;  
Ice chains have bound thee, winds whistle round thee,  
Heavily, gloomily plodding on still.  
Yet when we meet thee, kindly we greet thee—  
Sit by the hearth-blaze and melt all thy snow;  
With wassail and gladness we'll charm all thy sadness,  
Make thy eye brighten, thy icy blood glow.  
Dreary old Winter! weary old Winter!  
We'll make thy eye brighten, thy icy blood glow.

Cheery old Winter! merry old Winter!  
Laugh, while with yule-wreath thy temples are bound;  
Drain the spiced bowl now, cheer thy old soul now,  
'Christmas waes hael!' pledge the holy toast round.  
Broach butt and barrel; with dance and with carol  
Crown we old Winter of revels the king;  
And when he is weary of living so merry,  
He'll lie down and die on the green lap of Spring.  
Cheery old Winter! merry old Winter!  
He'll lie down and die on the green lap of Spring.

\* Poems. By John Francis Waller, LL.D. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1854.

#### MORTALITY BY WAR AND PESTILENCE CONTRASTED.

It appears from a privately printed paper lately handed to us, that while our total loss of men in the last war was 19,796 killed and 79,709 wounded, the total loss in England and Wales alone by cholera in 1848-9 was 72,180 dead, besides 144,360 attacked. It is calculated that there is an average annual loss of 115,000 by typhus fever and other diseases resulting from unhealthy living—in short, from preventable causes—being about six times the entire loss caused by the twenty-two years of war. In the Peninsular war, 8799 were killed in battle or died of their wounds, while 24,930 perished by disease.

#### NOTICE.

In the present number is presented the first of a series of articles, by WILLIAM CHAMBERS, the result of a recent excursion through some of the British American possessions and United States. The remainder will follow as quickly as circumstances will permit. Not to encumber the articles with matters of detail, certain statistical and other facts will be reserved till the conclusion of the series.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## AWAKING OF WINTER.

The sleep of Winter, and the dead time of the year, are old poetical expressions, which we trace back to our Saxon forefathers; but they more properly belong to the wild old Scandinavian imagery, such as in elder times was used by the worshippers of Woden on the bleak and rocky shores of wintry Norway. Equally grand was their conceptions of the Virgins, who bent over their blue looms in the everchanging sky, and wove the texture of the richly coloured clouds with shuttles of gold and silver, the motions of which were seen when the floating fleeces changed. Such, and similar images, have in all ages been conceived by imaginative and poetical minds; and the out-of-door aspect of nature—so changed, wan, and lifeless in winter—dead even to appearance, but for the warm colour given to the cheeks by the crimson of the holly berries, fills the picture-chamber of the thoughtful eye with endless illustrations of their truthfulness. The emptiness of the fields, usually enlivened with flocks and herds; the absence of the birds and of their voices; the want of human figures to fill the scene, as when they moved to and fro following their rustic employment, as well as of animals, most of which are now either hidden under the snow or wrapt in their winter sleep; are accessories to the picture of the deathlike and dreaming year. There grim old Winter is stretched out, his hoary head resting on the hills, his cold feet on the river, which froze and became dumb beneath his icy touch. The trees, on the summit of which the snow-flakes fall, are his bushy brows; his broad body, powdered over, covers miles of plain; his snow-clad limbs fill up leagues of road; and while he sleeps, the few birds that remain with us peck about him, and sometimes pause with their heads hanging aside, as if listening to hear whether he is awake or not. All nature is silent while he sleeps; the sun keeps back for hours, as if afraid lest the light should affect his eyes, and disturb his slumber; the brief day, like a jerked curtain, is drawn suddenly to a close around him; and those who have seen him so stretched out full seventy times, seem more afraid of his presence than when they first beheld him, and sit huddled up, trembling beside the hearth. He reigns everywhere—we feel his hand within the bed, and he seems loath to withdraw it as we press the cold imprint he has left behind. All night he lingers outside the room, and amuses himself by drawing fantastic figures on the frosted window-panes. He lays hold of us when we rise, and enjoys our contortions over the cold ewer, for he hears all our cold shiverings in his sleep. The heavy breathings of his slumber drive aside the fleecy

snow-flakes, and pile them up in high drifts in deep and hollow places; he puts up his foot, and the giant-jointed railway-engine is brought to a stand; he feels not the weight of the thousands of tons of snow that cover him, no more than he did the first few flakes that melted as they fell. Only the great sea-waves seem to heed him not, as they come and go with a hungry roar to and from the whitened beach, as if they would fain draw him seaward and swallow him up, as they have done all his sky-filling storms of hail and snow.

The little field-mouse awakens from his long sleep, uncoils himself, and while he munches a seed or two, and eyes the dim gray light that faintly streaks the entrance to his little garner, wishes that Winter would waken up and be gone, and the sun come and melt the snow that lies across the threshold of his home. The bats become weary of clinging to and overhanging each other in the hollows of trees, and caverns, and walls, and roofs of deserted dwellings, and snapping in their restless sleep at imaginary insects, loosen their hold and fall, but finding that Winter still remains, fold themselves up again in their leathern wings, and slumber once more with an increasing appetite. The cattle that low from the sheds and farmyards which you pass, seem to ask you in a language of their own, if you have heard tidings of Spring anywhere, or can tell them why the trees and fields are no longer green. The frozen pond is to them a mystery; and as they stoop and send their steaming breath across the ice, they seem as wonderstruck as if turned into a new world, where all things are changed to stone. Still Winter sleeps; though sometimes the robin, leaving traces of his little foot-prints in the snow, perches above the icicles that hang from his beard, and tries to awaken him with a song. The buried buds, hearing that sound, try to break their way through the brown bare branches, and soon begin to peer about with curious green eyes, to see the light; for though so long imprisoned, they begin to feel that the days are growing longer, through the sun beating upon the snow, and hearing the wagtail walking about the unfrozen water-courses.

And now old Winter begins to feel his sleep disturbed, and to turn himself occasionally; for there is a sound of the bleating of lambs ringing through his dreams, and a stirring of snow-drops upon the ground. He feels the crocus bulbs swelling beneath him, though he is not fully awake, for the millions of hard daisy buds have not yet begun to knock below the grassy sods, to be let out: their green round hammers will awaken him. Sometimes the flap of the wings of the building-raven fans his face, and he lifts up his heavy hand with a drowsy motion as if to feel what it is. He hears a noise of rooks among the elms, and just moved his

sealed eyelids, as the first twitter of the lark comes down through the momentary sunshine. The streams which he held so fast have already slipped through his icy fingers, and go stealing along, noiselessly at first, as if afraid to be again imprisoned, until they feel themselves far beyond his reach, when they increase their speed, and go singing through the fields, where there is already some little show of green. The young fry feel a stir of life within them, and wriggling out from the fissures of the sand and gravel, and the hollows of the banks, begin to try their strength against the escaping current.

And now, everywhere long-hidden objects shew themselves; they seem to have less dread of grim old Winter every day; they go out and in, as if they did not care for him at all; they begin to find that he is not half so terrible as Time. Had his snow been summer dust or desert sand, like that which Time has heaped over buried cities and hidden monuments of the early world, but little of this vegetable and animal life could ever again have struggled back into existence; for saving the trees and shrubs, the earth would have remained brown, and bare, and desolate, to have been only beaten closer together by the rain, or baked harder by the sun, until one great gravestone had been laid over all the grass, and all the flowers; and then Winter would never have awoken, but have been buried where he first lay down. But now the yellow crocus opens its petals, and where it unfolds makes a patch of sunshine on the earth, which dazzles the gaze of old Winter as he turns and looks at it while lying on his side, causing him to wink and blink and rub his eyes, as if doubting whether the golden flush is caused by the sun or the flowers. On the spot from which he has shifted, and on which he has been sleeping, we see the green from whence the coming blue-bells will spring, and the downy cups out of which the pale primroses will rise. At the foot of the hedges, along the sheltered banks, the starry celandine is already running a braid of gold, while the open spaces along the underwood are laced with the silver gray of the anemone. Slowly the sap begins to rise, and as old Winter inhales the aroma of the trees, drawing at each sniff a longer breath, he stretches himself, and thousands of little branches instantly seem liberated, on which may be seen a blush of purple, a warmer brown, or a faint flush of green, out of which the black-bird and thrush begin to call. With a yawn, old Winter raises his hand to his ear, as if to make certain of those sounds; and while he listens, the bleating of the lambs becomes stronger, the song of the lark louder and higher up. Then he slowly rises, baring the hidden violets by the stirring of his feet, for he feels that his time is come to depart, and that Spring is somewhere on her way, journeying from the land of flowers, and that he must be gone, lest his course should be impeded, and he should meet on his way the returning swallows over the sunny sea.

He shakes himself, and hundreds of imprisoned insects, which he had pressed down, rise into the air, and the merry gnats dance up and down before the slowly opening doors, between the crevices of which they catch glimpses of the cloud-woven and primrose-coloured garments of Spring. Grumbling, and following his retreating storm-clouds, he turns his face towards the surly north, catching views, as he goes, of unmelting snow-wreaths in cold, low-lying, and shady places, where he rests himself for a little while, until he is disturbed by some solitary bee that has come in quest of the first opening flowers. With angry look and half-averted head he pauses a moment to listen to the choir of birds that is deepening behind him, and he hears the same voice that he heard three thousand years ago in the days of King Solomon, exclaim: 'Lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is

come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' On the sunless dike-side he leaves the last traces of his footsteps in a few patches of lingering snow, above which there is a warm yellow light from the opening and overhanging primroses.

'Spring has breathed upon the open spaces where Winter was lately laid, and her warm breath has changed his cold white flakes into showers of snow-drops, millions of starry and silver-rimmed daisies, and long leagues of nodding lilies of the valley. The cuckoo will soon be heard calling from the tall windy trees on the high hill-tops, and at the sound of his voice all the lingering songsters will hurry over the sea, and muster once again in their old cathedrals, the woods, to sing to the shimmering sunlight, which, like golden lamps, burns between the openings of the branches, and flashes on the shrine-like stems of the surrounding trees. For Winter has awakened and gone, nor will he return again until the leaves that are now unfolding have changed from the pale sea-green of Spring and the darker emerald of Summer, into the fiery red and blazing orange of decaying Autumn, and then fallen over the graves of the flowers, and there formed another couch for Winter to spread his snow-white sheet upon, and on which he will lie down again, and sleep until awakened by the coming of a future Spring. Until then, Winter has retreated, and will hide himself where 'the face of the deep is frozen.'

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NOVA SCOTIA.

STEPPING ashore at Halifax, I found myself among friends, acquaintances, and a people generally who may be said to have vied with each other in welcoming me to the new world, whether British or American. Everything was new, yet familiar. Thousands of miles from home, I was still, as it were, in England, with nothing differing around me in language or in usages from what I had been previously accustomed to. But without any generic difference there was novelty. Driving at night through imperfectly lighted streets, I could see that the houses were principally of wood, and Woodiness, as I may call it, is really the one great distinctive feature of America—wooden houses, wooden door-steps, wooden slates, wooden pillars, wooden palings, wooden wharfs, and here and there wooden roads and wooden pavements!

Yet, though wooden, how neat, how beautiful! On looking out in the morning from my window over the town and scenery beyond, I thought I never had seen anything so pretty. No dingy brick with a canopy of smoke, as in London; no dull gray walls incrustated with the soot of centuries, as in the older parts of Edinburgh; but all smart, fresh, new, and seen through an atmosphere as clear as crystal. A town composed for the most part of detached houses, and painted a clear white, was seen stretching with a sunny exposure down the declivities of a hill to a sea-water lake dotted with islands; while on the further side of the lake, which was apparently about two miles wide, there lay a picturesque range of country, ornamented with white cottages, and on the brink of the water the small town of Dartmouth imbosomed among trees. Then the lake itself—quite a Highland firth, reminding one of Loch Fyne—lay glittering in the morning sun, and boats with flowing sails were tacking in different directions on its bosom. All was charming; nor did a nearer inspection alter the original impressions of the scene. Halifax, with wide streets laid out in lines at right angles with each other, an abundant intermixture of trees and

gardens, and a population of forty to fifty thousand souls is as pleasing in its outlines when seen from the harbour as from the higher grounds. With a fair proportion of church spires, public edifices, and a fort with flag-staff crowning the hill on which it stands, and with a long series of wharfs lined with shipping, it is a complete and respectable-looking city, and may challenge comparison with any town of similar size in America.

If an Englishman can entertain little respect for a city whose very churches—one of them a handsome Gothic edifice—are built of wood, he must confess unbounded admiration of the natural beauties of its situation. One of the finest inlets on the American coast is the harbour of Halifax. Running up seven or eight miles from the open sea, it abruptly narrows a short way above the town, and then expanding, becomes a spacious land-locked sheet of water, probably six miles long by from two to three broad. This inner lake, with deep water and good anchorage, is surrounded by ranges of high ground, picturesque cliffs, and overhanging woods of brilliant foliage. Along the Halifax side, and perforating rocky knolls, there is a fine drive which nearly skirts the water; and it is here, on an eminence a few miles from the town, that the late Duke of Kent built and inhabited a neat villa, the site of which is still visible among the trees. No one can see this remarkably beautiful sheet of water, without reflecting that it offers a harbourage of almost unexampled excellence, and will possibly, at some future day, grace the site of a great emporium of commerce.

Travellers, who have but a few hours to spare, should not omit a drive along the borders of this inner lake; and when about half-way up, by taking a cross-road to the left, they will soon be brought to a smaller but equally beautiful arm of the sea, bounding the peninsula on which stands the city of Halifax, with its spreading suburbs, open common, gardens, and small farms. A drive of this limited extent is in some cases all that travellers indulge in who visit and describe Nova Scotia. In the course of such a ramble, and pushing here and there into scenes beyond, as I did on two or three occasions, numberless picturesque views are presented; affording, too, such developments of the most ancient series of rocks as may well delight the geologist. Forests of shrubs and tangled woods, amidst which you hear the tinkle of bells hung round the necks of the cottagers' vagrant cows, derive support from a thin soil, reposing on vast masses of granite, while boulders of the same imperishable material are scattered about in endless profusion. Some of these detached blocks are so rounded by attrition as to remain poised on a very narrow basis; so that, without calling in the agency of the Druids, you have rocking-stones fit to be the playthings of a race of giants.

Travelling through these woody and rocky solitudes, and now and then coming to a clearing of a few open fields, the property of an industrious settler, you are occasionally startled with the apparition of an Indian woman and children loitering around a wigwam of the most slender materials. The sight of these members of the decayed tribe of Mic-macs was to me afflicting to the last degree. It was the spectacle of human nature reduced to the level of the brutes; and that such things existed within an hour's ride of a populous and refined city, seemed to me exceedingly anomalous. The degraded condition of the Indian races, however, is more easily lamented than cured. Much has been done to

Christianise and to improve the habits of the Mic-macs, and a spirited society in Halifax is now engaged in this work of spiritual and temporal reclamation, which we must hope will not prove altogether fruitless. At no great distance from the frail huts of these poor Indians, it was my fortune to alight upon a number of little cottages, each with a small clearing about it, and to appearance the abode of an order of beings superior to the native races; for between a habitation which consists of a few sticks hung over with dirty blankets and skins, and a dwelling built of wood, with a door, windows, and chimney, there is a great stride. I had the curiosity to look at the interior of these dwellings, and found them to be occupied by negroes—free, of course, but not seemingly much the better for being at their own disposal. I was informed that a large number of these blacks had been carried away, by one of our admirals, from the States, during the war of 1812, and landed at Halifax, where, along with other coloured refugees, they were little better than a nuisance. Some of the blacks live in Halifax, and others in the small cabins I have spoken of as occurring amidst the rural scenery of the neighbourhood. They are not all idlers. I saw several employed in various ways; but, as a class, they are not well spoken of. In the long winters they require to be supported by charitable contributions—this in a country where any man able and willing to work, can never be at a loss for permanent employment at a wage beyond that of the English labourer!

During my stay in Halifax, I had an opportunity of attending an agricultural fête, which took place through the liberal and considerate policy of the lieutenant-governor of the province. First in the series of proceedings, there was a ploughing-match, in a grassy field outside the town, where, with the best kind of ploughs, each drawn by a pair of horses, there was a highly creditable display of provincial taste in husbandry. Wandering about the field, enjoying the sight of the eager competitors, and also the graceful spectacle of ladies on horseback and in carriages, and the élite of the provincial government surveying the proceedings, I derived an additional gratification in knowing that the spot was in some sort classic ground. It formed part of the experimental farm of the late John Young, an enthusiastic Scotch agriculturist, who, writing in the local press under the name of *Agricola*, was the first to stimulate a spirit of improvement in the province, and lived to see the principles and practice of East Lothian husbandry naturalised in this part of America. Men not very aged remember the time when the only vegetables consumed in Halifax were imported from Boston, and when butter, pork, and other edibles came from Ireland. All this has been changed, and not a little of the progress in various branches of culture is due to John Young, whose son, the Hon. William Young, Speaker of the House of Assembly, very appropriately opened the proceedings on the present occasion. On the day after the ploughing-match, there was an exhibition of horses, cattle, and other animals, also of implements of agriculture, and some fruits. I do not profess to be a judge of such things, but there could be no doubt that the show evinced a high degree of skill in the selection and rearing of livestock, and in conducting the business of the farm. The exhibition, in various ways, afforded a pleasing indication of the interest now taken in rural improvement. It was attended by people from all parts of the province, and while it lasted the town had altogether a holiday aspect. As a public dinner and ball formed part of the programme, possibly it was not cattle alone that brought so many strapping young farmers from their distant fields. Indeed, it would be a wonder if it were so, for the ball offered to the eye a wonderful constellation of 'youth, beauty, and fashion.'

and if any one has taken up the fancy that American ladies are destitute of the charms of Englishwomen, I only pity his ignorance, and would ask him to look in at a Halifax ball.

At these entertainments, I was introduced to a number of persons of respectability and influence. Speaking of Halifax, they said it had many recommendations as a place of residence, and as was evidenced by the number of persons who had realised large fortunes, it offered good prospects for really industrious and enterprising men. The only complaint against it, was a general want of that spirit of commercial adventure, so strongly evidenced in the States, where realised capital knows no rest, but, greatly to the public advantage, is continually pushing into new channels. By way of keeping up the conversation, I said I could not help remarking, though scarcely entitled to allude to the circumstance, that there appeared to prevail a much more gay and free-and-easy style of life among persons in business, than I had been accustomed to witness in the old country; instancing the number of young men who kept horses, and lived as if independent of any inducement to assiduous labour. The truth of this was admitted; the explanation being, that the Nova Scotians, besides knowing scarcely anything of taxes, had all the luxuries of life at a comparatively small cost, and were enabled to get through existence in a far more enjoyable manner than was known 'at home.' The long winters, in which much of the ordinary business is suspended, and sleighing and parties of amusement are the order of the day, were also spoken of as productive of those gay and somewhat unsettled habits I had alluded to. As a natural consequence, emigrants from the old country, trained to mind their affairs, and whose whole aim is to succeed, were described as finding little difficulty in improving their circumstances in the colony.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to a glance at the educational institutions of the town, which I examined dispassionately, without regard to sect or party. At a large school for poor children, supported by the subscriptions of the benevolent, I was overwhelmed by a complimentary and undeserved address from the body of managers. In a Roman Catholic orphan seminary, which appeared to me a very model of order and cleanliness, and in the National School, the general routine of procedure seemed to me highly satisfactory. Latterly, a system of common-schools has been organised in the province, and is supported by the state and local rates. But the very fact that it leaves a number of children in Halifax to be educated by begged money—that is, by chance—is indicative of its defects as a system of universal application.

Among the public buildings to which my attention was drawn, was the handsome edifice used for the meetings of the Provincial Assembly, and for conducting the colonial government, and likewise the mansion occupied by the lieutenant-governor; this last being pleasantly situated in the midst of a garden near the eastern environs of the city. In the main streets there are numerous stores on a large and elegant scale; but the establishments most interesting to a stranger, are certain commercial depôts situated on the wharfs which project into the harbour. Here fishermen are supplied with all the requisites for carrying on their perilous profession, and here are received and stored up the fish that are caught. The quantity of dried fish piled in these establishments, floor above floor, is enormous, though, after all, only a fraction of what is drawn from the adjoining coasts. The export is chiefly to the West Indies.

In the streets of Halifax there was no lack of scarlet uniforms, and this leads me to remark that the military forms no inconsiderable, and I should think no very

advantageous, element in the society of the town. The sight of English soldiers on this side of the Atlantic is not very intelligible to the traveller who sees neither disaffection to be kept down, nor a foreign enemy threatening; nor, when he reflects on the enormous expense at which the apparatus of force must necessarily be maintained, does this military system seem consonant with justice to the mother-country, which enjoys nothing in return but the honour of calling Nova Scotia one of her dependencies. It is true that Halifax, with its fort, forms a strong military position; but the experience of the past tells us that fortifications in America have been built only to be left in ruins, or handed over to the very power which they were intended to repel. Nothing produces such melancholy emotions in the Englishman who wanders over the United States, as the frequent spectacle of large military works which cost his country vast sums of money, and are now, in their state of ragged decay, only objects of interest to the draughtsman and the antiquary. Admiring the fort at Halifax as a work of art—its strong walls of granite, its fosses and casemates, its trim grassy mounds, its barracks and water-tanks, all unexceptionable—I must, nevertheless, consider its erection as a species of error, and look upon the cost of the large military establishment with which it is garrisoned as completely thrown away. It could perhaps be shewn that the expenditure is even injurious to the place. Relying, in one way or another, on the outlay of public money, the people fail to exercise that energetic industry and self-dependence which would naturally be developed were they entirely free from all state patronage. Hospitable and highly polished in manner, the general society of Halifax is, exteriorly, everything that could be wished; but, as might be supposed in the circumstances, there prevails a most unhappy spirit of party politics, which, disuniting those who ought to be friends, substitutes narrow and personal for broad views, and is seriously adverse to the prosperity of the province.

At the time of my visit, the subject uppermost in every man's mind, was that of a railway to extend from Halifax across the country to Amherst, on the borders of the province, there to join, on the one hand, with a projected line to St John's, in New Brunswick, and on the other, with a projected line to Quebec. There can be no doubt that such a line is so exceedingly essential, not only for developing the resources of Nova Scotia, but for maintaining its present position, that any delay in maturing and executing it is actually suicidal. Yet, in the face of this pressing necessity, the greatest disunion prevailed. All wanted the railway, but there was a quarrel about details, which was as ridiculous as if the commanders of an army were to go by the ears about some trifling matter of belts and buckles, while they ought to have been gallantly leading their men into action. One party wished the railway to be purely a government measure; another desired that it should be a joint-stock speculation, with merely some assistance from the state. To render the confusion still worse, the provincial authorities had received some kind of promise from the English capitalist, Mr Jackson, to the effect, that he would make the required line on some expressed conditions involving a public guarantee. The provincial legislature had already passed acts to authorise certain lines; but even these were inoperative, in consequence of the Home Colonial-office having for several months had the subject in consideration before appending the consent of the crown. One had only to see and hear of all this, and observe that *nothing was done*, to feel a degree of pity for the people, who were the victims of such strange complications.

As the nearest available harbour to England on the American coast, Halifax seems to be pointed out by nature as the place where much of the steam

navigation should properly concentrate. It should, to all appearance, be the portal for traffic between Great Britain and her Canadian possessions; and if these possessions are deemed worthy of being retained, one would think that a means of getting to them by land, without going through a foreign country, would be very desirable. But without railways, Nova Scotia remains an isolated peninsula, interesting to nobody, and utterly cut off from Canada. Already she sees her neighbour, Portland, in Maine, become that medium of intercourse which she might reasonably have expected to be. Recently, as may not perhaps be well known in England, a railway was completed, and opened from Portland to the St Lawrence, by which you may travel from the Atlantic to Montreal, a distance of 292 miles, in twelve hours; and in the course of a few months a branch, now nearly completed, will carry you in the same space of time to Quebec. As Portland is also connected with Boston by railway (five hours), and has become a harbour during winter for two British steamers, it may be assumed that she has, without more ado, become the port for a large section of Canada. As Portland will further be soon connected by railway with New Brunswick, she may be said to fly off at a sweep with various important branches of colonial trade. In this manner, by keenness and self-reliance, does a small town in the United States carry away the traffic of the British possessions, leaving us to sigh over the insanity of colonial squabbles, and the apathy, or at least intricacy, of colonial administration.

One thing has been done well in Halifax; and that is, the establishment by a company of an electric telegraphic communication through the province to St John's, New Brunswick, whence the wires are carried on to Portland and other parts in the States. By this line, intelligence arriving by the Cunard steamers from England, is at once despatched over thousands of miles of country. The news brought in by a vessel at night is found next morning in the papers of New Orleans, Cincinnati, Toronto, and a hundred other cities—the whole, as by a flash, being communicated to every newspaper reader in the United States and Canada. On visiting the telegraph-office in Halifax, I could not but admire the rapidity with which messages are sent to and from St John's—the wires of communication, be it remembered, being carried on the tops of rude poles, along miserable highways, and through forests and across water-courses, far from the habitations of civilised man. A young person in charge of the telegraph had become so marvellously acute in the ear, that he could distinguish the various intonations made by the ticking noise of the mechanism; and without waiting to see the markings, he could tell you everything that was indicated at the other end of the wires. Being placed in communication with a gentleman in St John's, I requested the ingenious operator to be the interpreter between us. He did so, and inclining his ear to the machine, he said: 'Mr — welcomes you to America, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you before you quit the country.' The success which has attended the enterprise of this telegraphic company, might surely have pointed out a method for practically carrying out the railway undertakings of the province.

On general grounds, it is to be lamented that Nova Scotia is still without any proper means of internal communication. The province abounds in mineral treasures, that need only to be developed. Perhaps in no part of the world are there beds of excellent coal of such vast dimensions—one of them, at Pictou, I was told, being thirty feet in thickness; iron, in various forms, is likewise found in profusion; and as for gypsum, it is inexhaustible. The fisheries all round the coast, including the shores of Cape Breton, are in themselves mines of unexcavated wealth. In some places, mackerel are said to be in such dense shoals as almost to impede the progress of the boats that try to push their way

through them; and as this fish, thanks to the ingenuity of a Dublin merchant, can now be kippered and exported as a delicacy, there can be no limit affixed to the future trade. The country abounds in lakes and rivers, suitable for water-power. And the adaptation of certain districts for cattle-rearing and other purposes, is by no means generally understood.

Nova Scotians complain that their country is spoken of as being all rocky and barren. This has arisen from the difficulty of travelling beyond the exterior and ungenial border of high grounds near the sea-coast. Determined, if possible, to overcome the obstacles which usually deter tourists, I made a journey of several days through one of the most favoured regions of the interior. My object was to cross the country to Annapolis, and there procure a steamer to St John's. For this purpose I took the stage-coach, in the first place, to Windsor, that being a good point of observation at the distance of forty-five miles from Halifax. The stage was somewhat of an oddity. It consisted of a coach-body slung on two great thick belts of leather, which went beneath it from stem to stern, and to appearance it had not been cleaned for years. Inside, it had three cross seats, designed to accommodate nine persons, to whom tarnished leather curtains gave an imperfect protection from the weather. This queer-looking conveyance was driven by a stout burly man in a shaggy dress, who walked on his knees; his feet, as I was informed, 'having been bitten and shrivelled up by frost.' Thus equipped, we drove off in tolerable style, our route taking us along the inner harbour, and thence up the valley of a small river which falls into it at the further extremity. The day was not warm, but it was clear and pleasant, and was said to mark the commencement of the Indian summer. The trees, robed in their autumnal tints, were variegated and lovely. The green leaves of the vines, which climbed on the white walls and verandas of the cottages, were already edged with red; the dark spruce and the more delicate toned *lignum vitæ* were set off by the yellow of the American elm; the sumach, now leafless, hung out its ripened purple blossoms to the morning sun; and, conspicuous over all, shone the brilliant crimson of the maple. Our way was through natural woods, round jutting rocks, and along the borders of pretty little brooks. The land never rose to any great height, but it was seldom level, and whatever was the character of the surface, the road was always so bad, that travelling had in it a curious mixture of the ludicrous and the painful. Now, I saw the use of the great belts on which the coach was poised, for on them it pitched and rolled without serious dislocation to the passengers, and without damage to itself. Occasionally, on coming to gently sloping ground, we saw openings in the woods, with a few fields lately cleared of their crop of Indian corn, but still dotted over with yellow pumpkins and squashes now ready for being harvested. These gourd-like vegetables, scattered about in the fields, were the most foreign-looking natural objects which came under notice.

In the course of my journey, I saw no large trees worth speaking of, though it is stated that good timber is abundant. Wherever the country was uncleared, it was covered with a thicket of wood, so dense as to be scarcely penetrable, and into which, without a compass and some local knowledge, it is extremely dangerous to intrude. Much of the wood was small, and only fit for rails or similar inferior purposes; my impression being that it was a second growth filling up the space which had been cleared by fire or the axe. Now and then a huge white pine, scorched and leafless, the survivor of a long-past conflagration, shot up like a giant among dwarfs, or lay prostrate and rotting amidst the underwood. Much of the soil of America may be said to abound with the germs of timber. Unless cleared land be kept under a system of culture, trees spring up; so that the agriculturist is called on

to wage continual war against a volunteer growth of shrubbery as well as of weeds.

Half-way to Windsor, the coach stopped, professedly for dinner; but the meal, according to what I afterwards found customary in roadside inns, was of no such distinct character. In a neat upper room, with a blazing wood-fire on the hearth, a table was spread with an entangled complication of dinner and tea. As I never could acquire the habit of taking tea at one o'clock as a finish to a solid meal, I declined the offer of a cup; but all the rest of the company, chiefly farmers, made this their only beverage; a circumstance which shewed the remarkable extension of temperance principles in the country. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor was consumed; and I may add, that during all this journey in Nova Scotia, I saw no beverage stronger than tea or coffee. I cannot say I admire the fashion of taking tea to dinner, any more than that of beginning breakfast with potatoes, which seemed everywhere common; but anything is better than an everlasting appeal to the gill-measure or pint-pot. I was beginning to see new social developments—farmers solacing themselves with tea instead of whiskey, and commercial travellers who can dine without consuming half-a-crown's worth of sherry.

At Windsor, which we reached about four o'clock, the country assumed an old and settled appearance. The lands were cleared for miles, and laid out in good-sized farms with suites of handsome buildings. Here and there patches of timber, for ornament and use, enlivened the scene; and orchards, loaded with cherry-cheeked apples, seemed to form an appendage to every rural establishment. As regards these orchards, they possessed an interest which usually attaches to antiquity. They were originally planted by the French, the first European settlers in the province, and who, at their expulsion by the English, were forced to leave behind them the apple-trees which reminded them of their beloved Normandy. The quantity of fruit now produced in Nova Scotia from this source is immense.

Windsor is a pretty little town of white wooden houses, with trees, American fashion, growing in the main street. It occupies a low site on the river Avon, where it joins a navigable estuary in the Bay of Mines. Remaining here a night and part of next day, I had an opportunity of visiting several places in the neighbourhood. Among these was the villa of Judge Halliburton, which, situated on a lawn among trees, with a pretty look-out on the town and bay, reminded me of an English country-seat. I was sorry to find that the judge was from home, on circuit. Within the precincts of his grounds, I was shewn a vast quarry of gypsum, which is carted off by a tram-way to the port, for shipment to the States. At the distance of about a mile inland, and occupying a fine exposure on the face of a ridge of land, stands a large but plain building, known as the College of Windsor. The institution I found to be in a state of extreme decay, the number of students having declined to fourteen. Near the college there is a preparatory grammar-school, in better circumstances.

From Windsor, I proceeded with a friend in a hired calèche, along the west side of the estuary of the Avon, which we crossed by a wooden bridge of five spans, covered with a roof, which gave it the appearance of a long dark gallery. On the west side of the Avon, and towards an inlet of the Bay of Mines, the country continued to improve. At Lower Horton and Wolfville, it seemed to be as beautiful and prolific as a garden. The orchards increased in number; huge tall willows, memorials of the early French settlers, and neat white cottages, dotted the sides of the highway. On our left, on a rising-ground, we passed a handsome large building, a college of the Baptist connection. Arriving at Kentville, as the limit of our day's ride, we paused for the night, and spent

the ensuing day in visiting the adjacent township of Cornwallia.

Kentville is a small thriving town, with some smart villas, and the drive from it in a northerly direction to Cornwallia, over some irregular woody heights, was highly exhilarating. Cornwallia, which has the reputation of being one of the most fertile regions in Nova Scotia, may be described as a great open plain, with slight inclinations to small water-courses, and bounded and sheltered on the north by the long range of a well-timbered mountain. Behind this mountain is the Bay of Fundy. A creek of the bay bounds the eastern extremity of the plain of Cornwallia; and, in point of fact, this plain, in pretty nearly its whole extent, is but a stretch of land secured by diking and other processes from the waters of the creek. Here, again, we hear stories of the doings of the old French settlers. It was they who built the first rampart to keep out the sea; the present occupants only following their example in fresh diking. Conducted by a young and intelligent farmer over the district, I was shewn the great Wellington dike, a recent work of art requiring enormous labour in the construction, and esteemed the main curiosity of the kind in the province. Composed of earth and brushwood, and rising about thirty feet in height, with a similar breadth, it forms a barrier to the ocean, securing a large tract of dry land for purposes of agriculture. The land so enclosed is called *diked land*, and the wealth of a farmer is measured by the quantity of this species of soil, a rich muddy residuum, which he possesses. So fertile is this land, that it is known to have yielded heavy crops for a century without manuring. In consequence of the wheat-crops being somewhat precarious, owing to the destructive attacks of a fly, the most profitable culture at present is that of potatoes, which are exported in prodigious quantities to the United States. Various small havens in the Bay of Fundy offer ready means for this export, which has latterly been so remunerative, that the farmers who were before in difficulties had cleared off the mortgages on their properties. Farms of fine diked land may be purchased here for from L.30 to L.50 per acre; the cleared uplands, of less fertility, being to be had at a third of these prices. I asked if there were any farms at present for sale, and was informed that here, as almost every where else in America, there were few persons who would not sell and clear out on being tempted with an offer in cash; the explanation of this fact being, that there is in all places a restless desire of change, induced by the universal prospect of improvement in circumstances.

In my interviews with the Cornwallia settlers, I saw an agreeable specimen of those farm establishments in which the occupants were the proprietors of the soil. Being of comparatively old date, there was here no such roughness as is observable in newly opened districts of country. Things did not differ materially from what is seen in England. The houses resembled neat villas, and with pretty little dining and drawing-rooms, were as well furnished as dwellings of a moderate size in the neighbourhood of London. Each family possessed a light four-wheeled gig, in which to make visits and to drive to church; the style of dressing and manners was all that could be wished; and there prevailed a hearty desire to try all proper means of improvement. The aspect of things was altogether calculated to give one a favourable impression of that kind of farming in which each husbandman tills his own land, and has neither factor nor tax-collector to trouble him. Yet life, even in this Arcadia, is not unmixed happiness. A duty of 30 per cent. imposed by the United States on potatoes imported into that country, was felt to be a serious grievance; though, doubtless, the Americans themselves were the chief sufferers by this artificial enhancement of price in a prime necessary of life. Besides this, the farmers whom



I conversed with complained of the want of labourers. They could give plenty of work to steady men, at a remuneration of £20 per annum and their board. One farmer mentioned that the persons in his employment lived on the best of every thing, and were discontented if they got a dinner without a course of puddings or tarts!

The profusion of food was everywhere remarkable; and it is dispensed with a liberality which gives the assurance that it is easily obtained. This abundance is naturally attended by low prices. At the comfortable hotel at Kentville, and also at Windsor, I had occasion to remark the cheapness of accommodation for travellers. For tea, bed, and breakfast, my bill was only three English shillings; and 5s. a day may be said to be a fair average charge for living in these hotels, in which, though on a scale very inferior to what is seen in the States, everything is clean, neat, and well managed.

From Kentville I proceeded in the stage, a long day's journey by Aylesford and Bridgeton to Annapolis. Much of the country we passed through, midway, was uncleared and swampy, and much consisted of poor-looking sandy plains, locally called the Devil's Goose Pasture. Here we saw geese and pigs browsing, in a state of greater contentment and obesity than could be expected after the account of the district by Sam Slick, who tells us that the plain hereabout 'is given up to the geese, which are so wretched poor, that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad!' On the confines of this territory, and where the country was beginning to look a little better, the stage stopped at the house of a Scotsman, who had emigrated thirty years ago from Aberdeenshire, and in the course of that time had cleared a considerable tract of land, and formed a large establishment, including a handsome store, kept by his son. The success of this personage, now a wealthy squire in his way, offered a fine example of what any poor but industrious man may do in any part of the British American colonies or the States. He seemed gratified, during the few minutes the coach stopped, in having an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of his countrymen. He spoke feelingly of Scotland, which he would like once more to see before he died; but he said he was now too old to think of so distant a journey.

Some miles beyond this point, we got into the valley of the river Annapolis, which we crossed at the thriving town of Bridgeton. The country was now green, beautiful, and devoted apparently to cattle-grazing. After a long ride, we arrived in the town of Annapolis, a place which has a historical, almost an antiquarian interest, in being the oldest European settlement in North America: it was planted by the French in 1605, and has endured the fate of being conquered, burnt, and rebuilt several times. It is situated at the head of an inlet of the sea, and at present derives some importance from being a point of steam communication, to and from St John's, across the Bay of Fundy. Unfortunately, it did not come up to this character on the present occasion. The first news communicated to us was, that a telegraphic message had just arrived from St John's, stating that the steamer was laid up for repairs, and that the mails would arrive by a pilot-boat. A sad disappointment this; for as I declined risking the passage of this dangerous bay in any kind of small boat, my proposed visit to New Brunswick was now impracticable. The advance of the season rendered every day precious. I could not risk delay. Not to lose time, there seemed to be only one line of procedure open, and that was to return to Halifax, and take passage to Boston in the next Cunard vessel touching there on its way from England. This retracement of my journey I immediately effected, with no other benefit than the painful experience that Nova Scotia, owing to its want of external communication, is a kind of trap from which the unwary traveller

has little means for escape. By good-luck, I caught the *Canada*, steam-ship, as it arrived in Halifax, and felt thankful when, after a toilsome journey, I found myself comfortably seated in its saloon. W. C.

## THE IDEAL AND REAL, AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Long before we had ever seen the ocean, we had an exceedingly vivid ideal of the men who battle with its stormy waves; and this ideal is, we more than suspect, cherished not merely by school-boys, but by a large majority of all individuals whose avocations are not such as to bring them in frequent personal contact with sailors ashore and afloat. We ourselves happened to be brought up in a country-town where the temporary presence of a real blue-water tar was quite an event; and the sudden apparition of one in the street would at any time cause all our school to suspend play, that we might gratify our curiosity. He had usually a red silk real Indian bandana jauntily tucked half in and half out the larboard pocket; the wide, snowy trousers of Russian duck, tightly bound at the waist with a broad black leather strap and polished steel buckle in lieu of braces, and falling in such amplitude as almost to hide the neat shoe; and the low, well-varnished tarpauling hat, with its broad, shiny brims brought well down over the eyes, and a yard or two of black ribbon floating bravely behind. We could hardly sufficiently admire this ship-shape-rig-out; and the sailor himself, with his bold, bronzed hairy face, his reckless air, his rolling gait—so pleasantly suggestive of a ship at sea—and his tar-stained paws, with their fish-hooks of fingers, was to us the very beau-ideal of all that is manly and romantic. We knew not that this was his holiday, go-ashore attire, and thought he always dressed precisely the same, and looked the same daring hero. We believed implicitly all Dibdin told us, and felt a glow at heart when we read in his veracious pages that

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,  
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;  
His anchor's atrip when his money's all spent;  
And this is the life of a sailor!

Of which popular quotation we only wish the two first lines were one-half as true as is the third! How many of us, in those happy days, talked of how we should like to be sailors, and how we secretly vowed that we *would* be sailors, and not stupid, plodding, prosaic tradesmen, or merchants, or lawyers, or doctors, as our parents and guardians so absurdly and cruelly intended! How we used to gloat over Marryat, Cooper, and *Tales of Shipwreck and Adventure at Sea!* How we almost quarrelled among ourselves as to whether Dick Fid in the *Red Rover*, or Long Tom Coffin in the *Pilot*, was the highest conceivable specimen of a sailor! Our own private predilection was, if we recollect aright, decidedly in favour of Long Tom; and we are not at all ashamed to confess having a sincere admiration of that renowned hero even at this day.

Let us consider further what is the ideal sailor of the popular faith. And, first, for Jack at sea. There he is in his element—in his own peculiar sphere—in his glory.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies  
Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging,  
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or tossed to the skies,  
Still Jack is found working and singing.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,  
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,  
The rough and the smooth he takes as it comes,  
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

All this has a good deal of truth; but Jack afloat has the easiest, jolliest, happiest, and most enviable life that can be conceived. When there is a fair wind and all sails set, he has nothing in the world to do but to freshen his quid, spin yarns with his merry messmates, overhaul his old love-letters, and enjoy the picturesque and romantic scenes around, or muse on the sublimity of the ocean over which he is sailing. Ah! who can tell how many an adventurer the popular idea of 'Saturday Night at Sea,' and 'Sweethearts and Wives,' has sent for a sailor?

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars  
Shone on the rippling sea;  
No duty called the jovial tars,  
The helm was lashed alee.  
The ample can adorned the board;  
Prepared to see it out,  
Each gave the girl that he adored,  
And pushed the grog about.

Delightful picture that! is it not? Then, what must the reality be?

Next, let us look at Jack ashore. He is an imper-sonation of everything that is generous, eccentric, manly, merry, and reckless. He

Pays his score,  
With spirit on shore,  
And that's all the use of a guinea.

Having earned his money like a horse, at the hazard of his life and limbs, he surely has a right to spend it like an ass; for although, as the truthful poet has already told us, he never will fail in his vows to his lass, it is just as truthfully told that a sailor never has a wife and family ashore to require support out of his canvas-bag. The curious part of the story is, how he keeps his vows to his lass, and yet never finds an opportunity of redeeming them in the matrimonial way. The explanation given by some authorities is, that he has 'a lass in every port;' in this case, it would be unreasonable to expect him to marry them all; and so he spends his life in a state of manifold constancy and chronic love.

Thirdly, there is the ideal retired sailor, who is always called 'captain.' Smollett's Commodore Truncheon is probably the most perfect specimen of this rare and curious animal. To those who are not familiar with that celebrated character, we would briefly say that the retired sailor is popularly imagined to be a thickset, grizzled, copper-coloured, obstinate, bigoted, dogmatic fellow, knowing no more of life ashore than a four-year old child. He is redolent of the ocean, and cannot possibly speak the language of ordinary mortals, but must interlard his discourse with sea-slang to such a degree as to be nearly unintelligible to landmen. He lives in a house he has had expressly built of oak-timber and planks, to resemble as nearly as possible the hull of a vessel, the rooms being fitted precisely in the style of a ship's cabin, with beams, lockers, &c., complete; a mast being planted before the door, with cross-trees, shrouds, vane, and halliards to hoist a Union Jack on festival-days. He growls continually about the hardship of being compelled in old age to live 'under gingerbread hatches ashore,' and subsists entirely on salt junk and hard biscuits, drinks daily a bucketful of grog, and regularly sings the *Old Commodore* every night before turning into his hammock—he having a proper sailor-like

contempt of four-post bedsteads and feather-beds, which he deems effeminate and unship-shape.

So much for the ideal sailor, afloat, ashore, and when retired from his profession. Now for the other side of the medal. So far from Jack having a wonderfully easy and jolly time of it at sea, his life is one of constant, prosaic work—performed under very strict discipline in all vessels of size—and work, be it said, in many respects as monotonous as factory labour in Manchester. For ample details of the daily routine on shipboard, we would refer to a former paper.\* He wears rough, tarry jackets, blue checked or wool-len shirts—according to the climate—and coarse canvas trousers, in most instances made by himself; for both in the merchant service and in the royal navy the men are generally their own tailors, and make nearly all the common working-clothing they wear at sea. All able seamen pride themselves on their dexterity as tailors; and in the navy, cloth and canvas are served out to them at prime cost, to make their own jackets and trousers—the petty officers frequently even embroidering the anchors, &c., on their jacket sleeves, in clever style. Fine blue cloth go-ashore clothes are, of course, usually purchased of a professional Snip. They also wash their own linen, &c., at sea, and these prosaic duties they have to perform as they best may, in the time they can spare from their watch below, or on any occasion when all hands have a leisure hour. Saturday nights, with flowing cans, and all that sort of thing, are fast becoming mere matters of tradition; and nearly the only time when genuine salt-water yarns are, or can be spun, is on a Sunday, or in a dog-watch, and not very often even then, for comparatively few sailors can spin a really good yarn, although all like to hear one. As to Jack's personal appreciation of anything romantic and heroic in his calling, depend on it, he thinks a great deal more of an occasional allowance of plum-duff than of the grandest and sublimest phenomena of ocean—to which he would perchance prefer the tricks of a street conjuror and mountebank, as more interesting and entertaining; and he cares tenfold more about the quality of his junk, and a quiet snooze in his hammock, than for scenes that would enrapture poet and painter. He dearly relishes fun and frolic, poor fellow, whenever he can indulge in a bit of skylarking, for it is a delightful relief from the severe and monotonous routine of his daily life; and he does his duty manfully, and is as brave and daring, when there is any necessity in the case, as we were in the days of Drake and Frobisher: but the hard reality of his daily lot generally deadens or destroys everything tending to a feeling of enthusiasm for his profession, which he probably would gladly quit for an easier berth ashore, were it in his power. We speak not of any exceptional cases, but of sailors in the bulk; and we must also add our own belief—which may or may not be mere fancy—that the prodigious alterations and scientific improvements in the building and navigation of ships, have tended materially to render the calling of a mariner still more commonplace, matter-of-fact, and mechanical, than formerly.

As for Jack ashore, it is quite true that he not unfrequently does commit extraordinary freaks, and squanders his hard earnings in the most prodigal and eccentric fashion, but this is by no means so universally the case as is popularly imagined. The truth is, Jack in a majority of instances has at least *one* wife ashore, and perchance as many young Jacks as would man a jolly-boat, to provide for and support out of his pay (to say nothing of clothing for himself—and a sailor wears out an enormous quantity of personal apparel); and if he is at all a respectable seaman, he *does*, to the utmost of his ability, save up his cash for them. So that, except in the case of young unmarried tars, and of reckless

\* 'Twenty-four Hours of a Sailor's Life at Sea,' in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 431, Second Series.

good-for-nothing older ones, the sailor ashore cannot possibly have money, in these piping times of peace, to squander. In many cases, the ship's owner makes advances to the family of the sailor whilst he is on his voyage, so that when it comes to be deducted from his earnings on his return, the sum he has to receive may be very small. Even where seamen have no family to provide for, they now-a-days, in very many instances, hoard up their money for a rainy day, or with a view to marry hereafter, or advance themselves in their profession; and the establishment of Sailors' Homes, with the savings-banks connected with them, is doing wonders in this respect. Scotch seamen, especially—that is, so far as our own experience goes—seem to do credit to their national character for prudence and forethought. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that seamen, as a body, are far better educated now than they formerly were, and are beginning to have a clearer and more manly perception of their personal responsibilities and opportunities of improving their condition. This view is well illustrated in a dialogue—by whom written we are not at present aware—between a tar of the old school, and one of the modern school—a small portion of which we may here quote:—

"Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs. In my time, when rousing out the rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or a guinea. Paying for a pint o' purl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a-travelling, a fellow stood as good a chance o' getting the one as the t'other."

"But then, you see, Bill," said one of his auditors—"then, you see, men are beginning to get more speri-ence, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much 'a part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"People!" returned Thompson indignantly—"I like to see the fellow as dares call me 'a part o' the people'; I'd people him! That's your shore-going gammon, your larning as capsize your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle, and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a bishop? No, no; larn your trade; larn to keep your trousers taut in the seat, to blackguard a steamer and puddin' an anchor; and then, instead o' callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well; but, Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as good men as before Traffygar?"

"I does. I means to say they haven't the mind as they had; they doesn't think the same way (*that is, they thinks too much*); and more, they're not by one-half as active aloft as we were in the war. Chaps now reefin' topsails crawl out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studdin'-sail halliards!"

Finally, as to the retired sea-captain, we may, without further waste of words, declare the popular ideal to be ridiculously erroneous. The race of Commodore Trunions is extinct, or nearly so, and master-mariners live and talk pretty much the same as other respectable citizens. It is also, by the by, a great error to suppose that common foremast Jacks interlard their discourse with sea-slang to such an absurd degree as works of naval fiction would lead the public to believe. Of course, when Jack is ashore his conversation to some extent smacks of the sea-breeze, and he is apt to eke out his chat with professional reminiscences and phrases, or occasionally to draw the long-bow, and come the ideal sailor, just to quiz the land-lubbers—but all this in a limited degree. We do not mean to say that there are not plenty of rum old sea-dogs, both afloat and ashore, who will talk rich, rare, and racy sea-slang by the hour at a spell, and spin astounding yarns as long

as a main-top-gallant bowline, but they are decidedly 'characters,' and, as such, the majority of their brother tars regard them.

However, we must now coil up and belay—otherwise our own yarn will be as long as a short cable!

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LARGELY as the ways and means of travelling were multiplied last year, the present year already shews signs of far greater advancement, and the limit to that sort of enterprise seems further off than ever. That magnificent screw-steamer, the *Himalaya*, which the Peninsular and Oriental Company have just despatched on her first voyage, is a specimen of ship-building craft too good and too promising to pass without a word of notice. Her real burden is said to be 4000 tons, so that she is one of the largest ships afloat; and the ease with which she can be navigated has given rise to a suggestion, that the Admiralty might build vessels of 10,000 tons, to serve as floating-batteries, wherever war might render them necessary. If War, as is said, protects Peace, truly may we add that Peace helps War to means for his destructive work.

A line of steamers is projected to trade between London and Morocco, calling at Gibraltar on the way; and it is believed that a line will be running to the ports on the Black Sea before many months are over. Western Africa, too, will want a fleet of trading steamers, for the vessel built by Mr Laird for the exploration of the Niger and Tchadda is to be ready in March, and, it is expected, will ascend the river in July. Light metal boats are provided for crossing the shallows, and to avoid loss by sickness, there will be not more than about a dozen Englishmen on board, the main body of the crew being chosen from among the negro natives of the coast. Dr Vogel has got beyond Mourzuk on his way to join Dr Barth; and Dr Irving has volunteered 'to go out and examine the country between the Niger, Bight of Benin, and Lander's route, between Badagry and Boussa—a country never yet visited by white men, except at one or two points where our missionaries have been the pioneers.' The doctor's offer is accepted, and government has supplied him with instruments, &c. for his adventurous journey.

While the interests of commerce and science are thus being promoted in foreign parts, the progress is not less active at home. The Great Western Company talk of running a line of steamers from Milford Haven to Waterford, to maintain speedy communication between the South Wales Railway and the railways of the south of Ireland. While locomotive facilities are thus increasing, we see with pleasure that the experiments for increasing the safety of travelling are every day acquiring greater value. A meeting has been held at the London Tavern, to consider the merits of Mr Tyer's electric railway-signals, which, if verified by further trials, will be highly useful. In the words of the report, the inventor's plan is: 'That the train itself, upon entering any station, shall give notice to the station it last left that the line is so far clear: that, upon quitting a station, the train shall transmit a signal to the next station in advance, directing attention thereto by sounding a bell: the transmission of signals from any intermediate point between stations, so that an alarm can be given, and assistance obtained in the event of a break-down, or other stoppage on the line: that the engineman be signaled from the station he is approaching at any distance deemed requisite, auxiliary signals and fog detonators being thus rendered unnecessary.' The apparatus will also sound the steam-whistle, and keep a register of the signals; and all this is to be accomplished by galvanic agency and the wheels of the engine. The latter, in certain places, press a system of springs which open or close the circuit.

Then there is Professor Gluckmann's contrivance for effecting the long desiderated communication between the guard and driver of a train, which has been tried on the London and North-western Railway. The means employed are two constant batteries, one at each end of the train, connected by wires enclosed in tubes of vulcanised India-rubber passing under the carriages, and fitted with hooks to lengthen or shorten at pleasure. The connections are to be 'turned on' at either end before starting, and 'so long as the wire communication between the engine and guard's van is complete, no action takes place; the batteries remain quiescent, and the bells are silent; but the moment the communication is broken, either by design or accident, the bells commence ringing violently at both ends of the train, and do not stop until the communication is restored or the battery is exhausted.' Daniell's batteries are the kind made use of; and it is said that the apparatus will admit of signals being passed from any of the intermediate passenger carriages as well as from either end. Judging from a rough experiment, this contrivance will effect the purpose intended; but we think that what is wanted is something much more simple, and less liable to injury.

The success of the vessels built by Ruthven for the deep-sea fishery off Scotland, has suggested schemes of hydraulic propulsion, which, though they may some day lead to practical results, are at present too wild for sober attention. Ericsson, with sturdy perseverance, has been improving his caloric engine, and now we are told his vessel will ere long make the voyage from New York to Havre at the rate of nine knots an hour. The question of heat as a mechanical power is diligently discussed in many quarters, and with fruitful consequences. A paper by Mr Rankine, read before the Royal Society, 'On the Geometrical Representation of Heat, and the Theory of Thermodynamic Engines,' while defining the theory, shews how it may become available in practice. It is one that will greatly interest engineers and makers of machinery, for the conviction that a motive-power more economical than steam will have to be found grows stronger and stronger.

M. Foucault has made a communication to the Académie that will surprise some people. He has long held with Faraday, that liquids have a conducting power proper to themselves, and independent of all chemical decomposition; and starting from this fact, he makes a pile or battery without metal plates, using only such chemical liquids—the choice of such is great—as do not precipitate one another. Should this discovery bear the test of further investigation, a new field will be opened to students of electrical science. Here we may add that Faraday, as usual, opened the course at the Royal Institution with a lecture; but not being prepared with any especial researches of his own, he took for his subject certain electro-telegraphic phenomena—the results of those ingenious practical applications which, he said, delight and encourage the philosopher by their almost daily recurrence, while they reward him who reduces them to practice. He had eight miles of wire, half of it under water, to operate on, and shewed the complete identity, if further proof were needed, of static and galvanic electricity. The most striking experiment was the firing of gunpowder by the charge accumulated in one of the submerged coils, even after its disconnection from the battery.

Mr Grove has added another to the important series of facts with which he has enriched electrical science—namely, that the flame from a blowpipe is from twenty to thirty times more electric than an ordinary flame; and he has come to the remarkable conclusion, 'that there is a voltaic current, and that of no mean intensity, due to flame, and not dependent on thermo-electricity.' He believes, too, that 'by attaching to a powerful pair of bellows a tube from which a row of

jets proceeds, and alternating pairs of platinum in flames urged by the jets, a flame-battery might be constructed, which would produce chemical decomposition and all the usual effects of the voltaic pile.' In such a combination as here described, we see a development of electric power which suggests many novel and highly important results.

There is an item of scientific testimony on another point which must not be left unrecorded, as it is interesting to all who drink tea, or wish to drink it. Dr Stenhouse has analysed a specimen of roasted coffee-leaves received from Sumatra, and finds them to be richer in that peculiar principle, known as caffeine, than the coffee-berry itself, and than some specimens of Chinese tea. Theine and caffeine, it should be remembered, are identical. From this fact, the doctor considers that coffee-leaves are likely to prove an acceptable article of diet, at about one-twentieth of the price of the cheapest tea. Should it come into favour, there will be no fear of deficient supply, seeing that in coffee-bearing countries there are extensive districts that will produce leaves in perfection, but not the berries. In another analysis—of *Xanthoxylum piperitum*, or Japanese pepper—Dr Stenhouse has discovered a new crystal, to which he gives the name of *Xanthoxylite*; but the quantity experimented on was too small to enable him to determine its general properties.

The Society of Arts were to open their meeting-room to a council of masters and operatives from Manchester and Preston, the object being to hear what could be said on both sides, or any side, ament 'strikes and lock-outs,' with the view, if possible, of arriving at 'a clear knowledge of the facts and principles involved in the questions at issue.' The president of the society, Prince Albert, has suggested to them the desirability of forming a gallery of 'a series of authentic portraits of distinguished inventors, either in art or science.' Here the intention is, to transmit the likenesses of ingenious individuals down to posterity, and thereby furnish a source of encouragement to them while living. A collection of such portraits would certainly be valuable and interesting; but in too many instances the painting would be the only 'encouragement' the inventors would get, for how rarely do they themselves derive any profit from their inventions! At the winding-up of the smoke-prevention discussion instituted by the same society, one of the speakers truly observed, that the mere abolition of smoke from factories would be nothing unless the thousands of dwelling-house chimneys were forbidden to smoke. Instead of rising into the atmosphere, he would have all the smoke led downwards by a series of fumiducts to some great central reservoir, there to be collected and utilised. This would not be impossible if Rumford was right in his estimate, that hundreds of tons of coal were always floating above London in the form of smoke. He said, moreover, that servants never knew how to put coal on a fire—a truth repeated in other words by another of the speakers at the discussion, when he said that, by proper stoking, the use of machinery to regulate a fire might be dispensed with. Another proposed to lay a tax on every chimney caught smoking. Perhaps the last would be the most effectual way of abating the nuisance. We may, however, mention here, that Prideaux apparatus for the consumption of smoke, tried a short time since at Portsmouth, has the advantage, while effecting its main object, of keeping the furnace-doors cool also, the radiant heat being taken up by the air that rushes in. The result is a saving of from 10 to 20 per cent. of coal, and the engine-rooms may be kept 'as cool as the captain's cabin.' What a relief to those who tend steam-engines!

We find in the proceedings of the Académie, a report concerning a new construction of oven introduced with satisfactory result into the *hospices civils* at Paris. It—the oven—is paved with large square slabs of terra

*cotta*, laid on a bed of sand, which rests on bricks that form the roof of a low vault supported by small columns of firebrick. Into this vault the heat and smoke of the fire are admitted by eight radiating passages, any one of which may be opened or closed at pleasure, so that one-eighth, one-half, or the whole of the oven may be heated or cooled as occasion requires. By this construction, the disagreeable task of cleaning the floor of the oven consequent on the usual mode of heating is avoided, the bread never has a smoky taste, and the bakers are not exposed to a scorching heat, besides which one-third is saved in the cost of heating. One of these ovens has been in use day and night for some months at Nîmes without needing repairs, and others in different parts of France: wherever tried, they have proved successful. It should be added, that the vault communicates with the chimney by an opening kept under perfect control.

As bread and oven go naturally together, we may add here another subject brought before the Académie, which has a bearing on domestic economy. It is 'On the immediate principles of wheat-flour-bran, and their part in panification, and the nutrition of animals.' As some persons know, bread with the bran in it prevents constipation, and the tendency to cerebral congestion. Dogs fed on brown bread thrive; if fed exclusively on white bread, they die. The undersurface of bran contains certain azotised principles which, like diastase, have 'the remarkable property of liquefying the starch held in combination and converting it into dextrine and sugar.' It thus acts as a ferment, and hence its value in bread-making, and the process of digestion. Brown bread, soaked for three hours in water at a temperature of 40 degrees centigrade, became of a milky consistence, and might have been filtered; while white bread similarly treated, was but slightly altered. The fermentive principle of the bran is not injured by the heat of the stomach, which accounts for the benefit of eating bread with the bran in it.

And last—a new kind of varnish or coating for steel plates, by means of which heliographic engraving is possible, has been submitted to the same learned body, with an engraved plate, which, though imperfect, promises well for further experiment.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### PORTUGUES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

MISS FALCOTOWER was looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever; the cause of which, as the painter saw at a glance, was the artistical arrangement of her dress, and its strict subordination in form and colour to the face. What was desired was evidently a portrait of the woman as nature, not the milliner, had made her; and Robert could not but admire the skill with which the background was arranged, so as to throw the whole emphasis upon the speaking features. The scene recalled to him at once the apparition of the day before, bringing sunshine into the drawing-room, as it advanced up the lengthened vista, and enabled him to establish a connection between the two in conception and design. So much the better for him, whose business it was to make a picture, not to estimate character; and he gave himself up to the intoxicating task before him with his customary zeal and determination. He was a study to her, as she was to him, and his deep steady gaze was no interruption to her thoughts; for it was evident that he regarded her, not in her individual self, but as a mere object of art. It may be a question whether Claudia had ever before in her life looked so long at a handsome man.

'You have a fair idea of your art,' said Sir Vivian, who had been watching the process with interest; 'but I would advise a portrait-painter to engage his sitter in conversation, interesting enough to draw out the expression of character. He cannot otherwise obtain a correct likeness.'

'I must get hold of the vehicle first,' replied the artist; 'the soul will then, I hope, come by degrees. As for a correct likeness, that is the result of a mechanical tact, sometimes possessed by the merest dauber. A true artist, such as I am trying to learn to be, paints the mind as well as the body, and renders in colours what the sitter is unconscious of himself. This marks the distinction between photography and art. The former, being without intelligence, can copy only the external features; while the latter, although less skilful in this part of the process, is able to seize upon the intellectual being. Even as photography represents surfaces with such exquisite minuteness as to trace phenomena invisible to the naked eye, so art brings out flaws or beauties of the character unsuspected before. This is called, though not with philosophical accuracy, idealising. This is what the Greek sculptors accomplished in regard to beauty, bringing perfection out of the straining womb of nature, and raising the human to the divine.' This was pursuing the subject into a channel where Sir Vivian was out of his depth, for it was precisely in surfaces he was learned; but his more accomplished daughter was able to keep up the conversation with the young artist, whom it was obviously, for some reason or other, her wish to 'trot out.' The sitting, however, was very brief. Miss Falcotentower, true to her tactics, got up before the artist supposed he had well begun; and he was led off to view the collection of pictures and statuary which the baronet had always great delight in shewing.

Sir Vivian appeared to be well pleased with the young man, both as a speaker and a listener. In the former capacity, Claudia was industrious in drawing him out, and in the latter, he was himself very willing to be drawn in, for the baronet possessed abundant stores of information and anecdote connected with art. On a new occasion, Robert did not scruple to take the part of the father against his patroness.

'Look!' said Claudia, 'is not that fine? There is one of those grand cathedrals, in which the genius of Christianity, spurning the old heathen law, seems to symbolise the glorious liberty of the Gospel. The classic temples have passed away from men's reverence with their empty religion, and in this new form of art the new nations of Europe have stamped their own identity. Is it too much to hope that, in the advancement of taste, the whole land will become a field of Gothic architecture, and that men will turn away from classicism, just as they have turned away from the false gods it enshrined?' Robert smiled gravely.

'I should like to hear your sentiments on this point,' said Sir Vivian, 'for my daughter and I have argued upon it till we have nothing new to say on the subject.'

'I do not know that I either,' replied Robert, 'can have anything new to say on the subject, for my opinions lie quite on the surface. The classic style of architecture was adapted to a religion wanting in depth and intensity—to the same revelation of poetry which gave rise to the immortal sculptures of the Greeks, where the presiding divinities are Beauty and Repose. Early Christianity had its hidden temples in glens and

caves, in the mean rooms of cities, in desert solitudes where the cells of hermits, gathering other cells around them, formed the nuclei of populous convents. But when there arose out of the simple arrangements of the apostles, a hierarchy composed of secular as well as religious princes, when the symbolical crook became a kingly sceptre that made the world tremble, and when Christianity grew into a mystery too holy and too awful for vulgar eyes to contemplate—then was there reared a shrine fitted for the majestic worship—a shrine rising frequently from the ruins of heathen temples; then pinnacle upon pinnacle pierced the yielding sky; then gorgeous processions rolled along amid groves of sculptured stone,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.

For a Roman Catholic cathedral,' continued Robert, 'no architecture is so well adapted as the Gothic; but when the reform of Luther let in upon the religious gloom a portion of the light of day, a modification was demanded which, so far as I know, has not yet been supplied.'

'Then,' said Claudia, who saw with some discontent what was coming, 'you would have a new style for every form of belief?'

'I would have the genius of bodies of men give way to their impulses and convictions in art as in religion, and cease to copy forms that for them have lost life and meaning.'

'Then suppose you take the lowest sect, composed of worshippers who gather round the pastor with no more ceremonial than the literal sheep round their shepherd—what tabernacle would you devise for them?'

'Art is beautiful even in its austere forms, because so is the nature it worships. Even the original shrine of the faith you allude to—a lonely nook among the hills, where it was born of persecution, and nourished with blood, and where the devotees listened to the word of life with their Bible kept open on their knees with their naked swords, was not wanting in this quality. For these I would revert to the classical model, but of an era prior, as we might suppose, to the time when the stern and simple superstition submitted to the elegant adornments of poetry. I would have the portico composed of Tuscan columns rising naked out of the earth, like the trunks of forest trees; the pediment either entirely blank, or inscribed only with a text of Scripture in the black austere characters termed grotesque, that are like the rudiments of Roman letters; and the external walls either wholly plain or strengthened more than adorned with Tuscan pilasters.'

'Well done!' cried Sir Vivian—'that is a good idea.'

'But why limit the classical model to a service like this? If we discard it for the less simple forms of Christianity, are there not purposes in which poetry is the presiding feeling, apart from religion, and where elegant repose is the grand essential? Could anything be finer or more harmonious than a Greek temple consecrated to works of painting and sculpture? For a gentleman's seat, set down in the midst of a tree-garden in an undulating and picturesque country, the abode of wealth and taste, and in itself a gallery of art, no model could be imagined better adapted than the classical villa. On the other hand, a country abode perched on a rocky height, and surrounded by natural woods, would demand the Gothic form; and so likewise would the simple hamlet and the solitary hut. But imagine a whole street—a whole town of this architecture—in which the multitudinous variety is confined to details, with the same unvarying character pervading the whole! It would be almost as bad—if anything *could* be almost as bad—as our present rows of stone or brick boxes, with oblong holes in the walls for the inhabitants to look through and indulge themselves with the sight of rows

of boxes on the other side of the way, the counterpart of their own.'

'But the age and the men, my good sir!' cried Claudia—'would you not have architecture adapted to the circumstances that give it birth? and are not we Goths, to take that as the generic name, just as the classic builders were Greeks and Romans?'

'No: we are no more Goths than we are Greeks or Romans. We are the *result* of the collision which took place when the fresh and vigorous barbarians threw themselves headlong upon the senile refinement of the Empire, and gave a new character to the genius of Europe. The retrograde movement was changed for one of progress—for there is no point of rest for the human mind. The present age is merely one of a moral series which then commenced; and our grand distinction is an enlightened eclecticism, which gathers to itself the true and the beautiful wherever they are found, in the past or in the present, and hands them on in triumph to the future. To make the architecture of such an age exclusively Gothic, or exclusively classic, to bind down its pictorial art to the mediæval or the revival, is, I venture to think, a dream that can be realised only when the effect of the collision of races is worn out and lost, and the downward movement begins anew.'

In such conversations a great part of the forenoon passed away; and when the artist at length took his leave, Claudia confessed to herself that she had enjoyed a novel kind of amusement, in listening to the opinions of one who spoke thus plainly and zealously without reference to the rank or sex of the company. This was an enjoyment she had not experienced till now since girlhood, and a dim picture rose upon her dream of a new social world, invested with such colourings of romance as are thrown by the imagination upon strange and distant lands.

'You are interested by this young man?' said her father, who observed her reverie.

'Yes; he speaks as if he thought, and that is much. Whether his thoughts are just or not is another question. I like him, too, because he looks you full in the eyes both when he speaks and listens.'

'And, upon my word, the eyes are very handsome with which the young fellow does look!'

'That may be of some moment to him: it is nothing to us. But one thing is clear—that he will never be a painter. He thinks too much and too subtly of the theory of art to become great in the practice; for practical art is an instinct, the achievements of which may be followed, but cannot be preceded by theory. No; he has no more chance of becoming a painter in this way, than he would have of becoming a poet by learning to manufacture rhymes at the university. But he writes too. He has had an article accepted by a quarterly review; and I think we should see that. He is not vain, not selfish, not mercenary, and his feelings chance to be with the party now in ascendancy. Do you not see my thought? As a secretary without the name, and without consciousness on his own part, he might render you important service. You have retrograded of late, as he calls it, and you must renew the onward movement.'

'You are right, Claudia; I see it all. But why wait, since we know that he has words and ideas?'

'But we can only guess that he has the art of writing, that he has an elegant pen, and a logical head to direct it.'

'Well, be it as you will, but don't lose sight of him. I am now for the club.'

'Why wait?' mused Claudia when she was alone. 'Might it not be better if'—and she moved some paces after her father. 'No!' and her thought spoke with decision: 'what is he to us if he be not the tool we require?—Nothing but a mediocre artist, a fluent speaker, and a handsome and amiable man!' She turned round calmly, proudly. She looked tall—for



her medium size. The flash that served for a smile played over her still features, like moonlight—no, like Sunlight on a marble statue. It may have expressed contempt of some idea that had swept across her brain; it may have indicated a joyous confidence in her own will and power; it may have flitted over those lovely lips in mere amusement and delight, as a butterfly hovers, on some breathless noon, over a rose. But so she glided, with that illumined face—slow, erect, silent, phantom-like—from the room.

This was interesting society for Robert, although he was probably unconscious at the time of the unspeakable benefit he derived from it. The introduction to the familiar acquaintance of an elegant and accomplished woman of society, forms an era in the history of a young man isolated from the world, an era from which may generally be dated his fairest prospects in life. But unluckily for our adventurer, this came at a time when his circumstances appeared to require something to lower rather than elevate his ideas. His business, small as it was, became still smaller, for he was now absent from the studio at the very time when sitters were the most likely to nibble; and perhaps Claudia had little idea of the sacrifices and deprivations the poor artist submitted to for the pleasure of painting her portrait. The pleasure was great; for in respect to female companionship, nine-tenths of the struggling young men of London might as well be in a huge monkey, where no such thing can be enjoyed, except when of a secret and criminal character. The pleasure, however, was supplemented by the hope of eventual profit; for Robert had not so humble an opinion of his talent for art as Claudia had formed; and he looked forward to the day when the exhibition of his work, which he intended to be worthy of the lovely and fashionable original, would fill his studio with clients and his coffers with money. The two motives acted and reacted upon each other. To arrive at fame and wealth, it was necessary to indulge largely in the pleasure; and to be able to indulge largely and continuously in the pleasure, wealth and fame were indispensable.

But Claudia's judgment was probably more correct than his own; for although he got hold of the vehicle easily enough, the soul seemed very unwilling to come forward. He was at length much downcast on the subject, and sometimes he even conjectured that there might peradventure be no soul to come; but again, when he looked into the blaze of her eyes, he could not conceive that so dazzling a light could be a quality of mere external beauty. His want of success did not seem to disconcert his patroness. He repeatedly breakfasted with her and her father on the mornings of the brief sittings, and sometimes when they were not quite alone; and at length he was invited to dinner, that he might be made acquainted with Sir Vivian's brother, Lord Luxton. This invitation was given when his hopes of being able to maintain the tailed coat were almost at zero, and Claudia mistook the gloomy perplexity of his look for some feeling of self-distrust.

'Do come,' said she, 'if you are not otherwise engaged; for as you say you are unaccustomed to society, you will be amused. By the way, I should not have conjectured that from your manner in company: it is just what it should be. The reason, I take it, is that you are calm, self-possessed, and observant. You are not thinking of yourself, but of the things and persons around you; and in order to secure this state of quietude, you fall into a natural imitation, carried off sufficiently far to avoid attracting observation in return.'

'Upon my word,' said Robert, amused in spite of his anxieties, 'you give me credit for more tact than I possess. I have really no motives at all, and no determinate line of conduct; I merely look, and listen, and

speak when it is necessary, without thinking about the matter.'

'Precisely. A vulgar man *always* thinks about the matter. The bashful vulgarian described by our ancestors—that modest individual who used to suppose that the observation of the whole company was absorbed in him, and was ready to sink with apprehension at the idea that he was not looking or doing to the best advantage—seems to have died out as the present generation came in. The existing vulgarian is a gentleman of more nerve. He takes the most strenuous measures to conceal his vulgarity, to evidence his self-possession, to convince you that he is at home in the part. He considers it necessary to be constantly doing or saying something. Like Bottom the weaver, he is for playing everything in the piece, and would even take a portion of the business of the servants out of their hands, if they would let him. But the servants are now a great estate in the social realm: more and more every day is intrusted to their management, and the company have nothing to do but to be quiet and enjoy themselves.'

'But is there not something to learn in etiquette? Are there not new table customs, for instance, frequently coming in?'

'None that you will outrage, if you only keep quiet, and observe what other people do; and few, I may add, that do not come naturally to good sense and good taste: that is a striking characteristic of our age. But after all, the laws of etiquette are not like those of the Medes and the Persians; few people mind infringing them a little when it suits their whim or convenience. The grand thing is to take it easy, and be quiet. I had once a peep, through a glass-door, at a dinner-party at a tradesman's where I looked in at an unusual hour—and how the first glance astonished me! The table, and its paraphernalia of silver, porcelain, and crystal; the dishes, the dresses of the guests, male and female—all were the exact counterpart of what is seen at a fashionable dinner. But the second glance reassured me, and I trembled no more for the fate of my order. The whole thing was overdone—stiff, formal, and therefore awkward. It was a Belgravian picture cut in wood—and not by a Grinling Gibbons. Everybody at the table was thinking about the matter, hosts and guests alike—all determined to be rigidly right: it was, in short, the fashion you see in a stuck-up dress doll in a shop-window.'

'I see what you mean,' said Robert; 'fashion must be adhered to, but only in an easy, quiet way, and for your own, not for fashion's sake. But are there not some persons, even in your own circle, who carry things a little further; for instance, the Countess of Tasseltop you talked of the other morning?'

'O yes, poor little creature! she takes a great deal of trouble, and we are all much obliged to her. But the small working-class of fashion, as we may call it, is quite distinct from the great, refined, and intellectual body who pay it external deference, profit by its labours, and laugh at it.'

'And the Tasseltop—what do you call it? you all wear, was that invented by her ladyship?'

'Her ladyship got it from her ladyship's milliner; the milliner received it, after numerous throes of inventive genius, from her forewoman; and the forewoman, a clever person, but used-up long ago, extorted the idea from one of the hands she patronises, who works nineteen hours a day for the distinction. It is the distressed needlewomen who give the law of costume to the world of fashion.'

The dinner served as a good illustration to a portion of this lecture; and Robert, in spite of his gloomy forebodings, was certainly amused—although, as Claudia had recommended, in a quiet way. Owing to an accidental circumstance, he came late, when the rest of the party, which was in all eight in number, had assembled.

There were no introductions, and he heard no names. The *coup-d'œil* presented by the dining-room was magnificent, but he thought the quantity of plate almost, if not quite, overstepped the modesty of taste. The dinner was a more prolonged repast than he thought had been customary in this country, and he had time to observe his neighbours. These had no great distinction of aspect. One was a very fat, good-humoured-looking old man, jovial and hearty in his manner—just the person to have been vulgar to the last extreme, if not saved by a perfect *savoir faire*, and an air of gentlemanly ease which could have been the result only of life-long habitude. Another was a little, meagre, unwholesome, elderly man, looking marvellously like a journeyman tailor suffering from the consequences of an intemperance he now kept in check by means of the pledge. He, too, was obviously to the manner born, and withal tenderly, and not ungracefully, assiduous in his attentions to a pompous good-looking, middle-aged dame, the matron of the feast, whose neck, arms, and fingers glittered with diamonds. Another younger lady belonged to that class of women who have no character at all, and could be described only as having a sweet, insipid face, and as constantly saying: 'What a love!'—'Those dearest children!'—'How I do dote on that aria!'—'My darling Mrs So-and-so!' Robert sat next to this youngish lady, and turned away with a cloyed appetite from the sweets when they came upon the table. The remaining guest belonged, like himself, to the class of 'clever people.' He had only recently come into notice, and was a candidate for one of certain commissionerships which, from his services to the government and his literary reputation, he was considered sure of obtaining. He had taken reasonably well to the manners of the circle where he was now noticed, although born himself only in the respectable middle class, but had not entirely got rid of the feeling of novelty, and appeared to have every now and then a spasm of exulting surprise as the idea occurred to him of his present position and expected good-fortune.

The dinner passed quietly and agreeably away; the beautiful hostess dealing her lightning flashes with perfect impartiality round the table, and every now and then, with an admirable tact, quite distinct from the obtrusiveness of former days, contriving to attract the attention of any one who seemed to have fallen aside out of observation. When the ladies at length retired, there was some social and even merry chat; but little wine was taken, little time consumed, and Robert by and by found himself for a minute or two tête-à-tête with Claudia in the drawing-room. From her he learned, with some surprise, that the fat, jovial old man was Lord Luxton; that the elderly journeyman tailor was the Earl of Tassle-top, the husband of the fashionable countess; that the sweet, youngish lady was the scion of a ducal family; and the pompous matron the wife of a wealthy parvenu, but herself allied to some of the highest families in the kingdom.

Our adventurer, on going home that night to his three-pair back, suffered from a little confusion of mind. His wonder was, how it was all to end—what was to become of the anomalies of his position—whether he was actually to be a top-sawyer, or subside into the pit? It wanted some time yet to the publication of the next review, and it was with something like alarm he remembered—a feeling he was by no means accustomed to—that after his sumptuous fare of to-day, he had to look to the chances of the world for to-morrow's dinner. His case was the more perplexing, that Miss Falcon-tower seemed to have cooled upon the business of the portrait. So far from being in any hurry to get it finished, she was evidently protracting the time. At the dinner-table, while bringing out the other clever man in his peculiar walk, she had suffered him to remain the great unknown. She had not even redeemed

her promise of introducing him to her uncle. Was it not obvious that art had failed him, and that he was to receive a new trial in literature—at some indefinite time?

In considerable perturbation of mind, but with a stern resolve to trifle no longer with his fortunes, he sought his patroness the next morning. He saw at once that a shade had passed over the beautiful face, though without rendering it less beautiful.

'Mr Oaklands,' she said, 'I am glad you have come, for it is so formal to say adieu in writing, and I have hardly time for it even in speech. Papa has received a summons to his brother's bedside, Lord Luxton having been taken suddenly and, I fear, dangerously ill, and we shall be out of town for at least a month. Before we return, we shall have seen your article, and I feel sure that I shall have something pleasant to say on the subject. The portrait'—following his eyes—'must wait. It is of less consequence to you than the other; and, in fact, the two professions, or accomplishments, would clash. Good-by, Mr Oaklands,' and she extended her hand. Her voice softened as she pronounced the last words; and her fingers—could it be a gentle pressure which sent that sudden thrill through his frame? Robert did not know; his breath came quick, his eyes dazzled: she was gone.

'So,' thought he, fetching a long breath as he left the house, 'it is over—over—over! Friendless, penniless, hopeless in this walk of life, I must now try another.' But for all that, he walked straight to Jermyn Street, thinking, in spite of himself, that something would turn up, some honest job from the picture-dealers, or some expectant sitter, with a guinea in his pocket. Worse and worse. Driftwood had vanished; the contents of the studio were seized for rent, and the door was locked. It was hard that he, who owed nothing, should lose his painting materials, few and of trifling value as they were; but remonstrance was of no avail, and he turned from the house with a bitterness of spirit he had never felt before.

He knew what must be done, but he would not do it till the evening; for although a common, it seemed to him, from its associations of vice and misery, a degrading expedient. In the meantime he walked swiftly away in the direction of the nearest boundary of the wilderness of streets. He felt the need of air, for he was choking: the mist of the common was settling upon him. But as he walked, he grew more tranquil, for he looked his fortunes steadily in the face, and became accustomed to them. That evening he would collect a sum to pay the rent of his lodgings, and suffice for his support for the few days that might pass before he obtained employment. The financial object he could attain only in one way: by the hypothecation—a very short time before he would have said pawning—of his dress-clothes; and as for mechanical work, there was no risk of failure in the quest for that, since he had already, with a view to some such emergency, made acquaintance with a person whose trade was the finer kind of cabinet-making, and who would be very glad to accept his services, having formed a high opinion of his taste and inventive ability.

It must not be supposed, however, that in becoming more calm he became more cheerful. The crisis that had occurred was indeed a painful one; for, setting his new acquaintance out of the question, it interposed a gulf between him and the old. It postponed indefinitely his prospects of revisiting the Lodge—of seeing again the generous and true-hearted captain—the philosophic Elizabeth—the one whom he had never thought of for a long time after his exodus without a feeling of terror, but who had gradually assumed in his waking dreams the appearance of a faint and distant star, the only light he saw in the heavens.

When he had reached the utmost verge of London, his thoughts were drawn anew to the profession that

had so lamentably failed him, by the appearance of a sign-painter perched on a ladder, labouring away at his vocation. Robert drew near with some surprise—perhaps even a little amusement—and, himself unseen, watched the motions of the artist. The subject was Robin Hood, and it was boldly and skilfully treated, obviously by one of the great masters in the out-of-doors line. The painter seemed highly pleased with it himself; getting down every now and then from the ladder to admire it at some paces off, then, after taking a mighty pull at a tankard of porter that stood upon the ground, rushing up the steps, and setting at it again with fresh enthusiasm. Driftwood was here in his element, and obviously very happy, bursting out occasionally with a snatch of song to carry off the steam. Robert considered that high art had much to answer for in inveigling from his business so capital a sign-painter, and he took the liberty with himself of thinking, with an inward sneer, that there might be more Driftwoods than one in the world.

'Why should I disturb the poor fellow,' thought he, 'with news of the catastrophe, if it is still unknown to him? He will hear of it soon enough; and knowing his haunts, I can always fall in with him when I choose, should circumstances enable me to be of any use.' So he turned away, and left Driftwood alone with his glory.

It was quite dark before Robert returned to his lodgings. Letting himself in with a pass-key, he went up, with a heavy heart, the long dark stair, and entered his room. He kindled a match, and then rubbed his eyes, thinking, for a moment, that their functions were impaired by the sudden glare. There was no candle to light. His portmanteau was absent—his books—his dressing-things; the bed was not prepared to be slept in; the room was cold, formal, and bare, like a room that had advertised for a tenant, and was waiting the result. When he had ascertained these facts, the match went out, and he was in the dark. The thing was quite inexplicable, for although some weeks' rent was due, the most perfect confidence was reposed in him by his landlady—an elderly widow, who made a scanty but certain income by letting a large house in lodgings, herself and children burrowing in the back-kitchen. He groped his way down stairs. There were cheerful family voices on the second floor; the sound of a piano on the first floor; somebody reading aloud in the parlour. In the back-kitchen were the widow and her children, all at work of one kind or other.

'What is the meaning of this, Mrs Dobbs,' said he; 'where are my things?'

'They are gone away, mister,' replied Mrs Dobbs; 'they were fetched—don't you know?—the rent paid, and the lodgings given up.'

'My things taken away, and the rent paid! By whom, in the name of wonder?'

'That I don't know, mister. I hope to goodness I haven't done wrong; but it was a respectable porter-like man who came, and he said he was ordered by a lady, a friend of yours; and I thought you knew about it, and that it was all right.' A lady! Robert flushed up to the brow—he knew but one lady in London! But the idea was as absurd as presumptuous. Presumptuous! It was his pretended benefactress who had presumed. But since the lady had turned him out of his lodgings, had she provided any other?

'Yes, mister,' said Mrs Dobbs, 'you have lodgings at the address on this paper—at Kensington Gravel Pits.' The address was not in any handwriting he knew, and the paper on which it was written could hardly have come from Miss Falcontower. To think, however, was vain, when there were no data to proceed upon; and with a heavy heart, and a foot not the brisker that he had eaten nothing since the sumptuous dinner of the day before, he set out on his new walk of several miles.

When passing through the aristocratic quarter, carriages were rushing about in all directions, for it was

the hour of the evening dinner. At one great mansion there was a temporary stoppage of the trottoir. The door was open, servants in livery were seen in the illuminated hall, and a handsome equipage was just setting down its freight, consisting of a solitary gentleman. A double line of the passers-by was drawn up, as usual, to see him enter the house; and Robert drew back, with mechanical politeness, as he stepped out of the carriage. The gentleman turned his head, and their eyes met. It was Mr Seacole. He seemed surprised at first; but with a haughty stare, he immediately passed on, and entered the house. The door shut; the high-blooded greys pranced and pawed for a moment; and then the elegant equipage dashed away down the street.

Our adventurer walked on to the Gravel Pits again—the Gravel Pits!—the mist of the common blinding his eyes, tightening his breath, and pressing on his heart. Above, around, beneath, all was dark; the whole world was a mass of tumbling vapour, and only a spark of less intense shadow shewed the place in the heavens of the pale, faint star.

#### POPULAR MISTAKE IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE are few facts in natural history so universally known as the remarkable peculiarity which renders the chameleon so famous; and the researches of naturalists have long been directed towards the elucidation of the phenomenon. The chameleon is indeed not the only animal that is subject to a change of hue. The seasonal variations of colour exhibited by many of the feathered tribes, are sufficiently remarkable to have attracted general attention, as well as to have misled systematic naturalists; and the Alpine hare, whose summer dress is of a tawny gray colour, which is replaced in winter by a fur of snowy whiteness, is perhaps a more familiar, as well as a more striking example, to which many more might be added: in fact, the human species is not entirely free from the mutation, for the whitening of raven locks at a certain age is a great and alarming fact. But the change of colour in the chameleon differs essentially from all the other instances known: in birds and quadrupeds, the change of their dress is of periodical occurrence, and is well known to be a special provision for the regulation of temperature by means of the radiation or absorption of caloric. In the case of the chameleon, on the other hand, the changes are of a sudden and fitful character, and do not appear to be in any way connected with temperature, although they, no doubt, have importance in the economy of the animal. The popular opinion has long been, that the purpose of this singular faculty is to enable the chameleon to accommodate its appearance to that of surrounding objects; but the investigations of naturalists do not favour this idea, or rather, they seem to negative it. Van der Höven has devoted an illustrated work to the subject; and more recently, Mr H. N. Turner, jun., in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, and in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, has detailed his personal observations on the varieties of tint presented by a specimen of the chameleon which lived for some time in his possession. The general tints of this individual varied between different shades of brown, olive, yellow, and light green—the last named being the most rarely observed, and the yellow being the tint usually assumed when the animal was hidden from the light. When brought for inspection at night into the influence of lamplight, it appeared at first almost white, but soon began to darken, the side next the light changing rather sooner than the other, although all the changes in the colour of the animal are gradual. In the daytime, the colour is generally brown, sometimes of a uniform dull olive, and sometimes of a light drab colour. The ventral series of prominent scales remains constantly white,

and certain markings on the body do not participate in the general changes of colour.

The box in which Mr Turner's chameleon was kept was of deal, with a glass at the top, and a piece of flannel laid at the bottom, a small branching stick being introduced by way of a perch. He introduced at various times pieces of coloured paper, covering the bottom of the box, of blue, yellow, and scarlet, but without the slightest effect upon the appearance of the animal. Considering that these primary colours were not such as it would be likely to be placed in contact with in a state of nature, he next tried a piece of green calico, but equally without result. The animal went through all its usual changes without their being in any way modified by the colours placed underneath it. The general tints approximate, as may readily be observed, to those of the branches of trees, just as those of most animals do to the places in which they dwell; but Mr Turner did not observe the faculty of changing called into play with any apparent object. It is only when the light is removed that the animal assumes a colour which absorbs but little of it.

Thus the popular notion, that the chameleon takes the hue at pleasure of the objects near it—a notion cherished by us all from infancy, recited in every little 'book about animals,' and constantly used by the poet among his choicest illustrations—is now shewn to be erroneous. We look to the same science which has destroyed our illusion, to replace it with the true explanation of the phenomenon; and we hope we shall not long have to look in vain.

#### BRITANNIA'S SCENTED HANDKERCHIEF.

The wealth of England is aptly illustrated by shewing what Britannia spends, and the duty she pays to the Exchequer for the mere pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. As flowers, for the sake of their perfumes, are on the continent principally cultivated for trade purposes, the odours derived from them, when imported into this country in the form of essential oils, are taxed with a small duty of 1s. per pound, which is found to yield a revenue of just L.12,000 per annum. The duty upon Eau de Cologne imported in the year 1852, was in round numbers L.10,000, being 1s. per bottle upon 200,000 flacons imported. The duty upon the spirits used in the manufacture of perfumery at home is at least L.20,000, making a total of L.42,000 per annum to the revenue, independent of the tax upon snuff, which some of the ancient Britons indulge their noses with. If L.42,000 represents the small tax upon perfuming substances for one year, ten times that amount is the very lowest estimate which can be put upon the articles as their average retail cost. By these calculations—and they are quite within the mark—we discover that Britannia spends L.420,000 a year in perfumery.—*S. Piesse, in Annals of Chemistry.*

#### THE WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Went with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph, while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible, finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness, but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.—*Moore's Diary.*

#### ITALY WITHOUT A NATIONAL AIR.

Alas! Italy, thou land of song! thou outcast of the nations of Europe! Ten thousand operas, and not three notes of a national hymn! Out of so many fathers of melody, not one who can find the motive that will sink to thy children's heart and dwell there; France has her *ca ira*; the Alpine people their cow-gathering; England her loyal anthem; Germany her fatherland toasts. In Italy alone nationality is mute. The sorry dittay that popular

outbreak calls forth to-day, dies to-morrow amidst the yawns of thy listless populace. Proscription itself cannot secure a patriotic air against the fickleness of fastidious fashion. Strange to say, our composers have, in several instances, supplied less gifted people with the music that never fails to send a thrill through their hearts, that leads them to battle, that serves them as a rallying-point against all chances of future dispersion; and not a miserable chorus, not a paltry march, for home consumption!—*Castellamonte; Italian Life during the Insurrection of 1831.*

#### ON A PICTURE OF VENICE.

BY MARIÉ J. EWEK.

'Tis she—the fairy city gay, 'built on the flowing tide,'  
The throne of merchant princes proud, the Adriatic's bride;  
E'en as in beauty's bloom she stood, in sunlit days of yore,  
When myriad streamers fluttered bright her marble  
mansions o'er:

When evening rays of burnished gold lay sleeping on  
her halls,  
And the music of a thousand songs re-echoed from  
her walls;  
While glory crowned her palaces and Freedom's flag was  
there,  
And perfumes from the Orient came through the summer air.

Fair Venice in her palmy days, bright, beautiful, and free!  
Oh, then to view that pageantry, her bridal with the sea,  
To mark the graceful gondolas the flowing streets along,  
While the plashing of the boatmen's oar kept time with  
Tasso's song!

O marble in the starshine! O mansions gleaming white!  
How dazlingly your columned roofs reflected back the  
light;  
The answering chime of voices sweet came fluting down  
the breeze,  
Like tones of fairy minstrelsy amid the forest trees.

Still, Venice, still the deep blue wave is trembling at thy  
feet,  
And echoes of departed songs the list'ning spirit greet.  
O glory's fading splendours! your requiem comes to me,  
Like music sweeping mournfully athwart the azure sea.

Thou wert not wise in days of yore, O Venice, passing fair,  
While flinging back with regal pride the sparkles from  
thy hair:

Thy sons were fettered to thy throne—in name alone  
the free;  
O flashing eyes superbly proud! for who was like to thee?

How couldst thou hope for durance long, an everlasting  
name,  
Thou, that to others didst deny what thou thyself didst  
claim?

'Twere well had all remembered this, all powers that e'er  
have reigned:  
Who makes another's fetters strong, himself shall be  
enchained.

O fragile beauty fleeting fast! O loveliness supreme!  
Gleaming across the sunlit waves, the city of a dream,  
I mourn, but yet I lowly bend, and own the just decree  
That made thy sceptre pass away from the empire of  
the sea.

Thine alabaster palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
For their glory hath departed—their music is no more;  
An undertone comes heaving up amid the waters blue:  
'So perish all who dare enslave the many for the few!'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also  
sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and  
all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## A GLANCE AT MY INNER-LIFE.

BY A MUSICIAN ON THE CONTINENT.

MUSIC, in our time, is nowhere cultivated so earnestly as in Germany. Italy has been called the land of song, of poetry, of art; the great master-pieces of her sculpture and painting still reign—Dante and Tasso yet hold their undisturbed dominion; but it has been long evident that the popularity of her music is fast waning away. Germany is now the great school of music, of criticism, of philosophy; and the nations acknowledge her sovereignty. It has been observed by those who have watched the progress of this change, that the revolution in public taste has nowhere been more sure, and at the same time more gradual, than in England. Some five-and-twenty years ago, London rang with the melodies of the Italian school: Rossini, fêted and flattered, was placed at the head of all ancient and modern masters; Rubini sang; and Paganini played. Slowly this preference faded and declined. People were roused by the picturesque colouring of Weber, and the science of Spohr; Beethoven's spiritual, almost metaphysical, style was recognised and worshipped; the genius of Mendelssohn began to dawn; the unfamiliar name of John Sebastian Bach was listened to with respectful awe; and that of Albrechtberger was heard for the first time beyond the musical circles of Vienna.

Pages might be occupied in the investigation of these effects, but the cause may be readily resolved into a mere question of ethics. Italy is the land of physical, Germany of intellectual development. The genius of Italy is radiantly clad, and crowned with the poet's laurel; she murmurs impassioned melodies, and her breath is Love. The presiding spirit of Germany, clad soberly, holds science in her hand, and truth is written on her broad pale brow: her name is Moral Philosophy. So with literature; so with music. She encourages patient study and earnest enthusiasm; the works of her children are a perpetual tribute to Thought and Time; while the syren songs of her southern sister, intoxicating for awhile, pall at last upon the ear. The Sensual-Beautiful is left weeping upon the earth, but the Spiritual-Beautiful journeys onward to the stars.

The progress of this great moral change, slow at first, is now daily increasing. London alone furnishes ample evidence; for while the Italian Theatre struggles feebly through successive seasons, innumerable societies, institutions, soirées, and concerts for the performance of classical works, flourish and bear fruit.

Not so was it when the southern school had attained the height of its power; when music in Germany was silently growing in strength and perfectness, till the era

should arrive for its recognition among men; when I, a child of fourteen years of age, left my native country to receive my education in a foreign musical academy.

I was born of English parents, but had the misfortune to become an orphan before I could fully appreciate the extent of my loss. A wealthy cousin undertook to provide me with a profession. Arrangements were concluded with the heads of an institution situated in a duchy of Central Germany, which I will call Hohenhausen; a premium was paid for my board, clothing, and instruction during the term of seven years. I was removed from the grammar-school of my native village, and after ten days of weary travelling, arrived at my destination. Here the guardianship of my relative ceased, and I was remembered no more. I received no reply to the letters I repeatedly wrote to him, and after I had been absent about sixteen months, he died. So ended my connection with England, and I had henceforth no prospect but through my own industry and perseverance.

The Musical Academy was one of the handsomest buildings in the little capital of Hohenhausen. The house was large and imposing, and was surrounded by a courtyard. It contained a concert-room, a library, four class-rooms, a suite of small private apartments for the resident professors, a spacious waiting-room, dormitories for thirty scholars, a large dining-room, and extensive kitchens. Four female servants and two men were kept, besides the porter at the gate. Each scholar made his own bed immediately before breakfast every morning; and we employed a shoeblack, whose little stall was close at hand, to varnish our boots; but those who could not afford to pay for his services had to perform that office for themselves. A matron attended to the housekeeping, and had especial charge of the female pupils; while a superintendent and librarian exercised the chief authority over the boys. The table was liberally provided, and a medical officer resided in the establishment. So did the masters of harmony, organ, piano, singing, and violin; and the rest of the teachers attended daily. Every year, six of the advanced students were elected as monitors, when it became their duty to attend to the practice of the rest. All branches of the science of music were taught in the academy, but never more than three to any one pupil; and one of these three was always selected for the leading study, to which the other two were deemed subordinate. Thus I learned counterpoint chiefly, and with it the organ and violin.

Our sovereign, the reigning Duke of Hohenhausen, honoured the institution by becoming our president, and we had honorary members and subscribers amongst almost all of the courts and crowned heads in the

German principalities. We gave annual fêtes, and quarterly concerts, and every year a great examination was held, to which all the chief musicians and amateurs from every quarter were invited. A committee of judgment was then formed of six eminent professors; medals were distributed to the deserving; and the most successful pupil received a laurel wreath, a certificate of merit, and a sum equivalent to L.12 sterling. To obtain this honour, and this almost inexhaustible fortune, became the ruling motive of my life. I was ambitious and industrious; I rose rapidly in the estimation of my teachers; I passed steadily upwards from class to class; and by the time I had been six years a student in the institution, I had obtained four of the annual medals. One year still remained to me, and this I resolved to spend in severe application, with the hope of gaining the laurel crown and the grant from the treasury.

I must now mention something of my companions. We had youths from all parts of Germany, some French, and two Spaniards. I was not only the solitary Englishman in the school, but I believe the only English resident in the duchy. It is not, therefore, surprising that I should be less English than German, that I should feel myself almost a stranger in my own country. The number of residents, exclusive of teachers and servants, was limited to thirty; and about ten of this number were girls. But, excepting at meal-times, we were never suffered to meet—our class-rooms and lessons were separate, and our acquaintance went no further than an occasional civility at the dinner-table, a dance at the yearly fête, a bow at the examination, or a stolen glance at chapel on the Sundays. Out-pupils were also received; but these attended daily, and their payments were made quarterly. A comfortable waiting-room, overlooking the garden at the back, was at their disposal during the intervals of tuition, where they could read, work, or practise; and those who came from a distance, were permitted to have refreshments sent in from a restaurateur's in the adjoining thoroughfare.

There is, perhaps, a musical institution in my native country, and another in the gayest capital of Europe, that might be advantageously remodelled on the principles of our Hohenhausen Academy, and thus accomplish the reform so greatly needed.

The accommodation for all was liberal, and thoroughly executed—the government paternal, and the rewards as generous as the resources of the foundation would permit.

Franz Kämpfer was an out-student; he was an undoubted genius, and his compositions had, for two successive years, carried off the great prize I so earnestly desired. We had been friends from the day he first entered the school, which was about a year and a half later than myself; and he had been to me almost an idol. But one day I had poured out to him all my aspirations and my hopes—I resolved to prepare an opera for the last examination at which I should be suffered to attend; to put my whole soul into my work; to win the crown; and with the wonderful L.12, to journey up to Paris, and offer my piece for representation at the Conservatoire. Franz heard my communication with undisguised surprise and contempt, and from that moment I lost his affection.

One day, when I remonstrated with him upon the change, he laughed sarcastically, and bade me do my worst to wrest the prize from himself. 'I have the first

place in the school, Herr Charles,' he said haughtily, 'and I mean to keep it.'

I was grieved, deeply grieved, but not discouraged by this alteration in my friend. Indeed, I think my loss nerved me to greater resolution, and, perhaps, a sentiment of retaliation lurking at the bottom of my heart, may have incited me to humble the arrogant self-sufficiency that would acknowledge no successes but its own. Besides this, I received every encouragement from M. de Savanne, our violin preceptor. He was an old French nobleman, whose property had been confiscated in the revolution, and who, from being one of the most accomplished of amateurs, had become one of the best of teachers. Patient, polite, indulgent, yet firm, he exercised an unbounded sway over his pupils. I had the good fortune to become his favourite élève. He was very poor, yet his appearance was always that of a courtier and a gentleman. I can now see the little diamond brooch in his ample shirt-frill, the massive signet-ring upon his attenuated finger, and the enamelled snuff-box which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. Dear old M. de Savanne, can it be that thy familiar face and voice are but a memory in my heart? He often invited me to his little apartment in the evening, when the hours of study were past, and would then play duets with me, or sometimes sing little quavering French songs to the accompaniment of an old guitar which he kept under his bed, and which had never been revealed, he assured me, to any eyes but mine. He never mentioned his past history, the fearful events which had bereft him of wealth, rank, and country; but once he shewed me the miniature of his wife, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how I turned away from the sight of his struggling emotions. Till then, I had never known that he had been married, and he alluded to the subject no more.

Now, M. de Savanne became my great prop and consolation. He urged me to spare no toil in the prosecution of my scheme; he placed his room at my disposal, for I could not write as I would wish in the public classes; and he even assisted me in composing the libretto of my opera. We took the *Crusades* for our subject, and called it *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Night after night I laboured when the rest had retired; but my undertaking was immense, and the time short for its completion. For the last three days and nights preceding the great event, I never rested from my task; and as the morning of the examination-day dawned grayly into the room, my trembling hand traced the last chord of the concluding chorus, and my opera, fully scored for band and vocalists, was finished as if for performance. I had tasted no food for thirty hours, and not all the persuasions of M. de Savanne could even now induce me to touch a morsel. I made a hasty alteration in my dress, drank half a tumblerful of brandy, and, with my precious manuscripts under my arm, took my place among the candidates in the concert-room. All the students were in attendance, and the examination was protracted till a late hour in the evening. Franz sat apart from the rest, with an expression of insolent assurance on his handsome face; and being one of the first to go up, was graciously received, and returned to his place with the evident conviction that his triumph was secure. I was one of the last examined, and when my turn arrived, I was utterly exhausted. I laid my opera upon the table. Glances of surprise were exchanged between the judges,



for no work more considerable than a symphony, or at the most a cantata of some three or four movements, had ever before been submitted to them by a competitor. For nearly an hour they were occupied in turning over the leaves, while I stood pale, trembling, and wearied out; for the rules did not permit a candidate to be seated during examination. At last they reached the end, and without expressing one word of praise or blame, desired me to go down, and the next student succeeded me. The business went on, but my head began to swim; I no longer heard or saw, and my veins seemed throbbing with fire. Then came a stir—a confusion—a silence; I heard, but had no power to reply to the voice of the usher calling me by name. Then M. de Savanne made his way over to me, and, taking me by the arm, led me forward. An elderly man with a portly presence, a red ribbon, and a jewelled order at his breast, rose and addressed me; but I could not seize the meaning of his words. He advanced, took a wreath of laurel leaves from the table, and descending the first step of the platform, laid it upon my brow, and placed a paper in my hand.

'Have you nothing to reply?' whispered M. de Savanne, shaking me violently by the arm. 'Do you know who it is? It is Spohr!—the great Doctor Spohr!' But the certificate fluttered from my nerveless grasp, and I fell heavily upon the floor! I had fainted!

Twelve days after this I started for Paris. My term had expired at the Academy about a week after the examination, and I instantly engaged a place in the next diligence for my journey. I parted with tears from M. de Savanne, and as I left his presence he forced three golden ducats into my hand. How well I knew the privation he would suffer from the gift, yet I dared not to refuse it!

My journey from Hohenhausen to Paris appears to me even now like a dream. I eagerly watched, yet scarcely remembered, the country through which I passed, so much was I distracted between the novelty of my present position, and the golden future my imagination bodied forth. Possessed of my opera, the sum of thirteen pounds ten shillings English, and the enthusiasm of twenty-one years of age, I felt endowed with an immortality of wealth and happiness, and took no heed of locality or time. My route lay through Holland and Belgium. There were now railways in many parts of France, and leaving Antwerp on the Saturday, I arrived in Paris at five o'clock on a bright autumnal Sunday morning. I was not long delayed in the custom-house, for all my luggage consisted of my precious manuscripts, my violin, and my valise. With these under my arm, I went forth from the station, and found myself in a new world—in the bright, dazzling, tree-lined boulevards of Paris! It had been my intention to seek lodgings immediately, but I forgot everything on beholding the wonders around me. The morning air was very clear; the sun shone vividly upon the tall white houses, with their jalousies and gilt balconies; theatres, shops, pleasure-gardens, and hotels, not yet opened, lined the great thoroughfares; columns, palace-like buildings, fountains, and churches, were passed in never-ending succession! At last I came to the front of a superb edifice, surrounded with pillars, and with statues of saints standing in niches round the walls. A noble flight of steps led up to the entrance, and a gilt cross surmounted the frieze. This was the Madeleine. The doors were just being opened, and an old sacristan, in a black serge gown, was placing the chairs in order for the matin-service. I went in. Several women were sweeping the floors, and some young acolytes were placing fresh flowers on the altar. The golden decorations, the gorgeous paintings on the ceiling, the chapels with their statues and wax-lights at the sides, all conspired to increase my dreamy joy. I gazed and wandered round and round; till,

overpowered with fatigue and admiration, I shrank into a chair in a distant corner of the church, and fell into a profound sleep. How long it lasted, I know not; but sounds of chanting, and the deep voices of an organ, mingled with my dreams. When I awoke, the last lingering worshippers were leaving the aisle, the music had ceased, the lights were being extinguished on the high altar, the noise of life and rushing carriages came thickly from the boulevard beyond, and the service was over. When I went forth, all was changed. Where there had been silence, there was a confusion of sound; where there had been closed shops and deserted pathways, there was gaiety, business, and thronging passengers. The shops blazed in the sun with rich stuffs and bijouterie; the stone-masons were at work on the new buildings; the lemonade-venders and mountebanks were plying their busy trades; a troop of cavalry passed along with their bright accoutrements and martial music; loungers and ladies were feasting their eyes upon the milliners' windows, or sitting in the open air outside the restaurants drinking chocolate and eau sucrée!

I thought myself still dreaming. I stood still, and stared around me with bewildered amazement. Could this indeed be Sunday?—the sacred day which I had been accustomed to see so reverently kept? I can scarcely now recall how that day was passed, or the varying emotions of delight and mistrust with which I traversed the fairy-land around me. I remember dining at a magnificent restaurant, in which the walls were all paintings and mirrors, and being terrified at the sum which the refreshment stole from my scanty purse. I am sensible of having wandered through the gardens of the Tuileries, and gazed on the obelisk and fountains of the Place de la Concorde; of pacing round and round the marvellous arcades of the Palais-Royal, and of traversing some of the enchanted galleries of the Louvre; of shuddering as I hastened past the Morgue; and of kneeling, half-stupified with fatigue and pleasure, beneath the bare and lofty ceiling of Notre Dame. It was not till evening came on, and the lights blazed forth from theatres and cafés, that I remembered that I had as yet no place where I might lay my head.

After wandering through many broad and brilliant thoroughfares, I came at last upon a cluster of narrow streets, branching off through a massive stone gateway from the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. This little nook was called the Cité Bergère, and there I found several houses, with the notice of apartments to let suspended from over the doors. There were two men in blouses sitting outside the entrance to one of these houses, with a little table between them, playing cards. A woman with an infant stood just within the hall, and a cat was purring close beside their feet. I stood still for some moments and observed them, but they were so absorbed in their game, that I remained unnoticed. The faces of both were dark, honest, and good-humoured; the picture was pleasant and domestic, and I resolved to address them. My inquiries for an apartment were instantly listened to by the younger *ouvrier* with respectful attention. He desired his wife to shew monsieur the unlet rooms, bowed profoundly, and resumed his seat, his pipe, and his game. There were chambers on the second, third, and fifth story vacant; all varying in price, according to their altitude. The first-named was too expensive for my modest means, and the last I thought scarcely good enough for the composer of an historical opera, with a certificate of merit, and a store of golden ducats in his pocket; so I engaged a single apartment on the third story, for which I agreed to pay twelve francs a week, with attendance and linen included. Such a child was I still in all worldly matters, and so little did I calculate how long my scanty finances would be likely to endure!

I scarcely observed my room; but entering imme-

diately into possession, threw myself hastily upon the bed, and slept profoundly. It was long past noon the next day when I awoke. The sun was shining in upon my eyes, and the air bore the early chill of autumn. I rose and inspected the details of my little home; admired the ormolu time-piece, the ornamental candlesticks on my chimney-piece, the little writing-table in the window, the chiffonnière with its marble top, the two easy-chairs, the pretty French-bed with its chintz hangings, and the pots of geranium placed outside the balcony. I was delighted with everything I saw, and thought myself the happiest fellow in the world! This day I resolved to call upon the manager of the Opera Française; and taking my precious work, inquired my way to the theatre. I reached the doors in the Rue Lepelletier; the entrance was crowded with gentlemen and livery-servants engaging places for the evening entertainment; and it was with difficulty that I could obtain a hearing from the keeper of the box-office, or make him comprehend that I desired an audience of the manager. He was busy, and his tone hasty and self-important. Monsieur had better come at an earlier hour the next day. At present, M. B—— was engaged. Had monsieur any very special letter of introduction? I replied in the negative, and was proceeding to state my business, when he turned his back abruptly, and commenced speaking to some one else. Once more I tried to address him, but he scarcely deigned me a reply; and, humbled and disconcerted, I drew away, and the next moment found me in the street.

I could not conceal from myself that I felt abashed and disappointed; yet I was not seriously uneasy at my first rebuff, and was soon strolling along as light-hearted and enjoying as before. Again I found my way to the Louvre, and spent the whole day in a trance of admiration amid the world of new life that opens upon us, from the priceless works that line its walls with 'riches fineless.' Leaving there, I dined at a brilliant restaurateur's in the Palais-Royal, and at night strolled into one of the theatres. I was hardly familiar enough with the language thoroughly to follow the business of the pieces; but I comprehended enough to enjoy the entertainment heartily, and I returned at night to my lodgings very tired and very happy. The next day I went to the theatre, and was refused an audience, on the pretence that M. B—— was absent. Still I staved off the doubts that were gathering over my mind. The next day I went again, but with the same result—and the next after that. The fourth time I was treated by the officials with absolute rudeness—they laughed together before my face, and as I entered, said one to another: 'Voilà, voilà, see the monsieur with the parcel of music!'

Almost broken-hearted, I turned away; but I yet hoped that all was not hopeless. I had chosen the hour badly—I had not been sufficiently explicit in my statement—I had not mentioned the certificate of merit! The last thought was a brilliant one; I turned back again instantly, and making my way once more to the *bureau des lojes*, begged timidly, but with profound deference, to be allowed to explain to monsieur that I was a pupil of the Hohenhausen Academy of Music; that I had received the laurel crown, and been honoured with their certificate of merit. My communication was hailed by a burst of laughter from the loungers, and an angry *sacré* from the keeper of the office. How shall I confess it? I was ordered to the door, and threatened with the gendarmerie if ever I ventured to return!

Burning with shame and indignation, I left the place with as much dignity as I could assume, and, hastening to the gardens of the Tuileries, walked to and fro amid the shady alleys of limes and chestnut-trees, till I had somewhat regained my equanimity. This time I was not so much disheartened as angry. Was I, a musician, a gentleman, to be thus treated? I felt within myself the power to command respect—to earn distinction; and

my blood boiled at the indignities to which I had been subjected. I resolved to write to M. B——, acquainting him with my treatment, stating the motive which had induced me to request an audience, naming my qualifications, and at the same time enclosing my opera for his perusal. I hastened home to the Cité Bergère, and after destroying five letters in succession, at last produced one which I fondly deemed a very model of eloquence, modesty, and respectful remonstrance. I was too proud to make my appearance again in the Rue Lepelletier, so I engaged a commissionaire, or public messenger, to carry the parcel. This done, I felt relieved and happier. My *Richard Cœur de Lion* was now fairly launched upon the world, and I again indulged in sanguine hopes of prosperity.

But for some days I had observed with anxiety that my expenses were great, and that my store of money was rapidly diminishing. I now sought a cheaper restaurateur's, and made up my mind to relinquish all theatrical or public amusements that must be purchased with money. So I dined at an humble establishment on the Quai des Orfèvres for ninety centimes, in the company of ouvriers and grisettes; and limited my daily recreations to the promenades, the churches, the Louvre, and the free exhibitions. Still my little store melted away from my fingers; I could no longer close my eyes to the black prospects before me; and I often sat for hours under the trees in the public gardens, gloomily brooding over the poverty by which I must speedily be overtaken. Another long, long week passed on, and yet no reply arrived from M. B——. I grew sick at heart, and no longer placed faith in the excuses with which I strove to account for his silence. It was in vain that I said: 'He is busy; he needs time to reflect upon so considerable a work; it is better that he should not decide too hastily.' Alas! my heart rejected the hollow comfort which my head devised; and when the third week's rent of my lodging had been paid, I found but eighteen francs remaining in my purse. I went up to my chamber, after settling with my landlady, and sat down on the edge of my bed in utter despair. The next week's rent would be twelve francs more, which just left me six for my board, and when that was gone—— The thought was madness!

At last, from the depths of my grief, a hope suggested itself to me. I had written nothing since my arrival in Paris—suppose that I composed some light attractive dance-music, and offered it for sale at one of the music-shops! A sunbeam of hope seemed to dawn over me; but first of all I arranged with Madame Lemercier, my hostess, that I should leave my pretty room, and occupy a garret on the sixth floor, at four francs a week. I instantly moved up; my possessions, which consisted only of my travelling-bag and violin, went with me in my hand. The room was clean, but cold and ill-furnished: a deal-table stood in the centre; a narrow uncurtained bed in one corner; and a chest of drawers and a couple of chairs completed the decorations. Here I sat down to write. Not an idea could I summon to my aid, and leaning my head forwards upon my hands, I stared hopelessly upon the blank music-paper. Suddenly a little sparrow perched on the sill of my attic-window, and peeping timidly in upon me, twittered a tiny note of welcome. The tears rushed over my eyes; a thousand recollections and emotions filled my heart; a stream of melody seemed to flow over my soul; and in an hour I had sketched a couple of light and brilliant waltzes for pianoforte and violin. I took my hat and my compositions, and was about to go instantly in quest of a purchaser. Just as I reached the door of my chamber, I heard again the twitter of the friendly sparrow. I turned back, and taking the last piece of my breakfast-roll from my pocket, crumbled it upon the window-ledge: 'Come, little friend,' I said with a faint smile, 'come, and eat thy fill! To thee I owe my work, and so long as I have food for myself,

thou shalt never want for a breakfast!' I then closed the window, and retreated. Presently he ventured back again, and I left him enjoying the feast.

That day I went to seven music-shops, and not one of the publishers would even suffer me to leave my waltzes for approbation. Paris, they said, was overstocked with dance-music; there was no sufficient profit now upon the sale of works to enable them to pay unknown composers, &c. The next day I tried one or two more, but with no better fortune. At last I gave myself up to a dreamy hopelessness: sometimes I would lie all day upon my bed; sometimes I wandered restlessly about the streets, as if seeking something, I knew not what. Another week gone, and still no letter from the Conservatoire! The worst was come; and nothing but starvation was before me. At last a terrible day dawned, when my last sou was gone, and a few chestnuts were all I had left. The weather was bitterly cold, and the wind howled dismally round the upper stories of the houses. I had no fire—no food. I remained in bed for warmth, and strove to sleep, that I might escape from the pangs of hunger. In the afternoon I could resist the enemy no longer, and I ate the remaining chestnuts with avidity. Still these did not suffice for my necessity. A deeply humiliating alternative suggested itself to my mind, and though I dismissed it many times, it kept returning with tenfold strength, and at last was no longer to be resisted. I rose from my bed; dressed myself hastily; drew my hat over my eyes; and taking my violin under my arm, went feebly down the staircase, out into the streets, and in the direction of the Champs Elysées. It was night. The promenade was brilliant with lights from cafes and exhibitions; actors were performing in the little *alfresco* theatres; the gardens of the restaurants were filled with people; bands were playing; lotteries, fruit-stalls, and merry-go-rounds were fully occupied; and throngs of well-dressed people were strolling in the avenues of trees, and along the broad paths beside the carriage-drives. Tears of shame and pride were stealing down my cheeks. I took up my station beside a group of elms, and drew my bow across the strings. With the first note, I seemed to wake as if from a cruel dream; I shuddered; I replaced the instrument in the case: 'No!' I cried half-audibly, 'I will die first!'

And I thought of dying, too, as I hurried from the place. I wandered up to the Pont Louis XVI., and gazed down, with an undefinable longing for peace, into the dark waters of the Seine. Then I turned away, and about midnight re-entered the gates of the Cité Bergère. Slowly, slowly I toiled up the weary staircase; slowly I entered my cheerless attic, and heavily I dropped into a chair. . . . Heavens!—a letter! I seize it—tear it open—can scarcely read it for anxiety! The blood rushes to my cheeks—suddenly the writing becomes confused—my eyes are blinded with hot tears, and, sobbing loudly in my joy, my head drops upon the table, and I yield to my emotions like a child!

My opera is accepted! my opera is accepted! There is a great deal more than this in the letter: M. B— offers me three thousand francs for my work, and politely laments the rudeness of his servants; but all this is nothing to me: I neither read nor heed it—my opera is accepted, and that is all I care for in the world! Soon my wild intoxication of delight subsides; a sense of deep peace and gratitude pervades my heart; I sink upon my knees, and, thanking the Giver of this blessing, pray fervently for strength to bear my happiness, and guidance to employ it with humility and worthiness. Happy night!—pain, anxiety, hunger, all forgotten and unfelt! Happy sleep, and still more happy daybreak!

The next morning, at an early hour, I waited on M. B— at his private residence, and received from him an advance of five hundred francs for my immediate necessities. It now only remains for me to add, that

*Richard Cœur de Lion* proved himself as successful a crusader as ever, and achieved a signal triumph over the musical circles of Paris; that I am every day ascending higher up the ladder of prosperity; and that my first opera has been succeeded already by two others.

My fourth dramatic composition is now in progress; and perhaps, reader, if you visit Paris next season, you may chance to be present at its performance. If you are a critic, be kind.

#### THE ONYX AND THE CAMEO.

Few productions of art are more delicately beautiful than *cameos*, or, as some writers give the plural, *camei*. It is sometimes thought that a medal or medallion, or a similarly engraved article in relief, is necessarily a *cameo*; but there is a needless confusion of terms here. *Cameo* has a special meaning, and a very pretty meaning too. It is understood that, in a good *cameo*, the ground shall be of a different tint from the raised device; and the difficulty is, to find a substance which presents this difference. It will not suffice to paint the *cameo*, as a means of producing the diversity; this would be a sham, a factitious and imitative affair, having no value in the eyes of a person of taste.

In olden times, the *cameo* engravers always employed gems or valuable stones, selected with especial reference to variations in tint; but the cheap *cameos* of modern days are made of shell, and the still cheaper imitations, of glass. The *onyx* appears to have been more generally selected than any other gem—obviously in consequence of the very remarkable tints which it presents. The true *onyx* of the mineralogist does not mark the limit of application; for the engravers give the same name to other stones which, though mineralogically different, are, in structure and appearance, very similar. The two chief kinds employed are the *sardonyx* and the *carnelian onyx*. The use of such stones for such a purpose is of so high antiquity, that no one can safely name the period of its introduction. There may be truth in the supposition that the art was invented in India, thence introduced into Egypt, and thence copied by the Jews, who practised it after the Exodus from Egypt. Be that as it may, the numerous passages in the Bible relating to engraved stones and jewels are well known, and point to the existence of the art among the Israelites. 'Onyx-stones and stones to be set in the Ephod, and in the breast-plate of the high-priest,' are among the gifts which the people were commanded to bring to the tabernacle. Moses was also commanded to take two *onyx*-stones, and engrave on them the names of the children of Israel, or rather of the twelve tribes—six on the one, and six on the other. The instructions are very precise, for they relate to the 'work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings on a signet.' It is true that this does not necessarily imply a production analogous to a *cameo*, since it may have been engraved in *intaglio* or sunken lines, instead of in relief. So far as can at present be judged, the Hindoos, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians, chiefly valued their engraved stones for the written or hieroglyphic characters wrought on them; but the more refined Greeks aimed at higher results—they sought to render their engraved stones works of art, and it was then only, properly speaking, that true *cameos* were produced. When heads and figures were introduced upon the gems, the fancy of the Greeks had at once a wide field opened for its exercise. The

Romans, likewise, practised the art with great skill, and some of their productions, still extant, are truly wonderful. The Italians, who derived their knowledge of the art from their predecessors the Romans, are at the present day the most skilful cameo engravers; the productions of France and England in this art being less striking.

In a recent number of the *Art Journal* was given an interesting account of the present mode of conducting the cameo art. We will present in a condensed form the more popular and easily understood details.

It appears that Oberstein, a small town in Prussian Saxony, furnishes the chief supply of onyxes for the cameo engravers. Some are brought from the Brazils and from the East Indies, but the European artists depend chiefly upon Oberstein. The onyx occurs in detached pieces in the ground, in rows, all separated like the nodules of flint in chalk. The value of each specimen depends mainly on the character of its markings or tints. Sometimes chalcedony and carnelian are stained to imitate real onyx; and this, indeed, forms one of the arts carried on at Oberstein. There are layers or strata in chalcedony, which, though presenting the same tint to the eye, differ in texture and compactness. The stone is capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata; but this power differs in the different strata, some of which will absorb more than others. Hence it follows that one single stone, treated with one single liquid, may be made to present as many gradations of tint as there are layers or strata, owing to their difference in absorptive power. This fact renders clear a statement in Pliny, which was long a matter of puzzlement. He speaks of the Roman artists boiling the onyx-stones with honey for seven or eight days. This statement, once discredited, is now believed, for there are dealers in agate, onyx, chalcedony, and carnelian, at Oberstein and Idar, who have manufactories in which analogous processes are carried on.

This onyx dyeing is very curious. It was for many years a secret in the hands of one person at Idar, who is supposed to have derived it from Italy; but the art seems now to be regularly practised in the two towns above named. Suppose the artist to have a piece of chalcedony, or of red or yellow carnelian, which he wishes to convert into an onyx for the cameo engraver; he proceeds as follows:—The stone is carefully washed and dried; it is placed in a clean vessel containing honey and water, and is there maintained at nearly a boiling heat for a period of two or three weeks—the watered honey being renewed as fast as it evaporates. This done, the stone is transferred to a vessel containing strong sulphuric acid; it is covered over with a piece of slate, and the acid is heated to 350 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If the stone be soft, a few hours of this powerful ordeal will suffice; but a harder specimen may require immersion in the hot acid for a whole day. The stone is then washed and dried in a kind of oven, it is polished, and it is steeped for some days in oil. The oil is afterwards removed by rubbing the stone gently with bran. Sulphuric acid is used only in the cases when a dark or onyx ground is required; if a red or carnelian ground be sought, the acid is nitric instead of sulphuric. We have spoken of one stone only, but several are operated upon at once. Now, the conjoint action of the honey, the acid, and the oil appears to be this: the honey penetrates into the porous layers of the stone, and is carbonised in the pores by the acid; this carbonisation deepens the tints of the dark layers in the onyx specimens, and of the red layers in the carnelian specimens; while the heat increases the opacity of the white layers, thus rendering the contrast more striking.

There are mechanical processes carried on at Ober-

stein, besides this chemical treatment of a particular kind of stone for a particular purpose. Besides onyx, agate, chalcedony, and carnelian, the Oberstein lapidaries work upon amethysts and other stones and gems. The rough chalcedony or onyx stones are ground upon small mills formed of very hard sandstone, mounted on horizontal axes, and worked by water-power. The stones are generally ground until some particular layer or tint comes conspicuously to the surface; and then a polishing process succeeds. It is after this grinding that the singular chemical colouring operation is conducted, in those specimens which—whether onyx, or sardonyx, or carnelian—are to be used for cameos. A method very strange to all but those familiar with its adoption, is employed for determining the value of the stones. A small fragment is broken off, and is moistened with the tongue; the buyer carefully notes the rate at which the moisture dries away; he examines to see whether it be absorbed by the stone quickly or slowly, and whether in equal or different degrees by the different layers. According to the greater or lesser rapidity of absorption, and to the equality or inequality of the absorption in different parts, so does he judge the susceptibility of the stone to receive the peculiar colouring action by means of honey, on which its fitness as a cameo material so much depends. The cameo-stones prepared at Oberstein and Idar are estimated at about £3000 annual value.

When a suitable piece of stone reaches the hands of the cameo engraver, he has many matters to take into consideration before he can commence his artistic labours. He has to determine what his design shall be, and how far the layers of the stone will be suitable for that design. Supposing him to select a head or bust on a dark ground, he would wish that the line of division between the light and dark layers of the onyx should be clearly defined, so as to coincide with the line of division between the device and the ground. When the stone consists of several layers of colour, considerable scope is afforded for the exercise of judgment in selecting a design, in which the whole of the colours can be rendered available consistently with true artistic effect. In reality, therefore, the cameo engraver does not resolve upon his design, and then search about for an onyx suitable for it; he rather takes an onyx, studies its layers and tints, and adapts a design to it. He may, it is true, have beforehand a general notion of the sort of cameo which he wishes to produce; but leaves himself open to modifications of plan according to the character and qualities of the onyx.

These preliminary matters being settled, the artist proceeds with his delicate labours. He makes a drawing and a model: the drawing is much larger than the stone, but the model is the exact size of the stone. The wax-model is gradually wrought so as to represent the exact device which he wishes to produce in relief on the cameo; and this serves him as a pattern or authority during his work. The outline is sketched on the surface of the stone, and is cut in with a sharp instrument; after which, the whole of the white portion of the onyx, beyond the limits of the design, is cut away, leaving the dark portion as a background. The interior portion of the design is then worked, by gradually cutting away the parts that are to be sunken: the wax-model serving as a guide in respect to the depth to which the various points of the cutting are to be carried. This process of engraving is not effected, as some might suppose, by sharp chisels and gravers; the implements used are small revolving wheels made of soft iron. A sort of lathe is worked by a treadle; the little wheels are made to rotate rapidly; the onyx is held to the edge of a wheel; and the rapid revolution causes the wheel to cut away or abrade the surface of the onyx. It might perhaps be supposed that, as the onyx is harder than the soft iron, the latter would wear away rather than the former; but the stillness of the one and

the rapid movement of the other reverse this effect. A tallow candle fired from a gun, will penetrate a deal board, from an analogous cause. The little wheels employed vary in size and shape: some have edges as thin as a knife, while others have the edges more rounded; the largest are seldom more than a fifth or a sixth of an inch in diameter, while the smallest appear little more than mere points, although a magnifier shews them to possess the true circular or disk form. It is not the actual iron of the wheel which cuts the onyx, but a little diamond dust which, moistened with oil, is applied to it. Thus does the artist proceed with his slow and tedious work, cutting away the white part of the onyx until he has realised the full idea of his design. And when this is done, other little wheels of copper and of boxwood are employed to polish the dainty work.

It is little matter for wonder that cameos which require so much patience, skill, and taste, should be costly. A well-executed cameo, with the head of a single figure upon it, costs even at the present day from L.12 to L.20. Nor need we express any surprise that attempts should be made to lessen the expense by employing some cheaper material than prepared onyx. Of all substitutes which have been tried, shells have been found most suitable; and hence has been introduced a new candidate to public favour—*shell cameos*. Some sorts of shell have the advantage of being soft enough to work upon with ease, while they afford the necessary variety in colour. Among other kinds, the shell called the 'Bull's Mouth,' from Madagascar and Ceylon, has a red or sardonyx inner coat or ground; the 'Black Helmet,' from Jamaica, Nassau, and New Providence, has a blackish or onyx inner coat; while the 'Queen Conch' has a pink ground. These shells are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. For cameos, the central layer forms the body of the bas-relief; the inner layer being the ground; while the third or external layer is rendered available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. If the three layers are of different tints, the power of producing beautiful results is greatly increased; but if the layers be not well compacted together, a durable cameo could not result; and the artist has therefore many requirements to guide his selection. The shell called the 'Black Helmet' is large enough to yield two or three brooch cameos. The shell cameos are not wrought by revolving wheels, but by sharp cutting tools held in the hand—such as gravers, hardened wire sharpened at the point, and darning-needles. This pretty art-manufacture is said to have been introduced in Sicily about half a century ago, and to have been confined to Italy for twenty years or so; but an Italian then began to make shell cameos at Paris, where the art has ever since been carried on more extensively than anywhere else.

Besides the cameos made of onyx and of shell, others are now made of glass. It has been found that some kinds of glass, if exposed for any considerable time to a high degree of heat, but below their point of fusion, are so far changed in their properties and texture as to become opaque, fibrous, tough, and extremely hard. It has also been found that two or more layers of glass, of different colours, may be cemented together into one whole. These two facts have rendered it easy to produce a material out of which cameos might be engraved by means similar to those which the flint-glass engraver employs in adorning decanters and table-glass generally. If done quickly and roughly, they are very cheap; if done carefully, they are very beautiful; so that it is not improbable that glass cameos may be produced extensively as illustrations of the finest specimens of ancient art.

It need perhaps scarcely be said, that seal engraving is, in principle, simply the reverse of cameo engraving. The seal is engraved, to use the artistic expression, in

intaglio, while the cameo is engraved in relief. The mode of cutting an onyx or carnelian seal would be by small revolving disks or cutters, as in the case of cutting a cameo in the same materials.

### SHIELDS AND SALVES.

It is a very plaguy thing in this world, that one every now and then comes into contact with persons handsomer, cleverer, more accomplished, and every way better than ourselves—or presumed to be so—so that our *amour propre*, as the French call it, is liable to continual wounds. There is one way of avoiding all such injuries, which some few happily constituted persons find themselves capable of realising, and this is, to fall into a hearty admiration of the superior individuals, to love, follow, and delight in them, to make ourselves of their party, and, as it were, identify ourselves with them. In that case, all is well, and there is no occasion for further remark. But, as is well known, there is a vast number of persons who do not find it in their hearts to indulge in an appreciation of qualities strikingly superior to their own, and who consequently would pine under a sense of their lower position, were it not that nature has kindly furnished certain other means of protection for a harassed self-love.

At every ball, as you are well aware, there is one pretty girl, in the full bloom of young womanhood, lightfooted and gleesome, and usually dressed in a strikingly handsome style. The gentlemen appear generally to admire her, and two youths persecute her the whole evening with their attentions. She is a painful subject of contemplation to a considerable number of her own sex, matrons as well as maids; but there is even for this sore a salve. You begin, in a poetical rapture, to speak of her to one of these ladies, who quickly settles you with an inquiry, if you mean that showy girl in pink ribbons. Showy girl! Perfect loveliness reduced to the epithet *showy*! Or, if you begin with the decided remark that Miss — is really a lovely young creature, you may be petrified with: 'Oh, do you think so?' followed by: 'I can't say I admire her complexion;' or, 'She has not good eyes;' or, 'Her manner is bad;' some detraction, in short, which may preserve her contemporaries from being utterly beat down by her superiority. The ingenuity which the sex shews in bringing up protectives on such occasions is surprising. Should there be no citable fault just ready, your friend will reply to your remark on the attractiveness of the young beauty: 'And doesn't she know it, too?' as if, though she did, there were any harm in it. The ordinary protection, however, from the superior beauty of these young creatures who flash forth in the ball-room for a season, is the simple word *showy*. Be always ready with this word, and you are safe.

If you are an author whom the public has unaccountably neglected, and hear a very popular one spoken of in terms of admiration, you may save yourself by a very simple expedient. *Regret that he is so conceited*. This always tells somewhat. If his praises be still pressed, cite his worst books, and state candidly your suspicions that he gets all his best ideas from the Germans. In an extreme case, cut him up in a weekly review.

To a lady who has no recommendations or accomplishments, we have a very serviceable course to suggest with regard to those specimens of the sex who, being

agreeable and accomplished, are apt to carry away the admiration of the gentlemen. Some one, we shall say, remarks: 'What a pleasant, accomplished person is Mrs Pennington! Plays and sings so well, and always ready to oblige.' Strike in with: 'Oh, but don't you think her very affected?' It is one of the most blessed things in the whole armoury of self-love, that you can always interpret away the brilliant qualities of others as *affectation*. A pretty woman is taken ill, and becomes a subject of attention—all *affectation*! A good pianist is asked to play a particular piece, and declares she cannot—all *affectation*! With a little dexterity, you may bring the most brilliant superiority down to your own level by insinuating—affectation. Sometimes extraordinary mental gifts are accompanied by great artlessness. Never mind that. The artlessness will be sure to exhibit itself in some sort of eccentricity; and this eccentricity can always be plausibly described as *affectation*. In short, we do not know any bright thing in human nature, that the term *affectation*, well managed, will not apply to, and do for.

Are you a prudent person, who see well to your own comforts, and allow everybody else to see after theirs without any interference on your part; in short, one who has no great character for benevolence? It is very likely that you will occasionally hear persons of an opposite kind much praised for their continual efforts and sacrifices in the cause of humanity; and this is apt to become rather galling, as tending, though indirectly, to set those said persons above yourself. What is to be done here? Set it all down to *vanity*. 'Yes, he usually subscribes handsomely—he knows that the money will not be lost.' 'Oh, ay, he rather likes a good case of misery to make a work about—it is so much to credit in the ledger of reputation.' If there be any objection to receiving this view of the matter, call up any circumstance you can remember—and there are sure to be many—in which he shewed himself not quite dead to a sense of his own worldly interest, albeit quite in a legitimate way: cite this as shewing him to be a worldly man, fully relying to be borne out by that well-known idiosyncrasy of the public, that they never can look on a character in two lights. Thus you pretty effectively dispose of his praises for benevolence, and leave yourself in calm enjoyment of your own reflections on the propriety of never attending to anything but your own interests and gratifications, all else being 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

One cannot here fail to remark what a felicitous arrangement it is in mundane affairs, that the plain, the dull, the unaccomplished, and the selfish, are thus enabled to go on with some degree of comfort, in company with the beautiful, the clever, the accomplished, and the generous, who would otherwise be to them a continual eyesore and pest.

In the relations of domestic life, there are numberless occasions when the self-love is invaded; but here, too, by a merciful dispensation, there are always shields and salves to protect and heal. If you have been reproached or chid about anything, to save yourself from too great mortification, and throw back on the censurer some part of your own sufferings, try to reduce the principle on which he proceeds to the absurd. For example, a gentleman hints to his wife disapproval regarding the amount of money she has expended on some particular matter in housekeeping, and expresses some anxiety about her keeping nearer

to a square with his general means and income. Say it is a rather fine family dinner which has excited his remarks. The lady, having at the moment expressed the usual regret that she *never* can please him, has only to take care next day to have nothing better on the table than boiled mutton and turnips, knowing well enough that it is a dish he dislikes, and that he decidedly prefers a variety of things for dinner. In this way she at once vindicates her taste for economy, and proves to him that he had better not interfere in such matters. Say he has vented a little impatience on having one day had to wait a quarter of an hour in the lobby with a cab at the door, while she lingered at her toilet, engaged in some interesting new experiment upon ringlets or bonnet-ribbons. Her unfailing resource is, next day, to be ready a full hour before the time, and harass him by taps at his dressing-room door, with inquiries if he is not yet coming. Whenever a husband counsels a course of proceedings the reverse of that which his wife has suggested, thus throwing a slur upon her opinions, she, if a woman of any dexterity or judgment, will be at no loss to repay the compliment and something more, by following that said course of his out to a point which he will feel to be inconvenient, or in certain relations of time and place which he never intended, and which will give it an air of folly utterly mortifying to him. For example, if he finds any fault with the way little Harry is dressed when sent to school, and recommends that the poor child should not be quite smothered in greatcoats and comforters, let that youthful scion of the family-tree appear next day in his very thinnest dress, and a mere ribbon-tie at his shirt-neck, notwithstanding its being perhaps colder weather than when papa made his unlucky observation. If he finds fault with this, let him know that you are acting under his directions, as you were led to understand that he preferred very thin dresses for his boy. A few such exemplifications of the *reductio ad absurdum*, will wear out in almost any husband the disposition to interfere in matters that more properly fall under his wife's jurisdiction, and, what is of more importance to the present question, they will effectually protect the *amour propre* of the weaker vessel.

Servants, who have feelings as well as their mistresses, may follow the same philosophy when they find their self-love in danger. If one has been rebuked by her mistress for the folly of putting on a large fire on a mild morning, she will know how to vindicate herself by putting on a very small fire next morning, albeit it is a comparatively cold one. Or, say she is chid for a small fire on a cold morning, she will have a large one the next, though, from a sudden elevation of the temperature, it is almost impossible to endure any fire in the room at all. This is merely a sample of what a clever servant may do in self-defence with an exacting or unreasonable lady. One of any spirit will be at no loss for similar devices on all suitable occasions.

We do not pretend to dictate to anybody; but it would be quite improper to conceal that there is another mode of conduct, totally the reverse of this, which, if it could be followed, would perhaps have a still better effect, at least in the long-run. We refer to the plan, followed by some, of having but a simple regard to what is most beneficial in the circumstances. A wife, for instance, may take a candid thought about her husband's means and tastes, and try to accommodate matters to the best results in both respects. By pleasing him, she may secure some satisfaction for herself. So may a servant, by taking a rational view of what is best for the comfort of the family she serves, obtain praise, approval, and, ultimately, higher wages. There



is such a thing as duty, and in its performance, many persons of good sense and noble feeling have, it must be admitted, found their highest happiness. This is at anyrate a point worthy of some consideration; and it may perhaps occur to most of our readers that, after all, it may be best to suspend the operations of self-love in the instances of which examples have been given, and try, instead, what may be the effect of simply doing what we ought to do.

### AN INDIAN TRIP.

I HAVE nothing to tell that is more uncommon here than a railway trip from London to Brighton would be with you. But the difference between travelling in India and in England is so remarkable, that it occurs to me to dash down as rapidly as we speeded the impressions of the journey, and try the effect upon good-natured listeners at home.

It was in the month of April we left Madras for the Neilgherry Hills, and right glad we were to forsake the scorching plains for the beautiful Blue Mountains, of which I had heard so much. Madras was beginning to be unbearably hot, though the sea-breeze still set in every afternoon, and made the nights tolerable. The first part of our journey was performed in an open carriage; we left the city at ten o'clock at night, the most agreeable time for travelling in India, and, by changing horses every ten or twelve miles, reached Arcot about seven the next morning—a distance of eighty miles. It was delightful rolling along in the bright moonlight—the nights in India are so enjoyable, the air so balmy and soft, and the stillness and silence of the vast plains we traversed so impressive. The mere absence of the sun is delicious; and the bright cold moon shining on us instead, with the brilliant fireflies glittering in every tree, gave a charm to the scene the glare of sunshine would have destroyed. As we stopped at the lonely wayside bungalows to change horses, the horrid cry of the jackal broke on our ears. It is one of the most unpleasant sounds I ever heard, so sharp, so savage, and, as it dies away in the distance, so strangely sad—breaking, too, as it always does, on the stillness of night: often as my ears have been saluted with this sound, I never hear it without a shudder.

Our journey from Arcot was continued partly by palanquin, and partly on horseback—the pleasantest way of travelling in India, if one has health and strength. A description of one day's proceedings will be quite sufficient, as they were so much alike, varied only by the different scenery we passed through. We were marching, as it is called, and had our own servants with us. Along the whole route there are public bungalows, stationed about every ten or twelve miles; sometimes more, sometimes less, and always close to a native village, where supplies of milk, rice, or any other simple necessary, may be easily procured. These bungalows are built and supported by government, and have some one always in attendance, very often a pensioned sepoy. They consist generally of two rooms, furnished with tables and chairs, and perhaps a cot, but all of the commonest description; bathing-rooms are attached to each of the apartments, sheds in the compound for cooking, and shelter for our steeds. We always started before daylight, in our palanquins; and as soon as the eastern horizon began to brighten, I used to call to my bearers to stop, that I might mount my horse, which was always led by the side of the palanquin, ready for my service. How much I enjoyed these early rides! the morning air so fresh and pure, and the scenery in many parts very agreeable. Sometimes we rode ten miles: the sun was always well up in the heavens before we arrived at the bungalow, for we journeyed very slowly, the roads being generally stony and difficult. We were glad to

find our servants ready to receive us, and busy preparing breakfast. Two or three of them always left the night-bungalow some hours before we started. A cup of tea was very refreshing after our long ride, and then a cool bath, and very often a sleep. The bungalows were disagreeably hot, not having the comforts and conveniences of our Madras home to alleviate the heat. An early dinner of the curry and rice, so delicious a dish in India, and then a chat, with work in hand, brought us on to sunset, when we strolled about for an hour. Tea in the veranda concluded our day, for 'early to bed and early to rise' was our motto. Sometimes we made a march in the evening, starting an hour before sunset, and riding along in the dusk till eight or nine o'clock—in the dusk, not in the dark, for it is never dark in India. Thrice we were obliged to travel all night, the resting-places being unhealthily situated: no European sleeps in such places if he can possibly avoid it, as fever is certain to ensue. One of these night-marches was rather exciting.

The bungalow where we had spent the day was situated in a thick jungle, at the foot of a very steep pass. On riding down this pass in the morning, we were guarded by a peon (a government servant answering to our police-officer), with pistols in his belt, and a long spear in his hand. The place was infested with tigers; and close on the side of our path was a bush covered with bits of cloth, where a man had been killed by one. These rags are contributed by the passers-by, to mark the tragic spot. As we were preparing to start, about nine o'clock in the evening, the servants came running in great alarm to say that a tiger had been seen close to the village by a man driving his buffaloes home from the jungle. It was arranged that we should all start together, as the servants were too much afraid to go on by themselves. What with palanquins, hackeries, horses, and servants, we formed a long cavalcade, the bearers and bullock-drivers carrying flaming torches, to scare away the tigers. One of the servants was armed with a pistol, which he fired off every now and then. I thought, as I gazed from my palanquin, that a spectator would have enjoyed the picturesque effect of the cortège, as we slowly wound up the pass; the peculiar cry of the bearers, the chattering of foreign tongues, and the sharp report of the pistol, adding much to the novelty of the scene. About half-way up the pass, the tappal-runner, or Indian postman, passed us. He was running quickly, and carried a flaming torch in his hand, to which a chain was attached, making a jingling noise as he passed. The letter-bag was strapped upon his back. I felt quite sorry for this poor man, threading his solitary way through the tiger-infested jungle in the obscurity of the night—for it was very cloudy, and we had neither moon nor star. The scene set me thinking of home and its comforts; but in the midst of my reverie I fell asleep, and did not awake till the bearers halted next morning at daybreak.

During our next night-march we had a little adventure, which I will describe. My sister and I had started in our palanquins, my brother was a little way behind, the children were in their bullock-coach, and almost all the servants had gone on ahead. I was just falling into a doze, when suddenly my palanquin was set down, and my ears were saluted with a storm of loud voices, the crying of women and children, and altogether such a din as only Easterns can make. I thought, of course, we were attacked by robbers, and sprang from my palkee. I found my sister close by me, asking what it meant; but nothing could be distinguished in the confused babel of voices. By the light of the bearers' torches, and a little bit of moon struggling through a clouded sky, we saw the bullock-hackeries without the team, and the bullocks unharnessed, lying quietly chewing the cud amidst all the turmoil around them, and a large convocation

of natives, all talking as fast as they could at the same moment. It was very trying to us, and we were glad when my brother came up and went into the crowd to inquire the cause of the disturbance; my sister and I retreated in the meantime to the shelter of our palkees, for it was quite chilly, and we were only in travelling attire. After a long altercation, we were allowed to go on our way peaceably, although too much excited to sleep after such an alarm, caused, as it turned out, by our servants having insulted some of the village people, which they had resented by an attack upon the hackeries. Of course, our people denied the charge against them; but it was evident that some were in a state of intoxication; and so believing that there were faults on both sides, my brother allowed the affair to pass, although he threatened the insurgents with informing the collector of the district, and having their village burned down.

It was on the 1st of May we arrived at the station at the foot of the ghaut, which led us to the Blue Mountains, having accomplished our journey of 300 miles in a fortnight. Very quick marching for India! The day was intensely hot, and we felt truly thankful it was our last in the low country for some time to come. The next morning we did not start till near sunrise. Wild elephants had been seen in the ghaut a short time previous, and one had attacked a party going up. Fortunately, none of the travellers was hurt; but the palanquin from which a lady had fled, not a moment too soon, was crushed to pieces by the huge animal! With this information, we determined on proceeding cautiously, and by daylight. We rode about five miles through a beautiful wood, and then stopped to break our fast, before commencing the ascent—and a charming breakfast we had, sitting on the ground close to a little stream. I never enjoyed a picnic more. The trees that surrounded us were magnificent, with the rich creepers hanging in clusters from the top-most branches. We were soon mounted again, as we had an ascent of ten miles before us. Although shaded from the sun, it was intensely hot. The scenery was splendid, equal to that of any Highland glen. The path was steep and winding; and every moment new beauties burst on our view. The ravine became steeper as we ascended, its precipitous sides clothed in the fresh and beautiful verdure of the East, among which shone conspicuous the graceful bamboo. Wild-flowers were everywhere around us; and little rills of delicious cold water—a luxury unknown in the plains—tempted us to stop every now and then to drink. The hum of insects was almost deafening.

About half-way up this lovely ghaut, we stopped to rest during the heat of the day. The bungalow is built on a beautiful spot, close to a waterfall, haunted with the most brilliant butterflies and dragonflies. We rambled about, enchanted with the views around us, which some of the party tried to sketch. After an early dinner and a short siesta, we again mounted our steeds. The path was steeper, but the air began to feel pure and fresh, and vegetation to assume a different character. I was now delighted to observe the fern by the wayside: it looked so homelike—and everything that reminds of home is precious in the eyes of an exile. My brother shot a black monkey here—a horrid-looking animal—and a pretty Malabar squirrel. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the bungalow at Coonoor, where we were to remain all night. We had still ten miles further to go before reaching Ootacamund, our place of destination; but we were on the hills, and in a climate so different from that of the previous night! Here awaited us a blazing fire, and a substantial English dinner of roast beef and vegetables. Oh, how cold we were that night!—I could scarcely sleep for the cold. We remained at Coonoor till late in the afternoon, enjoying the fine

scenery around us, and visiting some mulberry plantations, kept here for the rearing of silk-worms. The fruits at Coonoor are delicious; peaches, grapes, and oranges ripening in the open air. Just as we were starting, one of the mountain-storms came on—thunder, lightning, and heavy rain; but in a quarter of an hour it was all over, and the sky bright and blue again. The road, as we neared Ootacamund, became more hilly, and lost the fresh green of Coonoor. Barley grows on some of the slopes near Kathee, a short distance from Ootacamund, where stands a house built by Lord Elphinstone, and where he passed a good deal of his time. It is a pretty spot, but wants shade. The Kathee Pass is steep. Lord Elphinstone endeavoured to cut a new road through it to his house, but was obliged to abandon the attempt.

The last steep is ascended, and we gaze on the far-famed Ootacamund. The spire of the pretty little church is the first thing to attract notice. The houses are dotted about the hills in all directions, and in various styles of architecture, from the simple thatched cottage to the white, two-storied, English-looking dwelling. All are surrounded with wood and gardens. We had a steep hill yet to descend, and then to cant up to our pretty new abode, where fires were blazing in every room to welcome us, and where we were thankful to alight, and feel once more at home after our long and varied journey.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### GRAND DOINGS AT WEARYFOOT.

THE life of Simple Lodge was very monotonous after the departure of Robert Oaklands. Even the look-out from the windows was dull and dreary, as if the locality had fallen back into the condition in which it had been found, at a comparatively recent period, by the enterprise and industry of men. This condition was as desolate as can well be imagined. The distance was many miles from any town, or even any considerable village; on one side a natural wood covered a great part of the district; on the other was an undulating region of sand and gravel; and in the middle, skirted by the lonely road, lay an expanse of level ground overrun with coarse vegetation. From time immemorial this expanse was traversed diagonally by a footpath—the short cut already mentioned—by means of which many generations of wayfarers curtailed a little their dreary journey; and it was owing, probably, to this circumstance that the place came to be known by the appropriate name of Wearyfoot Common.

The first house that arose in the neighbourhood was the Hall, built by an ancestor—not very remote—of Mr Seacole. This gentleman bought a pretty extensive tract of land for a trifle, and chose a spot close by the Common for the seat of his family. Gradually some houses of less pretension arose in the neighbourhood, extending in line, with garden enclosures between, along the side of the Common, and simultaneously with them a public-house started up on the opposite side, at the entrance of the footpath, and was immediately followed by a gradually lengthening line of small habitations, known as the village of Wearyfoot. The first built of the range of comparatively aristocratic dwellings, and the nearest to the Hall, was Sempie Lodge, so called by the captain, who purchased it on his retirement from active service: and to this house the story now returns, to note what the inmates have been about since it left them.

Sara's heart had been a good deal roused and alarmed

by the fit of sobbing into which she was thrown, as she watched from her little lattice the receding figure of the adventurer, and saw rising before her imagination, on the other side of the common, that cold dark world into which he was about to plunge. The contrast between him and Adolphus at their meeting the day before was very unfavourable to the latter, and she trembled at the mistake she had committed in fancying that her deeper feelings had been at all concerned in what she now believed could have been nothing more than girlish gratitude for novel and flattering attentions. She remembered that she had felt the taunts of the heir of the Hall as if they had been aimed at herself, and she reflected with absolute terror upon the encouragement with which she had met his advances. What if no such person as the outcast of the common had been in the way? Why, then, the young lady's illusion would have lasted till after the honeymoon; and when it was at length dispelled, the moralists would either have blamed her for the fickleness of her love, or have pitied her for throwing that love away upon a man who proved himself unworthy of the boon.

Adolphus called the next day, but Sara was indisposed, and could not see him. He returned on several successive days; but she took care to be constantly in attendance either on her aunt or uncle, and gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone. But this could not last, for her reserve seemed to have the effect only of fixing the resolve of her lover; and she dreaded that he would increase the embarrassment of an interview that *must* come, by demanding it in the hearing of her relations. While in this state of hesitation and timidity, Molly came running to her one day when she was in the garden, and put a post letter into her hand: it was from Robert. On former occasions, Sara used to fly with the prize to the captain, without waiting to open it till she found him; but now she desired Molly to go and ascertain whether he was in the parlour, and as soon as her back was turned, tore open the seal, and finding an enclosure, a separate bit of folded paper, thrust it instantaneously into her bosom. This was not artfulness: it was instinct.

The letter was about London and its sights—about the writer's confidence of soon obtaining employment of one kind or other—and about his having already found a respectable address for his letters in Jermyn Street. It was soon finished; but then it had to be read again and again; and then the reader had to listen to, and take part in, a long series of comments and remarks; her face all the while flushed with excitement, and the enclosure burning in her bosom. At length she was free; she was in her own little room; the door was locked; even the window-blind was down; and Sara, drawing forth the paper, unfolded it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

'I am about to do for your sake what my nature shrinks from: I am about to lay myself open to the suspicion of mean and unmanly motives. You have observed that there is no good feeling between Mr Seacole and me, and you will naturally listen with distrust to the warning I am about to give you. Be it so. I do not wish you to form your opinion upon mine; I wish you to think for yourself, and for that end to pause, observe, and meditate before coming to a decision.

'To me, he appears to be haughty, selfish, and unscrupulous, and if I am correct in this, you will be able to ascertain the fact by simple observation. The feeling of distrust I would introduce into your mind can do no harm, for you are not only just but generous; while, without that feeling, your amiable nature will

be only too apt to receive any impression of his character he may choose to convey. Distrust me likewise—distrust even my motives if you will: if I can only induce you to deliberate in a matter of vital consequence to the happiness of your whole life, that will be of comparatively little consequence. Whatever your opinion of me may be now, I confidently believe that the time will come when you will do me justice—when you will know that I am altogether incapable of allowing any selfish feeling to dictate a communication like this.

R. O.'

What sort of epistle it was that Sara expected, we cannot pretend to say, but this one seemed to freeze her very blood, and when she came to the end of it, she sat staring upon the paper, cold, pale, and motionless. Her bosom at length began to heave, and some unbidden tears rushed into her eyes; but dashing these haughtily away, she rose, and—no, not crushed—but folded firmly up the paper, put it away into her desk, and then unlocked the door, drew up the blind, and throwing open the casement, thrust forth her head into the reviving air. At that moment Molly came to tell her that Mr Seacole was in the parlour, and the captain and Miss Semple having gone out to walk, desired to see her that he might leave a message. Sara obeyed the summons, and descending the stairs with a grave and steady step, walked calmly into the room.

'This is kind of you, Miss Semple,' said the young man, clasping her hand, which was neither offered nor refused. 'I had almost begun to fear that a cloud had come between us which it would be impossible for me to dispel. But I wanted nothing more than to see you alone, to find myself on the same footing of friendly confidence as formerly, placing as I do the most devout reliance both on your justice and generosity.'

'So far as justice is concerned,' replied Sara, making a faint attempt to smile, 'you are right; but unless conscious of a crime, why do you plead for generosity?'

'I am conscious of a crime—or, at least, of what will appear in passionless eyes like yours to be so. Oaklands and I never understood each other, for there was nothing in his cold hard nature with which I could sympathise; but, so far from bearing ill-will against him on account of old school jealousies, it was often one of my dreams that I would some day use the influence of wealth and rank in helping on in the world a protégé of your family. When I saw him in this house, however, when I learned from the talk of the neighbourhood that he was your companion from morning till night, when he came into the room where you were sitting without thinking the ceremony necessary of even putting on his coat—I confess that jealous anger extinguished for a time every generous feeling in my breast. I taunted him with his origin—the very circumstance which, if I had been in possession of my senses, must have rendered jealousy impossible; and I need not say how deeply the shame I felt immediately on leaving the house was aggravated by my recollection of your upbraiding look.' Adolphus spoke with unction; his manner was warm and frank; and Sara thought his explanation at least probable—and all the more so from his so truly characterising the nature that could have dictated the hard and cold style of that well-intended warning!

But although they were soon on frank and friendly terms again, the warning had its effect; for Sara, in spite of herself, recognised a sort of authority in Robert. She felt that in this case he must have been deceived in his estimate of character, and yet she could not imagine how such a thing was possible. There was, besides, nothing mysterious now in her feelings towards Adolphus; and when he would have renewed the wooing to which she had so recently listened with only too obvious pleasure, she checked him with so much gravity, mingled with so much kindness of manner, that the young man was silenced without being offended.

'It may have been a mere trifle,' said she, 'that made me pause to think; but when thoughts come, there is no stopping them. My dear aunt is even more ignorant of the world than myself, and I am but a poor, motherless girl, with only my own scant wisdom to direct me. My friendship you have: it is all I can at present bestow. We do not know each other well enough for anything else, and perhaps never may, for your majority approaches, when you will doubtless enter into the world, like other young men of fortune. Go, now, Mr Seacole, and when you reflect coolly on what has passed, you will feel that I am right. We shall be happy to see you here as often as you can spare the time. For the present, adieu.' Adolphus accepted the congé, and went away more in love than ever, and perhaps not quite dissatisfied with the result of his visit.

Several times that day the warning was read anew, and by degrees Sara became more reconciled to its manner. The origin of the writer, it appeared, from what Adolphus had said, rendered jealousy of him impossible. Might not Robert have felt something like this himself? How could a moneyless, friendless, most solitary, yet high-spirited adventurer, on just setting out to push his fortune in the world, write otherwise to the near kinswoman of him to whose bounty he owed everything? But did he not write otherwise? Did not his heart betray what his pride would have concealed? Did he not say that he exposed himself to the risk of what his nature abhorred *for her sake*? This was a text on which Sara expatiated with the ingenuity of a village divine, whose seventeenth and lastly is eked out with interminable improvements on the whole; and in a few days she had reasoned herself into a condition to reply to the communication in a style as passionless as its own. 'I have read your warning,' said she, in a private postscript to a public letter, 'not in the cold, stern words in which it is conveyed, but with reference to the context of your whole bearing towards your thoughtless and ignorant pupil. The "happiness of my whole life," however, not being at present, so far as I know, at stake, I look upon it as a general, not a particular lesson, and shall try to beware of forming an opinion on any subject without due deliberation.'

Here the private correspondence between these young people terminated. Robert's subsequent letters were of the varied complexion which one acquainted with his fortune might expect. Now, he told hopefully of his engagements with the picture-dealers, and anon of his determination to shun every connection with so equivocal a business. Then he spoke of his new trade of portrait-painting, giving humorous anecdotes of the sittings; interspersing the whole with hints of the stirrings of his literary ambition, and glimpses of the high life to which he had been introduced, and of the hopes it had raised—and overthrown. In fine, his communications became briefer and less promising, till he announced calmly his intention of seeking, in some mechanical employment, that certainty of a living which he found he could not obtain in any of the higher departments he had tried.

These communications were the *events* in Sara's history during the period; but in the midst of these there came one of another kind, which smote the still life of Wearyfoot like a tempest. This was the coming of age of the heir of the Hall, and the festivities with which the fortunate occasion was celebrated. It would be vain to conceal the interest and delight with which Sara looked forward to this great day—to the only entertainment she had ever been at since her girlhood grander than tea, toast, and twaddle at the rector's. Every day brought some new report of some unheard-of magnificence in coloured lamps, triumphal arches, and flags; and many an anxious thought did her dress cost her, for her wardrobe was by no means extensive, and she knew only too well the

soundings of the captain's purse, of which she was herself the sole manager. The handsomer frocks she had received during her uncle's comparatively wealthy days were of no use, for the last tucks were out long ago, and it was impossible to stretch the fabric. Fortunately, however, the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor, is the cheapest; and Sara determined that her white muslin should be in the latest fashion of Wearyfoot, and that it should be so beautifully made by her own dainty fingers, that not Cinderella herself could have looked finer at the ball.

And she was right there, this young country girl; for when she made her appearance in the parlour of the Lodge on the appointed evening, with her snowy drapery so ample, yet so exquisitely arranged, and her glossy hair parted in plain braids upon her forehead, and surmounted only with a wreath of laurel leaves, she looked like a Greek statue that had come alive, and by mere contact classicised its modern dress. Nor was she without adornments of another kind, for there hung on her queenly neck a double string of oriental pearls of great value, that had belonged to her mother, and her full white arms were clasped with bracelets, likewise of pearls, but differing from each other in shape. When Sara entered the room, the captain rose from his chair with a flush of surprise and pride; nor were her feelings very different on beholding her uncle, for she now saw him, for the first time, in full military costume, with his breast hung with medals; and—facial appendages and all—she thought she had never seen so perfectly soldier-like a man. As for Elizabeth, thanks to the nimble fingers of her niece, one of the glorious satin dresses of her youth had been modernised, and having an ample stock of jewellery, the presents of both brothers, she made quite a rich appearance, and one not out of keeping with the air of antique virginity that was over all.

The captain was proud of his sister, proud of his niece, and proud of his own red coat; but there was something wanting to complete his satisfaction.

'Poor Bob!' said he, looking from one to the other—'if he was but here to see us now!' Sara grew as pale as her own pearls, but the next moment her eye caught the reflection of her figure in the opposite mirror, and she flushed over brow, neck, and bosom. The idea of his seeing her now, it seemed, was not disagreeable, and it perhaps more than balanced for the time her anxiety about him, for when she cast down her eyes, and remarked that it was time to go, a demure smile might have been seen playing at the corners of her mouth.

Molly now came in to announce that the lantern stopped the way, and her great eyes seemed to dilate with joyful surprise as she contemplated the trio. She was terribly demonstrative, was our Molly; and finding no other way to relieve her admiration, just as Sara was going out of the door, the last of the three, she snatched her hand behind, and kissed it vehemently. She then rushed to the front with the lantern—for that was the state held by the grantees of Wearyfoot—and the captain giving his arm to the two ladies, the inhabitants of Simple Lodge set forth for the grand soiree.

The whole affair was very imposingly managed. The costly bronze gates were thrown wide open, and a triumphal arch reared overhead, composed of branches, flowers, and intermingled lights. The trees of the fine avenue interlaced their branches at top, and this leafy vault was thickly hung in its whole length with coloured lamps; and when the visitors emerged upon the lawn near the house, the whole building was seen to be one blaze of light, every window being lavishly illuminated. Sara felt a kind of awe mingle with her delight, and when they were laying down their wrappings in the cloak-room, she almost envied the

demeanour of her aunt, who looked as composed as if she was merely throwing off her shawl at home after a walk. But when their names were shouted from the bottom of the stairs, and echoed by the servant on the landing-place, as he threw open the drawing-room door, the eyes of the country girl dazzled, and she found herself, she hardly knew how, leaning on the arm of Adolphus, and led up to his mother.

Although Sara, however, was in some sort confounded by the novelty of the scene, she took her revenge by confounding in her turn not a few of the company. Her style was so new, that is, in the adaptation of the dress to the head, air, and motion—she was so severely classical, yet at the same time so warm in youth and youthful beauty, that they did not know what to make of her.

'Who is she?' ran in a buzz through the strangers to the neighbourhood.

'The niece of Captain Semple,' replied some of the young men, 'and the finest girl in the county.'

'She is an heiress,' said some of the young ladies—'you may see that by the costliness of her pearls, and the affected simplicity of her cheap muslin gown.' Adolphus saw everything, heard everything; he watched both eyes and words; and with an impetuosity which in reality did not belong to his character, he gave himself up openly to the service of the star of the evening. Since his last private conversation with Sara, he had greatly relaxed in his attentions, rarely availing himself of her general invitation to call; but now the opportunity had come for which he waited, and in the midst of the splendour, hurry, and flattery of this fortunate evening, he hoped to gain her heart by turning her head.

'That is so kind and condescending of your dear son!' said the doctor's innocent lady to Mrs Seacole, who stood observing them from a distance. 'But indeed it is not a cheap muslin she wears, for to my certain knowledge it was bought at Simpson's in the village, and, therefore, you know, it must have cost at least a penny, if not three-halfpence a yard more than if she had gone for it with ready money to the town.'

'Oh,' replied Mrs Seacole, 'your good-nature will make it out to be very costly; but there is your niece, with the richest satin in the room—what a deal of money that must have cost!'

'I admit,' said the lady modestly, 'that it is a superb satin.'

'And yet Adolphus doesn't look near her, any more than if she was dressed in sackcloth!' But although Mrs Seacole turned smilingly away after demolishing the doctor's wife, she was not exactly easy. Her son seemed bent upon committing himself perhaps that very evening, and it was absolutely necessary that she should ascertain what were the real prospects of this charming girl. If she could but get the captain, to whom she had become more accustomed, into a snug, private conversation, she was sure she could worm out of him everything she wanted; but she was somewhat afraid of the philosophical Elizabeth, who was always putting in her 'hypothenuses,' as her brother called them, and the two had been sitting together ever since they entered the room.

'Fancourt,' said she, addressing a fashionable-looking man, a cousin of her own—'there is Miss Semple, sitting beside her brother, that hairy officer with so many medals and things—I wish you would pay her some attention. Come, and I will introduce you.'

'I'll ask her to dance.'

'O no, don't; I never saw her dance.'

'You'll see her now then: mark if I don't trot her out.'

Mr Fancourt was as good as his word; for to the great surprise of Mrs Seacole, Elizabeth assented at once to the proposal, as if it had been a matter of course, and stood up to a quadrille as composedly as

Sara observed this from a distance, she was thrown into absolute dismay, for she had never seen her aunt dance, and was sure she must be acting through mere absence of mind. But the painful feeling was soon at an end, for Elizabeth glided through the tame, passionless movement of her habitual composure, and even with a certain old-fashioned elegance, which, with her rich dress, tall figure, and waxen features, now suffused by the exercise with a faint colour, attracted general and admiring attention. Everything went on well with our trio. Elizabeth was dancing with the most fashionable-looking man in the room; the captain was in familiar tête-à-tête with the hostess; and Sara, assiduously waited upon by the hero of the evening, was tripping away with some other young people, to throw on their wrappings and go out upon the lawn to observe the effect of the illuminations.

The group strolled about for some time, talking, laughing, and admiring; but when they came into the shrubbery, which was traversed by several paths, they gradually separated into committees, and by and by, in a pause of her animated conversation with Adolphus, Sara was surprised to find that they were alone—not even within hearing of their companions' voices. He made no objection to their returning; but the paths were intricate, and she was not slow of perceiving, that he was her master for the time, and determined that she should listen. Indeed, during the whole evening, there had been an impetuosity in his manner of addressing her, which at times she could ascribe only to his having, on this grand occasion, drunk more wine at dinner than usual.

'See,' said he, when they had gained the summit of an eminence in an open glade, 'there is the Hall close by; look at yonder hoary wood—those distant corn-fields—those great pastures—and here and there the dwellings of the tenantry: all these are mine, and it will cost you but a single word to make them yours! This night I am my own master, and I use my power only to throw myself at your feet;' and literally kneeling on the ground, he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses. Sara was neither alarmed nor indignant: she was full of remorse for having encouraged a delusion so terrible, and it was with many tears she tried gently but firmly to dispel it. Adolphus sprang to his feet.

'Tell me,' said he imperiously, 'do you love another?'

'I answer no such question,' replied Sara, collecting herself, 'and no question at all put in such a tone.'

'There is only one you can love, for you have no other intimate in the world; and he is a born vagrant, and a beggar from his infancy to this day.'

'The individual you allude to,' said Sara, with the look of indignation he had seen before, 'entertains towards me, I trust, the feelings of a brother to a sister; and he, at least, whatever his circumstances may be, has the soul of a gentleman!'

'Forgive me, Sara,' cried Adolphus, half reassured and half ashamed; 'forgive me, Miss Semple, for I am mad! If you will only promise not to decide at once; if you will give me a week—a month—a year'—but at the moment some one thrust in between them, and Mrs Seacole, taking an arm of each, exclaimed with a laugh:—

'Foolish children, you must not be playacting any longer in the night-air! Come, a run, or you will take cold'—and she dragged them down the slope of the eminence. Presently they met some others of the company coming towards them; and Sara, glad that Mrs Seacole released her arm, escaped into the middle of the group.

'Adolphus,' said the mother, drawing her son into another avenue, 'what have you done?'

'Nothing as yet; but'—

'Hear me. She is a beautiful girl, that cannot be

simply the niece of a half-pay captain, and the daughter of a merchant in so paltry a trade, that he could leave his only child—the heiress, as she is called—what do you think?—just two thousand pounds! Now, your estate is respectable, but nothing more, and what you must look for in a wife is either money or rank.'

'But I cannot and will not retract. I have asked a question, and must receive the answer.'

'Plenty of time for that, my dear boy. There are some of the first people in the county here to-night, and you will receive invitations from all the world. We have now visits to pay, you know, in different parts of the country, and we shall get to town just as the season commences. Come, you have a brilliant future before you: have more spirit than to stay moping here for the sake of a pretty face.'

By this time Sara had rejoined her party, and found little difficulty in persuading her uncle and aunt not to stay supper, but to retire at once from a scene that was becoming tedious. It was harder to get Molly away, who, ever since their arrival, had been displaying her Terpsichorean accomplishments in the servants-hall, among the other lantern-bearers, and the whole respectability of the lads of the village—including, of course, the baker's son.

After the fête, things gradually subsided into their usual tranquillity at Wearyfoot. Sara could almost have imagined that her adventure had been nothing more than a waking dream, for nothing whatever occurred to remind her that she had been formally invited to become the mistress of the Hall, and that the entreaty with which the scene had concluded, incomplete in itself, remained wholly unanswered. In the meantime, the history of Robert, as related in his letters, went on from bad to worse, till at length came the announcement we have mentioned, that he must sink into a mechanical employment for his daily bread; and then followed a silence, long, drear, and ominous.

What were the reflections of the young girl at this time, as day followed day, and week followed week, without bringing a line to say even that the unlucky adventurer was alive, or that, if so, he still retained, in the midst of manual drudgery, any recollection of her; whether she regretted the precipitation with which she had rejected the brilliant fortune that had been placed within her reach; or whether her heart still clung to its first phantasy, unconscious of anything else—it would be difficult to tell. Sara, however, was young, and comparatively new to society, and perhaps it might be fair, in such speculations, to give her the benefit of ignorance and inexperience. At all events, she heard, without any visible emotion, that Adolphus and his mother had left the Hall for some considerable time, and, concluded, from their bidding good-by by means of P. F. C. cards delivered by a servant, that they did not consider themselves to be on terms of familiarity with the family of the Lodge.

But the dreariness of the time was broken a little, when one day Molly came to her young mistress, with her face radiant with smiles, and astonishment more visible than ever in her great round eyes. She had a large square letter in her hand, sealed with a wafer, which, although well intended for the middle, had missed its mark, and lay sprawling at one side, half within and half without the fold.

'What is this?' said Sara; 'the letter is addressed to you, Molly; why don't you open and read it? You know you can read now very well.'

'O miss, I can't this time! O it's the first letter I ever had—pray do, Miss Sara, read it to me!' Sara complied with a smile, which was soon changed to a look of interest and anxiety. The letter ran thus:—

'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, myself being the same. O Molly, I have so much news to tell, if the ironing did not put me out; but, thanks be to goodness, I have a good business as a Clear-starcher;

and it cost me a pretty penny to buy it, I can tell you, and intends, next week, to have a light-cart and a nice horse, to send to wait upon ladies. But O, Molly Jinks, to think of what has come to pass! As soon as I settled down in the gravel-pits, I went to call upon my cousin in Charming Street, to inquire about you know who—and I went at the right time. The steady-oh was seized for rent, and Master Robert without a place to paint in. But I managed as cunningly as the Countess of Picklesteifel herself. I knew it was no use offering him money, for although I went on my knees to him at the Lodge, he would not take ten pound; so I sent a decent man to his lodgings, who paid his rent, left the address, and carried his things clean off to the pits.

'How Master Robert stared when he came, and saw it was me! How he shook me by both hands, and how he then sat down in a chair, away near the door, and turned his head that I might not see the tears that had risen into his eyes! But he soon fetched to, and we had supper, and gin and water—it's all gin in London—and such despicable ale!—and he went out the next day, and got fine cabinet-work, and is as steady and respectable as if he was not a gentleman at all, and, in spite of my very soul, pays regular to the last penny for his board and lodging. But see if I don't get him to go out at night in his gentleman's clothes!—and see, when the horse comes, if he doesn't ride round the Park of a Sunday with the best of them! It will come to pass, Molly Jinks, depend upon it. Remarkable things happen in London at night; and the Park is the place where all the great folks go; and Master Robert has a family face that will be known at a mile's distance. But you will hear all in good time, Molly; so no more at present from your most obedient well-wisher,  
MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

'P.S.—Molly, I could not send this when it was written for the clear-starching. But only think! Master Robert has written forty pages in print in a large quarterly, and so far beyond me, although you know I am a great reader, that I can't make head or tail of it. When the book came, I could not get him to be proud of it—he was quite down-hearted; but I tried to cheer him up a bit, telling him that although the Capting and Miss Simple were no great scholars, Miss Sara would read it to them aloud, and understand every word, and be as proud of it as a peacock. O my! if you had seen the start he gave, and the flush of his cheek, and the blaze of his eye, and how he walked up and down the floor for an hour together like any Trojan. Think of that, Molly! But it has done him good—he is now cheerful, more hopeful, more like what he was when I used to peep through a chink of the door to see him dancing with Miss Sara, and the chair, and you, Molly. *Don't tell this to Miss Sara, on no account, mind that: I have a reason.*

Sara had read the letter with a pale and anxious face; but the postscript sent the hue of all the roses in the garden into it. For some time after she was very unquiet, bouncing from one end of the parlour to the other on the slightest errand, and then forgetting what she had to do, till at length Molly, who was standing by the water-butt at the side of the house, saw her come suddenly out, and glide into the garden like an apparition. Presently she heard from among the trees at the further corner what might have resembled a prolonged scream, but for its musical intonation. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' went up the song, laden with the odours of the flowers, and steeped in the hues of the sky. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' and the birds, startled at first, joined unconsciously and spontaneously from every tree in the heart-chorus. 'Tril-il-il-il-il-illa!' and the leaves seemed to glance and quiver to the strain, the fleecy clouds above to move and mingle, the face of nature herself to change, as if there was a new heaven and a new earth.



When the performance was over, Sara returned to the house, soft, tranquil, and self-possessed; her lustrous eyes not so brilliant as before, but sweet and tender, yet resolved; and her unquiet footfall, though still light and glancing like a sunbeam, as steady and devout as the step of a pilgrim or a martyr.

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

A FLOOD of literary announcements, from all the publishers, each after his kind, has inaugurated the new year. There are new books—good, bad, and indifferent; but the principal features of the outpouring are the reprints of standard works, newly edited and annotated, comprehended in the genus of the series. From the West End, Mr Murray announces a new set of British classics, to be published in demy octavo monthly volumes, and to lack nothing either in literary care and accuracy, or in beauty and substantiality of adornment. The series has already commenced with the first volume of the works of Goldsmith, edited by Mr Peter Cunningham, of which more anon. Gibbon's Roman Empire follows, by Dean Milman and M. Guizot. An edition in double columns was published, with a biography and notes by M. Guizot, by Mr Virtue some years ago: whether these are the notes of the edition in question or new ones, remains to be seen. The editor of the Marlborough Street edition is Dr Smith, the classical examiner at the London University; and the work will be completed in eight volumes. Mr Murray, however, has an antagonist in the field. Mr Bohn, of Covent Garden, advertises another Gibbon, 'complete and unabridged, with variorum notes, including, in addition to all the author's own, those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, and Neander.' 'This edition includes every line and every letter of the original work;' 'and where Gibbon's religious views are disputed, both sides of the argument are given unflinchingly.' Murray's edition, eight volumes at 7s. 6d., will cost £8; Bohn's, in six volumes at 8s. 6d., only 21s. But Gibbon is not the only work in which Covent Garden opposes Marlborough Street. New editions of the works of Addison, of Pope, of Goldsmith, of Dryden, are announced by both publishers. Bohn's Addison is Bishop Hurd's edition, and his Pope is Roscoe's; Murray's Pope editor is, of course, John Wilson Croker. So much for the contending publicists. A word for their brethren. The Longmans are bringing forth new editions of M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary*; of Dr Ure's *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*; and Maunders's *Biographical Treasury*: a perfect deluge of practical knowledge. Messrs Hurst and Blackett advertise a tempting corps of lady writers, calculated to suit every taste. There is Miss Mitford, first as *doyenne* of the group; then Mrs Gore, Mrs Trollope, the author of *Amelia Wyndham*, and the author of *Margaret Maitland*. Let the circulating libraries look out! Mr Bentley announces Guizot's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth*; *The Discovery of the Site of the Destroyed Cities of the Plain, Sodom and Gomorrah*, by M. de Sauley, member of the French Institute (a book which, we believe, should be taken with great caution as to its facts); with a new and apparently richly got up edition of Thiers's *History of the French Revolution*. Among Mr Parker's books, we are glad to see a new edition of the *Poetic Remains of Mr Mackworth Praed*; and among Saunders and Otley's, a new edition of one of the most delightful books—by one who is assuredly the most delightful of English lady writers—Mrs Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*.

Among one of the serial classes of books which we have not mentioned, is the Annotated Edition of the

English Poets, from the press of Mr Parker. It commences with the first volume of Dryden, including a detailed life of the poet by the editor, Mr Robert Bell. We somewhat fear that, notwithstanding a few new facts brought forward regarding Dryden's marriage, and an effort to extenuate the affair of the pension, the editorial labours will be generally held as defective. Some whimsical theories of Mr Bell about the meaning of certain words, have been almost everywhere unfavourably commented on. Another and very cheap edition of the English Poets, published by Mr Nichol of Edinburgh, seems to be advancing prosperously, with an impression of about nine thousand.

Professor Forbes has contributed a delightful addition to his travelling and scientific researches in his beautiful volume on Norway and its Glaciers. The learned gentleman went to Kaafjord, in latitude 70 degrees, to see the sun at midnight, and to Bergen, to witness the total solar eclipse of July 28, 1851. In the latter object, he was disappointed by the state of the weather, being the second such mishap he has encountered, for he was equally unfortunate at Turin ten years before. The feeling with which a philosopher would contemplate the sky at such a moment, knowing well that his last chance in this life of seeing a total solar eclipse was passing, has in it something affecting. The professor's general observations on Norway are meagre, in consequence of hasty travelling; but he gives a satisfactory account of the ice-fields of the western region, and of their outlets, where he found the glaciers proceeding on precisely the same principles as in the Alps, thus confirming his former observations on that feature of nature. He gives many valuable observations on the meteorology of Norway.

A widely different work is the *Memoirs of Dr Véron*, the famous editor of the *Constitutionnel*, manager of the Grand Opera—poet, author, politician, *soi-disant* statesman and original doctor. The style of the work may be conceived. It is just the sort of thing to lounge with on a sofa, getting a laugh out of it now and then, and believing as much as you please of the chaos of anecdotes, statements, disclosures, and so forth, touching every class of Parisian society, from imperialism to sans culottism, and passing through the various atmospheres of modern politics—Legitimate, Napoleonite, and *Rouge*; all the spheres of art, from Irges and Delaroche to Cham and Daumiers of the *Charivari*; revelling in the *coulisses*, and full of the piquancies abounding therein; disclosing all the mysteries of French journalism, sketching the origin of all the principal cafés, with their most noted frequenters and founders. There is, moreover, a great number of absurd anecdotes about Englishmen, but in French writers *cela va sans dire*.

*Balder* is the first part of a long epic by Sydney Yendia, the author of *The Roman*. It is a development of the secret things of the soul, according to the theories, and no doubt guided by the mental experiences of the poet, and consists of outpourings of varied merit, containing passages of unquestionable genius and strong original thought, but frequently degenerating into mysticism.

*Shakspeare Restored*. This is one of the many works with which Shakspeare maniacs amuse the world. The author, who is anonymous, but who dates from Norwich, not content with the puns which Shakspeare so liberally dispensed in accordance with the puerile taste of the times, has set to work to make puns on words in which it is evident the great poet meant only their evident sense. All the irregularities in the arrangement of the lines and of their rhythm are devoutly preserved, and thus are canonised the solecisms. The edition followed is that of 1623. Upon the whole, however, the work has a sort of clever, wrynecked oddity about it which gives it character.

*The Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, edited by Peter

Cunningham. Mr Peter Cunningham, in his preface to this edition, acknowledges candidly various sources whence he drew the new information he professes to give, and the corrections he makes of former misapprehensions. But there is one author—Prior—from whom he borrows very copiously, and that verbatim and literatim, without, as we are given to understand, once mentioning his name. The excuse, we hear, is, that Prior's edition is Mr Murray's copyright, and that he thought he had a right to use it for Mr Murray as his own. This is very well for Mr Murray; but how it can serve for Mr Prior, or for the ends of literary justice, we must profess we cannot see.

Alexander Smith has been patronised in his own country in a manner, not brilliant certainly, but which promises to be effective for his immediate benefit. The secretaryship to the Edinburgh University being vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson's son, the town-council, in whose gift it is, have conferred it on the young poet of the west, in professed consideration of his rising fame, and the desirableness of providing him with an assured income. As the situation is not by any means engrossing, Smith may be expected to have some leisure for cultivating his remarkable gifts. On this occasion, the late employers of the poet, and several other persons acquainted with him, including the Duke of Argyll, bore strong testimony to his 'practical' talents and his unblemished character. Altogether, the appointment is a most gratifying one, and one which, we humbly think, reflects no small credit on the provost and council of the northern capital.

#### THE STUDIO.

Everybody has heard of the startlingly original design by Mr Millais, exhibited in Edinburgh by Mr Ruskin, and justly characterised by him as a work of the highest genius. Of course we allude to the Gothic arch formed by grouped angels, which, for mingled imagination, perfection of drawing, and, we will add, marvellous ingenuity in the arrangement of limbs and wings, is unequalled in its way by anything we have ever seen of mediæval art. We hope to see it soon in stone; at all events, to possess a more finished memorial of so extraordinary a conception than can be afforded by a wood-cut in a journal.

At length we have had an opportunity of judging the disputed question of painted sculptures. A portion of the Crystal Palace frieze of the Parthenon has been painted blue and in strong shadows—unmistakable blue—another portion cream colour, and the third left in the natural hue of the plaster. The result may be imagined. The cream colour was a bad imitation of marble, the blue was an outrage upon ancient Greece. If there be any species of sculpture requiring, for the development of the effects of which it is capable, more delicate handling than another, it is high art basso-relievo. Well, the paint kills these effects; you cannot get at the spirit of the work through chiaroscuro. If ever, indeed, there was a standing emphatic protest against the utter inapplicability of colour, which is the element and the spirit of one art, to give the element and spirit of another—it is to be daily seen in the Crystal Palace.

The other day, we came across some remarks by an Edinburgh sculptor, on the absurdity of putting the statues of men on horseback. The grounds of the argument we consider very tenable—such as, that the horse must necessarily be more conspicuous than the man; that the man is unduly elevated, so that the delicacies of the sculpture are to some extent lost; that the whole position is unnatural for portrait statues; that if the horse appear to be in motion, the effect is so much the worse; and finally, that the expense of the marble or the bronze for the animal is absurd and unreasonable. There can, at all events, be no doubt about the last observation. The costly material

necessary to construct a horse would make at least two human statues.

They are putting up ornaments of sculpture—what sculpture!—on the gateways and stone-posts which are placed in the semicircle of railing which stretches round the new façade of Buckingham Palace. The smaller posts—they cannot by any perversion of speech be called pillars—are being decked with a perpendicular garland, coming through a circular wreath, and flanked on either side by a couple of branches. The larger posts in the vicinity of the gate have a repetition of the garland, but this time the pendants are clusters of fruit and agricultural produce. Two of them boast a lion and a unicorn, not couchant, not rampant, but squatted with their paws on the armorial bearings, just as Madame Puss sits with her toes upon the fender. But the gate is the triumph of all. Beneath, in basso-relievo, there are more of the wreaths and garlands, but relieved by representations of implements of arts and sciences; and above, on the eight corners of the square gate-posts, are eight stone dolls—we can call them nothing else—the fac-similes of each other, each holding a sceptre in each hand, and linked together by the eternal wreaths and garlands. The style of art is what you see in the stone-masons' and sculptors' yards in the New Road.

Looking in the other day at the studio of Mr Alex. Munro, who is fast rising in his profession, we found him engaged upon a bust of Sir Robert Peel for an institution at Stockport. The likeness—an excellent one, of a most difficult face to represent—was in a great degree studied, not from any former bust or picture, but at the suggestion of Mr Gladstone, who furnished the cut, from a drawing by Leech of Sir Robert introducing a little Sir Robert—it was at the time when his second son made a most favourable *début* in the House—to Mr Punch, with the words: 'My son, Mr Punch;' the plate entitled 'A Chip of the Old Block.' This portrait of Sir Robert—the junior is a fac-simile of the elder—the honourable gentleman considered, and most justly, by far the most perfect representation of the great statesman that had been ever executed. The expression of the face, so subtle and so difficult to catch, was rendered to the exact life—nay, even the expression of the figure, the limbs so curiously turning round each other as he walked—with the long white cravat, the long light waistcoat, the ample surt-out, likewise made long, the very sleeves coming down to the mid-finger—all these peculiarities, so familiar to those who were much about the House, were rendered so as to bring the great man before our eyes 'in his habit as he lived.'

#### SWEDISH NAMES.

Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Sven Larsson, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Svens-son; and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Svens-daughter. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his name.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS.—This illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY OF TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Eight volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

Part XVII. just issued, price 5s.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 9.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THAT LAD OF OURS.

You all know 'that lad of ours,' and have seen him hundreds of times: he is a thorough London boy, and 'to the manner born.' His mother is continually asking her neighbours, 'If they have seen anything of that lad of ours?' and always wondering 'wherever he can have got to.' Like a dog without a master, 'he runs up and down all manner of streets,' and picks up his living much after the fashion of the aforesaid ownerless and houseless animal. At bottom, he is a good-hearted boy—very honest, very willing, with kind words, to do anything, or run anywhere for anybody; but he is very wild, very thoughtless, and very much neglected. That lad of ours goes out the first thing in the morning, and sometimes we never see anything more of him until the last thing at night; but where he has been, or who he has been with, or what he has been doing, it would take him a long hour to tell you. He follows the Punch-and-Judy show until he has every word by heart; then gets his companions into a corner of the court, and with the assistance of some cur he has captured, he reacts the whole before them, until the dog Toby, tired of the part he is compelled to take in the performance, sets off with a bark and a bound, followed by the whole audience.

If the Queen opens parliament, or goes in state to any of the theatres, that lad of ours is either foremost in the procession, or forms one in the front-rank of the spectators. He always follows a funeral, listens to the reading of the solemn burial-service in grave wonderment, and lingers as long as there is a mourner left about the ground. He knows every pump in every parish of the metropolis, and in his irregular rounds has drunk at them all, washed his face, and wiped it on his cap, then gone on his way rejoicing to the tune of his own 'La-ri-a-tee.' Sometimes he will all at once set off running as if for very life; then he will draw up as suddenly, to look in at a shop-window, and impudently, perhaps, tell the shopkeeper, 'to give that ere poor old 'oman good weight for her money;' then whistle a stave or two of *Cheer, boys, cheer, or Pop goes the Weasel*.

That lad of ours is very saucy at times to the policemen, especially if he is not standing on their beat; but he seldom does anything to bring himself fairly within their grasp, though he has had many narrow escapes through sliding, throwing snow-balls, and striking window-panes and passengers while playing at 'cat.' He is very swift of foot is that lad of ours, and knows every new cut, blind alley, narrow court, and winding passage that leads out of and into all the chief thoroughfares; and they have done him 'yeoman's service' when

he has been chased by what he calls 'biggerer boys.' He seems to know almost everybody who rides a horse or drives a cart, and is frequently seen holding the one on the edge of the pavement, or seated with the reins in his hand, minding the other. If trusted with the whip, he is pretty sure of getting into trouble—there will be found two or three boys, whom he has touched with the lash, waiting for him; and unless the owner gives him a ride, he must, when he alights, fight it out in the best way he can. He is always ready to second any boy in a fight, make a knee for him, and act as bottleholder, tell him where to strike, and, above all, to be sure and give it him in the 'bread-basket.' He can fight, and well, too, when he is put upon; and the blackguard cabmen on the stand are always ready to make a ring for that lad of ours. He has a large circle of acquaintance, whom he either hails by thrusting his fingers in his mouth, and producing a sound not unlike a railway whistle, or else by his well-recognised and instantly re-echoed 'La-ri-a-tee;' and he is ready to make one of any number of a party of boys, to go anywhere upon any mission, at a moment's notice. Though he has not a penny to spend, he goes to all the fairs in the suburbs of London, looks at the shops and stalls, blows the penny-trumpets and whistles, as if to see that they are all right, and shews some other richer boy which is the best, then goes on his way, apparently as much delighted, as if he himself had made the purchase, for there is a deal of inherent good-nature in that lad of ours. If he sees some little maiden drawing a cart, in which a blessed baby is seated at each end, he rushes forward and pushes behind, and sends them on at such a rate as causes them to stare with might and main out of their large round eyes, while the little maid 'gives it him,' and threatens to call the 'p'lese;' but somehow they make it up, and we leave him drawing the cart, while the little maid walks beside chatting away to that lad of ours.

He is always ready to help a boy to draw a truck or carry a load, and will go a mile or two to meet one who is in a situation, and wait about his place of employment, or go with him on all his distant errands. He fetches beer for the little cobbler who works under the barber's window, and two ounces of boiled beef and a penny roll for the old woman who keeps the apple-stall, without drinking out of the one or nibbling at the other. If he has run an errand once or twice, and been rewarded, he will hang about for days after, and sometimes thrust his head inside the house or shop, saying: 'Please do you want anything fetched?' The number of slices of bread and butter he can get through, when such rewards are given for his labour, is amazing; and if the pump is too far off, he goes to the nearest cab-stand, thrusts his

head down towards one of the pails, and drinks like a horse; then walks away contented, perhaps telling the waterman that he has left a penny for him in the pail. If an Italian boy is passing with an organ on his back, he cannot resist giving the handle a turn; if he has a pair of bone-clappers, he invariably keeps the best time he can, as an accompaniment to the organ-grinding: sometimes following the poor Italian through half-a-dozen streets, and asking to go shares of what he gets, until at last he has to run for it, while the enraged music-grinder, who has put down his organ, is in full pursuit. If a poor man or woman is singing, he will walk step for step with them along the whole street, and if anything is offered, direct their attention to the open door—there is no knowing at such times what thoughts get into the head of that lad of ours. He will give any boy a portion of what he gets by running errands, and it is a puzzle even to himself at times to know what his patrons empty into his cap, especially at the houses where they keep neither cat nor dog to eat up the orts; sometimes he will fish out a sprat, sometimes the leg of a chicken, and sometimes a piece of wax-candle that has been put among the scraps by mistake. Yet it is marvellous how he manages to thrive on such a mixture. The little sickly baker's boy, who is humpbacked, is delighted if he can get him to be his horse—to put a piece of wood for a bit in his mouth, and drive him up and down on the sunny side of the pavement; and the little cripple fairly screams again to see him prance and plunge and neigh, as if he were so full of corn that there was no holding him in; and the more the sickly baker's boy laughs, the more 'rampageous,' to use his mother's word, becomes that lad of ours. As for keeping him decent, she says, 'it's labour in vain, for he cuts off his buttons to play with; downs his cap to form the butt in a "rounder"; and rips out her stitches like winking, though she mends his rags with the best double whity-brown thread; and nothing but iron chains will ever hold that lad of ours.' Sometimes he will be persuaded by some other boys to go to one of the Free Schools, or Sunday Schools, for a time or two; but it never lasts long, for confinement does not suit him at all; so he finishes his reading by looking in at the shop-windows, and his writing by scrawling on the shop-shutters and pavement. 'Jak Jobs you a fol,' is one of his favourite copies—meaning that the said John is a fool. He invariably joins those juvenile ministers of justice who hoot and follow drunken men or women in the street.

Should a horse run away, or a fire break out, or any other accident happen, and he chance to be anywhere in the neighbourhood, nearly the first to reach the spot and tell all he knows about it is that lad of ours. Sometimes he patronises the theatres when half-price commences, watching every one who comes out after the first piece is over, and inquiring whether he or she 'have done with your check, please?' but never on any account paying, unless it be on Boxing-night. Should he be lucky enough to get inside, he is sure to call on the orchestra for his favourite tune, or for those before him to take off their hats; or if any one is rather noisier than suits his taste, he calls out: 'Throw him over. I would if I was biggerer; and if any voice is heard bidding the actors 'speak up,' you may rely upon it, it is the voice of that lad of ours. He has a great affection for drovers and their dogs, and scarcely cares how far he walks behind a drove of bullocks or a flock of sheep; and no one shows more perseverance in driving a refractory ox into a slaughter-house than that lad of ours. He is the first to follow in pursuit at the cry of 'stop thief!' but should the culprit be a little fellow, his heart reproaches him for joining in the capture when he sees the policeman's hand on the offender's collar, and he begins to think that 'happen he had no grub, nor nothink;,' for though that lad of ours knows

what it is to be hungry, he is no thief, for, as he says, 'there ain't nothink to be got by that ere game.'

Should the Turn-cock, while in some public-house having his 'half-pint o' beer,' leave his instruments at the door, ten to one he finds the plug pulled out, and half-a-dozen urchins dancing and splashing in the water, and in the midst of them that lad of ours. Sometimes his mother will talk to him, after she comes home of a night, wearied through doing 'the meanest chares;,' and next morning that lad of ours will be up early, brushing his boots, washing himself, and rubbing the candle well into his hair; then for the twentieth time he will set out to look for a place; but somehow that lad of ours is a human bale in an overstocked market, where the supply far exceeds the demand. If interrogated—and he will not lie—all the situations he has had seem to tell against him. He was in a coalshed a week, called the streets along with a costermonger for the same period, was newspaper-boy for a few days longer, has been errand-boy to everything and everybody; was turned away here for playing at buttons, there for fighting the other boy, at a third place for breaking a pane of glass while putting up the shutter, at a fourth, for having 'a lark with the gas.' The surgeon got rid of him because he could not read the addresses on the bottles; and as many of the poor patients were no better lettered than himself, why everybody took what made them worse, and his master had a very narrow escape of a trial for manslaughter.

So he goes on, up one street and down another, poking his head into almost every shop, with cap in hand, and 'Please do you want a boy?' and some, struck with the merry mischief-loving look of that lad of ours, seem half disposed to engage him, but the shocking straightforward account he gives of himself spoils all. If he could but recommend himself as some of those very particular tradesmen, who question him so closely, do their inferior goods, that lad of ours would not have to go far to find a situation. Perhaps his father, who is unable to read or write, is employed at some place where he goes out early in the morning, and returns home tired late at night, and has always consoled himself with the thought that so long as he worked hard for his family, he did his duty—that they would get through the world somehow, as he himself had done. Perhaps there is a large family, and the poor mother, as it is the easiest conclusion to arrive at, is of the same way of thinking, for she also has to go out to work, and what with mending and washing, and attending to her household affairs when she is at home, she hasn't 'a minute on her hands' to look after that lad of ours; so that, excepting when he is in bed, nearly his whole life is passed in the streets; and the great marvel is, that he is not a common thief—that there is anything good about him. His father is not a drunkard, neither does his mother neglect her home; their great fault is in not looking to the future, in preparing only for the present, in consoling themselves with the thought that something will turn up some day; but never attempting to dig for it. As that lad of ours gets older, he discovers all this, and at last sets about providing for himself; often obtaining a situation through some other boy who knows somebody, and who, upon his honest unvarnished recommendation, employs this lad of ours. All the little fellow can say in his favour is, 'he never did nothink to be hed afore the p'lese.' And when he once begins to get on a little, his mother will begin to bestir herself, and take him to a tally-shop, where he will get a jacket out of his wages, by paying a shilling a week—and some thirty per cent. charged for the credit; and as one thing is paid for, he will procure another, and in spite of the extravagant interest charged for the accommodation of these weekly payments, it is surprising what an alteration a few months make in the appearance of this lad of ours. From an

errand-boy, he may in time get to serve behind the counter—though a want of education will ever be a great drawback on his advancement, yet the bright natural abilities, which nobody had heretofore seen, stand him in some stead, and a precious sharp young man will sometimes grow out of this lad of ours. That he is not at last driven to herd with felons, he has neither his parents, the guardians of his parish, nor the rulers of his country to thank for; and if he is successful, and if it may be said of one more than another that he made his way by his own exertions, and was the architect of his own fortune, of a verity such may be said of 'That Lad of Ours.'

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### BOSTON TO MONTREAL.

THE run from Halifax to Boston occupied about thirty hours, and was not marked by any incident worth relating. The course pursued was across the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, where fogs often prevail, and where there is at all times a wild tumbling sea. Fortunately, however, the fogs which vex mariners along the whole of the coasts in this quarter, did not make their appearance on the present occasion; and at a late hour on a clear moonlight evening, we quietly made our way into the spacious and sinuous inlet which forms the harbour of Boston.

It is remarkable how much a traveller is left to learn by chance as he proceeds on his journey. The notion in England is, that the Liverpool and Boston steamers actually go to the place to which they are said to be bound; but such is not the case; and this fact I was not aware of till we were on the point of landing. I now ascertained, that instead of going to the wharfs of the city, the vessel was to proceed to East Boston, an island from which there is a communication by a ferry-boat to the mainland.

On approaching within hail of our destined haven, the gentle moonlight enabled us to perceive that a crowd awaited the arrival of friends on the landing-place. Anon, wives and husbands and old acquaintances are heard calling to each other; and in a few minutes, such kissing and cordial shaking of hands! Among the passengers were many who had been long absent in England and on the continent, and were carrying home impressions of European scenery and society.

The transfer of luggage to the custom-house shed was soon effected, and although the hour was late, everything was examined with a rapidity and civility that merited universal thanks. Coaches for the various hotels stood outside, and each being duly freighted, off we drove for the ferry, which I am bound to acknowledge is managed in such a way as to give the least possible uneasiness. So large are the boats, that they accommodate a number of carriages which drive from the quay direct upon their deck. In this strange fashion of riding on a floating steam-propelled bridge, we were carried without rising from our seats across a channel 1800 feet wide to the lower end of one of the streets of Boston, and thence to our respective hotels.

The stay I was now able to make in the far-famed capital of Massachusetts was so brief, that it will be better to defer any notice of the place till the occasion of my subsequent and more lengthened visit to the New England States. I need only say, that, like most strangers, I was much struck with the old and respectable appearance of Boston—its substantial and handsome houses of stone and brick, its well-paved and cleanly streets, its busy and orderly population, as well as with the various tokens of literary taste and refinement which met the eye. The merest glance at this city and its thoroughfares, thronged with passengers differing in no respect from those one sees any day in Regent Street or the Strand, would dispel

the strange and misty notions entertained in England respecting the people of the United States. 'Did you find them civilised at all?' inquired a gentleman shortly after my return home. Such a question reminds one of the anecdote told by the late Marchioness of —, an English peeress, but an American by birth. Soon after her ladyship's arrival in Great Britain, she went on a visit to the house of a nobleman in the country. There, on being conducted through the hall to dinner, she observed that a crowd of servants were on the watch to have a glimpse of her in passing; and one of them, vastly to her amusement, was overheard to utter in an emphatic whisper: 'She's white!'

In Boston, I had the opportunity of seeing for the first time a specimen of that extraordinary hotel-system, which forms one of the leading social features of the United States, and which may be said to have attained its full development in the city of New York. I lodged at the Revere House, an establishment consisting of several hundred apartments, including a more than usually splendid suite of public drawing-rooms and parlours, and a spacious saloon, in which all the guests take their meals, as at a table-d'hôte. At dinner, which was attended by about a hundred guests, I waited to see the nature of the scramble, which English travellers speak of as characteristic of the American dining-system. But the whole routine was quiet and decorous. The dinner was served from side-tables, according to order from printed bills of fare, placed before every guest; and instead of anything like hurry or hasty eating, I felt embarrassed by the formality and prolixity of the proceedings. The meal, in its various courses, lasted about an hour; and in fact the time at my disposal would not allow me to see it to a conclusion.

From Boston there now radiate eight lines of railway, affording a ready means of transit in every direction. Persons desirous of reaching Lower Canada proceed by way of Portland in Maine as the most direct route; but I made choice of that by Albany, Saratoga, and Lake Champlain, as opening to view a line of country associated in many parts with the history of the revolutionary struggle. The completion, some years ago, of a line of railway to Albany on the Hudson has been of the greatest importance to Boston; for it brings its port in direct communication with the western country and its lakes, and enables it to maintain something like a rivalry with New York, and other Atlantic cities. It may, indeed, be said, that without a connection of this kind, no American seaport can expect to rise above local mediocrity. The West! What schemes are daily planned, what efforts are everywhere being made to secure a share of its traffic—great in the present, but mighty beyond calculation in the future! The distance from Boston to Albany is 200 miles, and to perform this journey, I set off on a Saturday afternoon at half-past four o'clock—charge, five dollars, and the time promised on the road, eight hours. It was my first American railway journey, and all was novel.

In a large covered terminus, a train of cars was drawn up, ready to start with a locomotive at their head across an open street; and the whole set off without any other protection to foot-passengers than that which might be imparted by the warning sounds of a bell attached to the top of the engine. And so onward, through town and country, here intersecting a village, and there crossing a highway, did the train pursue its way, with no other trace of protection for the public, than the very useful piece of advice—'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!' painted in large characters on sign-boards at every point of danger. If any get themselves killed after this obliging hint to mind the bell, they have themselves to blame, of course! The cars were of considerable length, with a range of windows alternating with polished mahogany panels along the sides, an ornamental ceiling, and a flooring of painted cloth. Each accommodated fifty-eight

passengers, who sat, two together, in arm-chairs covered with red plush, in a row on each side, leaving a passage in the middle which communicated with a door at both ends. The passengers faced the engine, but by shifting the backs of their seats, they could look in a contrary direction. Outside, at the two ends of each car, there was a small platform, whence to descend by steps to the ground, and by stepping from platform to platform, the passengers could move from one car to another along the whole train. Each car was provided with a stove, which stood in the middle, on one side, and was heated with billets of wood. A recent English tourist speaks of the manœuvring of American travellers to secure seats as far from the stove as possible. I saw nothing of this kind, now or subsequently. The heat was not offensive in any train, within my experience, though I believe it is so occasionally; and, on the whole, this method of heating railway carriages, rude as it may be, is certainly better than the practice of not heating them at all. In consequence of the warmth in the cars, the railway wrapper which had accompanied me from England proved an unnecessary incumbrance. So much may be said in the meanwhile on a subject which will require more ample treatment when the railways in various states have come under notice. In taking my place at Boston, I observed, as on many subsequent occasions, that there was only one class; but there was little perceptible difference, as respects the dress or orderly demeanour of the passengers, which could not perhaps be said of such a miscellaneous gathering of English travellers.

Our line of route afforded a fair opportunity of seeing a considerable part of Massachusetts, and it was anything but pleasing in point of rural scenery. The land, of an undulating configuration, is generally poor. Knolls covered with scraggy bush, through which peeped masses of granite, and sandy plains with a scanty herbage, were intermingled with a never-ending series of ponds or small lakes, and I could not help pitying the farmers who endeavoured to wring a livelihood out of the partially cleared and ungenial soil. Massachusetts, however, lays no claim to a reputation for agriculture. It is not able to raise food to support itself, and, like many parts of England, rests on the manufacturing skill and general ingenuity of its inhabitants. The railway passes through a number of populous cities, each the seat of some kind of thriving manufacture. The largest of these centres of industry are Worcester and Springfield; the latter situated on the east bank of the Connecticut river, a navigable stream of great size, flowing through a tract of country more green and rich than that previously seen on the route.

The enlivening objects on the line of road, are the numerous villages and detached dwellings, of the true New England character. The houses constructed of wood, painted white, with their bright green jalousies folded back as exterior window-shutters, and their neat porches and flower-plots in front, look every one of them as if just taken from a box and put out for an airing. It is impossible to see these trimly-kept and pretty dwellings, without an inclination to congratulate the country on having been originally settled by a people who brought with them from the south of England, not only the love of civil liberty, but an inherent taste for domestic cleanliness—a quality which, possibly through this channel, has been largely diffused through the United States.

After passing Springfield, the number of passengers in the cars was considerably diminished, and the lamps shed a dim light over the vacant seats and those who remained as my companions. As the track was as usual only single, the train required to stop at one of the stations to wait the arrival of that which was coming in a contrary direction. How long we were to remain here was not explained, until the door of our

car was opened, and a head in a rough cap, from a neighbouring groggery, made the abrupt announcement: 'You have an hour to wait, and there's good eating round the corner.' Then arose a commotion among the passengers. A number left their seats, to follow the head wheresoever it might lead them; and joining the throng, we crossed a complication of rails, turned a corner, and ascended a wooden outside stair to an apartment, which united the character of bar-room, shop, and kitchen. At one side, a man behind a counter had charge of the liquoring department; in another quarter, a lad dispensed ham and pumpkin pie; and at the further end of the room, two women were assiduously engaged in dressing oysters in frying-pans. The scene was strange, and the place not exactly such as I should have selected for supper, had there been a choice. As it was, I procured some refreshment, and having warmed myself at a stove, returned to the nearly deserted car. There, I found only a humble couple, an emigrant and his wife, bound for the western country. The man had charge of a bundle on which were tied a tin kettle and drinking-cup, and the wife pressing a clamorous child to her bosom, promised it in the Doric of Lowland Scotland, that if it would be good and lie still, it would soon get to Albany, and have everything nice, and be put to bed. It was a difficult matter, however, to persuade young Sandy to be perfectly submissive, and I was glad when his remonstrances were drowned in the premonitory tolling of the engineer's bell and the onward rolling of the train.

This was not the only delay to our progress. About an hour after midnight, we came to a sudden pause where no station was visible; and immediately, very much to my surprise, the engine-driver, conductor, and several passengers were seen sallying forth with lanterns, and hastening down the embankment on our right. 'What are they going to do now?' said I to a gentleman, who, like myself, kept his seat. 'Only to take a look at some cars that were smashed this morning,' was the reply. On opening the window to observe the state of affairs, as well as the darkness would allow, there, to be sure, at the bottom and along the side of the high bank, lay an unhappy train, just as it had been upset. The locomotive on its side was partly buried in the earth; and the cars which had followed it in its descent lay in a confused heap behind. On the top of the bank, near to us, the last car of all stood obliquely on end, with its hind wheels in the air in a somewhat grotesque and threatening attitude. All was now still and silent. The killed and wounded, if there were any, had been removed. No living thing was visible but the errant engineer and others from our train clambering with lanterns in their hands over the prostrate wreck, and with heedless levity passing critical remarks on the catastrophe. Curiosity being satisfied, all resumed their places, and the train moved on without a murmur of complaint as to the unnecessary, and, considering the hour, very undesirable delay. I allude to the circumstance, as one of a variety of facts that fell within my observation, illustrative of the singular degree of patience and imperturbability with which railway travellers in America submit uncomplainingly to all sorts of detentions on their journey.

In consequence of these stoppages, the train did not arrive at its terminus on the Hudson till past two o'clock in the morning; and after all, the passengers required to cross in a ferry-boat to Albany. This unpleasant feat being accomplished, a fellow-passenger obligingly conducted me to the Delavan House, one of the hotels in the city.

Here I remained all next day, for even had I been inclined to proceed on my journey, I could not have done so; for in the northern states there is no railway travelling on Sunday. It is the practice for trains to



stop at the town or village where they arrive late on Saturday night; and there travellers, as in the olden time in England, have a day to spend in the tranquil enjoyment of a country inn, with a little breathing-time for the performance of religious duties. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and, walking out, I had an opportunity of seeing how Sunday was kept in the capital of the state of New York. Occupying a pleasant situation on a rising-ground facing the Hudson, the long streets, lined with lofty and well-built houses, and ornamented, as usual, with rows of trees shading the footpaths, were in universal repose. All places of business were shut; the traffic connected with the shipping was at rest; and nothing seemed to be going on except in a few half-shut groggeries on the quay fronting the river, where boatmen and sailors in bushy whiskers, and rough Wellington-boots pulled over their trousers, sat smoking away at long pipes in mere vacuity of thought. The only sound that broke upon the sunshiny stillness, was the voice of an itinerant preacher, who stood, Bible in hand, on the middle of a drawbridge which crossed to one of the exterior wharfs. It was a thankless expenditure of good intentions. Except a fluctuating crowd of idle youngsters, no one appeared to listen to the poor man's discourse, which, for anything I know, lasted all day, as I found a similar harangue going on on the same spot in the evening.

Albany, like all other cities in America, possesses a choice collection of churches of handsome exterior, each sect apparently vying with another as regards the attractiveness of its place of worship. The bells having begun to ring, I entered a church of respectable appearance, which I found to belong to the Baptist connection. The church, which was filled with an exceedingly well-dressed and attentive congregation, was fitted up with a regard to taste and comfort strikingly characteristic of places of public worship in the United States. Every traveller remarks the neatness of American churches. They resemble neither the venerable parish churches of England, with their old oak family-pews, antique monuments, and troop of charity children; nor the parish churches of Scotland, with their plain deal-seats, damp earthen floors, and unmelodious precentors. All of them, of whatever communion I chanced to attend during my journey, were carpeted all over like a drawing-room; the pews, of finely polished or painted wood, were spacious and cushioned; the windows furnished with Venetian blinds, to moderate the glare of sunshine; and the pulpit, low and without a sounding-board, consisted of a kind of enclosed platform, which was provided with a handsome sofa for a seat. It may also be noticed, that the pews are generally provided with light fans, which the ladies employ during warm weather. I never saw any functionary acting in the capacity of clerk or precentor. The singing is usually led by an organ and choir in a gallery opposite the pulpit. Not the least remarkable peculiarity in the arrangements, is the voluntary association of a number of young ladies and gentlemen to compose the choir. In some fashionable churches there are paid singers; but throughout the country generally, the members of the choirs belong to the best families, and act gratuitously. In one place which I visited, the leader of the church-choir was the principal medical man in the town. Facts of this kind are too pleasing to be overlooked.

The hotel into which chance had thrown me at Albany, I found to be conducted on the temperance principle; but it did not seem on that account to be inferior in point of extent or management. About sixty people attended the several meals in the saloon, where everything, as I afterwards discovered to be a common arrangement, was served to order from printed bills of fare. At the head of the room, near the entrance, stood a coloured manager. This personage, with a bow and

wave of the hand, allotted seats to the guests, and acted as a kind of fogleman to some eighteen or twenty waitresses, who were dressed in a somewhat uniform style. All of them, as I understood, were Irish girls. As at Boston, there was nothing like fast eating at table; and I began to wonder when this phenomenon was to make its appearance.

Behind the hotel is a narrow street, into which the window of my bedroom opened, and at dawn on Monday morning there commenced the warning sound of engine-bells, and the rattling of trains. Looking down into this narrow thoroughfare, one could not but be amazed at the manner in which a line of railway had been run along its centre, leaving scarcely space for an ordinary carriage on each side, and, consequently, putting children and passengers in continual peril. Other streets in the lower part of the city are similarly traversed; and that such encroachments are here and elsewhere permitted, may be supposed to be a strong indication of the small value set upon private right and convenience, when the interests of the public are presumed to be concerned. It may, indeed, be said, that danger to life and limb is seldom of so much consequence as to prevent railways from being extended in an unguarded form into the heart of any village or city in the States; the advantages of railway communication in developing resources, and increasing the value of property, being apparently held to be paramount to every other consideration.

By one of the railways so strangely projected along and across certain streets, I moved westward from Albany to Saratoga, the line of route being through a rather pretty country, undulating and well wooded, and settled by a class of farmers whose fields were regularly enclosed and cultured. Joined by a branch from Troy, a populous city on the east bank of the Hudson, the line crosses several branches of the river Mohawk, and at different points we pass near the Erie and Champlain canals, by which a large traffic is poured through this part of the country. On the Mohawk, several fine falls are disclosed, and we drive through scenery which must afford the most delightful summer rambles to the leisurely pedestrian. Villages of smart wooden houses are passed at intervals, and at the distance of thirty-two miles from Albany we arrive at Ballston Spa, a place celebrated for its mineral waters, and right through which the railway passes, offering the facility of setting down and taking up passengers at the door of the principal hotel. Seven miles further on, in the midst of a level and sandy tract of country covered with trees, we reach Saratoga Springs, the most fashionable and numerously attended watering-place in the United States.

Gay and thronged in the height of summer, how dull were now the deserted promenades of Saratoga! A long broad street, ornamented with rows of trees, from which every light wind brought down showers of discoloured leaves, was lined with hotels of enormous dimensions, but with two or three exceptions, all were shut up for the season; and so they would remain till the heats of the next dog-days brought troops of new visitors to the springs. I had the curiosity to taste one of the medicinal waters, which rose in a powerful volume through a wooden tube fixed over the spring. It sparkled with confined air, had a slight flavour of iron and weak beer, and was by no means unpleasant. The efficacy of the different springs would require, I think, to be considerable; for in the village itself, independently of a gay hotel-life, and the pleasure of lounging in arm-chairs under long shady verandas, there seemed to be absolutely no attractions. Rides through glades in the forest, and visits to interesting scenes in the neighbourhood, possibly help to draw strangers to the spot. Here we may consider ourselves to be in the centre of a district in which took place a series of warlike engagements, first between the English

and French, and afterwards between the British and American forces. It will be recollected, that it was at Fish Creek, on the Hudson, after a variety of operations in this vicinity, that the unfortunate Burgoyne surrendered with an army of 5000 men to General Gates on the 17th of October 1777. Having walked over the scene of this dismal humiliation, the tourist will pursue his way to Fort Edward, and Lakes George and Champlain, the whole forming a group of scenes not only among the most picturesque in America, but abounding at almost every step in the deepest historical interest.

At the time of my visit, various alterations were going on in Saratoga, including the laying of pipes for gas and the erection of some new structures. I had some amusement in noticing the removal of a house on rollers—a process at which the Americans are adepts. The house in question was of two stories, and the object seemed to be its transference to the opposite side of the street. It had already performed one-half of its journey across, and I have no doubt would settle down in its new situation without any untoward casualty. The furniture within it did not appear to be disturbed, nor had it been deserted by its adventurous inhabitants.

The construction of houses of wood admits of these not very difficult transitions; and so far a timber dwelling has its advantages. But other circumstances render wood desirable as a material for house-building. Not to speak of the cheapness of deals, or lumber, as this kind of timber is ordinarily called, a wooden house is much warmer than one of stone during the inclemency of winter, and therefore many persons consider it preferable. Such, at least, I found to be the general opinion in Nova Scotia. The method of erecting these wooden houses is very simple. In the first place, a skeleton framework is formed, over which plain deals are fastened, leaving spaces for door and windows. The next step is to nail shingles, or thin slips of wood, on the deals, so as to overlap each other like rows of slates; and the same arrangement is followed with the roof. A shingle-covered house, with ornamental architraves to door and windows, and properly painted, has a fully better effect than a house simply weather-boarded. In either case, the air is effectually excluded; and as the inside is always plastered, and finished off with ornamental paper-hangings, the house is as comfortable as can be desired. At all events, this easily extemporised dwelling, in which only the chimneys are of brick, suits a new country; and it is such houses, of a small and neat kind, placed in the outskirts and by-ways of American cities, that are owned and occupied by artisans and others of much higher means. That which appears strange to an Englishman, is the durability of these wooden structures, the very roofs of which are of a seemingly perishable material. But all is explained by that exceeding dryness of atmosphere, which forms a leading peculiarity of the North American climate, and which even the heaviest rains can scarcely be said to interrupt.

From Saratoga, travellers may diverge towards Lake George; but my plans not admitting of this interesting lateral trip, I contented myself with pursuing the route northwards to the foot of Lake Champlain. This run of 220 miles in one day, by cars and steamers, from Saratoga Springs to Montreal, was the most suggestive and pleasant I made in the whole course of my journey. It took me through a region, almost every foot of which had been the scene of military contention. Projected from the borders of Canada, and connected by its outlet with the St Lawrence, Lake Champlain has always been a favourite channel of attack on the States from the north, and at different points has been strengthened by military posts, to which the English succeeded on the expulsion of the French, and which now, within the

American frontier, are with one exception deserted and in ruins.

Passing the hamlet of Fort Ann, the cars, a few miles further on, reach Whitehall, known during the war as Skenesborough. Here the railway stops, and we have the first glimpse of Lake Champlain, probably the finest thing of its kind in America, and in some respects rivalling the most beautiful lakes of the old world. Stepping on board a steam-boat which awaited the arrival of the train, I was amazed at the size and magnificence of the vessel. Resembling a floating palace in its interior accommodations and ornament, it offered for repose a spacious and airy saloon, furnished with the richest carpets and sofas, and from tall pier-mirrors, surmounting marble tables, you were reflected at every movement. The only discordant feature in this elegant apartment, was a number of large spittoons of brown earthenware, placed near the velvet-covered sofas for the use of the passengers. Such things had already come under my notice in the parlours of the hotels I had visited; and although I cannot say they were much in requisition, the circumstance of their being profusely scattered about, conveyed an unpleasant idea of habits which have gained an unenviable notoriety.

The southern extremity of Lake Champlain is narrow like a river, between high banks. Twenty miles up, it expands considerably, runs into creeks, is encroached upon by bushy headlands, and overlooked by the small clearings and cottages of settlers. Finally, it reaches a breadth varying from 6 to 9 miles, and extends altogether a length of 182 miles. On our left, in advancing northwards, we have the state of New York, and on the right that of Vermont. The former is the more picturesque; the latter, embracing a variety of easy slopes, and in all respects more open, seems the better adapted for cultivation. Far in the distance, on the Vermont side, are seen the lofty green mountains from which the state has derived its designation. They were the first hills, worthy of the name, I had seen in America. The steamer, in its progress up the lake, stopped at various points to land and take up passengers. One of these points, adjoining a promontory on our left, was Ticonderoga, the ruins of whose fortifications are observed overhanging the cliffs, and intermingled with the wild brushwood. Here the French, in their warfare against the English colonists, established themselves in 1755; here was the scene of some desperate engagements, in which Montcalm, Howe, and Abercromby were concerned; and here, as is well known, did a small English garrison, commanded by Captain Delaplace, yield themselves prisoners to Colonel Ethan Allen and a band of Green Mountain Boys, May 10, 1775. Crown Point, further up the lake on the same side, and where the ground inclines to an accessible beach, is the site of a still older and more imposing fort of the same origin. After being wrested from the French, the fortress was greatly enlarged by Lord Amherst, and is said, in various ways, to have cost the British government two millions sterling. It also fell into the hands of the Americans, and now consists of a number of rugged walls and grassy mounds, a glimpse of which is obtained from the deck of the passing steamer.

Having passed these spots, the passengers were summoned to dinner in a lower saloon, along which two tables were prepared as tastefully as in a first-rate hotel. On descending to take our places, the gentlemen of the party were requested to wait till the ladies had come down and seated themselves; an arrangement with which, of course, all acquiesced. Those gentlemen who had ladies in charge participated in the choice of places at the top of the tables; the *balance* of the seats, to use an American phrase, being left to such solitary travellers as myself. I did not, however, find on this or subsequent occasions that any difference was

made between the upper and lower parts of the tables, as respects viands or attendance. Again, in this meal, I failed to observe any voracity in the guests; and nothing was drunk but iced water—a luxury with which the people of England generally have, as yet, little practical acquaintance.

Burlington, a handsomely built and thriving town, is the port of largest size touched by the steamer. It is situated at the bottom of a bay, on the east or Vermont side of the lake, and possesses railway communication in several directions, by which travellers have an opportunity of varying their route. Further on, and diagonally crossing this fine sheet of water, which is here eight to nine miles wide, and prettily dotted with islands, we arrive at Plattsburg, in the state of New York. A railway train in waiting now carried us forward in a northerly direction, and having advanced a few miles, we cross the frontier into Lower Canada; the only indication we have of the change being the admonition in French at railway crossings: '*Prenez garde de la machine, quand la cloche sonne*'—a strange invasion of the peaceful routine of habitant life.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the train arrived at a point on the St Lawrence where we were ferried across to La Chine, the steamer occupying twenty minutes in the passage; my introduction to this magnificent river took place, therefore, in the partial darkness of an autumn night. There was just sufficient light from the stars to shew that we were upon a stream at least a mile in width, rolling in a ceaseless flood from the great lakes to the ocean. At La Chine, the passengers landed on the western extremity of the island of Montreal, and entering a railway terminus, found a train with the English form of carriages, ready to depart for the city of Montreal. This trip of eight or nine miles was soon over. At ten o'clock, I was in the hands of an Irish cabman, driving impetuously through a series of streets to a hotel; having in the space of fourteen hours, without toil or anxiety, and for a few dollars, performed a journey which, thirty years ago, would probably have required a week to accomplish.

W. C.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### BEING A CHAPTER OF DOCUMENTS.

SOME people may think it a little matter—but the world is made up of little matters—the effect produced upon Molly by the change she saw take place in Sara's demeanour. It is true, she did not consider this change logically, lay down her hypothenuses like Elizabeth, and proceed to found upon them a course of action; but her feeling was as good as some other folks' thinking: she knew what had occurred by a process altogether different from that of ratiocination; and when she heard the wheels of the bread-cart rattling among the further houses, she made up her mind on the instant. Now, this sound had hitherto been the signal for all the sauciness of Molly's nature to boil up from the bottom, sparkle in her round eyes, and hiss at the tip of her tongue; and when the baker drew up at the side-door, he received so many smiling insolences in return for his loaves and courtesies, that oft and again he resolved to keep company instead with Betty at the Hall. On this occasion, however, no sooner did the first faint murmur of the wheels strike upon Molly's tympanum, than she rushed like a whirlwind to her own dormitory, laved her face with soap and water till it shone again, combed and oiled her glossy black hair, and put on a clean apron as white as snow. She then hastened down to the side-door, and as the light cart

drew up, instead of standing to have the bread flung to her—which she generally returned with a toss as being either too crusty or too uncrusty—she stepped mincingly across the footway, and held up to the young man an insidiously soft and innocent face, and a snowy apron. Down jumps he on the instant all in a flush and flutter; he will carry the bread into the kitchen for her; he will hold the door open, that she may enter first; and—it is needless to make a mystery of the matter—he will have a kiss from her rich, warm lips behind it: an impudence which Molly resented with a slap that would not have fountered a butterfly. From that hour, the young man was a lost baker.

If this is a small matter to set down in our history, it was a very important matter for Sara's comfort. It is astonishing how well the two agreed after it; it was as if their souls had been brought into harmony with a tuning-key; and Sara, who was ignorant of the nature of the change in Molly, feeling unconsciously the sympathy that was now between them, came to the opinion that the poor girl was turning a very sensible girl after all. But a trial was in waiting for her own nerves, which put all such speculations out of her head for the time. One morning, while they were at the breakfast-table, her aunt received a post-letter, addressed to her in the handwriting of Miss Heavystoke, the late governess, and Sara expected that when she had finished its perusal, the document would be placed in her hands as usual, that it might be read aloud for the benefit of the whole. Elizabeth, however, when she had got to the end, folded up the letter slowly, and began to sip her tea without uttering a word. The captain was withheld, by his customary gentlemanly feeling, from testifying any curiosity, but looked surprised and anxious; and Sara, whose fears were for him, watched her aunt with an interest which, in reference to so simple a circumstance, would have been absurd in a less simple family. It was always in vain, however, to try to collect anything from Elizabeth's eyes. When she had finished breakfast, she rose, still silent, from her chair, and settling her dress about her, and squaring her elbows, walked out of the room.

Sara did not dare to look at her uncle, for she felt as if something awful was coming; and the two sat for some time in an awkward and expectant silence, which was at length broken by Elizabeth calling her niece from the top of the stairs. The young lady obeyed the summons, though not in her usual bounding manner, with her heart in her steps. On entering the room, she found that her aunt had subsided into a chair by merely bending her knees, her elbows retaining their squareness, and the letter held between her two hands, that were folded in front. Another chair was close beside her; and Sara seeing that it was intended for her, sat down in it, and looked inquiringly at her aunt; whereupon the virgin put an arm round her in her usual affectionate but highly uncomfortable manner, touching the waist she embraced only with the tips of her bent fingers, and addressed her as follows:—

'It has often been remarked, that the disappointments of life have a greater pang for the young than the old, although many are of opinion that, in the case of the former, the effect is less enduring—that the slender twig, when the blast is over, rises as easily as it bent. But it may be doubted whether this is any good reason for withholding our sympathy, since during the act of bending there may be a grief and a pang

intense in proportion to the vigour of the young life they deal with. If heart-disappointments are the bitterest of all, as some authors hold, then must the individual who is thus tried become the object of our tenderest compassion; but if that compassion be heightened by fellow-feeling—and here the fingers of the virgin trembled on her niece's waist—"if the history of the sympathiser chance to be overshadowed with a heart-misery as great, and more hopeless, need I describe the attraction that will draw these two souls together, or the benefit that will be derived by the new plunger into the valley of the shadow of death from the counsels of one who has trodden it before?"

"Can it be that Robert is dead?" thought Sara's quaking heart.

"Before putting into your hands a letter," continued Elizabeth, "which may lay low the castles of your youthful dreams, I considered it my duty to address to you these few plain words of consolation, that you may see distinctly what is without you, and feel vividly what is within. I will now leave you alone during the perusal; and when you have finished, I trust I shall find you prepared to listen with resignation to some few healing remarks, of which you have heard the exordium." And so saying, Elizabeth kissed her niece on the brow with all the warmth of her nature, and glided, slow and stately, out of the room.

After such an exordium, the trepidation with which Sara unfolded the letter will not be wondered at. The document ran thus:—

"LUXTON CASTLE, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR MADAM—I have received a long letter from Miss Sara in reply to my few lines announcing the comfortable situation I had obtained here. The letter is so charmingly composed that I am quite proud of my pupil: handwriting, however, a little headlong here and there, as if the pen had run away with the fingers, instead of the fingers controlling the pen. Likewise, the *i*'s not uniformly crossed, and a *g* unlooped. But I would not have you mention these matters to her at present; for if my penetration was not much at fault when I had the pleasure of residing in your house—and it seldom is at any time—she will have enough to do, poor dear! to bear up against the things I have further to write.

"Lord Luxton is a good-humoured, hearty old man, such as I would call decidedly vulgar—only he isn't; and when he was taken suddenly ill the other day, we were all much grieved. It was supposed at first to be apoplexy, seeing that he has a short neck, and is much devoted to his dinner; and his brother, Sir Vivian Falcontower, was sent for express. But in a day or two he rallied, and came down stairs almost as well as ever, although the doctors would not allow him to stir out of doors. In the meantime, his brother and niece arrived at the castle, and the neighbouring families came to pay visits of congratulation on his recovery; and one lady and gentleman brought with them two old friends of yours, who were staying with them at the time—Mrs Seacole and her son.

"Mrs Seacole was condescending and lady-like as usual, but when I asked how she had left the inmates of the Lodge, she answered so slightly that I was surprised. I at length ventured to hint at the interesting position of the two families in relation to each other, and she broke into a laugh of surprise and ridicule.

"I am surprised, my dear Miss Heavystoke," said

she, "to hear a lady of your experience talk in that way. My son is only twenty-one, and that nice, pretty girl, Miss Sara, is still younger. It would be a hard case, indeed, if young people could not romp and flirt at their little tea-parties, without being booked by older ones for man and wife. Adolphus is now of age, and has left the make-believe world for the real one, and will marry, doubtless, in good time, in his own position. I have too high an opinion of Miss Sara's good sense to suppose that she misunderstands anything that has passed between them as boy and girl; but if you think she does, it would only be doing your duty—and everybody knows Miss Heavystoke is not slow at that—to let her know that the festival which celebrates the arrival at his majority of a young man of fortune, is a line of demarcation which separates for ever the ideal from the real of life." You may think how much I was astonished at this speech, considering what I had heard her say on the same subject before; but ere I could collect myself for an answer, she was gone.

"The next day, when my little charge, Lord Luxton's grand-niece, and I were at our studies in our own room, Mr Seacole came in abruptly.

"Pardon me, Miss Heavystoke," said he, "but I have only an instant, and I must seize the opportunity to inquire after our friends at the Lodge. Have you heard from them?—and when?"

"I have heard from Miss Sara," said I—but he followed my eye like lightning, and appeared to be about to dart upon the letter, which lay upon the table before me.

"Oh," said I, "I have no objection to your reading it; there are no secrets in it; and it will tell you the whole news of the family."

"It is beautifully written," said he; "you must have taken great pains with Sara—I see your style in every line. There is a sentence here I must copy, it is turned so neatly: as the letter is of no consequence, you will not mind trusting it with me till to-morrow;" and cramming it into his pocket, he was off in an instant. I cannot say I liked the proceeding, but still his remark was natural, for the style could not be mistaken, and I was in hopes the young man might derive a useful lesson from it himself. I was in great concern, however, at the difference of feeling between himself and his mother, and I hardly knew what part it was proper for me to take. But it soon appeared that Mrs Seacole knew very well what she was about, and that her son did not.

"When Sir Vivian Falcontower, the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Luxton, arrived, with his daughter, from London, the whole house took a new aspect. They are very great people, it seems, of high fashion, and as unlike the old peer as possible. Everything was to be done by rule; the servants hardly whispered as they went about; and I expected to see in Miss Falcontower a severe and haughty lady of rank—probably an old maid. But how much was I deceived! a simple, artless creature was this woman of fashion, a girl not many years older than Miss Sara—and oh, how lovely! with a pair of eyes, like condensed lightning, but flashing in a rapid stream when she turned it on. Yet simple and artless though she seemed, she was somehow the mistress of every thing and person around her. The lightest word, the briefest glance, was a command; and her softness and calmness, instead of setting people at their ease, made them hold their breath.

"Mr Seacole, I regret to say, was the first to fall under her sway. I do not think he spoke to her often, but sometimes the mother contrived it, and after a few days he was constantly hovering about the house, and appearing and vanishing in the grounds. I could not get speech of him alone for a moment, though I tried hard to compass it, for I considered it an improper thing that Miss Sara's handwriting should remain in

his possession, more especially when I saw how things were going on. At last the time of the Falcontowers' departure arrived, and Mrs Seacole and her son, who had become quite gracious with them, came over to bid good-bye. I saw the mother draw Sir Vivian's attention away; I saw the shake of the hand between the other two; I saw the look that lightened upon the young man's face, and I knew it would not be forgotten.

'When the carriage drove off, Mr Seacole, instead of going down the avenue with his mother, darted into the grounds; but I knew his destination, and was determined to reclaim the letter, as I was pretty sure I should see him no more at the castle. I overtook him at a place near which the high road sweeps after a long detour, and accosted him just as he was about to ascend the eminence.

"Mr Seacole," said I, out of breath, "be so good as to return me the letter you took from my table."

"What letter? I have lost it—it is at home—I know nothing about it."

"I will have it," said I. "I call upon you as a gentleman to return what is not your own, and what you had no permission to take."

"Hang it!" cried he, with an emphasis that might have suited a worse exclamation; and snatching a letter from his breast-pocket, he put it into my hands, and ran up the hill. I turned away in great concern for poor Miss Sara, and was near the house before I thought of looking at the recovered autograph—when I found that it was some trumpery letter from a companion of his own. In the afternoon, I walked over to the house where the Seacoles were staying, but found they had taken their departure an hour before.

'I have now, my dear madam, come to the end of my afflicting narrative, and I need not point out to you the necessity for breaking the affair gradually and tenderly to our dear girl. She will suffer, I fear, in health as well as spirits; but she will get over it in time. Camomile tea would be a good thing for her in the morning; likewise of a Sunday the Chorus of the Israelites on the piano, and that grand Hallelujah; together with a table-spoonful now and then of my own mixture, which would have done your foolish Molly so much good in her sick headache, if she had not spat it all out in a rage. I enclose the letter Mr Seacole gave me by mistake, and with kindest love to the injured sufferer, and respectful compliments to the captain, I am, my dear madam, ever faithfully yours,

MARTHA HEAVYSTOKE.'

We will not say that this letter was altogether without its share of mortification for Sara; for even the most humane women like to see their rejected suitors suffer a little. However, with the aid of a touching homily from her aunt, she very soon recovered her spirits; and Elizabeth took great credit to herself for the skilful way in which she had managed so delicate an affair—her niece's disclaimer of any tender feelings towards young Seacole having, of course, no weight with so shrewd a woman of the world.

When they went down stairs, the captain was not in the parlour, which rather surprised Elizabeth, who had made him acquainted with the contents of the letter while Sara was reading it, and who naturally expected that he would be anxious to know how his niece had taken it. After some time, however, he made his appearance; embraced Sara affectionately; and then sat down without speaking, to amuse himself, as usual, with the Army List—looking, as the two ladies thought, uncommonly cold and stern. A remark made some time after by Molly, threw a light upon the matter which terrified Sara.

'What ever can the captain be going to do with his pistols?' said she to her young mistress. 'He has been a-taking out and putting in the nails, and cleaning everything like a new pin, and looking all the while as dread-

ful calm as if his mind was made up—I don't know what about.' Sara, on hearing this, considered that it was no time to stand upon scruples of delicacy; so she flew to the veteran, told him exactly her position with Adolphus, and expressed the pleasure she felt that he had already been able to console himself for her refusal of his hand.

'Why did you refuse so good an offer?' asked the captain in surprise, and perhaps with some suspicion.

'Because I did not like him well enough to accept it,' replied Sara; 'and you now see by the unsteadiness of his feelings and fancies, that I was right. But perhaps Miss Heavystoke's enclosure may throw some light upon the subject. I put it into my pocket and forgot it. But is it proper to read another person's letter?'

'Quite proper,' decided the captain, 'since that other person has read yours. It is an indisputable law of strategy; and I remember at the siege of—no matter: let us hear what it says; and first, what is the writer's name?'

'Fancourt—Mrs Seacole's cousin, I declare: the same who danced with you, dear aunt.'

'And a very gentlemanlike fellow too,' said the captain—'hey, Elizabeth?'

'When a man,' replied his sister, 'wears what I have heard denominated in the gay world a white choke, without looking like a footman, he is perhaps entitled to be set down as a gentleman. The individual you allude to wore the sort of cravat in question, and did not look like a footman, even when handing a glass of orangeade: I leave the deduction to intelligent minds.'

'Say away, then, Sara.'

'ALBANY, Thursday.

'MY DEAR ADOLPHUS—Your mother wants me to write you a letter of advice—isn't that rich? And about what, think you? Why, you have been flirting, it seems, with a rural beauty, possessing a fortune that, if judiciously invested, might enrich you with eighty or ninety pounds a year; and your respected parent is afraid you mean to marry her! These poor mothers! Their sons never grow into men for them: even when they have come of age, and are about to burst into the world, they look upon them as if they were still at the era when sugar-plums and red apples are the grand prizes of life. You and I know better, and I will not throw my wisdom away upon you.

'Only thus far I will counsel you. If the girl is the niece of the—the'—(here the writing seemed to become illegible, for Sara hesitated)—'of the graceful lady I danced with'—(we would bet a trifle that the indistinct words really ran: of the fusty old maid I trotted out)—'she is absolutely a nice creature, as sweet as a sugar-plum, and with cheeks as red as an apple. Now, in a case like this, a little inconstancy does a fellow's reputation good; it is so much stock to trade upon when he sets out upon his adventures in real life; and for that reason, I would not have you let the girl down too easily. Make her feel the disappointment—she will soon get over it; and let a few pensive looks and disconsolate sighs follow you in your new career.

'But to drop these little matters, that are so very little to grown men—I have to say a word to you about a subject of more consequence. Like every other inheritor of a snug estate, you are of course turning over in your mind the question of that necessary absurdity—marriage; and, like every other man of spirit, you are of course determined to have your *quid pro quo*, and not to throw yourself away for nothing. Now, I am for having you look a little high when you are about it. The neighbourhood where you now are, I happen to know, will presently be illumined by a star of the first magnitude, a niece of Lord Luxton. She is beautiful, fashionable, clever, connected with the first families in the kingdom, and at first sight far above a simple estated gentleman; but there are circumstances in her position which rectify the balance.

Claudia Falcontower has been the victim of a theory. She has fought the battle of life in a series of mathematical problems, without making due allowance for the effect of extraneous or coincidental circumstances. Her stern, unyielding plan has usually succeeded for a while; but in the long-run, there has always come from an unexpected quarter, ignored by her philosophy, some sudden and destructive blow; and thus has she toppled down in her aspirations, from a strawberry leaf through sundry gradations to a red right hand—why not to the crest of an esquire? She has no money; but by her talents and family influence, she would make you one of the first men in the kingdom, and as her husband, you would at once take rank in the highest circles of the aristocracy.

'Claudia, observe, has as yet suffered no heart disappointment the world knows of—whether she has a heart at all to suffer may even be a question. But you are a likely young fellow—and you know it, Dolphy—of a family as ancient, though untitled, as her own, and the inheritor of a fair estate; and after all her strategetic calamities, it may just occur to her, if you shew yourself at the critical time; that it would be as easy to make her husband great as to find a great husband ready made. But beware of love, my boy, or the game is up at the outset. That is all very well for your country sugar-plums and rosy apples, but Claudia would fool your passion to the top of its bent, and then laugh at you. She is not so young as she looks—she is a deep one, she is; and you must play warily. Remember, it is bad taste to compliment, except when the woman is ugly. A magnificent creature like Claudia knows very well what you must think of her, and to say it in words—words that have become nauseous from repetition—will only make her yawn. Let her see that you admire her person, venerate her talents, and that you have a very tolerable respect for your own position. Try your luck, old fellow, and go in and win! Adieu, my dear Dolphy; believe me, ever yours, SEDLEY FANCOURT.'

This letter did not disturb much the good-humour either of the reader or the hearers. Elizabeth's indignation at the cruelty that would have had her niece continue to suffer from a misplaced attachment, was lost in her triumph at having so skilfully healed the wound before it could be tampered with by the enemy. The captain, who knew how matters really stood, was amused at the idea of the rejected suitor being counselled not to let down his victim too easily. As for Sara, having grown wondrously learned in human nature ever since her musical performance in the garden, she was not deceived by Mr Fancourt's advice to his cousin to pay court to the lady of fashion. This, she saw clearly, was only a ruse to draw the young man's thoughts from dwelling exclusively on her, and she almost pitied Adolphus for the snare he had fallen into. What kind of person, she wondered, was in reality this terrible Claudia? Might not the enigma of her character be solved by supposing that she was still immersed in the life-politics of her class, only because her woman's heart had never yet been touched? What would be Robert's fate if he chanced, in the course of his adventures in the world, to fall in with an enchantress like this? Would he smile sternly at the sorceries that could not reach his moral character? or, striking the hitherto untouched chord, would he etherealise this material beauty till he loved it? Would he warm the cold nature, elevate the conventional views, and endowing her genius with his own nobler qualities, avail himself of the brilliance of hers, and of the influence of her rank, and thus give himself to fortune? Sara viewed this picture for a moment with dismay; but anon she smiled at the notion of one, whose lot it was to work his way up from the densest obscurity, falling into any association of equality with

a high-born and high-bred lady like this; and Sara even admitted, for she would be candid notwithstanding her admiration of her friend, that the sympathies of the Miss Falcontowers of the time ran little risk of being awakened by a man who supported himself by the work of his hands, as well as the work of his brain.

A specimen of the latter work was speedily before her; and a great day it was in Simple Lodge when the substantial octavo Mrs Margery called a quarterly made its appearance. The captain read the title-page, imprint and all, but lost himself completely in the advertisements, of which he declared he could make neither head nor tail. Elizabeth, better acquainted with literature, got at the table of contents, and finding there an analysis of the works of Sumphplunger, the great German psychologist, marked the article for future perusal. The Review then came of right into the hands of Sara, who read Robert's paper aloud, sitting in such a position as to screen the criminality of Molly, who, in defiance of an express law upon the subject, left a chink of the door open, that she might listen outside. The article was of a practical nature, concerning the progress of the people, and written more especially with reference to a legislative measure then making its slow way through the Houses of Parliament. The views were bold and striking, the style energetic, and the whole exhibited unquestionable proofs, if not of a practised pen, at least of a vigorous and masculine mind. If we were compiling a Book, we would of course insert the document entire; but standing, as we do, in awe of gods, men, and columns, we venture only on a brief extract, bearing on the individuality of the writer, and having thus a direct connection with our history. The captain himself had probably a misty suspicion of the fact; for when Sara had finished the paragraph, although he had hitherto listened and made no sign, he called out sharply: 'Read that again!' and she accordingly read again as follows:—

'But all such plans for the regeneration of a people in the condition of the English will fail, unless they are in the first place brought back to that respect for Labour which is the distinguishing feature of all those young communities that are destined to achieve greatness. We do not mean respect for labour of a particular kind, but for all labour. As it is, we attach ourselves, generally speaking, to some trade or calling, and if that fails, we throw ourselves upon the state for support, or perish. We never consider that we are sent into the world to battle with the earth, the elements, and our fellow-men for a subsistence, not by the exercise of one faculty, or capability, but of all our powers.

'Emigrants to a new country are told that they must adapt themselves to circumstances; that they must discard all preconceived notions of gentility, or of confinement within particular circles of employment, and work—work—at anything, everything, that comes in the way. And what is this world to us all but a new country, into which we come naked and inexperienced, to wrest from the contact of circumstances the knowledge and skill that will enable us to fight the battle of life? Why should we place ourselves in the footsteps of preceding individuals or generations, and fancy the path our own peculiar world? Why should we consider every kind of labour but that to which we are accustomed degrading or impossible? All labour is honourable, for the end and purpose of all labour are the same. He who works, if his work should be but a hedge or a ditch, is worthy of respect; and he alone who stands idle, because his peculiar employment has dried up, and so permits himself to fall into starvation or beggary, is a fit object of contempt. Respect for labour is the secret of the rise of a country destined to become great; the loss of this respect is the signal of its fall. In Great Britain, the conventional superstitions that enthrall our souls are ominous of senility and decline. It is only abroad that the Anglo-Saxon blood is able to



assert its dignity—that the delivered bondmen of caste and gentility, restored to the natural respect for labour, erect new empires beyond the ocean that are destined to be the seats of liberty and civilisation when Europe has fallen into decay.'

## MORE UNSUSPECTED RELATIONS.

### THE FAMILY-TREE OF THE 'TWOSONS.'

AMONG philosophers who looked upon language as an invention, it used to be a favourite theory that pronouns and numerals, being names for the most abstract notions that we have, must have been among the last found out. This was before the days of Comparative Grammar, when languages were studied, each by itself, and in their peculiarities rather than in their common properties. A very unprofitable study, by the way, in most things, but especially in things human. That knowledge of men which consists in noting the idiosyncrasies, weaknesses, and wickednesses of individuals, is not the kind of knowledge that helps to hold the world together. It is not thus we know our friends, but by those deeper grounds of common judgment and sympathy, which we perceive in them and in all that belong to our class of worthies. How, then, should it be otherwise with human speech? And yet the differential method, if we may so call it, was long almost the only one applied to the study of languages; and in our classical schools and colleges, points of resemblance and community continue to receive only casual attention. Does not a great Latin scholar still mean a man strong in the knowledge of Latin idioms and inflections—that is, in the points where that language differs from Greek or English? The consequence is, that scholarship in language continues to be synonymous with all that is contracted, isolating, and inhuman—a fit pursuit for Dryasduets, with little or no attraction for the warm and generous, but what it chances to derive from historical prestige or from professional interest.

But a change is coming over the spirit of this study. 'The time is rapidly approaching,' says one distinguished philologist, 'when the discrepancies of human speech will appear inconsiderable, and when the marks of a common origin and of a family-likeness will engross all our attention and interest.' One result of looking at the subject from this more comprehensive, catholic point of view, has been to overturn several old theories built upon mere speculation. Among others, the theory as to the late origin of pronouns and numerals is found untenable. The comparative philologists may say with Molière's Doctor regarding the position of the heart, 'We have changed all that.' The creed now is, that words of this class 'are the basis of all language—the very oldest part of every tongue; for it is just those words which retain their identity in languages that have been longest separate, and have therefore become most unlike in other particulars.'

We propose to illustrate this assertion, so far as it can be done to the English reader, in the case of a pair of these parent words. But, first, it will be necessary to state shortly the connection between personal pronouns and numerals generally.

By carefully analysing and comparing a great many kindred tongues, especially the more ancient, this conclusion is arrived at: that the same words served originally for the three personal pronouns, and the first three numbers. The ground of this relation is not obvious at first, but when pointed out, it approves itself as natural. We have no reason to suppose that the primitive pronouns were any such abstractions as they have since become; they appear, in fact, to have been nothing more than names of the most elementary distinctions of space or position, and were probably, at first, spontaneous sounds accompanying the action of

pointing, and gradually taking its place. *I, thou, and he*, then—or rather, *me, thee, and that*, for objectives are older than nominatives—signified directly the *here*, the *near to the here*, and the *there*, and then, by association, the persons in those positions. Now, it is obvious that these three designations will serve equally well for the *one*, the *two*, and the *three* of a series. Our own colloquialism of *number one*, as a synonym for *myself*, shews how natural this relation appears at all times.

With regard to the first and the third pair in this series, the affinity of the words, owing to their having been compounded in various ways, is no longer discernible in modern languages, and is barely traceable in Greek and Latin. We may point out one remaining trace to the English reader. In *monosyllable*, for example, we have the Greek word *monos*, 'only,' containing the root of *mon*, *me*, 'my,' 'me,' and pointing to a time when the Greek for *one* must have contained the same root. But the name for the second position, being less compound than the other two, has undergone less alteration, and the identity, in this case, of the pronoun and the numeral, in most European languages, is unmistakable. Compare—

Gr.	Lat.	Fr.	It.	Sp.	Ger.	Eng.
su (or tu)	tu	tu	tu	tu	du	thou
duo	duo	deux	due	dos	zwei	two

To get over the slight discrepancies in *s, t, d, th, z*, we have only to recollect that some Greeks said *thalatta*, where others said *thalassa*; that what the Germans call *vater*, the Dutch call *vader*, and the English *father*; and that *z* for *t* is merely a distinction between High German and Low.

Having thus established—we trust satisfactorily—that *thou* and *two* are twin-brothers, let us trace the family-tree, and see what a proportion of our vocabulary have the blood of this stock in their veins.

The pronominal branch of the stock has been anything but prolific; it contains only *thou*, *thee*, *thine*, *thy*, and the verb *to thee-and-thou*. But the progeny of the Numeral swell into a nation. We have first *two* itself, its old form *twain*, and the adverb *twice*. *Second* has no connection with *two*, being from the Latin *secundus*, 'the following.' But *two*, as we formerly saw, enters into *ten* (trai-hand); and *-ty* (Gothic *-ti-gus*, as if *te-hun*) is only another disguise of the same compound; so that we have *two* twice in *twenty*, once in *thirty*, *forty*, &c., and also in *twelve* ('two left,' over ten). *Twins* is 'two' or 'twain' at a birth, and *be-tween* is 'by' or 'near' the 'two'—that is, having one on each side.

To *twine* is to unite the strands of a cord like twins. *Twist* has often much the same meaning, but oftener the very opposite. In fact, 'to *two*' things, may signify either 'to pair' them—that is, turn two into one, or more naturally, perhaps, to turn one into two. The ground meaning of *twist* seems to be, to change the one, straight direction of a thing into *two*. Whoever thinks it strange that the same word should unite in itself two opposed meanings, has only to look at the bifurcation of a tree, and he will see the same thing embodied to the eye—the parting of one into two, or the uniting of two into one. This comparison at once suggests the connection of *twig* with *two*; and, taken along with Shallow's likeness to a 'forked radish,' it explains such a use of *twist* as occurs in the following sentence from Holinshed: 'There was a man seene in Aquitaine, whose height was such, that a man of common height might easilie go under his *twist* without stooping.'

In *tweak*, *twitch*, *tweeze*, the family-likeness is so strong, and the connection of ideas so obvious, that we unhesitatingly add them to the list, though a different parentage is usually assigned them. To *tweak* or *twitch* is to take anything 'twixt' the finger and the thumb in order to pinch or pull it. The case of *tweeze* and

*tweezers* is still clearer. We claim the same alliance for *twang*, *twinkle*, *twitter*, and similar words, on like grounds: they all involve the notion of 'vibration' or 'alternating' between two states or positions. Let the reader look well at the features of *tie*, *to*, and *too*, and consider that their function is to join things together, and he will not, we believe, dispute that they may have had the same origin. So much for the native branch of the Twosons. Look we now for the immigrant members of the family, and introduce them to their relations.

We present, first, *debt*, *rebellion*, *combine*; but the natives, we perceive, look shy; nor is it to be wondered at, that they should hesitate to acknowledge such foreign-looking, and, morally, rather questionable characters as their kindred, without some proof. Well, here are their genealogical documents; and the same will serve for a good many yet to come. The Greek and Latin form of *two* was *dvo*, pronounced, originally at least, as a monosyllable, the *d* and *v* forming a sort of compound consonant. *V* was a very unstable element, easily exchangeable with *b*, as is the case still, and often passing into *y*; so that in composition *dv-* assumes the forms of *db-*, *df-*, *dy-*, *dj-*, &c. In addition to this, it often happened that one of the elements of this compound articulation was dropped. Accordingly, it is well known that *duellum*, 'a fight between two,' is the same word as *bellum*; and the Latin *bis* (*binus*), 'twice,' is just the Greek *dis*. These changes and mutilations, then, to which *dv-* was liable, explain the disguises under which the classical branch of this family appear; and a knowledge of them enables us to recognise the connection between our own *two* and such words as *duel*, *belligerent*, *di-ploma* (something 'doubled'), *combine*, *biscuit* (twice cooked), &c.

From the Latin *debeo* (*debitus*), 'to owe,' we have got, through the French, *debt*, *due*, *duty*, &c. The parentage of these words is brought home to *duo* thus: *debeo* is *deveo* or *dveo*—like enough to *duo* in form; but what connection is there in sense? The connection is traced through the Greek *deo*, which is the same word with the *v* dropped. Now, *deo* means 'to bind' (where the force of *two* is perceptible enough—compare *tie*); and what was *debeo*, 'to owe,' but 'to be under obligation,' 'to be literally bound,' as the poor debtors knew to their cost? Thus are these respectable members of our vocabulary happily restored to their long-estranged connections.

The Latin for a 'yoke' or a 'pair' was *jugum*, which might be written *dygum*, *dygum*, and is clearly one of *duo*'s progeny. From *jugum* was formed *jungo*, 'to couple'; and these two words, either directly or through the French, give us a whole host of additional kindred—*join*, *conjugal*, *subjugate*, *junction*, *rejoinder*, &c. The word *yoke* (German *joch*) is clearly the same as *jugum*; it is not borrowed, however, from the Latin; for it is genuine Saxon, and is introduced here only because its relation to the family is best seen in connection with *jugum*.

*Dual*, *doubt* (Latin *dubito*), *dubious*, *double*, wear their certificates of birth on their foreheads. But the most numerous sub-branch of this family consists of words beginning with *bi-*, *di-*, *dis-*, *de-*, *dys-*; for these syllables are only *duo* in disguise, and we can claim the compounds into which they enter as having Dual blood in their veins. The notion common to all these prefixes is *two-ing*, or division; but that fundamental notion becomes variously modified. Sometimes it is implied that two things, conceivable apart, are coupled or united; as in *bi-ped*, *bi-valve*, *di-phthong*. Sometimes the result or tendency is to produce separation; as in *di-verge*, *dis-tract* (pull two ways), *dis-arm* (separate the person and his arms), *de-ter*. From separation, the transition is easy to privation, and from privation to unfavourableness, or badness generally; as in *difficulty* (the privation of facility and consequent presence of

the opposite quality), *dys-pepsia* (the privation of good digestion, that is bad digestion), *dis-aster* (an ill star), *Desdemona* (having an ill demon or guardian-angel—anticipating the poor lady's fate in getting the Moor for a husband); and so on, through thirty or forty pages of the dictionary.

If the ancestral *Duo* had left a large inheritance, and we had been counsel for his Anglicised descendant *divide*, we should have put in a claim for a triple share on behalf of our client, as being three *duos* rolled into one. Its claim on account of the syllable *di-* is clear, from what has been said already. But the other part of the word existed apart as *viduo*, also meaning, 'to divide,' and this word has every appearance of having been formed by a reduplication of *duo*—as if (*d*)*viduo*—a process very common in the early stages of language. *Divide*, then, with all its retinue, *division*, *divisible*, &c., are, in this view, triple-distilled Fitz-duos. Connected with *viduo*, the Latin has *viduus*, *vidua*, 'separated,' 'bereaved.' This is evidently only another way of spelling our word *widow*, which is therefore to be added to the family, but to the Saxon branch of it.

*Fido* (*findo*), *fissum*, again, is only a variety of *vido*, and this enables us to add *fissure* to our catalogue. It is also believed that *dvo*, with the *d* dropped, is the root of *vicio* (*vincio*), 'to bind,' and *vinco*, 'to conquer' (because the conquered were 'bound'); which lets in the whole group of *victor*, *vanquish*, *convince*, &c., into the alliance.

A good many words of Greek origin begin with *dia-*, and here we have the ubiquitous *duo* again. In this form it sometimes signifies 'through'—the separation of a thing into two being effected by passing something 'through' it; and sometimes, like *dis*, it implies 'separation' generally, or coming 'between.' Thus *dia-meter*, is 'the measure through'; *dia-logue*, 'speech between' parties; *dia-phragm*, 'a dividing' membrane. But this, we are sorry to say, opens the door for a relation whom the rest of the family will hardly make welcome. We would willingly, for the credit of the clan, deny the claim; but the evidence is too clear. In short, *devil* is a Fitzduo! Compare Gr. *dia-bolos*, Lat. *dia-bolus*, Ital. *dia-volo*, Fr. *dia-ble*, Dut. *die-fle*, Ger. *teuf-el*, Eng. *de-vil*, formerly *di-vell*. The Greek form of the word lets us into its primary meaning; in that language, it is derived from a verb signifying 'to cast asunder,' and hence 'to cause dissension,' 'to traduce.' Thus, both in the outward features and in the moral character of the arch 'mischief-maker,' we can see distinctly the family type of *duo*—*dia*—*de*, 'two,' 'division.'

To make up in some degree for this discreditable connection, we have to offer that of *Jupiter* (*Diu-piter*), *Jove* (*Dio-ve*), *Zeus* (*Dyeus*), *Janus* (*Dianus*), *Diana*. These deities were specially gods of the sky, or light, or day (*dies*); and their names undoubtedly contain the root of *dies*, for Jupiter occurs as *Diu-pater*, and *Dies-piter*, 'father of day.'

We have only, then, to connect *diu* or *dies* with *duo*. Now *diu*, 'long,' seems to have signified primarily 'duration' generally, and hence the most marked portion of duration—namely, the period of daylight. But duration is suggested, or at least imaged to the mind, by progress 'through,' and 'through' (*dia*) is associated, as we have seen, with *two-ing*. Many an inheritance, we are bold to say, has been claimed and awarded on worse evidence of consanguinity than this. We therefore add these once venerable names, now, alas! fallen lower than the dust of Alexander, and serving for little but to point—not a moral, but a minced oath. They come not alone, however, for *dies* comes with them, and brings in its train more congeners than we can count: *day*, *daily*, *meridian*, *diurnal*, *journal*, &c.

This is far from being all; but enough has been brought forward to shew that the Twosons are among the most numerous races in our vocabulary. If the clan feeling were strong among them, they might form an interest too powerful for the freedom of the rest.

We almost repent having done anything to reveal to them their numbers and strength. But, luckily, the tendency to division inherent in the family, is stronger than their faculty of combination; so that we believe the harmony of the language is, after all, pretty safe.

### THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.

ENGLAND may be considered the hereditary ally of Turkey—for, when the Russians were persons of such mysterious pretensions as to figure chiefly in masques as 'frozen Muscovites,'\* the Grand Signor was among the vowed allies and flatterers of Elizabeth, whom he designated as a 'fountain of honour and a refreshing shower of rain.'

Russia, however, is no longer a far away and almost fabulous country. Steam has nearly fulfilled the modest wish of Dryden's lovers, and 'annihilated time and space.' Russians are to be seen constantly in England; they study in our naval arsenals, and visit our watering-places; but in spite of this closer acquaintance, we believe very little is known to the people at large of their national peculiarities and customs. A short sketch of some of these characteristics of the Slavonians may not, therefore, be uninteresting. My father was one of the naval officers who attended on the Duke of Devonshire when his Grace officiated as representative of the majesty of England at the Emperor Nicholas's coronation; and the tales he had to tell of Russia, and the pretty or curious gifts he brought back with him, caused my earliest years to be haunted with visions of the strange cold country, with its swampy, unsafe city, its wolves and bears, and its smartly dressed peasants. After-years bestowed on me the privilege of intimate acquaintance with a Russian lady, from whose clearer details of what was but dimly remembered, we gained the chief part of our knowledge of Russian ways and customs.

We still possess, amongst other Russian relics, a doll, dressed for my father by the Princess of Kamchatka, the lady who, at the coronation, offered the tribute of that province—bread and salt—to the emperor. It represents very accurately the national dress of the peasants, which is now, by the command of Nicholas, the court attire of the Russian ladies. A robe of coarse red silk, edged with narrow gold lace down the front, and without sleeves, covers an inner dress of white cotton, which is visible in the neat chemisette and 'bishop's' sleeves, above the bodices and straps. This robe is called the *sarafan*, and is worn, as a court-dress, of rich velvet, embroidered with gold. The under garment of ladies is generally of some light-coloured silk, and the sleeves are clasped with gold bands. The head-dress for an unmarried woman is formed like a deep crescent, with the horns turning backwards; it is of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk, embroidered, and spangled; the hair is banded off the forehead, and hangs down behind in one thick plait. The married woman's *kokoshnik* has, in addition, a veil of muslin edged with gold, suspended from the backward points. Of course, the court-lady varies this headgear by the splendour of the materials, gems glittering in place of spangles, and costly lace being the substitute for the muslin veil.

As the recollection of the Russian doll has turned our thoughts, in the first place, to the costume of the Russian women, so our memory of the mingled awe and curiosity with which we tasted for the first time a real bear ham, and luxuriated in reindeer tongues, brings before our mind's eye that very national place—a Russian market. In nearly every large town of the empire, one of these huge bazaars is to be found—the largest, *Gostinnoi dvor*, is of course to be seen in St Petersburg. It resembles a vast fair under one roof,

in the booths of which stand the merchants, clad in blue caftans, and blue cloth cloaks, and calling on the passers-by, in the style of our old London 'prentices, to buy their wares with 'What's your pleasure, sir? Here are clothes of the newest fashion. What will suit you?—a bear-skin, a fox-skin, or a cloak of wolf-skin? You will find everything here: pray walk in.'

If not thus occupied in recommending his wares, the Russian dealer may be seen jesting and laughing, with the simple *bonhomie* of his nation, with his brother tradesman, or bending eagerly over a game of draughts, of which all are so fond that almost every booth has a draught-board painted on its table. Numbers of itinerant dealers parade the alleys running between the booths, with steaming copper urns of tea; or bearing *quass*, the Russian necessary of life, or bread-sauces, cheese, &c. And here we may observe, *par parenthèse*, that *quass* is the foundation of all the national soups and sauces, and that, even on the tables of the rich, it occupies the place usually given to decanters of water. It is a light wholesome beverage, and is thus concocted: a pailful of water is put into an earthen vessel; two pounds of barley-meal are shaken into it, half a pound of salt, and a pound and a half of honey. This mixture is put in the evening into a kind of oven with a moderate fire, and is constantly stirred. In the morning, it is left for a time to settle, and when quite clear, it is poured off. In a week, it is in the greatest perfection for drinking, though it may be used immediately if necessary. But to return to our markets. Besides the large *Gostinnoi dvor*, in which are to be found the better description of Russian goods, there are two inferior markets—the *Apraxin Ruinok* and the *Tshukin Dvor*. These occupy a piece of ground about 1500 feet square; so closely covered with stalls and booths, that nothing is left between but narrow lanes, above which the tops of the booths project, till they meet those opposite, making the alleys as dark as those of the dreariest Oriental city. You enter these haunts of the 'black people,' as the Russian peasants are called, through narrow gates, under the arches of which large lamps and gaudy pictures of saints are suspended. At every corner, in fact, these peculiarly Russian ornaments are to be seen; and frequently a wooden bridge is thrown from one booth to the other, for the purpose of displaying the owners' piety by the outward and visible tokens of lamp and pictured saint.

Here and there, an open spot offers a gaudy little chapel for their devotions; by the side of which, alas! one seldom fails to perceive a *kaback*, or brandy-shop. The shops congregate in a most fraternal spirit, all of one kind being together; for instance, in one quarter the dealers in sacred wares are assembled, and every booth glitters with little brass crosses, pictures of saints framed in pillars, doors, and temples of silver wire, and shining with mock gold—Virgins and amulets. Trade flourishes in this gay and devout neighbourhood, for no house would be considered secure from the invasions of Satan and his imps without being well lined with these saintly portraits and hallowed charms. Here, therefore, the furred and bearded 'black people' throng to purchase or to pray, and the scene is so picturesque, from the variety and novelty of costumes, and the singularity of the articles of traffic, that it would afford rare matter for an artist's pencil.

In another spot, the fruit-shops embellish the market. They are decorated inside and outside with festoons of mushrooms, a favourite dish with the people; and at every door stand barrels of *glukir*, the cranberry so much used by the Russians.

But perhaps the prettiest of all booths are those dedicated to the sale of bridal gear. Here may be seen the wedding-crowns of gay metal which bride and bridegroom both wear during the ceremony; garlands of roses tastefully interwoven with silver wire, and piles of ornaments of all kinds, silver leaves, flowers,

ears of corn, &c., which are hung, again, with everything that glitters at little cost—stars of gilt foil, cut glass, and false stones, for the love of gems is a passion with Russians of all grades.

Then we come to the pastry-cooks' shops, which offer to Russian appetite the tempting morsel called the *piroga*, an oily fish-cake. Little benches are here ranged round tables, on which the favourite dainty is placed, covered over with oily canvas—for it must be eaten hot. A large pot of green oil and a stand of salt are in readiness, and as soon as a purchaser demands a *piroga*, it is withdrawn from its cover, plunged into the oil, sprinkled with salt, and presented dripping to the delighted Muscovite.

Amongst the singular objects, however, offered for sale in a Russian market, we must not forget the frozen food which in winter offers the produce of the whole vast empire to the tables of St Petersburg—partridges from Saratoff, swans from Finland, heathcocks and grouse from Livonia and Esthonia, geese from the wide steppes, where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip; tribes of snow-white hares, all as hard as stone, form here a perfect menagerie of the dead. Nothing can be prettier than the effect of the delicate little hare of the northern snows standing, its ears pointed, and legs stretched out, as if in the act of springing away from the hunter; or the reindeer lying in the snow beside the stately elk, its knees doubled under its body, and its antlers rising majestically in the air, whilst flocks of pigeons, the sacred and privileged bird of Russia, perch on them familiarly.

Frozen oxen, calves, and goats, stand in another part of the market, presenting a ghastly row of bleeding spectres. Above them hang rosaries of frozen heads of geese, for the bird is sold in parts as well as whole; and he who cannot afford to buy the entire dainty, may purchase any part he likes, be it breast, leg, or even a string of heads or webbed feet, from which the thrifty peasant decocts his Sunday soup. As it would be impossible to dissect the larger animals, a Russian butcher contents himself with sawing them up in slices of about an inch or two in thickness. The powdered flesh that falls during this operation, is picked up and greedily devoured by the poor hungry children who haunt the spot.

Whilst we are on the article of food, we may as well mention the favourite dishes of the Russians, which are quite peculiar to their nation. It is a joke in some of the foreign provinces of Russia, that the three mightiest gods of the Muscovite are Tshin, Tshai, and Shtshee—that is, rank, tea, and cabbage-soup. In fact, this same shtshee, or cabbage-soup, is the staff of life from the German frontier to Kamtchatka. Russian soldiers—hear it, ye Britons, who feed on beef!—are nourished mainly on this cheap, and, we should deem it, innutritious food, which is thus compounded: Six or seven heads of cabbage are chopped up, and mixed with half a pound of barley-meal, a quarter of a pound of butter, a handful of salt, and two pounds of mutton cut into small pieces, with the addition of a jug of quass. With the very poor, of course, the meat and butter form no part of the mess; with the rich, other materials lend it a higher flavour.

Fasting shtshee is made of fish instead of meat, and oil instead of butter. 'Botvinya' is the ordinary summer food; it is a kind of cold shtshee. Cold quass, raw herbs, cranberries, chopped cucumber, and fish, cut into small lumps, are its ingredients.

Every season, in fact, in Russia has its own peculiar soup, poultry, or pastry. Fruit is eaten from the 8th of August, and ice is always brought to table on Easter Sunday. As in everything else relating to their daily life, the religion of the people influences their table also. The Greek church prohibits the eating of certain articles before a certain day; thus Saturday's

dishes must never be the same as Sunday's; Friday and Wednesday are fasts; Monday and Thursday have their own peculiar feastings. The food, houses, water, are all consecrated by priestly hands. Three times a year the Jordan festival, or blessing of the water, takes place. This is in spring, summer, and winter; the last presents the most interesting of these ceremonies. On a river, lake, or pond, as the case may be, a circle is marked off on the ice, and surrounded by a gallery, shaded with birch-trees. In the centre of this spot, a hole is broken; the priests in solemn procession, with tapers, flags, and pictures, enter the temporary bower, and whilst clouds of incense mount up into the cold clear air, they chant the peculiar services of the consecration. And here we must pause to remark, that in one point the Greek church resembles the strict and simple Presbyterian kirk. It altogether abjures and abominates instrumental music; the voices of the choirs and of the people are alone permitted to make melody in the holy services. But the Russians are by nature a musical people, and their church-music is consequently of a very sweet, solemn, and soothing character, if we except those portions which are devoted to bass solos. No woman is allowed to sing in a Russian choir, boys' voices take the place of feminine performances, and the bass solos are of the most deafening and tremendous description. We have read an anecdote of a bass singer, the most celebrated in the Kasan church, who saved his life from robbers by the mere terror of his voice. He was travelling from Tobolsk to Orenburg, when, having lingered behind his companions, he was attacked by a band of marauders, and thrown to the ground; when he uttered such a tremendous roar for the Cossacks in advance of him, that the terrified thieves, believing they had laid rash hands on Satan himself, fled as the infidels of old did from the blast of the dread horn of the paladin.—But we are wandering from our Jordan festival. As soon as the chanting is over, the priests, with many ceremonies, dip a wooden cross into the water, which from that moment is fit for the use of Christian men, and cannot be in any way made use of by the fiends for evil purposes.

The blessing extends to all the circumadjacent waters, be they brook, river, or well, but the cross-touched spot is of peculiar sanctity; and the moment the priests retire, the spectators eagerly rush to fill their bottles and jars and pitchers at the blessed aperture.

A somewhat similar ceremony is practised at the ripening of the fruit in August, for no Russian peasant would eat an apple till it had been bedewed with holy-water and perfumed with incense; neither will they occupy a new dwelling till every part of it has been thus exorcised and blessed. Nay, in the sitting-room of every house hangs the picture of a saint, called an *obraz*, before which a lamp burns continually; and this sacred portrait receives the first salutation of everybody who enters the apartment, taking due precedence of the mere mortal owner of the dwelling. A robber would pause to pay it homage before he committed his crime, whether of plunder or murder. Whilst speaking of these pictures, we may observe, that although in fact they form a profitable article of traffic, they are not supposed to be sold—that would be a deed of sacrilege! No, the saints permit themselves only to be exchanged for rubles, or other commodities, as the case may be. This is the case even in that division of the bazaar which is popularly termed by scoffers, 'the god-market.' No other people of modern times carry into actual practical life so many of the observances and forms of the national faith.

Amongst the Russian curiosities that still remain in possession of our family, are two very splendid China eggs—gifts made on Easter-day to the lady of Kamtchatka (of whom we have already spoken) by the late Grand Duke Constantine. One is large, and covered

with gold flowers; the smaller one bears a pattern of roses and rosebuds. They are perforated, and can be held or suspended by a ribbon which is passed through them.

Everybody is acquainted with this northern custom of presenting an egg, the emblem of the Resurrection, at Easter; we shall not, therefore, dwell on it further than to observe, that in no other land is this festival attended by so much kissing. Not only those who present the egg with the customary salutation: 'Christos voeskress'—Christ is risen—are entitled to a kiss, but every member of the family, nay, even every slight acquaintance. An amusing German traveller gives the following entertaining calculation of the amount of Russian kisses given and received on Easter-morning:—'If we suppose,' he says, 'that every person in St Petersburg has, upon a very moderate average, a hundred acquaintances more or less intimate, that calculation will give for St Petersburg alone, with its half-million inhabitants, a sum-total of *fifty million* Easter kisses. Let us consider only on how large a scale many individuals must carry on the business. In the army, every general of a corps of 60,000 men must embrace all the officers, every colonel those of his regiment, and a select number of soldiers into the bargain. The captain salutes all the soldiers of his company, who are mustered on purpose. The same in the civil department: the chief embraces all his subordinates, who wait on him in their gala-dresses. Considering how numerous are the divisions and subdivisions in a Russian bureau, the chief must have no little occasion for lip-salve on the following day; for these official caresses are by no means matters of pretence, as they sometimes are on the stage, but real, downright smacks, such as might be exchanged by lovers. . . . Herein, of course, as in all other cases, the largest share of business falls to the emperor's lot. Let us consider his numerous family, his enormous retinue, the countless numbers who come to salute him on Easter-morning; those of the nobles whom he is more intimate with, and may meet by accident; and even then he has not done. On parade, the whole body of officers, and some of the privates picked out for the occasion, are honoured with an imperial embrace, which is not refused even to the meanest sentinel of his palace as he passes him on Easter Sunday.'

The same author gives us the following description of an Easter-feast:—'Some years ago, a court-lady gave an Easter-breakfast to the imperial family, at which every dish at table was served up in eggs. The soups sent up their savoury steam from gigantic ostrich eggs, furnished, as well as the other eggs for holding hot food, by the porcelain-manufactory. Here eggs produced chickens full grown and ready roasted, and there a monstrous birth developed a sucking-pig; while pasties, puddings, creams, game, fruits, and jellies blushed through eggshells of fine glass. Lastly, by way of dessert, eggs of gold-paper were offered, containing almonds, raisins, and sweetmeats of all sorts.'

The national breakfast-dishes on Easter-morning, however, are *pascha*—made of curds beaten hard, and piled up in a pyramid; and *kulich*—a thick, round, white loaf, with a multitude of tiny rolls sticking on it; it has plums in it, and is adorned with consecrated palm-twigs. Flowers and wax-lights adorn the table; for no religious ceremony in Russia, no home observance even, would be complete without a taper.

The Christmas-tree, so long the delight of German infancy and childhood, has become familiarised amongst ourselves; the similar Russian feast for children takes place about the season of Easter—at least on Palm Saturday—when a fair is held in the great bazaar, which, in its adornment with boughs and every species of leafy ornament, somewhat resembles the Jewish feast of tabernacles. All the season can afford of tree or shrub is there; and to supply any lack, bare twigs are often hung with waxen fruit or artificial flowers, and

birds and waxen angels are tied with sky-blue ribbons to the branches. Playthings and sweetmeats also delight the tender juveniles of St Petersburg, who preserve the twigs or palms in their possession till the next day, Palm Sunday, when old custom authorises them in using the holy branches as whips on whoever plays the slug-a-bed, and is not ready for early mass. The glee with which the sleepers are sought and roused from slumber may be imagined.

Recollection Monday is a most singular festival in memory of the dead, quite peculiar, we believe, to Russia, and very revolting to all our habits and feelings. It is a sort of yearly wake, but the scene of its celebration is the church-yard itself. Here a most extraordinary spectacle presents itself. The priests, bearing incense and holy-water, and attended by the relatives of each quiet inmate of the grave, march in solemn procession amidst the tombs, and pausing at each individual mound, repeat over it the prayers for the dead. After these charitable orisons are concluded, table-cloths are actually spread on the graves, and the assembled friends, in company with their pastors, join in a feast which too often leaves the feasters with no memory of the past or present—brandy being the universal *Lethe* of the Russian peasant. Of course, there are redeeming exceptions. Here and there, one whose bereavement has been recent, or whose sorrow is deep and lasting, weeps bitterly above the lost, and bestows the food which custom has forced him or her to bring, on the crowd of maimed, halt, and blind beggars whose motley crew complete the strange grouping of the picture.

The Great Exhibition presented to England a noble specimen of the natural productions and artistic skill of the so recently savage Muscovite; but a necklace in my sister's possession, manufactured at the period of Nicholas's accession, affords a better specimen, we do not hesitate to say, of the ingenuity and artistic skill which this people possess. It is formed from the teeth of elephants, or, as was asserted, hippopotami, and consists of an infinite number of the finest small chains or links of ivory united at short distances by ivory wheels, exquisitely cut. The delicacy of the workmanship may be duly estimated by the fact, that the links are so fine that the motion of dancing breaks them.

Before we conclude this paper, we must just mention a whimsical occurrence which recently took place in Portsmouth with respect to Russians. Two of their ships put in to harbour for repairs, having been injured by heavy weather, and some of their simple crew might frequently be seen perambulating the streets, chanting, on Sundays, very melodious Russian hymns. Six of our seamen, in an exalted state of mind—that is, very drunk—encountering about twenty of them one day, informed them, in good round English, that war had been declared, and that they intended to take part in the strife. The announcement was of course unintelligible to the strangers, but the sailors, acting on their words, soon made it plain, and a fight ensued, which ended in the total discomfiture of the Russians, who, finding their assailants intended to lead them away captives, took refuge in a neighbouring house, the doors of which were besieged by the Jacks demanding 'their prisoners,' till the arrival of the police.

#### PERUVIAN ESTIMATION OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

English ladies have but a small reputation for beauty in Lima, as those of our countrywomen who have visited that capital have not generally been good specimens; and an English foot, 'un pie English,' has quite passed into a proverb. Just before I went to Lima, an English clergyman had arrived there, and brought his wife and children with him. Her appearance was looked for with some anxiety on the part of the English merchants, in the hope that she

might retrieve the lost credit of her countrywomen; and with some curiosity on the part of the fair Limenians, for a clergyman having a wife at all was a thing they could not understand. But when the lady did arrive, her appearance was only calculated to prove more strongly than before that beauty did not exist in England. She had lost or left behind most of her luggage, in crossing the Isthmus of Panama; and several ladies would have lent her clothes, but no Limenian wardrobe, it was found, could furnish garments that would fit her. One day she wanted some shoes, and went to be measured for some; but Crispin, glancing at her foot as she thrust it out, crossed himself, and said: 'No; it was quite useless to try and make a shoe for her, as Peru could not produce a last large enough for the purpose!'—*A Sketcher's Tour Round the World.*

#### THE MONKEY TRIBE IN ART AND LITERATURE.

(From *Punch*.)

Imitation is the homage that dullness pays to wit—the acknowledgment that successful talent receives from struggling quackery. The public have been nauseated with the amount of homage of this sort which *Punch* has experienced from those who have assumed, as far as possible, his external appearance, without possessing any of his inner qualities. It would be useless, perhaps unsavoury, to disturb the ashes of the dead, and we therefore say nothing of those who have imitated, or rather aped, our outward form; but the ape tribe has become so numerous and so indiscriminate in the objects on which it lays its paws, that inexperience may sometimes be deceived by the 'spurious article' and the 'base counterfeit.' The 'spurious imitation' mania will admit of many illustrations, and a whole series of illustrations may be met with in the numerous imitations of the *Illustrated London News*, which having become a great success, has called into existence a crowd of imitators which will eventually resemble the original in greatness—but only by the magnitude of their failure. Mr Albert Smith, the original monarch of Mont Blanc, has another Smith dogging him about with another Mont Blanc; though we believe the latter mountain, which has been labouring away for some time, has been rather a barren speculation. In getting up an exhibition, we do object to the other Mr Smith's attempt to confound himself with the Mr Smith, by putting the name prominently forward in connection with Mont Blanc, for the obvious purpose of profiting by a case of mistaken identity. We cannot say what his pictorial views may be—for we have not seen them—but if they resemble his views of fairness, we cannot think them worth anything. We hope these remarks will have the effect of abating what has of late grown into a public nuisance of a very annoying if not of a very dangerous character.

[All this seems to us true as to fact, and to be well meant; but our clever friend of Fleet Street has failed to observe one motive which the monkeys of literature almost invariably advance for their rushing into the field—namely, a zeal to supply some *moral deficiency* in the work which they aim at supplanting. This of course not merely justifies, but dignifies the act of imitation. That greatly maligned man, the czar of Russia, has precisely similar motives for his attack upon Turkey. It seems like a wish to acquire fresh territory, but it is in reality a righteous crusade in behalf of the Greek religion, his own religion being unmistakably Greek in its nature.]

#### WHAT IS A CABINET COUNCIL?

When I came into office, I was curious to understand the course of proceeding or interior constitution of our government. It is vague in the extreme, and often irregular and inconvenient. The cabinet, which is legally only a committee of the privy-council, appointed by the king on each distinct occasion, has gradually assumed the character, and in some measure the reality, of a permanent council, through which advice on all matters of great importance is conveyed to the crown. But though the necessity of a well-concerted or party government, in a limited monarchy and popular constitution, has generally established the wholesome doctrine, that each and every member of the cabinet is in some

degree responsible for the measures adopted by the government, while he is a member of it, yet there are no precise laws nor rules, nor even any well-established or understood usages, which mark what measures in each department are or are not to be communicated to the cabinet. There is nothing but private agreement or party feeling generally, or the directions of the king accidentally, which obliges even a secretary for foreign affairs to consult his colleagues on any of the duties of his office before he takes the king's pleasure upon them. When a cabinet is held at a public office, it is generally at the foreign office. The acts of that office, however, are not invariably nor necessarily laid before the cabinet; and the secretary of state at his own discretion advises and completes many without any such consultation. In the other branches of administration, such as the Treasury, the Home Secretaryship, the Chancery, the Admiralty, the discretion is yet larger as to the matters in their respective departments on which the ministers take the king's pleasure directly, or previously consult their colleagues before they advise him.—*Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party.*

#### THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

[This exquisite piece will doubtless send many a reader to the little volume from which it is taken.\* The *Letters*, the principal poem of the book, is a curiosity of its class: it is simply a narrative of a little matrimonial quarrel, of the most ordinary, and indeed prosaic kind, begun in tears and ending in kisses, yet full of the poetry both of the imagination and the affections. The shorter pieces have the usual amount of grace, simplicity, pathos, and religious feeling by which the muse of Charles Swain commands herself to a wide circle of 'the gentle and the good!']

On! the old, old clock, of the household stock

Was the brightest thing and neatest;

Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,

And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,

Yet they lived, though nations altered;

And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,

When the voice of friendship faltered!

'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, quick, to bed—

For ten I've given warning;

Up, up, and go, or else, you know,

You'll never rise soon in the morning!

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,

As it stood in the corner smiling,

And blessed the time with a merry chime,

The wintry hours beguiling;

But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,

As it called at daybreak boldly,

When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,

And the early air blew coldly;

'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, out of bed,

For five I've given warning;

You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,

Unless you're up soon in the morning.'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,

With a tone that ceases never;

While tears are shed for the bright days fled,

And the old friends lost for ever!

Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone

That warmer beat and younger;

Its hands still move—though hands we love

Are clasped on earth no longer!

'Tick—tick,' it said—'to the church-yard bed,

The grave hath given warning—

Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,

And prepare for a Heavenly morning!

\* *Letters of Laura d'Auvergne.* By Charles Swain. London: Longman, 1853.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## GENEALOGY OF AN INVENTION.

IN the lower part of the beautiful valley of the Nith, where the hills sink into the great plain skirting the Solway Firth—amidst beautiful woods and corn-fields, stands out the goodly mansion of Dalswinton. The Nith is seen pressing on with sparkling flow through the centre of the vale; and the classical associations of the rambler are excited when his attention is directed to a small farm-steading on the opposite bank, as that which Burns for a time occupied, in one of the calmer and happier parts of his melancholy career. The first rises of the country above the meadows through which the river runs, are in gravel terraces and knolls, the record of a time when this valley was an estuary receiving the discharge of rivers and rivulets. The house is perched on one of these knolls, and in a hollow of the terrace behind, reposes a small willow-fringed, heron-haunted lake or *mere*, where youth may amuse itself with boating in summer and with skating in winter. This is a lake with a history.

Sixty-six years ago, in the middle of an October day, an unusual assemblage, amounting to hundreds of people, might have been seen on its banks. Many of them are of the peasantry and yeomanry of the neighbourhood; others are country gentlemen, and among these is conspicuous the Laird of Dalswinton, an intelligent-looking man in middle life, bearing rather a city than a country air, for it was only lately that he forsook the life of a banker in Edinburgh, and came to reside in this place. In close attendance on him is a genteel-looking young man, the preceptor of his younger boys; and with him, again, is associated a plain artisan-like person, of active and intelligent appearance, whom all seem to regard as a somebody of great account on the occasion. One might have at first thought that it was a party met for some rural sport, and he would probably have been at a loss to understand the nature of the amusement to be indulged in. But had he looked more narrowly, he might have seen, from the speculative, wondering, half-incredulous looks of many of the assembly, that something quite unusual was going, or about to go on.

Speedily, the assemblage gathers close to the lake, and concentrates attention upon a small vessel which floats near the shore. There is something very odd and uncommon about this vessel, for it is composed of two boats of about twenty-five feet long, joined together, and the upper outline is broken by a pile of machinery surmounted by a short funnel for smoke. The laird, and the preceptor, and the clever-looking artisan, and some few others, go on board this strange craft; and presently, while the multitude looks curiously

on, a smoke is seen to issue from the funnel, a splashing, as of paddles is heard to take place between the united parts, and the boat glides slowly along the lake, leaving a white wave behind it. A huzza bursts from the crowd, and there is a rush along the bank, in attendance on the rapid progress of the little vessel. 'Well, it does go!' say some, as if for the first time convinced of what they had previously regarded as an impossibility. 'Who would have thought it?' cry others. And so pass the remarks, while the vessel, with its little adventurous company, moves backwards and forwards, and round and round, over the bosom of the lake—the first exemplification, ladies and gentlemen, of that wonderful thing of our day, STEAM-NAVIGATION!

Patrick Miller, the laird above spoken of, was a remarkable man. Of aristocratic birth and connection, he had devoted an active and ingenious mind to banking in Edinburgh, and had realised a large fortune, on which, however, he set little value except as a means of enabling him to work out schemes for the benefit of the public. For some time, in his house in Edinburgh, or in the solitude of his newly acquired mansion at Dalswinton, he had speculated on the possibility of navigating a vessel by some more certain mechanical means than oars and sails, and he had actually exhibited a triple vessel at Leith, having rotatory paddles in the two interspaces, driven by a crank, and wrought by four men. The public looked on with its usual pity for a man of talents and character throwing himself away in wild and hopeless schemes; but still he persevered. One day, he had out his boat on the Firth of Forth, in order to try its powers against a fast-sailing custom-house wherry. It made very good way, and the wherry, in returning with a fair wind from Inchcolm to the harbour of Leith—six or seven miles—was beat by a few minutes. Mr Miller was well pleased with this success; but his boys' preceptor, Taylor, who had taken his turn at the wheels, and felt how violent was the exertion necessary to sustain the speed of the vessel, was now convinced that without a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. He took an opportunity of making a remark to this effect to Mr Miller, and found him willing to listen to any suggestion. In their conversations, they chiefly discussed the powers of the capstan, which seemed the best expedient presented by ordinary mechanics. At length, Taylor one day came out with—'Mr Miller, I can suggest no power equal to the steam-engine, or so applicable to your purpose.' The other was startled, and some practical objections occurred to him; but he at length agreed that an experiment should be made, and under Taylor's care, for Mr Miller confessed that he was quite unacquainted with the

steam-engine. In a detailed account of his Triple Vessel, which he published in February 1787, he made a hopeful allusion to the idea of taking motion from a steam-engine to be placed on board. A copy of this small work, with suitable illustrations, was sent to various public libraries, and to each of the sovereigns then reigning in Europe.

Mr Miller had resolved that the trial with the steam-engine should be made on board a new double-boat which he had lately set down for the amusement of his family on the lake at Dalswinton. Mr Taylor, at his employer's request, got all the arrangements made under the care of one William Symington, whom he knew as an ingenious mechanic. The engine prepared on the occasion was a small one, having four-inch cylinders of brass, made after the fashion of a patent of Symington's, by George Watt, brassfounder in the Low Calton, Edinburgh. The whole being duly arranged on board the twin-boat at Dalswinton, the trial took place, October 14, 1788, under the circumstances which have been detailed, and with entire success.

At that time, the idea was wholly a novelty to the British public. No one then living in our islands is known to have had the faintest conception of that application of steam to navigation which Taylor had suggested, and he and Symington had together worked out upon Mr Miller's paddle-vessel. Subsequent investigation has shewn that Jonathan Hulls had taken a patent in 1736 for a tow-boat having a rotatory paddle extended from its stern, which was to be put in motion by a small steam apparatus, placed in the body of the vessel; but all recollection of that invention was long dead. It has likewise been ascertained that the idea of applying the steam-engine to vessels had occurred to several persons in other parts of the globe. In France, the Abbé Arnal and the Marquis de Jouffroy had made experiments to shew its practicability in 1781. Two years later, a Mr Fitch tried a species of steam-boat on the Delaware river in America, propelling the vessel by paddles. The celebrated Franklin was disposed to encourage the plan, and a countryman of his, named Rumsey, endeavoured to work it out, but by means of a vertical pump in the middle of the vessel, by which the water was to be drawn in at the bow and expelled at the stern, through a horizontal trunk in her bottom. It was indeed natural that a motive-power so obvious should be thought of with regard to vessels by many of that class of persons who delight in devising new ways and means for all familiar things. But at the time when Messrs Miller and Taylor began their experiments, the few previous efforts which had actually been made were lost sight of in utter failure, and certainly were unknown to those gentlemen. It may be mentioned that an American, named Oliver Evans, had for some years been experimenting for the application of steam to travelling carriages; and the above-mentioned William Symington had actually had a steam-carriage going on the common roads at Wanlockhead, in Lanarkshire, during the summer of 1787. But the Dalswinton invention stands decidedly apart from that of such steam-carriages, as one which has been, what the other is not, practically useful to mankind.

A paragraph of a few lines, in the dry, brief manner of the day, recorded the transaction which we have described; and probably few read this with any conception of the immense force which lay under that fête on Dalswinton Lake. The gentlemen concerned amused themselves with their steam-driven pleasure-boat for a few days, and then Mr Miller had the engine taken out and deposited in his house as a curiosity. The winter was coming on, and no further steps could be taken immediately; but early next summer he resolved to try an experiment on a larger scale. A double-vessel belonging to him, 60 feet long, was taken from Leith to Carron, and there fitted up, under Symington's care, with an engine (18-inch cylinders), and on Christmas-

day 1789, this vessel was propelled by steam on the Forth and Clyde Canal, at the rate of seven miles an hour, in the presence of a vast multitude of spectators.

Mr Miller, unfortunately, had become disgusted with Symington, and was further vexed by the unexpectedly large outlay he had incurred at Carron, as well as by a certain miscalculation which resulted in making the machinery too heavy for so slight a vessel. He therefore paused. It had been his wish to try a third experiment with a vessel in which he should venture out into the ocean, and attempt a passage from Leith to London; but in the new state of his feelings this was not to be further thought of. By and by, his estate called for a large share of his attention and means. A delusive article of culture, called *Fiorine Grass*, began almost exclusively to occupy his mind. He lost sight of the wonderful power which he had called forth into being, and which was destined, in other hands, to perform so important a part.

Taylor, being without patrimony, and properly a scholar, not a mechanic, was unable to do anything more with steam-navigation. Symington was the only person concerned in the first experiments who persevered. His doing so is creditable to him, but the manner in which he did it cannot be so considered; for, without any communication with Messrs Miller and Taylor, the true inventors, he took out a patent for the construction of steam-boats in 1801. Through the interest of Lord Dundas, he was enabled, in 1803, to fit up a new steam-boat for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company; and this vessel, yeelpeth the *Charlotte Dundas*, was tried in towing a couple of vessels upon the canal with entire success, excepting in one respect, that the agitation of the water by the paddles was found to wash down the banks in an alarming manner. For that reason, the Canal Company resolved to give up the project, and the vessel was therefore laid aside. It lay on the bank at *Lock Sixteen* for many years, generally looked on, of course, as a monument of misdirected ingenuity; but, as we shall presently see, it did not lie there altogether in vain. Meantime, Symington was for awhile amused with hopes of inducing the Duke of Bridgewater to take up the project, and work it out upon his canals in England; and the duke had actually given an order to have the experiment tried, when, unfortunately, his death closed that prospect. Here Symington vanishes likewise from the active part of the history. The project of 1787-8 has left no memorial of itself but the rotting vessel at *Lock Sixteen*.

The experiments at Carron in 1789 had been witnessed by a young man named Henry Bell, a working-mason originally, as it appears, afterwards a humble kind of engineer at Glasgow, and a busy-brained, inventive, but utterly illiterate man. Bell never lost sight of the idea, and when Symington ceased experimenting in 1803, he might be said to have taken up the project. At the same time, an ingenious American comes into the field: Robert Fulton, originally an artist, but an amateur mechanic of great ingenuity, a man, moreover, of extraordinary energy and courage, had thought of steam as a motive-power for vessels so early as 1793. A countryman of his, Chancellor Livingston, had also entertained the idea, and in 1798, had obtained from the legislature of New York State an act vesting in him the exclusive right of navigating vessels with steam in that territory, notwithstanding an opposition on the ground of its being 'an idle and whimsical project, unworthy of legislative attention.' It appears that the scheme was 'a standing subject of ridicule in that assembly, and whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge in a little levity, they would call up the steam-boat bill, that they might divert themselves at the expense of the project and its advocates.\*' The practical objections of sober-minded

men were, that the machinery would be too weighty for the vessel, require too much space, cause strains, be expensive, and be attended with great irregularity of motion. Nothing came of Livingston's privilege, his first vessel proving a failure. But not long after, Fulton, in connection with Livingston, took up the apparently hopeless project. Travelling into Scotland, he, in company with Henry Bell, visited the unfortunate *Charlotte Dundas*; and Bell communicated to Fulton drawings of the requisite machinery, which he partly obtained from Mr Miller, and partly from Symington.

While Miller, Taylor, and Symington, then, were all out of the field, and the general public looked with contempt on the project as one only fit to be an *ignis fatuus* for dreaming speculators, this energetic American (all praise to him!) pushed on his experiments, always approaching nearer and nearer to success. At length, having erected a vessel called the *Clermont*, at New York, he was ready, in the autumn of 1807, to make a full trial of steam-navigation on the Hudson river. It sailed 110 miles against a light wind in twenty-four hours. One cannot but sympathise keenly with Fulton when he learns under what circumstances this trial was made. It had been the theme of general ridicule in the city. 'Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf, and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause.'

In like manner, Henry Bell contrived to get a small steamer put into operation on the Clyde four years later. He was, practically, the father of steam-navigation in Britain; and it can never fail to be a wonder, that the man who was capable of taking this high place in the history of his country, possessed only the degree of education which the following letter exemplifies:—

MR JOHN McNEILL

HELENSBURGH 1st March 1824

SIR—I this morning was fevered with your letter and in ansur to your Inqerues anent the leat Mr Robert Fulton the Ameracan ingenair his ather was from Areshair but what plass or famlay I canut tell but his self was born in Amerca. He was different times in this contray and staped with me for some time but he published a tritiez on Canal Declining Railroads acctuards I have not his boock but you will finde it in Mr Taylor Stashner London it is 21s He published it in this contray in 1804 I think for in the letter end of the year 1803 he on his way to Frans called on me and in his return in 1804 He was brought up in the line of a painter and was the best hande sceatcher and lickways a good mineter painter He was not brought up as a ingenair, but he was employed to come to this contray to take drayings of our cattin and other meashineray that leaid him in to become en sivel ingenar and was quick in his uptake of any thing When I wrate to the Ameracan goverment the grate yaullity that steam navigation wold be to them on their rivers they apointed Mr R Fulton to corispond with me so in that way the Americans gatt their first insight from your humbel servant HENRY BELL†

The whole course of the history of steam-navigation is full of curious points. Miller and Taylor, who have the real merit of the invention, and of the first experiments, deserted it; the former from caprice, the latter from want of pecuniary means. Abandoned by men of education, it was taken up by the mechanics Symington and Bell, and by them pushed on a certain way, but not effectually, when a foreigner steps in, appropriates the mechanical arrangements of the Scotch experimenters, and, with a steam-engine made at Birmingham (for such was the fact), gives the young republic of the West the glory of first truly realising the invention. Even then, four years pass without bringing any Briton into the field excepting the poor old mason Bell, who accordingly becomes entitled to the glory of setting the first steamer afloat in the old world. Then, from the moral obscurities of these humble mechanics, come forth pretensions and claims ridiculously ignoring all that Miller and Taylor had done, and detracting immensely from such merits as they themselves really had in the case. And after all, both of them were allowed to die in comparative indigence, only Bell being allowed a trifling pension by the Trustees of the Clyde Navigation. Miller died in reduced circumstances in 1815, having exhausted his fortune by 'improvements' and experiments. It has been stated by his son, that he had spent fully £30,000 in projects of a purely public nature, including steam-navigation; and yet we know that not one penny of requital was ever rendered to him or any of his family for this outlay. Taylor died in depressed circumstances in 1824, leaving a widow with some daughters, and to these poor gentlewomen the nation has generously awarded a pension of *fifty pounds* a year! The ocean is now overspread with large steamers, no voyage being apparently beyond their capabilities. Their effect in quickening and extending commerce is wonderful beyond description. The prospects of even nautical warfare have been wholly changed by this superb invention. How curious to trace back its genealogy through the muddled channels of Symington and Bell, to the amateur gentlemen mechanicians, Miller and Taylor, who conducted their experiments in something like obscurity and amidst the pity, rather than the admiration, of their compeers! Where were all the educated engineers of England during those twenty-three years between 1788 and 1811? Where were the intelligent millionaires, who had here such a glorious opportunity of making tens into hundreds, and hundreds into thousands? It appears that even James Watt never cast a favourable regard on the application of his engine to navigation. The whole thing was left for many years to persons of little account in society, and very narrow means, and seems to have made its way only by a kind of miracle—chiefly indebted, amongst us, to a man so ignorant that he could not spell his own name!

These facts provoke us to some curious considerations on the kind of persons to whom the public is usually indebted for great discoveries and inventions. Such benefits seldom come from those who stand in high and assured places in science and art. It is rather the characteristic of such persons to treat coldly, if not with actual hostility, all new ideas. Most generally, we see a new idea come forth from some obscure source. Some poor, unpatronised man breaks his head and his heart upon it, struggling in vain to get it admitted in respectable quarters. In time, out of the elevated and enlightened classes, a few men, not without intelligence, but with little reputation for wisdom—possessing candour, which their neighbours call credulity—open their ears to it, think there is something in it, and for years have the unenviable notoriety of patronising that ridiculous *ology* or *ism*. By and by, facts and demonstrations make so much way with the great mass of the public, that the leaders of science and chiefs of thought are compelled to own that it is not the

\* *Colden's Life of Fulton.*

† *Jameson's Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, April 1827.

humbug they once believed it to be. The novelty then takes the high place it is entitled to. Meanwhile, the originator is dead in obscurity—dead of the birth of his own idea—while its early nurses continue to be smiled at as men prone to take up with things unproved. We seldom see that the very wise make any adequate apology for the scorn they once vented at both the idea and its patrons. The thoughtless public goes on in enjoyment of the addition to its knowledge and power, scarcely aware of the names of the men who have conferred upon it so great an obligation. And when the next new idea arises, it has to go through precisely the same ordeal, because the terror of making a wrong admission always exceeds the hope of verification in any particular case. Thus it is, that from the mouths of babes Providence sends so much of what blesses mankind, while the wisdom of the sage is turned to foolishness.\*

#### A NOVEL COMPETITION SHOW.

I HAD been to look for a friend a long way off—a very long way off; but not being a man of fashion, only a foot-passenger in the journey of life, I don't mind how far I go in search of a friend—east or west, north or south—so that I find him at last. As adverse fate would have it, however, I did not find my friend, and had to return disappointed and vexed.

Of course it began to rain—it always does when you are a long way off. Rain, did I say? it began to spout, as though Jupiter Pluvius had just hit upon a new system of hydraulics, and was making experiments with it upon a grand scale. Before meeting with a cab or omnibus, or coming to any rational place of shelter, I had got dripping wet, and determined doggedly, since matters could not be worse, to go right through it all the way. I was brought up, however, by an advertisement in the window of a public-house, of a nature curious enough to attract a hunter of curiosities like me. It announced a convocation of dogs, just about to come off, under the patronage of a celebrated character; in other words, a dog-show, a kind of canicular fête, at which the best-bred specimens of the bow-wow fraternity would reap the honour of a prize.

This was too much for my resolution; I darted at once into the 'Thingumbob,' and made my way to the exhibition-room—a public-house parlour of the usual dimensions. In the centre, a couple of tables placed together were surmounted with a roomy cage of wood and wire in several compartments. A solitary poodle lay curled up in the bottom of the cage, and his owner, who looked a cross between a bailiff and a stable-keeper, and in whose mouth stuck a short pipe very considerably blacker than his rusty hat, sat contemplating him with perfect satisfaction. In a minute or two, he was joined by another exhibitor, who produced from his pocket a spaniel of King Charles's breed, no bigger than a kitten, and passed it into an upper compartment of the cage. The owner of the poodle had a bull-dog sitting gravely between his knees, and the proprietor of the spaniel had another at his heels. Tokens of recognition, consisting of a species of electric nods almost too rapid for observation, passed between the candidates, but no speech. Two newcomers anticipated any conversation that might have ensued; they were handicraftsmen, shoemakers I think, and each produced a miniature terrier from his pouch, full grown, but not much bigger than a good-sized rat. They then pulled the bell, and ordered stout from the waiter. Other exhibitors now poured in fast, and nearly every man produced his dog, most of them from the pocket. In the course of half an hour, the room

was unpleasantly full, and the cage, too, was thoroughly stocked. Every man drank beer or grog, and smoked, and all talked, save those who roared, together. The odour of the strong rank weed they chose to smoke was almost enough to choke a crocodile—the walls of the room vanished behind the reeking mist that arose on all sides, and the vision of ill-favoured faces that loomed through the gray cloud, reminded me of the grim colossal phantasmagoria which used to haunt my boarding-school couch on a hungry and sleepless night. The floor was literally covered with ugly cura, which had come as spectators—all of the fighting school, and most of them maimed or mutilated by battle. One prodigious Gorgon of a brute—with a chest as broad as a boy's, and whose feet, as he sat motionless beneath a table, met on the ground like the two lines of a capital V—had lost one eye, and the whole of his lower lip; he had a face and forehead of chamois leather, and was covered with half-healed wounds from some recent and desperate encounter.

There were as yet no signs of business. The celebrated character had not made his appearance, or he had delayed his introduction, perhaps, to give the accommodating landlord of the 'Thingumbob' the benefit of those interesting moments which precede any important event, during which the absorbents are generally in a state of activity. Pending his arrival with the umpires, some of the party got up an exhibition of a different kind, which I had not expected. Several members of the fraternity had brought little square bundles wrapped up in handkerchiefs; these proved to be small bird-cages, each containing a pet bird. One man, opening his cage, put in his forefinger, upon which he brought out a lively goldfinch, which he offered 'to whistle agin any bird in the room for a crown.' It seemed that the little songster was a celebrated prima donna in its way, and had earned the name which it bore, of the Jenny Lind. 'Don't you wish you may get it?' was the jeering inquiry from several voices. 'Give the long odds, and I'll match Piper agin him,' bawled one; but the proposition was not accepted. The little bird plumed itself proudly, and uttered a note of defiance.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' screamed its proprietor—all afeared on yer, Jenny, that's what it is, my beauty—champion of all England, my little pinch o' feathers. Who bids ten guineas for the champion?'

'Not champion yet, if I know it,' said a voice from the abyss of sickening vapour; and a man stepped out of the gloom, bearing a bird perched on his knuckle, as closely resembling the redoubtable champion as it is possible to imagine. He accepted the challenge on behalf of his protégé, and producing his money, seated himself in a chair, rested his elbow on the table, and held forth his forefinger as a perch for the bird: the other did the same, while a third person lighted an inch of candle, and stuck it on an upturned pewter-pot between the competitors. The lists thus prepared, the challenger gave the signal by a peculiar sound produced by drawing the air between his lips; and Jenny, after a few low and preparatory flourishes, burst into song. The rival bird responded in a strain equally loud, and both sang in evident emulation of each other, and by degrees stilled all other sounds in the room, save the snorting puffs that rose from some half-hundred pipes. The little creatures grew wondrously excited; their throats swelled, their tiny feathers ruffled up, their eyeballs rolled, their beaks yawned and quivered, while without an instant's pause or let, amidst that horrid reek of filthy tobacco, through which their forms were but just visible, still rushed the stream of song. One would have thought such an atmosphere would have poisoned them, but both were plainly proof against it; and when at length the rival bird ceased and fluttered down upon the table, it was from sheer exhaustion of physical strength, and

\* It is right to mention, that the historical details of this article are all based on authentic documents. Some efforts have been made by the representatives of Symington to establish that he had projected steam-navigation before his patrons, Miller and Taylor; but the evidence is clearly to the contrary effect.

lack of further power of endurance. Jenny, as usual, had won the day; and its owner, as he complimented the bird caressingly, averred, with a tremendous expletive, that he would have wrung its neck upon the spot had it been defeated.

Another similar match followed between birds of less note and less exalted pretensions; but, owing to a defect, or perhaps to an excellence, in my pectoral apparatus, I was so unpleasantly affected by the amount of tobacco-reek which had found its way into my lungs, as to be compelled to make a hasty exit. Consequently, I had not the privilege of seeing the celebrated character, or of witnessing the bestowal of honours upon the dogs of merit. Whether Pompey bore off the prize, which of the terriers got a medal, and which came off with only honourable mention, I am in no condition to satisfy the public. There was no illustrated catalogue of the exhibition, although it would have stood illustration remarkably well from the hands of some combined Hogarth and Landseer. Bets were rife upon the chances of the prize, and the 'favourite' was a black and tan spaniel about the size of a rabbit, with long broad ears, long silken hair, and no nose to speak of. This was a dog of fortune—had been pupped, to speak figuratively, with a golden spoon in its mouth, having been bred to order for a certain beautiful duchess, to whom, after having competed for, and probably won the first prize, it would be forwarded on the morrow, to be pillowed henceforth on silk plush, or fondled in the folds of lace or satin; to be dieted on fricassees and cream; to be attended, in case of an attack of the spleen, by a physician who keeps his carriage; and to be led forth in park or shrubbery every day for an airing, by a liveried page, impressed to melancholy by the awful responsibility of the charge.

Companions of man, dogs are subject, like him, to every imaginable variety of social position, and to all possible mutations of fortune. The difference between the Queen upon the throne and the veriest houseless outcast that cowers shivering beneath the blast of winter in the streets of London, is not greater than that which exists between the kicked, starved, mangled, worried, and skeleton mongrel that wears and whines out its miserable life in the cozy kennels of the city slums, and the Queen's favourite poodle, caressed by royalty, immortalised by Landseer, and housed in a palace. The parallel is capable of a much more extensive application; but I must not pursue it too far, lest I be betrayed into comparisons which might not be deemed complimentary to the reader, for whom, and for whose dog, I entertain the tenderest regard.

### THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

AN old writer—I think it is Jeremy Taylor—says: 'No person that is clamorous can be wise.' This is one of those sayings which everybody believes without reasoning about, because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of few words thinks much; that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who passes for a wise man until he begins to speak is not a perfect fool; on account of his quietness, that outward semblance of wisdom, he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely—and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe—is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the fool and the eloquence of the wise cannot be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet, nor can

The loud laugh which marks the vacant mind.

The art of being quiet can still lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folks and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those, and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me, that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts, since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words *quiet, repose, calmness, tranquillity, peace*, are in themselves beautiful, and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore, it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their *bien être physique*; for all the world is ready to do, say, or give 'anything for a quiet life.' One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. 'Be quiet, child!' is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the British nursery and school-room as the famous 'Know thyself!' was in the ancient groves of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a profitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated mainly for the benefit of the grown-up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state; and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact, the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to *think* about life, and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value; to the irrational creature it is nothing, to the rational it is much. In the first place, it removes what Mr de Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls 'the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details.' It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and the dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of its great Giver must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child—since he cannot go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim—it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things—the carelessness, the thoughtless joy, 'the tear forgot as soon as shed,' which, however beautiful, because appropriate, in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable a man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity—to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to consider how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But besides this conscious, and, as it were, active use of quiet, which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive—though, to the adult, not unconscious—use of quiet, which belongs only to particular cases, and which is even of higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organisation than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases—in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious man—

the still, calm soul is laid bare before the face of nature, and is affected by 'the spirit breathing from that face.' It does not study, nor scrutinise, nor seek to penetrate the mystery; it does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery; it is simply quiet beneath the overarching influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind—the passive as opposed to the active quiet—when he cites Wordsworth's well-known verses in the following passage:—'It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek; sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.'

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking.'

And again—

Nor less I deem that there are powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
And we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects on the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive that it is open to revelations and to inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught; for although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has 'a grace beyond the reach of art.' To give rules for its attainment, would savour of presumption in one who cannot pretend to be an adept; but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered, by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained: first, by natural instinct or genius; second, by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower, and, as it were, active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world, wherein the verb *to do* ranks so much higher than the verb *to be*. The way of instinct or genius cannot be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can *sit still* and think within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue—when we are silent, not only that we may hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed, silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half-thoughts or hasty opinions, but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm earnest manner when we are most actively employed: *Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*, as the German proverb says, is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But the mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is a something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, cannot attain without it. The amount of self-governance which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word, and deed are under control of the reasoning will; irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason; he is always master of himself—that is, being self-possessed. Thence proceed 'self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.' The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances—what is called the tyranny of

circumstances—may move, but cannot upset it; it is quiet within, and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments: a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet—quiet enough to examine his own powers, and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties, and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attained—that useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says: 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I cannot refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favourite of the book-loving public; for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favourite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste; the sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Hear what he now says: 'It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestation of a serene lesson, the skies and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent, too, for the most part, is earth; save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before it: peace loves it, and hearts are drawn together by it, conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory; gentleness alone is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law, and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention, which emanated from the God-given wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces, before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God-given voice of conscience in the heart; most potent when most gentle, breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination.'

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond, for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time, whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand, there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused, or hurried, affects us with a sense of beauty; whereas anything that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful, and does the work of a beautiful thing, which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude which can emanate only from a peaceful and well-regulated mind, may not have a good feature nor a well-proportioned limb, and yet will attract others as if he or she were beautiful. They will be gladdened by the approach of such a one, love to be near him, to be under the influence of that beautiful or 'beauty-making power;' and feel all their gentlest and best feelings excited by his presence. More than all, they themselves will be quieted by being near him, for repose of character, and the loveliness attendant on it, are contagious. So it is with a quiet place—a place

\* *The Reigion of the Heart*. By Leigh Hunt. John Chapman: Strand.



where order and fitness of details produce a unity of effect. This unity of aspect in a landscape or a room, is what is called harmony in the language of art; it is what in common language may be called repose or quiet, and is the thing which we all seek—without knowing it, for the most part—when we gaze upon a natural landscape, or look round us in a room. A quiet comfortable room is full of beauty, and everybody loves it; a quiet beautiful landscape is full of the comfort which all beauty brings to the refined mind. There are also refined minds which, having attained in perfection the art of quiet, reflect their own harmony upon the landscape they look on, or the room in which they are; they carry about with them repose and quiet, as the joyous minds carry with them sunshine and gladness. In this world, so full of love and sorrow, the loving cannot always be glad, nor desire to be glad; but always they are glad to be quiet. Quietude is beautiful and good: let us strive to cultivate it in our hearts, that it may give us leisure and opportunity for raising and purifying our souls, which is the highest duty we have set before us on earth. Far be from our souls all noise and tumult, violence and confusion, even about good things; and let us learn to compose our hearts, that we may commune with high things, and heed as little as may be 'the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' except to convert it into the 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

#### ALARM OF A FRENCH INVASION.

THERE are certain well-known plagues of domestic life in the shape of beetles and cockroaches that take up their quarters wherever human beings congregate; and not even students of natural history are willing to fraternise with them for any length of time. London has its full share of these intruders, and others besides, among which is the *Myrmica domestica*—small yellow ant, now found in so many houses as to occasion serious annoyance. At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr Spence stated, that had proper precautions been taken when this ant was first introduced, its spread might have been prevented, and the infant colony extirpated. At the same time, he called attention to a danger threatened from another quarter—namely, an invasion from Rochelle, not of Frenchmen, but of an army of the *Termes lucifugus*. These insects have long been established in that town, and we are liable any day to have them brought over in trading vessels to our own ports in the west of England, 'where,' as Mr Spence observes, 'they would find a temperature probably as well suited to their propagation as at Rochelle.' If such should be the case, there is no foreseeing where the evil would stop: the whole country might be overrun, as with the aquatic plant whose extraordinary spread we noticed a few months ago.

We have all read of the ravages which ants and termites commit in tropical countries, of their extensive settlements, and surprising migrations. Our unfortunate colony of Port Essington was one of their favourite haunts; and so cleverly did they pursue the work of destruction inside the timber of the colonists' houses, that the buildings fell one after another without a moment's warning. We now find them making similar havoc in Europe.

Termites are often confounded with ants, which is a mistake, for they are distinct races. The *Termes lucifugus*, which is very small and white, was discovered first at Bordeaux by Latreille, and since his day, has been found at some half-dozen other places in the western departments of France, and more recently at Rochelle. Naturalists say that termites are more to be feared than the real ant; and so it proved at Saintes, Rochefort, &c., where roofs and floors fell without the least notice, and whole houses were hollowed out to

mere shells, and had to be abandoned or rebuilt. As their name indicates, these petty marauders shun the light, and never give any outward sign of the mischief they are perpetrating—a fact which renders them the more to be dreaded.

At Rochelle, they have not yet overrun the whole town, but have two thriving settlements from which they may, when least expected, send out scouts to find new quarters for their swarms of sappers and miners. These settlements are at opposite extremities of the town, separated by the port and docks—one being the arsenal, the other the prefecture. At the former, the ground-floors only are infested, the upper apartments having hitherto been preserved by a constant and rigid system of inspection. But at the prefecture, and some of the adjoining houses, the whole of the wood-work in every story is pierced. Had it not been for a canal which connects the town-ditch with the harbour, they would probably have spread themselves further in this neighbourhood; but, to the inhabitants, the possibility of their getting across is a continual cause of apprehension.

The prefecture is a mansion which two wealthy ship-owners built for their own residence about seventy years ago. They imported largely from San Domingo, and it is believed that the termites were introduced with bales of goods from that colony, and that a few having found suitable quarters in the building, their propagation inevitably followed. The arsenal appears to have become infested through false economy, for when it was built, some beams were used in which it was well known that termites had already penetrated.

Many attempts have been made to get rid of these destructive Neuroptera, but hitherto without success; though one case is recorded of a garden having been freed by soaking it with hot soap-suds. At the beginning of 1853, M. Quatrefages of the French Academy of Sciences was sent to Rochelle, to investigate the growing evil on the spot, and devise if possible a remedy. He describes the ravages at the prefecture as being of the most serious nature. A few years ago, the principal beam of one of the rooms broke in two, and fell during the night, leaving the inmates in a state of painful suspense as to which part of the edifice would go next. By and by, a great portion of the departmental archives was found to be destroyed; the bundles of papers appeared to be perfectly sound on the outside, but the whole of the inside was devoured. Since that time, the official documents have been kept in zinc boxes. Painted columns which shewed no signs of injury, have, on examination, proved to be nothing but a fragile honeycomb surrounded by a shell of paint. One day, a clerk happening to stumble in going up stairs, clapped his hand suddenly against a massive and seemingly solid oak joist to save himself, when to his surprise the hand went in up to the wrist. The interior was nothing but a collection of empty cells abandoned by the termites.

In the garden, permanent hardy plants were attacked as well as annuals: a poplar was eaten away up to the branches, and a dahlia was pulled up with its stem completely filled with the mischievous insects, and the tubers excavated. All the stakes used for supporting plants were perforated both above and below the surface of the soil; and if a piece of board was attached to the wood-work of any of the doors or lintels, it was furrowed in all directions in less than twenty-four hours.

The habit of the termites is to establish a nest or colony at some central point, and to bore galleries leading from it in all directions. To find out this central point is one difficulty in the way of extirpation; the smallness of the creatures themselves is another. M. Quatrefages remembering that rats had been driven from their holes by forcing in sulphuretted hydrogen, tried a number of experiments with this gas and with chlorine on the termites enclosed in glass tubes, where the effects could be noted. He found chlorine to be the more fatal: it killed the insects in

five-sixths of a second. Besides, it is less costly, more easily prepared, and less irritating to the lungs of those who have to apply it, than sulphuretted hydrogen. Its greater specific gravity, too, insures its penetrating the galleries, and it will kill even when largely mixed with atmospheric air. The method he recommends is, to fit an apparatus as near to all the central nests as possible, and then, by a moderate long-continued pressure, to force the gas into the galleries. If this be done at the season when the females are about to lay their eggs, the destruction will be the more complete.

It is obvious that this mode of destroying so dangerous a pest can only be really effectual while the termites are confined to narrow and well-ascertained limits. When spread abroad, it would be impossible. Watchfulness ought to be exercised in our seaports against the entrance of so obnoxious an intruder.

### THE LARGE HOTEL QUESTION.

THAT most indefatigable of all the servants of the British public; that functionary who never sleeps, never stops to eat or drink, never tires, never dies; that phenomenon who knows everybody and everything, who has been everywhere, and seems to be everywhere at once; who has attributed to him the wisdom of knowing how to do the right thing at the right time in the right place; who keeps the earth's axis well oiled, that the world may roll on without too much friction; who knows what everybody thinks, and, moreover, what everybody *ought* to think; who can tell the thinkers how to do what they think, and fights everybody's battles against those who would obstruct the thinkers and doers; who is expected to answer everybody's questions, and to solve everybody's difficulties—of course we speak of the editor of the *Times*—this invisible personage, among the many hard tasks which have been imposed upon him, has been called upon to reform our hotels and hotel-systems. 'Biffin' and 'Thirsty-soul' appealed to him day after day, to assist them in an onslaught on the hotels. He did so, and there is silently springing up proofs here and there that the battle will not have been fought in vain. It is true that no very startling manifestations have become visible—nothing to fright the isle from its propriety: but the work is going on nevertheless. There are three directions in which the reform is shewing itself—the great railway companies are beginning to advertise for tenders in respect to the building of hotels, in which 'second-class' accommodation is to be afforded; there is a 'Hotel Company' brewing, by which great things are promised; and many of the old hotels and inns, terrified at all this stir and 'botheration,' are voluntarily making sundry reforms, in which a public drawing-room or coffee-room for ladies is included.

The causes which have led to the present unsatisfactory state of our hotels are many. The hotel-keepers are answerable for only some of them, not all. In the days of posting, there was a clearly marked line of division between the rich and the poor, the genteel and the common. The persons who hired a post-chaise lived in corresponding style on the road, and the posting-inns provided a luxurious and costly accommodation; while all those whose means did not permit them to travel post, but who had to avail themselves of other modes of conveyances, put up as a matter of course at houses of much humbler character. When the days of staging began to supersede the days of posting, the two different grades became more mixed up; the 'insides' and the 'outsides' stopped at the same inn, because the coach changed horses there, and the opportunity of making a difference in charge became much lessened; when railway-days began to supersede staging-days, the confusion of rank became greater and greater; and the British public have never yet settled down into gradations in respect to railway-hotel accommodations.

Besides these three causes—the posting, the staging, and the railway systems—there are other three which have tended to bring about the present anomalous state of our hotels. One is the *licensing-system*, which, by limiting the number of houses opened for such accommodation, cramps the healthy action of open competition. A second is, the practice which railway companies have followed of building costly hotels, letting them at high rental, and allowing the renters to charge what they please. A third is—and the sooner we acknowledge it the better—that we are an odd sort of people at hotels; our insular habits not adapting us so completely as our continental and American friends to the social usages of hotel-life.

Without dwelling further on these causes, we wish to devote a few paragraphs to a notice of what is doing in various quarters, to mark the steps of progress towards something which may be better by and by. It may be as well here to mention, that if the reader has the second series of the *Journal* at hand, he will find two detailed notices of the continental hotel-system in the years 1846 and 1847 (vol. vi. p. 190; vol. viii. p. 153). It is the marvellous hotel-system of America that we wish here more particularly to mention.

In the *Illustrated News*, a few months ago, was given an engraving of an American hotel, so stupendous that an Englishman has some difficulty in believing that such a structure *can* be a hotel. It is the Mount Vernon Hotel, at Cape May, in New Jersey. This Cape May is not a large city, nor the suburb of a large city: it is a quiet watering-place, and the hotel has been recently built for the accommodation of pleasure visitors. Herein we observe at once a contrast to English customs: our towns-people, when they take an autumnal trip to Gravesend, Margate, Brighton, Weymouth, and such-like places, more frequently look out for lodgings in private houses, than venture upon the expensiveness of hotel-accommodation; but the Americans view the matter differently—they put up at a hotel, and transfer all care and responsibility to the hotel-keeper. This Mount Vernon Hotel exceeds in size anything we can even dream of as a hotel in England. It consists of a main front or façade four stories in height, by more than 300 feet in length, and two wings no less than 500 feet in length. The front and wings form three sides of a square laid out with shrubs, walks, terraces, and fountains. The fourth side of the quadrangle is open to the sea, between which and the hotel is a smooth beach. In the centre, and at the corners of the front and of each wing, are towers higher than the rest of the building. Balconies and verandas are continued round the whole extent of the building at each story. It is said—and the figures in other respects seem to bear out the assertion—that there is nearly a mile and a half of such balconies and verandas. The general style of architecture is something like that of the new front to Buckingham Palace, with a certain Oriental character, due to the balconies and verandas. The dining-saloons, ladies' drawing-rooms, and general drawing-rooms, are of most sumptuous character. The number of bedrooms mentioned, is so extravagant that we think there must be some mistake; and in order that we may not perpetuate the mistake, if mistake it be, we will consent to regard the number of rooms as 'an unknown quantity.'

The system observed is very different from that which is usually acted on in England. Instead of being left in a state of vague terror at the possible amount of his bill, each visitor is said to be charged two dollars and a half—about half a guinea—per day for bed and board. Wine and washing are 'extras,' the washing being so charged as to include payment for servants. Notwithstanding all that has been said about American hotels, however, it appears that at this crack establishment, as in England, a guest finds himself almost compelled to fee the servants directly,

if he would be well served. In the management of the *salon à manger*, everything that can reasonably be expected even by a refined epicure is provided. Nothing is carved at table. Colonels are plentiful in the United States: Colonel Colt makes the famous revolvers; and Colonel West keeps the Mount Vernon Hotel. Among the luxuries of the place, is that every bedroom has a bath attached, with hot and cold water always laid on. The hotel manufactures its own gas; and so extensive is the supply of water and gas, that the pipes for distributing those necessities throughout the building are said to amount to 125 miles in extent. Not only is each bedroom provided with a bath, but it has other accommodations which render it a home distinct from every other part of the house. There is a 'bridal-chamber,' on which the most exquisite art of the decorator and upholsterer has been displayed; it is always engaged for weeks beforehand, for newly-married couples who have the wherewithal to pay about L.10 a day for its use. This public spending of the honeymoon at hotels is much more prevalent in America than in England: whether English brides avoid this publicity because they do not like it, or simply because our hotels are not fitted for it, let others determine. We promised to avoid any mention of the alleged number of rooms; but as the alleged receipts are consistent therewith, we may as well, without any guarantee for correctness, state that the bedrooms are declared to be 3500 in number; and that the rooms being nearly always occupied, at two dollars and a half per day, the receipts amount to not much less than L.1750 per diem. If this be true, we may well endorse the assertion, that there is 'no other hotel in the world the receipts of which approach to this immense sum.'

Our perplexity about the astounding number of rooms has been partly induced by the contrast between it and the number in the largest of the New York hotels. The reader has, of course, heard about Astor House and Irving House; but it appears that both of these are beaten by another hotel of later date. In September 1852, was opened the Metropolitan Hotel, which had been three years in course of construction. It is described as excelling all the other New York hotels in magnificence as well as in magnitude. It has sleeping accommodation for 600 visitors, and is always full. There are 300 servants, for it has been found in these monster hotels, that the efficient service of the whole establishment requires half as many attendants as there are guests sleeping in the house. The servants' wages vary from two shillings a day to about a guinea a day. The laundry attached to the hotel washes 4000 articles daily; and so efficient is the machinery, that shirts and other linens are said to have occasionally been washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in the short space of fifteen minutes. In the public saloons there is a constant round of eating and drinking for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, to accommodate passengers by rail or steamer. How many men it takes to eat one ox, we have never happened to hear, and, therefore, we cannot tell whether it is true, as is stated, that 1000 oxen were cut up into beef for this hotel during its first year. There are six stages, and twenty other carriages, constantly employed in conveying visitors to and from the hotel. In the first year, from September 1852 to September 1853, the gross receipts were set down at 500,000 dollars—about L.110,000—of which twenty per cent. was profit. The gas and coal for the year cost 14,000 dollars, and the water 1000. These astonishing details are rendered more credible than they would otherwise be, by the well-known tendency of the Americans to conduct operations on the factory or large system more extensively even than is practised in England.

What is the mystery by which waiter, boots, chambermaid, and hostler, know when they are respectively wanted, and by which the requirements of the

gentleman in No. 6 are distinguished from those of the lady in No. 13, is very little known to the visitors generally; but there is a plan acted on in some of the American hotels, and also in some of the magnificent transatlantic steamers, which would seem to lessen the amount of ringing and calling, and confusion and delay. This is by the use of the bell-telegraph. There is an upright case or box, two or three feet square, through the top of which descend bell-wires from all the rooms placed in connection with the apparatus. Within the case is a bell, the hammer of which is moved by pulling any of the wires. Not only is the bell thus struck, but at the same moment a small, white, semi-circular plate in front of the apparatus is turned half-round, and reveals either a number or a message inscribed beneath. There may be a hundred or any other number of these plates, some of which reveal the numbers of the respective rooms occupied by the guests, while others disclose such words as 'waiter,' 'boots,' 'hot water,' &c., indicative of the numerous wants of the guests. A small handle at the bottom of the case readjusts any of the plates after it has been moved by the bell or bell-hammer. The modicum of philosophy in this apparatus is, that instead of having as many bells as there are rooms, there is one bell to serve for all, with a decided test to ascertain whence or for what it has been rung. This is an improvement upon a plan adopted in some of the continental hotels, in which there is one bell to each floor. If there be rooms on a floor occupied by twenty guests, the guests may pull twenty bell-ropes, but they will ring only one bell. Each bell-rope pulls two wires—one going down stairs to the bell, and the other going no further than the adjoining passage. In this passage is an apparatus against the wall, inscribed with the numbers of all the rooms on that floor, and a lid to cover each number, movable on a hinge. If No. 1 rings his bell, the lid falls which had hidden the inscription 'No. 1;' the servant attendant on the ringing comes up to the passage, sees which number is exposed, and hence knows by which guest his services are required. He fastens up the lid again by a spring catch, and the apparatus is ready to be again applied to use as before.\*

In our brief notice of the two gigantic American hotels, mention is made of the laundry as a very marked feature in such establishments. We have happened to meet with a detailed account of the working of one of these hotel-laundries: perhaps the reader will deem this not the least interesting among the illustrations of American hotel philosophy. At the St Nicholas Hotel, then, at New York, is a magnificent laundry, in which the washing and drying are regularly performed within the space of about half an hour. One man and three women can wash from 3000 to 5000 pieces daily—the usual average. The main portion of the apparatus is a strong wooden cylinder, four feet in diameter, rotated by a steam-engine. The shaft of the cylinder is a hollow pipe, through which hot water, cold water, or steam can be introduced. The cylinder being half filled with water, a door is opened, 400 or 500 articles of clothing are thrown in, soap and an alkaline liquid are added, the door is closed, and the steam-engine whirls the cylinder with its contents rapidly round and round. The alkaline liquid is selected so as to bleach the fabric as well as to remove the dirt. Steam is admitted during the revolution, and is so managed that it must pass through the clothing in its way to the place of exit. Fifteen or twenty minutes suffice to wash the clothes. The steam is cut off, the heated water is drawn out, and cold water is introduced to rinse the clothes. The articles are taken out, wet and clinging

\* In a future chapter of *Things as They are in America*, our readers will find a detailed account of the hotel-system of America.

together, and are put into a centrifugal drying-machine. Such machines are now very extensively employed in numerous manufacturing processes: they consist of a sort of perforated cylinder, in which the moist or wetted articles are placed; the rotation of the cylinder at a high velocity drives out all the moisture, which escapes through the perforations in the form of drops of water. Some such machines are made to rotate with the immense velocity of 3000 turns in a minute. The laundry-attendants, then, devote about five minutes to the drying of the washed linen in the centrifugal machine. With a praiseworthy caution, which ladies will doubtlessly appreciate, all such articles as ladies' caps and laces are put up in netting-bags, in order that they may undergo the washing process without injury from rubbing or friction. The linen is, of course, not absolutely dried by this rapid whirlabout motion; all the moisture that can be driven off is made to leave it; but the articles are then hung for a short time on airing-frames, and placed in a hot closet, where the final drying is effected. The ironers have all possible aid to facilitate and expedite their labours; but we have not yet heard that a shirt can actually be ironed by machinery: this is a feat which perhaps Young America is destined to accomplish one day or other.

Now a question which suggests itself is—how far can these transatlantic marvels supply us with hints whereby to improve the management of English hotels? One thing must especially be borne in mind—that the peculiarities of English habits will not sanction a rapid or extensive change of system; it must be brought about gradually, if it is to effect any good. Should a person just at the present time, and before the reform question has taken root, establish an hotel with 600 beds—we are afraid of the 3500, and will say nothing more thereupon—what would be the result? Would he not get—into the *Gazette*? An enormous hotel at Cheltenham—but a pigmy beside the American giants—has gone through a course of ill-luck, which acts as a warning to oversanguine speculators. Nevertheless, in this as in other matters, the failure of exaggerated plans tells but little against the same plans carried on more moderately. What we require in England is, not hotels so large as to accommodate hundreds of sleepers, but hotels in which the charges are reasonable, in which fees to servants are included in the charge, in which quarts of wine should be quarts rather than pints, in which no one should be left in any doubt as to the rate of charge, and in which ladies—why not say women?—should be attended to as their sex demands without exorbitant charge.

One of the new journals to which the Sydenham Palace has given origin—the *Illustrated Crystal Palace Gazette*—has thrown out what are called 'Hints to Architects in designing Hotels for Sydenham and Norwood.' The gist of the suggestion is, that the Paxton style of architecture—to use an expression which has lately acquired a certain sort of popularity—is well worthy of being carried out in private houses, and especially in family hotels. It is a style or principle marked by this character: that the internal capacity bears a remarkably large ratio to the substance or materials of the building itself. In no other style whatever is there so little waste of space. The monitor asks, in respect to family hotels: 'Who has not felt the annoyance of want of privacy in these domiciles?' And he then complains that, 'to prevent intrusion or annoyance, parties must be shut up in their own apartments; for instantly they leave them, the one common staircase and doorway painfully remind them that they are not "at home."' The new style of construction would leave abundance of room for many doorways and many staircases, without encroaching on the space for apartments. A description is given of a group of hotels planned for construction on Westow Hill, in the immediate vicinity of the Sydenham Palace. According to

the architect's plan, there are to be three hotels facing the high road—a large one in the centre, and two of smaller dimensions flanking it on either side. There are to be corridors running from each of the floors, connecting the three hotels. All the cookery and general domestic operations are to be carried on in the central hotel, leaving the two side hotels private: as private and quiet, indeed, as any home-dwelling, each floor having a separate entrance by means of a handsome covered flight of steps from the grounds without. A private road will run back at right angles to the frontage of the hotels, on an incline; this road will lead to the mews or stable of the establishment, which will be so constructed that stabling for 150 horses will be at a low level, and carriage-houses at a higher level. Such is said to be the plan for these hotels. It does not always fall to an architect's lot to see his plans carried out; but the future must speak for this, as for many other notable schemes.

Whether the new project for a hotel company, presently to be noticed, is likely to be more feasible than the plans brought forward by private persons, it is not at present easy to see. We establish companies for almost everything, it is true. We have lately seen a company formed for cutting a thing so small as a cork, and another company for cutting a thing so large as a ship-canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the Isthmus of Darien; there is, therefore, no doubt about the hotel so far as money-power is concerned. The doubt arises in respect to management. A committee to manage a hotel would not manage it so well as one individual proprietor. The analogy of the clubs does not bear upon this; for a club is a definite establishment, comprising not merely the same number of persons, but the same identical persons, throughout perhaps a whole year. This matter has yet, however, to be put to the test of actual experience, before it can be either affirmed or condemned.

The promoters of the Hotel Company do not seem to be very definite in their plans, so far as the prospectus affords the means of judging. The capital of the 'London and County Joint-stock Hotel Company' is set down at £100,000, 'with power to increase;' in shares of £1 each, 'to be paid up in full on allotment.' The prospectus assumes that everybody's attention must have been drawn to the defective state of the existing hotel-system, and that everybody must be anxious to see a reform of the system introduced. It then announces the intention, with the funds of the company, and under the control of the directors, to build, purchase, or rent, as in each case may be considered most expedient, one or more hotels of large dimensions, in London, and in the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom, to be fitted up on a scale commensurate with modern taste and requirements; and, as far as practicable, to maintain among all the company's establishments a complete system of intercommunication by means of the electric telegraph. These hotels, it is proposed, shall be conducted by paid managers of known talent and integrity, and the charges regulated by a uniform tariff, to be printed and posted in the several rooms. It is further intended, that the continental and American systems of tables d'hôte and public rooms shall be combined with the privacy and comforts of an English hotel, so as to meet, as far as possible, the requirements of every traveller. One special defect of English hotels—the difficulties which ladies experience in obtaining anything like proper accommodation without incurring the expense of a private sitting-room—it is proposed to obviate by establishing a public 'Ladies' Room,' for their sole use, with suitable female attendants. For such parties as may require private apartments, the charge will be much lower than is now customarily demanded; and 'lights' will not be charged. It is proposed that hotel libraries shall be established,

for the use of the visitors; and that all modern improvements tending to enhance the comforts of guests, shall from time to time be adopted, without occasioning any rise in the tariff of charges. The objections to the fee-system is proposed to be met by the standing rule—that all attendants detected in receiving gratuities at the hands of visitors will be immediately discharged. The directors express a belief that the mode adopted of raising the capital in small shares will create a diffusiveness of interest that must of itself, by the extension of custom to the company's hotels, enhance the prospect of ultimate success, and secure a more ample return to the shareholders. They finally give expression to a full assurance, 'that the development of these arrangements will effectually dispel the existing feeling of dissatisfaction and mistrust experienced by all who frequent hotels; and that such establishments as may be conducted under the auspices of this company, will offer much greater inducements for habitual resort.'

Hotels pay much larger profits than railways, in England as in America; and we cannot wonder if the joint-stock principle should ultimately be applied to the one mode of investment as to the other. Be this as it may, we may hope that no one will again have to accuse a waiter of charging 2s. for three oranges, which the said waiter had just been seen to purchase at the hotel door for 4½d.; and of charging 6d. for the sugar which the guest did not eat with the said oranges. To say that a rich man can afford to pay this, is beside the question: it is a wretchedly uncommercial state of things, in a country like ours, that the charges in this particular branch of trade should be left in such total uncertainty.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE writer of the paragraph with which the last chapter closed was just in the proper position for expatiating on such a subject. His days, from an early hour in the morning, were spent in a mechanical employment, and his evenings in preparing another literary paper demanding all the powers of his intellect; and these powers were not summoned the less successfully that his studies were carried on in the front-parlour, the scene of Mrs Margery's manipulations, and that the worthy ex-cook, and an assistant maid, were unremittingly busy around him both with their hands and tongues. He had thought at first of the extravagance of having a fire in his bedroom; but the practice of an evening or two rendered it easy for him to abstract his thoughts from what was passing around him. We can easily understand this ourselves, for the hand that now moves the pen never wrote better, in its humble way, than when the other hand was holding a squalling baby, while the knee on which the imp un-rested counterfeited the motion of a cradle, and the lips that were inwardly fashioning sentences were outwardly giving forth a prolonged and monotonous 'Hush-h-h!'

One evening Robert's attention was drawn from his work by a human face appearing above the muslin window-blind, the shutters not being yet closed. He could not at first make out who the individual was, the nose being flattened against the pane to the size and shape of a crown-piece; but presently the small quick eyes darting to every corner of the room assured him it was Driftwood. When the artist, satisfied with his survey, came in, he was warmly greeted both by his cousin and pupil.

'You're very well, Margery?' said he—and well to do, old lass, I see that: work—work—it's in the family!'

'Sit you down, John, and give us all your news; and although it's not nearly so good as we had it at Wearyfoot, I'll send for some ale'—

'No, you won't. Hot water's the thing at this season.'

'Goodness gracious—hot water!'

'Well, if there must be something in it, let it be gin; but don't send for more than a pint, Margery. So, old fellow, art wouldn't do with you after you lost your master?'

'No, it would not—especially after they locked me out of the studio.'

'That was improper—decidedly improper; if that rascally boy had only been at his post!—but never mind, it's all set to rights now, and you may come back to-morrow.'

'Are you serious? Have you actually returned to Jermyn Street?'

The artist nodded affirmatively.

'I am really concerned to hear it. I happen to know—for merit will out—that in the out-of-door's line, as you call it, you are the very first of the craft; and is that not better than being merely one of a host? Besides, you cannot disguise from yourself that in the studio you were hardly able to live.'

'My dear boy, it is the fate of all the modern masters at first: the dealers and amateurs must get used to us by degrees. Great painters have their own way of doing things, and it stands to reason that this will be resented for a time by the taste it seems to defy. I have myself a peculiar style—a very peculiar style, I humbly conceive—and that is the reason why I am so long of moving; but when I do move, up I shall go like a rocket, and no mistake! Why, it is only the other day I dashed off a Robin Hood in a way that, on canvas, would have fetched any money—any money, sir; but being on wood, I assure you, when going to look at it now and then, I spent the price in beer and bread-and-cheeses. Mark me, however, I don't mean to do anything imprudent. While reproducing on canvas my Robin Hood, and several other things I have lately thrown away upon timber, I intend taking a leaf out of your book. You know Mrs Doubleback?'

'No, I don't.'

'Yes, you do. You took her off for a guinea; and now that I have worked a little upon the nose, to give it a touch of the Grecian!'

'Grecian! why, it is a snub, an absolute dumpling—and quite an amiable dumpling too!'

'Precisely. That's why it wanted Grecianising. My dear fellow, you would not know it again—the very children said they would not have known it again. But the thing is this: Mrs Doubleback has an extensive circle of acquaintances, and half a score of them are dying to have their portraits taken in the style of our joint work. This seemed, in fact, the beginning of a pretty business looming out upon us—with high art in the background. I at once made arrangements for reopening the studio; and as, of course, I would not leave you out in what you originated yourself, I called at your lodgings—was directed here—and, I declare to you, I was like to drop when I found you with "Oaklands, Clear-starcher," over the door! Here's a metamorphosis, thought I. If it had been carpenter, or glazier, or house-painter, I'd have thought nothing of it; but for a young fellow like him to take to clear-starching is astounding; and I was glad to find the area grated over that I might look in at the window—when, of course, Margery's comely face reassured me. Here's to you, Cousin Margery! Now take a sip, old girl!'

On hearing Driftwood's explanation, Robert was not

so much concerned for the victim of high art, for he knew that a guinea portrait, dashed off in his rattling way, would *pay*, and he was in hopes that, with the assistance of his old patroness—the same who had struck off the odd shilling—Driftwood might be able to form a connection wide enough to enable him to live. In fact, his friend's situation was somewhat peculiar; so much so as to account both for his delusion and disappointment. His signs, when viewed at some little distance, did actually bear a very striking resemblance to gallery pictures painted on wood; and his gallery pictures, on their part, could hardly be conjectured to be anything else than signs painted on canvas. For his own part, however, Robert was determined to hold by an employment which he looked upon as more artistic than copying the externals of vulgar faces, and Grecianising snub-noses; and in the intervals of mechanical labour, to give himself up to literature.

A long conversation ensued, during which the artist applied himself zealously to the hot water. He made many attempts to shake his friend's resolution to have nothing to do with the portrait business; and he was more anxious to lead him into a more dignified way of life than the one he had chosen, when he heard of his position in relation to the Falcontowers.

'You don't know the world, my boy,' said he. 'Those Falcontowers are proud; and even if the modern-antique cabinet you are constructing was actually the poem in wood you would make it out to be, you would still be in their eyes a mechanic. Their interest lies entirely in the political way; and the idea of such people exercising it in favour of a mechanic is absurd.'

'I do not mean to put them to the test,' replied Robert. 'If I am not destined to succeed in literature, they can do me no good; and if I am, it is as an author they will acknowledge me, not as a mechanic. I have no intention to repeat my visits at their house just now—I will not even let them know my address. I have proved to myself the hollowness of the superstition that met me on all hands—that an *introduction* to an editor is necessary. I suspected it to be a superstition, because the idea is irrational. Literary wars, when the question is of printing and publishing, are just like any other wars: the purchaser will take the article best suited to his purpose, without caring a straw whether the dealer presents him with a recommendation or not. This may not have been so much the case formerly; but in our day literature and publishing are crowded professions, and in the midst of the eagerness of competition, people are not such fools as to stand upon antiquated and useless ceremony. It is my intention, then, to go on with the experiment I have so favourably begun; and if I ever advance so far as to support myself by literature alone, I will take my chance of being able to recall my name to the remembrance of Miss Falcontower and her father. In the meantime, I prefer what you call a mechanical employment, to your own, because it is less dependent upon the caprice of employers. A steady, skilful workman holds his place of right, and has no need to flatter snub-noses.'

'Very well,' said Driftwood, who had been sipping absently a new dose of the hot water, 'take your own way, my lad. Ambition is the fault of some natures: it is the fault of mine. Only to think of the fatality that pursues me! Signs and gallipots, however, have no chance in the long-run; high art will have me. How can I help it? I let them pull, and go just as I am dragged. One day on a ladder, another in a studio: isn't it queer? If that rascally boy would only be in the way to open the door: but there's another fatality—he never will. Margery, old girl, stick to the clear-starching. You have a cousin, it is true, who is one of the modern masters; but he don't despise clear-starching. On the contrary, he will look in every now and then of an evening, and take his gin and water with

you, precisely as he would do if you were a countess—a countess, Margery, in your own right. I say, Oaklands, I'll give your compliments to my friend Sir Vivian the next time I see him. And you'll see him, too, sooner than you think for. Good-night, old fellow!'

After he had left the house with overdone steadiness, a tap made them look up, and with some amusement they saw his nose describing, as artistically as before, a wide circle on the window pane. The artist beckoned gravely to his cousin, and she went out.

'Margery,' said he, 'I want to know who that young fellow is. You wrote to me that he was a young gentleman; and his words are high—but his notions confoundedly low. Who and what is he?'

'He is a gentleman,' replied Margery, 'but I cannot tell what gentleman—at least not yet. It will all come out in time, never fear!'

'Why is his name Oaklands?'

'Never mind his name, John. Oaklands does as well to be called by as any other name.'

'Then it is to be a mystery?'

'Of course, a mystery till the denouement. I wish I was as sure of a hundred pound as he is of—no matter what. But it will all come out in time, John—I give you my word for that. I was never mistaken in anything of the kind in my life.'

'Very well, Margery; do you think he would take it kind if I went back and took another glass with him?'

'Not to-night, John—another night will do better.'

'Then give my compliments to Mr Oaklands, and tell him—with Mr D.'s compliments—that I don't look down on clear-starching. Good-night, cousin Margery.'

The reopening of the studio disarranged Robert's plans completely, for it preserved uninterrupted the line of communication between the Falcontowers and him; and immediately on the return of the family to town, he received from them, through Driftwood, a brief note, written very carefully in a fashionable female hand. It contained only these words:—'Sir Vivian and Miss Falcontower having now returned to town, will be happy to see Mr Oaklands as usual.' This, he felt, considering all things, to be stiff enough; but, on second thoughts, it seemed kinder than a formal invitation to dinner. It placed him on the footing of an *habitué*, and signified that his company was considered desirable, whether on special occasions or not. He determined to obey the summons without loss of time, and to bring with him something that should prove to Miss Falcontower that he had not been altogether disheartened by the coldness with which she had evidently regarded his attempt to paint her portrait. This was a likeness, on a small scale, of Mrs Margery, whereon he had bestowed infinite pains, and in which, in his own opinion, he had reduced to practice that theory the young lady, in her conversation with her father, as the reader may remember, had considered indicative, by its very subtlety, of the want of artistic genius.

Again he found himself in the magnificent drawing-room, and again the same slow and gliding figure came up the long vista. Entirely the same. No country bloom, no glow of travel, no new feeling, no awakened thought, was visible on that lovely cheek. Time appeared to stand still with her; and Robert, as on a former occasion, could have fancied that the intervening month was a dream, and that in reality he had parted with her on that spot only the day before. Claudia's observation of her visitor was very different. There was now an independence in his air, an almost overbearing look in his proud eyes, like that of one who feels his place in the world, and presses on to a known future. His simplicity of character, however, remained, and that was the grand distinction between the two, for in reality there was much that was congenial in their natures, placed so far apart by the action of



circumstances. This simplicity she comprehended only as one comprehends a character of high romance, remote from the reality of life, and it had therefore a poetical charm for her imagination, which frequently, in her solitary musings, and in the pauses of the artificial world, brought him before her like a phantom. She had read the change in his air and aspect even before her eyes were near enough to lighten with their accustomed radiance on his face, and she put her hand into his with unmistakable cordiality, as if she had said: 'Well done, brave spirit!'

'I have read your paper,' said she, when the stereotyped phrases had been hurried over, 'and there is much in it I admire. I am myself only a woman, and surrounded with conventionalities as with a net-work; but I can sympathise in the outspoken of a high, strong spirit, even when it is directed against my own tastes or prejudices, and even when its aspirations are impossibilities. You still follow art, I see.'

'I have brought you this portrait to look at. It proves, in my opinion, that, with good training and steady industry, I might become a painter; but it has likewise demonstrated that the attempt at present would be vain, since this little piece has cost more time and thought than could be compensated by ten times the price it would bring as the production of an unknown artist.'

'It is indeed full of promise,' said Claudia, who did not seem displeased at the failure of his hopes; 'and it shews me practically what your notion of the ideal is. This is the etherealised face of a comely, comfortable woman below the middle class, and is too poetical, I fear, to be true.'

'It is on its poetical truth I pique myself. I have tried to express in it natural affection, elevated, or at least, changed, from an instinct to a sentiment, and overspread with a colouring of romantic feeling.'

'It was a brave attempt,' said Claudia, with one of her smile-flashes, containing on this occasion a tinge of the sarcastic; 'and considering the difficulty of the object, far from unsuccessful. If you will leave it with me for a while, I may be able to collect some opinions for you. But, since your pictures are not remunerative, you have probably extended your literary connection?'

'No: I am trying a new subject of importance for the work you have seen; and the little money I require for my support, I obtain by handicraft employment.' Claudia was too high-bred to start, but she looked instead, and her eyes glanced involuntarily at the splendid room. 'I am aware,' continued Robert, breaking into a downright smile, 'that I am here out of my place; but what is to be done? While trying my fortune in literature and art, I must live, and I cannot exercise a very arbitrary choice as to the means. If instead of using any taste, ingenuity, and power of research I may possess in constructing a cabinet, I had recourse to the gaming-table, or the betting-room, or even to the den of the picture-copier, that would not be looked upon as throwing any obstacle in the way of my access to the drawing-room: but surely I have chosen the more respectable and honourable means of living!'

'You are eccentric, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia, recovering, 'that is all: you are only reducing to practice your own theory of respect for work.'

'Respect for work,' added Robert, 'in its own way and place. If I were only a mechanic, I should be entitled to respect only in my own station, and it would be absurd in me to be here for any other purpose than that of taking your orders; but I claim to be an aspirant of literature and art, and while my experiments are in progress, I choose to support myself by honourable rather than dishonourable labour. There is no substantial reason why the work of the hands should be reckoned degrading in an old community any more than in a new; and if our gentry enabled their sons,

by means of polytechnic schools, to make the election I have made, there would be far less risk than there now is of England's greatness being overtopped by that of younger nations.'

'Well, then,' said Claudia with undisguised warmth, 'you are not eccentric, but only manly and high-minded, and you will be welcome in this room even if you write upon your door, "Robert Oaklands, cabinet-maker!"'

This was in reality what it seemed to be—a burst of generous feeling; although Claudia at the same time knew very well that the business of the present meeting was to propose something to him which should take the place of his present occupations, cabinet-making and all. As the time of which we write is our own, it would be disturbing the genial feelings we wish to inspire, to enter into political questions, and explain the position of Sir Vivian in connection with a ministry of which he was not a member. It will be sufficient to say that his family influence was strongly reinforced by services he was but little able to perform in his own person—services that were directed rather than aided by an astute and somewhat unscrupulous mind, which owed all its happier inspirations to one who passed in society for merely an accomplished, beautiful, and somewhat eccentric young woman. If it was our hint to speculate on such mysteries, we might venture to surmise that to her anomalous métier of politics Claudia owed the ruin of those hopes that are usually dearer to a woman; but, at all events, there appeared in her present enterprise to be nothing that was likely to introduce dissension between her and her new ally, for the measures that required the aid of an energetic yet philosophical pen, were instalments, at least, of those which Robert conceived to be essential to national safety and national progress.

Let it not be understood, however, that Claudia developed her plans, or exhibited her own position, with any suddenness that could startle, or any obtrusiveness that could suggest an idea of the unfeminine. She led him to her father in his book-room, as an elegant library was humbly styled, and in the conversation that ensued, took a very moderate part when she took any at all. The interview terminated in Robert's abandoning his present pursuits, both intellectual and mechanical, and giving himself up for the time to political literature. This Sir Vivian, for his own sake—for so the understanding ran—put it into his power to do by the grant of a very small pecuniary subsidy, while he held out the prospect, that at some future time, when the anonymous could be advantageously dropped, and Robert's services be brought forward in the aggregate to back his own family influence, the ministry would be unable to refuse to him, what he could honourably demand—a respectable post in public business. Our adventurer, knowing the embarrassed circumstances of Sir Vivian, was unwilling, if it could have been avoided, to impinge upon his means at all; but he was somewhat reassured by the exceeding smallness of the sum proposed. He was, as yet, ignorant of the economy practised as a rule in such matters by great men, whose most favoured dependents are very little to be envied on the score of present profit. He was not long of learning, however, that the salary of the ostensible private secretary of even the first grantees of the kingdom is rarely, if ever, more than three hundred pounds a year. This position, or anything like it, he did not himself hold. He was to be considered rather as an almost amateur labourer, writing out his own theories, which chanced to tally with the practical plans of Sir Vivian Falcontower and the government.

The intimacy which this connection occasioned between Claudia and the young author was of a very peculiar kind. It seemed at first to be merely a contact of the two intellectual natures; but opinions even on the most abstruse subjects are so much modified by personal character, that in order to comprehend

the one it is necessary to study the other. Literature, besides, is a sort of free-masonry, which sets aside conventionalities, and brings individuals together on a common ground, and with a more than common sympathy; and thus it happened that in that quiet room, where Sir Vivian was only occasionally present, the waif of the common and the high-born and high-spirited woman of fashion came very soon to stand upon equal terms. Claudia at first attempted to play the dictator, and was surprised, and, indeed, a little ruffled, to find that she was unsuccessful. But what could she do? The conventionalism that was by turns her tyrant and her tool, was here wanting, and in its stead a straightforward simplicity there was no getting over. The unselfish views, the noble aspirations, which met her at every point, could not be treated with ridicule here. They must be encountered, and with no other defensive armour than the cold materialism of the world. And what was even worse, she must stand the calm soft gaze of his eyes, which, instead of being awed or confused, plunged through the most brilliant flashes of hers, and seemed to penetrate to her very soul. She became, in fact, afraid of him; but her fear had the effect of fascination, and the haughty beauty, whose presence would have been looked upon as an illumination in any drawing-room in the kingdom, came hither day after day to gleam like a taper by the side of a torch.

On his part, Robert was far from underrating this charming and accomplished woman. He found in her knowledge of the world everything he himself wanted, and relied with absolute confidence upon her nice tact and exquisite discrimination. But he felt that there was something between them—something apart from station and worldly distinction. Claudia felt this too; and she was curious to know what it was that enabled this strange young man to gaze calmly into eyes that had confounded before now the noble and the proud. Not that the young man could be to her anything more than an object of abstract speculation: the idea was preposterous, and the high-born and haughty beauty flushed with shame as it was suggested by her father remarking casually one day on the interest she appeared to take in his protégé. The interest, notwithstanding, did not diminish, and she would have given much to know what the impassable being really thought of her.

'I sometimes wonder, Mr Oaklands,' said she at length, 'what your real opinion is of one you have found so different from yourself. It can hardly be complimentary, yet I am able to stand the truth, and I am sure from you I shall hear it.'

'I flatter myself,' replied Robert, 'that the difference between us is far from being great—that, irremediable as it may be, it is merely accidental. I see many bright and glorious things in your original nature, which I would fain have some part in myself. I see the germs of high thoughts and noble actions, requiring only opportunity to spring; and I see the mental faculties, keen, polished, perfect, ready for the loftiest uses. But'—

'Ah, that but!'

'All this I see through an incrustation, that has gathered round them, forming no part of your real character, entirely distinct from your actual nature, and the result alone of the gradual deposits of the conventional world in which it has been your lot to live from childhood; yet an incrustation—though of crystalline transparency to the eyes that are privileged to observe you in your unguarded moments—as hard and smooth and strong as adamant. For myself, my nature is sufficiently like your own to enable me at least to appreciate and admire it; but the circumstances in which I have had my being have left me to some extent in the state of unsophisticated rudeness in which I was born.'

'But that incrustation,' said Claudia in a low voice,

'which is the barrier between our souls—is there no chemistry to dissolve—no force to break it in pieces?'

'By force it might be broken in pieces: by the same force that shattered your fortunes, that hurled you from station and power, and placed you on the low platform of life to struggle with the common crowd. As for chemistry, the romancers would tell you, on that point, of the Universal Solvent, a delusion, in its material form, of the dreaming alchemists, but existing as an actual entity in moral science—a power fit to disintegrate your moral self, to precipitate as dregs everything incidental, artificial, conventional, and leave your original nature pure, sparkling, and beautiful—an unguent that, when applied to those radiant eyes, would enable them to see treasures in the earth richer than the hoards of a thousand kings. And to this enchantment the romancers would give a name you have met with in poetry and fiction, admiring without feeling, worshipping without faith the idolum it designated—the name of Love. But'—

'Ah, but again!'

'But I am no romancer.'

### SHOTS AND SHELLS.

If the world will go a-fighting, we of the peaceable class may at least try to understand what the Quixotes are about. With this view we have inquired curiously into the nature of the missiles which, with the aid of villainous saltpetre, they let fly at one another; and the replies we have received enable us to give some account of those diabolical messengers of battle that 'hurtle through the darkened air,' under the name of shots and shells.

The term *shell*, in military language, signifies a hollow globe of cast iron, the central cavity being destined to contain either gunpowder alone, or a mixture of gunpowder and bullets: if the latter, the shell is termed a shrapnell from the gallant captain, its inventor; and also a 'spherical case-shot.' When filled with gunpowder alone, it is simply a shell, or occasionally a bomb-shell.

The ordinary shell, or bomb-shell if the reader please, is a very old invention, dating from at least the beginning of the sixteenth century, and attributed, with strong probability, to the Venetians, who employed this missile with great effect against their enemies the Turks. Its construction is sufficiently simple, consisting as it does of a hollow cast-iron sphere, with an aperture plugged at pleasure, just as a bottle is with a cork. The contents of this round iron bottle are gunpowder; and the intention is, that at a certain given period, the powder shall ignite, and burst the shell into fragments. These fragments spreading far and wide, commit sad devastation by virtue of their projectile force; in addition to which, the ignited gunpowder sets fire to any combustible body with which it may come in contact.

When the shell is projected from a gun, and has arrived at, or at anyrate *very near*, the object intended to be struck, the ignition is accomplished by means of a contrivance termed the *fuse*. Now, every child who has amused himself with a squib or a blue-light, will easily comprehend the nature of a fuse, which is a hollow cylinder of wood or metal stuffed hard with a comparatively slow-burning gunpowder or composition—not capable of explosion, but occupying a certain definite number of seconds before it can reach the internal charge. When shells were first introduced, and for a long time subsequently, they were shot out of short stumpy pieces of artillery denominated mortars. At present, they are not thus restricted, all but the very largest being now shot out of cannons and howitzers—the latter a sort of compromise between a cannon and a mortar. It will be perceived that the regulation or timing of a fuse—in other words, the adjustment of its length, in such a way that its fire may communicate

with the central charge exactly at the proper instant—is a matter requiring much delicacy of hand, much calculation, and much experience. If explosion takes place too soon, the whole effect of the discharge is lost; if too late, then the missile is no better than a common round shot. Thus, at Waterloo, many of the French shells did no further harm than bespatter our troops with dirt, on account of the too great length of their fuse. The shells failing to explode in the air, fell, and buried themselves in the ground, where, finally bursting, they spouted up torrents of mud; and that was the extent of the damage they effected.

Perhaps, now, the reader will ask how the fuse is lighted? Why, by the blast of the gun itself—although the discovery that it might thus be lighted was the result of accident. For a long time subsequent to the introduction of shells, the fuse had to be lighted as a preliminary operation—a perilous arrangement, for if the gun missed fire, wo to the gunner!

Many attempts have been made, within the last few years, to effect the ignition of shells without the aid of a fuse—that is to say, to ignite them on the principle of the percussion-cap; and if this could be accomplished, they would acquire a great accession of power for many special purposes. Many cases may be imagined in which a shell of this kind would possess a manifest advantage over the common sort; for example, when brought to bear upon ships. The mere bursting of a shell near a ship, is not necessarily attended with serious consequences; but the great point to be achieved would be the explosion at the very moment of contact. The explosion of so large a quantity of gunpowder upon or within a ship's timbers, would be productive of an effect so easy to understand, that it need not be described. This consummation is scarcely likely when shells with fuses are employed, seeing that the very force of concussion has a tendency to extinguish the fuse, to say nothing of the chances in favour of a shell's bursting before it arrives in dangerous propinquity to the ship.

All attempts to apply the percussion principle to shells have, so far as relates to artillery, been futile. If the problem of rifling the bore of cannon, however, was solved, there would be no difficulty in the case, for these projectiles, as a matter of curiosity, have been frequently shot from rifled small-arms, and have exploded on striking their object with almost unfailing certainty.

Having described the ordinary shell, it might seem natural that we should proceed at once to the shrapnell; but certain reasons, the nature of which will be presently evident, induce us to preface that description with some notice of canister-shot. Has the reader ever seen a tin case of preserved provisions? No doubt he has; and he will, therefore, be at no loss to understand the nature of a canister-shot. Instead of a mere case of tin plate, let him imagine one of sheet iron; instead of dainty provisions, let him fancy the case stuffed full of small iron balls, something larger than musket-balls; and he will then have a good notion of canister-shot.

Now, the sheet-iron canister, although quite strong enough to withstand all the knocks, bumps, and other disturbing contingencies of transport, is by no means strong enough to withstand the explosive force of gunpowder; hence, no sooner is it discharged from a cannon, than its walls, splitting asunder, liberate the bullets, which are then scattered just like a charge of small-shot. The devastating effect of this projectile may be readily imagined; but its range is insignificant. Perhaps a distance of 300 yards may be considered the most effective. Many of us have doubtless heard the assertion made, that a musket will kill a man when fired at the distance of a mile; nor, perhaps, is the assertion incorrect, if we make one trifling proviso—namely, that the man aimed at be hit. But the effective range of a musket is scarcely more than 100 yards;

that is to say, if a musket properly charged, screwed in a vice for the purpose of maintaining its exact line of aim, pointed at a target about a yard square, and 100 yards distant, be fired many times in succession, the target will be invariably hit, although not by any means in the same spot. At a distance of 600 or 700 yards, the bullet might be deflected to the extent of 100 yards in any direction; and at the distance of a mile, its deflection would be so great, as to go beyond calculation. Nothing like accuracy of aim, we repeat, can be depended upon with the musket beyond a distance of 100 yards. From a consideration of this circumstance, it follows that artillerymen, with comparative impunity, may discharge canister-shot against a platoon of musket-armed infantry. The Minié rifle, however, and, indeed, many other varieties of rifle, are capable of hitting a mark at 800 yards' distance, and even more, with greater certainty than a musket at 100 yards; and therefore, long before a piece of artillery could be brought up within canister-range, its horses or gunners would be crippled or killed, and the gun thus rendered ineffective. Hence it follows, that since the introduction of the Minié rifle, the advantages of canister-shot are far less than they formerly were under the old musket system.

We are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of shrapnell-shells, or spherical case-shot. Let the reader picture to himself a common bomb-shell, not filled with gunpowder alone, but with a mixture of gunpowder and bullets; as many of the latter being first inserted as the shell will hold, and gunpowder thrown in afterwards until all the interstices are filled up. Let him furthermore imagine an instrument of this description to be supplied with a fuse, and he will have a true notion of the terrible shrapnell-shell, or spherical case-shot. From a consideration of the various parts of which this missile is composed, he will see that, being discharged from a cannon, it first travels like a common round shot; but a certain range having been described, and the burning fuse having ignited the gunpowder within, it will burst in pieces, with all the effect of a canister-shot. The shrapnell, then, admits of being regarded as a canister-shot intended to take effect at a very long range; and the greatest nicety is requisite in apportioning the effective length of the fuse to that distance. In practice, this apportionment is effected by means of a 'fuse auger' or borer, which scoops out determinate lengths of the composition. The effective range of such shells is very great: they will do good execution at 1000 or 1400 yards, and are highly dangerous at still greater distances; thus, as it would seem, conferring on artillery a preponderating advantage over the Minié rifle. Still, we must not conceal the fact, that the question as to this comparison is still open. The Minié rifle has scarcely been tried in the open field of war. During the progress of the siege of Rome, it did good execution against artillery; the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, armed with the Minié rifle, having kept up such a destructive fire against the Roman embrasures, that the artillerymen could not stand to their guns. In the open field, it is argued by the opponents of the Minié rifle, cannon would have the advantage, inasmuch as the latter, instead of being stationary, and thus affording a constant mark for the sharpshooters, would be constantly altering their distance, and thus disturbing the aim of the enemy. No doubt, the remark has much truth in it—but how much, only actual practice in the field can determine. The fact, however, is certain, that the general introduction of Minié and other long-range rifles, will rob canister-shot of much of its terrors; indeed, some experienced men urge the total abandonment of the latter in favour of shrapnell-shells, the fuses of which can now be regulated with such accuracy, that their explosion at any given distance, compatible with their range, may be absolutely depended upon.

On some future occasion, since we have donned our fighting-gear, we purpose offering a few remarks on the Congreve Rocket, another terrible instrument of destruction, concerning the nature and powers of which very little is popularly known.

#### NEGRO SATURNALIA.

On the festival of Nosso Senhor do Rozario, the slaves elect from their own body a king and queen, whose dignity is confirmed by their masters. They must be *bond fide* slaves; no free negroes are eligible, although many coloured freemen take part in the festivity. However, not only the royal pair are elected by the populace, but a whole series of princes and princesses, together with ministers, courtiers, and ladies of honour, swell the state of the new potentate. All these dignitaries are decked out as finely as possible with old uniforms, cast-off court-dresses, silk shoes, cloaks, and indeed whatever they can scrape together—real gold and diamonds being held in especial respect. In the residence of Dr Lund, I saw a little princess, the daughter of his major-domo, who was literally burdened with gold chains, and thus wore a considerable amount of precious metal. Much of this belonged to her parents, and much had been borrowed. On these occasions, the negroes willingly assist each other, for only the dignitaries, not the voluntary participants in the festival, are allowed to be thus finely adorned. The king has a paper crown on his head, and a gilt sceptre in his hand; the queen is adorned with a diadem, and the officials generally wear laced hats. With this pomp and circumstance, the monarch, accompanied by all his subjects, standard-bearers, minstrels, guards, &c., marches to church to the sound of the drum, and of a sort of tin rattle, there to be consecrated by the priest. This ceremony is followed by a solemn procession through the village, terminating in a general banquet. The expenses of the banquet are usually defrayed by the owner of the queen; but the other expenses, especially the fees of the church, are usually covered by the voluntary contributions of the persons present. After dinner, there is a general merry-making at the expense of the parties themselves, which lasts till a late hour of the night, and often leads to another procession by torch-light. The festivities are continued even to the second and third day, until the purse is drained, and a general exhaustion follows, as the natural consequence of overexertion. Then all gradually return to their old habits. The king and queen lay down their dignities, ministers and ladies of honour put off their court-dresses, and the gold ornaments repose once more in their caskets, or in the hands of their real owners. Vain and unmeaning as all this solemnity must appear to the cultivated spectator, who will see in it nothing but empty grimace and poor wit, the festival is of the utmost importance in the eyes of the negro, who would not, even for a handsome remuneration, consent to work on the great day of rejoicing.—*Burnmeister's Travels to Brazil.*

#### A REASONING FOX.

A certain Jägare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox cautiously making his approach towards the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it; and after looking around awhile, hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way; but presently he returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighbouring thicket, and, pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the

rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph on to the fastness he had so providently prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night, made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother; which at length, with the greatest reluctance, and without being able to revenge herself on her crafty adversary, was forced to beat a retreat.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

#### A GHOST AT THE DANCING.

A WIND-WAVED tulip-bed—a tinted cloud  
Of butterflies careering in the air—  
A many-figured arras quick with life  
And merry unto midnight music dumb  
—So the dance whirls. Do any think of thee,  
Amiel, Amiel?

Friends greet, and countless rills of pleasant talk  
Meander round, scattering a spray of smiles.  
—I know 'twas false! I know, one minute more  
And thou wilt stand there, tall and quiet-eyed,  
And all these fair shew black beside thy face,  
Amiel, Amiel!

Many here loved thee—I nor loved, scarce knew.  
Yet in thy place I see a shadow rise,  
And a face forms itself from empty air,  
Watching the dancers, grave and quiet-eyed—  
Eyes that do see the angels evermore,  
Amiel, Amiel!

On such a night as this, midst dance and song,  
I bade thee carelessly a light good-by—  
'Farewell,' thou saidst—'A happy journey home!'  
Did the unseen death-angel at thy side  
Mock those low words: 'A happy journey home,'  
Amiel, Amiel?

Ay—we play fool's play still—thou hast gone home.  
While these dance here, a mile hence o'er thy rest  
Drifts the deep New-year snow. The cloudy Gate  
We spoke of, thou hast entered. I without  
Grope ignorant, but thou dost all things know,  
Amiel, Amiel!

What if, I sitting where we sat last year  
Thou cam'st—took'st up our broken thread of talk,  
And told'st of thy new home—which now I see,  
As children wandering o'er dark winter fields,  
See on the hill the father's window shine,  
Amiel, Amiel?

No! Thy fair face will glad me nevermore.  
Thy pleasant words are ended. Yet thou livest;  
'Tis we who die.—I too shall one day come,  
And, viewless, view these shadows, quiet-eyed:  
Then flit back to thy land—the living Land,  
Amiel, Amiel!

The striking paragraph, entitled 'Errors there is no Rectifying,' in No. 5, was extracted from an article in the *Leader* newspaper. The omission of the quotation was the effect of a blunder which took place in the correction of the proof of the number. It is, of course, our earnest desire to quote where quotation is due, in order that the public may know when we are original, which is the case in nineteen-twentieths of our sheet.—Ed.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. (For sale by J. McGLASHAN, 60 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.)

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

## OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

### THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

MONTREAL.

THE English tourist who steps ashore for the first time in France is not more struck with the novelty of general appearances, than is the traveller from the United States on arriving in Montreal. A journey of a few miles has transferred him from towns of brick and painted wood, spacious streets with as many trees as houses, bright green jalousies and shady verandas, to a city of stone, houses covered with tin, iron window-shutters, and narrow thoroughfares with designations in French. Other things serve to impress him with the change. He sees convents within high walls, such as present themselves in Bruges or Ghent; and the spectacle of soldiers loitering about in scarlet uniforms reminds him that he is not only in a British possession, but in a country which, from some cause or other, is considered to require the presence of a standing-army.

Half French and half English—a diversity in manners and dress as well as in creeds—institutions drawn from the *costumes de Paris* and the Parliament of Westminster—ancient feudalities and modern privileges—traditions of the Sulpicians and reminiscences of Lord Sydenham—nunneries next door to Manchester warehouses—barristers pleading in the language of France and a custom-house decorated with the royal arms of England—priests in long black dresses, and Scotch Presbyterians—cabmen in frieze jackets fresh from Ireland, and native market-carters in coloured sashes and night-caps—in short, a complication of incongruities; the old and new world jumbled together, and then assorted according to some odd device in social economics. Such is Montreal. In the general constitution of things, the United States, though near neighbours, have contributed little beyond their hotel-system, which is so much more acceptable than that of England, that it has everywhere been imported across the frontier and naturalised in Canada. The leading hotel is Donegan's, in the centre of the city; but for the sake of proximity to the river and steamers I preferred the Montreal House, with which I had every reason to be satisfied. All the waiters in the establishment, about a dozen in number, were negroes; being probably refugees from the south.

Proceeding out of doors on the morning after my arrival, that which first drew my attention was the St. Lawrence, clear and beautiful, and about a mile in breadth, facing the town on the south. Looking across this splendid river, we see a flat country beyond, and in the far distance, the Vermont hills of the United States. On careful observation, the river is seen to be broken into a hurried stream, or rapid, immediately

above the town; vessels, accordingly, are unable to ascend beyond this point without proceeding through a canal which has been constructed on the Montreal side, the first of a series of similar works through whose agency ships of moderate size can now make their way unimpeded from the ocean to Lake Huron, a distance of 1800 miles. Immediately in front of us is the long and well-built quay, with commodious projecting piers for large steam-vessels, one of which has just come up the river from Quebec and is landing her passengers, while another is about to start for the railway on the opposite side of the river. Several sailing vessels are at the same time unloading cargoes of miscellaneous goods for the 'fall trade'; and approaching a small craft which seems to engage general curiosity, we find that it is freighted with oysters, which an ancient mariner, who speaks French with great volubility, is selling in bushel measures to a crowd of customers. Turning from this object of attraction, we are surprised to hear the sound of cannon, and on looking about, discover that the reports proceed from a fortified island a short way down the river, where a body of soldiers are practising the use of artillery.

Walking along the street part of the quay, which stretches a mile in length, we find it lined with tall and massive houses, built of light gray limestone, and having steep roofs covered with tin, which glitters like burnished silver in the morning sun. Tallest and most massive of all is a huge market-house, conspicuous by its lofty dome, and more ambitious than appropriate in its architecture. From this open thoroughfare, along which an inexhaustible supply of light dust careered in unwelcome gusts, I was glad to strike into the cross streets which rise with a gentle inclination from the quay. On diverging into these and the adjoining streets which run lengthwise through the town, the stranger will not fail to remark the number of wholesale stores thronged with manufactured articles imported from England, and forming *dépôts* for the supply of the Canadian traders. The aspect of these warehouses, with English and Scotch names at the side of the doors, reminded me of the business alleys behind Cheapside, and demonstrated the commercial character of the place.

In all quarters of Montreal, there are seen substantial indications of advancement, as if modern were pushing out old ideas, and an English outgrowing the original French population. 'When I came to this place thirty years ago,' said a venerable settler from Scotland, 'I scarcely heard a word of English, and could with difficulty find my way; now, matters are entirely changed.' The modernisation of the city has been considerably promoted by a fire which some years ago

committed extensive ravages. A crop of handsome new buildings has sprung up; but with few exceptions, they follow the line of the old and narrow streets, instead of expanding over a larger space of ground. The best street is the Rue Notre Dame, along the centre of the low ridge on which the city has been placed; but it is exceeded in breadth and in elegance of architecture by St James's Street, a little further west. At an open space of square that intervenes between these two streets, we find some of the more important public edifices of the city, including a Roman Catholic cathedral. Everybody has of course heard of this last-mentioned structure, which is said to be the largest place of public worship in the mediæval style of architecture in America. Built of gray stone, with pointed windows, and lofty square towers, seen at a great distance, it is unfortunately plain to baldness, and must give the Canadians but an imperfect notion of such edifices as the cathedrals of Rouen and Antwerp—things of beauty to be remembered for ever. Inside, everything has been sacrificed to congregational accommodation. Fitted with pews and galleries, in order to afford sittings for 10,000 people, it has no pretensions to congruity of character, and with roof and pillars coarsely coloured, it may be said that an effort has been successfully made to render it valueless as a work of art.

At a short distance, in this quarter, there are some good buildings in the Grecian style, among which are more particularly observable two banks and a large new court-house. Montreal, it is proper to state, is a centre of considerable banking operations. From the Bank of British North America (an English concern) and of Montreal, both of a highly respectable character, branches are extended to every town of any importance in Canada. Each issues notes of as low a value as 5s. currency or 4s. sterling; and a note of this kind is popularly equivalent to an American dollar. The maintenance of what is termed *currency*, in the present advanced state of things, is not very intelligible to travellers from the old country. One might see some meaning in the denomination, if there was a correspondingly depreciated coinage in circulation. But excepting the small notes just referred to, and occasionally American dollars, the entire circulating medium consists of English money. Why an ordinary shilling is spoken of as fifteenpence, or how storekeepers, in asking sevenpence-halfpenny for an article, should mean sixpence, is a mystery in finance not easily explained. In my ignorance, I ventured respectfully to suggest to a respectable colonist, that I thought it would only be reasonable to call a shilling a shilling, and change the nominal prices of things accordingly. But I felt, by the reply, that I had trodden on dangerous ground. The method of computation, in which the pound sterling is considered equivalent (strictly) to L.1, 4s. 4d. currency, could not, it seems, bear criticism. Perhaps, then, it is hardly advisable in me to hint to the Canadian and other British American provinces, the propriety of assimilating their money-reckoning to the sterling standard, or of adopting the simple dollar and cent system of the United States, which, for most practical purposes, would be more convenient.

Conducted, first through several banks of an imposing appearance, and then visiting some large libraries, reading-rooms, and other public institutions, I had next a pleasant drive out of town towards the Mountain—the road in a northerly direction taking us

amidst lines of detached villas embowered in gardens and flower-plots. As every stranger in London goes to see St Paul's, so all who visit Montreal require to see the Mountain. Of this mountain, the inhabitants are not a little proud; and they have some reason for being so. The hill, which forms a kind of background to Montreal, sheltering it most agreeably from the north, is covered with a profusion of orchards, gardens, and masses of forest trees, and having the lower part disposed in small farms and villa enclosures. Some years ago, the hill and country beyond were scarcely approachable on account of the state of the roads; but now the thoroughfares are kept in the best order by revenues drawn from toll-bars. The establishment of these bars by an ordinance of Lord Sydenham, was loudly exclaimed against by the rural habitants, who, in coming to market, greatly preferred jolts to the dispensing of coppers; but I was told that the tide of opinion against toll-paying had lately undergone a considerable change among these ancient settlers; as they had discovered by the saving of time and other advantages, that the money they paid to the toll-keeper was by no means thrown away.

By one of these improved roads, carried at a moderate height, we are enabled to make a circuit of the whole mountain, and obtain some remarkably fine views over the surrounding country. The scene on the northern side embraces an extensive tract of land, laid out in farms, and dotted over with villages, distinguishable by their churches with tin-covered steeples. From the summit, the eye is able to trace out, in the generally level country, the outlines of the Isle of Montreal, and the Isle Jeau beyond it on the north, as well as the valley of the Ottawa. The river Ottawa, coming out of a region rich in timber, and abounding in picturesque scenery, joins the St Lawrence in a somewhat broken manner, by parting into separate branches, and intersecting the land so as to form the two above-mentioned islands. The Isle of Montreal, about thirty miles in length, and celebrated for its beauty and fertility, was originally gifted by the king of France to the seminary of St Sulpice, to which body the superiority still principally belongs, and is a source of large annual income. Along the southern slopes of the mountain, and favoured by the high temperature in summer, grow those fine varieties of apples—the *Fameuse*, *Pomme Gris*, and others—which are the admiration of all strangers. The view from the higher parts of the hill on the south embraces the city and environs in the foreground, with the broad St Lawrence and its shipping, and the extensive tract of country beyond, which includes the pleasant valley of the Richlieu.

The society in Montreal which I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with, did not differ from what one sees in a respectable English town; and from all I could learn, it appeared that notwithstanding many bitter political and religious animosities, the city in its various concerns was making signal progress. The population had increased to about 60,000; and trade of all kinds had been extended in the current year. The completion of the Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway, by opening up a ready means of transit to Portland and Boston, had already given an impetus to improvement; and as steamers will now ply direct to and from England during summer, the opening of a new traffic was confidently anticipated. On many accounts, therefore,



Montreal possesses an animation and hopefulness which could scarcely have been predicated from its past history or the mixed and antagonistic materials in its population. Nor are the interests of practical science and literature forgotten. A museum of the minerals, united with a geological survey of the province, attests the attention paid to an important branch of knowledge. A few weeks before my visit, there had been a large exhibition of improved agricultural implements and livestock. Latterly, there has been added to the educational institutions, a handsomely endowed establishment called the McGill College—a kind of university for the higher branches of learning, and in which no tests are exacted. A High School, of earlier origin, has, I am told, been added to it as a preparatory department. The French Roman Catholic body also own some educational establishments of good reputation. So far, there is nothing to complain of in the city; but in Lower Canada generally, the state of education is on a lamentably imperfect footing; for although there is a school law applicable to the province, such is the general ignorance of letters that many local commissioners of education are said to be unable to read or write; and as the rating for schools is under popular control, the habitants find it more agreeable to let their children grow up uneducated than vote means for their education. On advancing into Western Canada, which is settled by a purely English and Scotch population, the state of affairs is found to be very different.

As regards the actual appearance and character of the original French settlers in the rural districts, or habitants, as they are ordinarily called, I naturally felt some degree of curiosity; and was projecting an excursion into the country, when I was cordially invited to pay a visit to the extensive and interesting seignory of Major T. E. Campbell, situated in the valley of the Richlieu, about nineteen miles south from Montreal. The account of this visit may perhaps give an idea of rural life in this part of Canada, which is essentially different from what prevails in the western portion of the province.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details respecting the settlement of Lower Canada by the French, and of the final cession of the country to England in 1763. It is enough to know that Great Britain agreed, by treaty, to respect the religious and other institutions introduced by France; and these accordingly remain, with some modifications, till the present day. One of the social arrangements so preserved, was the method of holding land by feudal tenure. A number of distinguished personages called seigneurs or lords, to whom large tracts of land had been granted, were allowed to partition their property among vassals, who by purchase at entry, and incurring certain obligations, obtained the rights of perpetual heritance. These tracts of land are known as seignories, each retaining the name of the seigneur to whom it originally belonged. The vassal-tenants are technically called *censitaires*. About thirty years after the cession of Canada, the rights of the seigneurs were abridged: they no longer included any species of jurisdiction; and, except where the old seignories prevailed, the principle of freehold tenure was introduced. In the present day, the seignorial claims are not by any means oppressive, although still objectionable as being at variance with modern notions and practices. Not many seigneurs, I was informed, live habitually on their domains, or charge themselves with the personal supervision of their vassals. The management, in various instances, is left to local agents; and on this account I felt some satisfaction in visiting a seignory with a proprietor resident, like a lord of the olden time, in the midst of his retainers.

'You will take the steamer at nine o'clock for Longueuil,' said Major Campbell, in giving me directions to visit his property; 'and there you will find a train

in waiting to carry you to St Hilaire, which is the station near to my place.' At the hour appointed, next morning, I accordingly crossed the St Lawrence to Longueuil, a distance of three miles in a diagonal direction down the river, and found a train of cars ready to take the passengers forward, the line of railway being that which communicates with Portland in Maine, and other parts of the United States. The day was dull and hazy, but clear enough to shew the country around; and as the train went at a leisurely pace, I was able to obtain a pretty fair view of the land and its method of treatment.

We go through a district of seignories, the first being that of Longueuil, which extends a number of miles from the river. Settled a hundred and fifty years ago, and long since cleared and enclosed, the country, as we advance, has quite an old appearance, with villages and churches placed at suitable intervals. The land is generally so level, that the railway has been made to a large extent with scarcely any banking or cutting. Onward it goes over fields, enclosed with rail-fences, and entering the valley of the Richlieu, crosses the fine large river of that name by a long wooden bridge. As is usual in all seignorial districts, the holdings of the *censitaires* consist of long narrow strips of land, projected from the public road. By this plan, each farmer has a convenient frontage to his property; and as all the houses are built in a line on the respective frontages, the people enjoy ample facilities for social converse and amusement. So far this is pleasant; but as every pleasure needs to be paid for, the inhabitants, in proceeding to some portions of their properties, incur the penalty of travelling a long way from home in pursuit of their rural labours. The spectacle presented by these old-fashioned farms was anything but cheering. The small fields, lying in a row, and entered from each other, like a suite of rooms in a French mansion, exhibited a poor kind of husbandry, and to all appearance the principal crop was that of tall weeds growing on the foul and exhausted soil. At one period, the district was known as the granary of Canada; and a merry place it then was no doubt. Now, it is barely able to yield produce for its own support; and poverty, I fear, is the general lot of its inhabitants.

Thus, moralising on the change of times, we reach St Hilaire. Here, at a handsome station, with waiting-rooms and dépôts for freight, and a great stack of billets of wood for the use of the locomotive, I found Major Campbell, and gladly accompanied him in a pedestrian excursion over his grounds. When I talk of meeting a Canadian seigneur, I am perhaps expected to describe a spare gentleman in a queue and cocked-hat, a red sash, and a coat which might have been in fashion at the Tuileries in the reign of Louis XV. Changes, however, have come over seigneurs as well as other people. In the gallant major I recognised only a bluff and sound-hearted English officer, rigged out in a shooting-jacket, to brave a threatened drizzle, and, as is usual all over Canada, wearing a pair of stout boots up to the knees, sufficient to encounter every variety of mud and quagmire. How the major should have dropped from Her Majesty's service into the position he now occupies, it is not my business to relate. Formerly secretary to the governor-general, his taste for agriculture, and his marriage with a Canadian lady, may be presumed to form a reason for having invested largely in his present possessions. However this may be, nothing could have been more fortunate for the habitants of St Hilaire than to have obtained such a lord of the manor.

The first thing done was to conduct me to the château, which we reached by a wicket from the railway station and a pathway leading across a shrubbery and paddock. Built of red brick and sandstone, I had before me a handsome and recently erected mansion of large size in the Elizabethan style, with doorway and windows in

the best possible taste. Inside was a capacious hall, with a broad stair of dark wood leading to the upper part of the house. On the level of the hall, doors open on various apartments, including a dining and drawing-room, with floors of polished wood, inlaid in different colours. These handsome apartments are lighted by plate-glass windows, which overlook a green lawn that slopes down to the banks of the Richlieu, about a hundred yards distant. The view of the placid river, resembling the Thames at Fulham, with small sailing vessels passing and repassing, and a village and church spire on the opposite shore, adds much to the amenity of this princely dwelling. On looking around, we feel as if visiting a nobleman's establishment in England or France, and can hardly realise the idea of being in the heart of a country which, only a century and a half ago, was reclaimed from the primeval wilderness. At a short distance from the château has been erected a spacious suite of farm-offices adapted for the highest-class husbandry, and used in connection with a model-farm of 150 acres, which Major Campbell keeps in his own hands. What interested me more than anything else in the château, was an apartment occupied as a business-room. Here, at a table covered with papers, sat an aged Canadian, dressed in a blue coat of antique cut, with white metal buttons—a kind of Owen in the house of Osbaldistone and Co.—and his duties I understood to consist in everlastingly poring over a variety of charter-books and ledgers, and keeping the accounts of the seignory. This ancient worthy spoke nothing but French, and the whole transactions of the concern are conducted in that language.

'There seems to be a great deal of writing connected with the property,' I observed to the major. 'Indeed there is,' he replied. 'Keeping the accounts of a seignory is a business in itself: I will shew you the nature of our affairs.' So saying, several books were obligingly brought into the dining-room, and I set to work to learn the nature of their multifarious details, assisted by the explanations of my kind entertainer.

One of the books, resembling a great broad ledger, consisted of pages partly covered with print in French, with open spaces left for writing. The whole formed a narration of the various holdings of the vassals, with their dates of entry, transfers, extent of tenure, and annual quit-rents. The quantity of land embraced in the seignory, I was informed, is about 32,000 acres, divided among 771 censitaires. Of these, however, only 698 are farmers; the remainder being occupants of houses, orchards, or other small possessions. The annual rent or feu-duty paid for the land is in some instances not more than twopence an acre. But the other obligations are more onerous. At every sale of a tenure, the landlord can demand a fine of a twelfth of the purchase-money; or it is in his option to take the land at the price offered for it. Duties are likewise charged on successions. All the vassals are also obliged to have their grinding done at the mill of the seigneur, who, on his part, is bound to have mills kept in repair for their use. It may easily be supposed that the financial and other operations of such an extensive concern are exceedingly complicated and embarrassing; and nothing but the skill of a diplomatist and the science of an arithmetician could grapple with them. Besides the documents connected with these transactions, Major Campbell shewed me the books he keeps in relation to the farm in his own management. Here were seen the accounts of expenditure on labour and other matters, with an entry of every sale of produce, down to the minutest sums received for dairy articles, according to the best methods of farm book-keeping in England; so that, at the shortest notice, a complete balance-sheet could be exhibited.

I afterwards strolled out with Major Campbell over some of the lands of his tenants, which, in spite of all his remonstrances and advice, are farmed according to

old notions, and do not materially differ in appearance from what is observable in adjoining properties. This I expected. The ignorant cannot apprehend abstractions. They require to see a thing done in order to give it full credence. Only a few of the farmers had come the length of believing in the efficacy of the seigneur's operations, as regards draining, manuring, and the proper rotation of crops. Accustomed to be satisfied with a small return for their expenditure and labour, they were astonished to see the large crops produced on the lands farmed by Major Campbell, and were beginning cautiously to follow his example.

The farms terminate on the public highway, which here borders the river; and in the compass of a mile from the gateway of the château, which blocks up the end of the road, I had an opportunity of visiting the houses of several censitaires; taking a look into the village church; examining a girls' school, which, superintended by several Sisters of Charity, has been established by the lady of the seigneur; and, finally, of paying my respects to the curé, a mild, scholarly-looking personage, who dwells in a pretty little mansion in the midst of a garden overlooking the Richlieu.

The day, I have said, was dull, and there was a chilliness in the atmosphere, yet the doors of the houses were generally open, and in the veranda, in front of one of them, sat a farmer smoking a long pipe, while madame was engaged at his side in some kind of knitting. The houses we visited were scrupulously clean, and provided with the heavy kind of old furniture common in the dwellings of the Norman peasantry, which had come down as heirlooms from past generations. I need hardly say that the seigneur was received with politeness and deference, but with none of the obsequiousness observable among certain classes of tenantry in the old country. A lively conversation was commenced in French—the people, for miles around, being totally ignorant of English—and it turned on the state of rural affairs. Major Campbell strongly represented the advantages of subscribing for and reading a cheap agricultural journal, but without avail. It was pretty evident that the good censitaires had no faith in literature, nor would part with a single half-penny for all the information that could be offered them.

Backward as things are seen to be, the enterprising seigneur has sanguine hopes of effecting a considerable improvement in the habits of the people. He is at least untiring in his benevolent efforts, and deserves a more genial field of operation. One of his branches of revenue is from the manufacture of sugar from the sap of the maple-trees which ornament, with their glowing foliage, the picturesque and isolated hill of Belœil, situated within a short distance of his château. In summer, parties of pleasure from Montreal visit this lofty mountain, and climb by a steep and winding-path to the top, from which there is a most extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Pious devotees also make a pilgrimage to the hill, on which there are stations where certain appointed prayers are repeated. At the base of the ascent is a small and beautiful lake, whence water is constantly flowing to turn the mills of the seignory.

Having spent a day agreeably, I bade adieu to Major Campbell, and by an evening-train returned to Montreal. It required no depth of reflection to perceive that the system of seignorage, of which I had seen a favourable specimen, was entirely out of date in the present day, and that, for the sake of general advancement, it could not be too soon abolished. The subject, indeed, has already engaged the consideration of the provincial legislature; and, in all probability, a scheme for the extinction of seignorial claims, by valuing and constituting them a redeemable mortgage on the respective tenures, will, at no distant day, pass into a law. Major Campbell stated that he would have no objection to some such equitable adjustment; and it is

possible that the opposition to a remedy of this nature will be presented less by the seigneurs than their apparently willing and contented vassals. As things stand, the evil is not confined to the tracts of seignorial territory—extending, I believe, to nearly eight millions of acres—but affects the whole of the lands, granted and ungranted, in Lower Canada. Enterprising and intelligent men will not, to any large extent, settle in a neighbourhood in which the French language and usages prevail. Protestants, it is true, are legally exempted from the tithes levied by the Roman Catholic church; but the very atmosphere which hovers round these ecclesiastical arrangements is obnoxious in popular estimation. In some quarters of the country, and more particularly in the eastern townships, very considerable advances are made in agricultural management, and the progress of the colony in trade, shipping, and intercommunication, is to be mentioned with much satisfaction. The state of affairs, however, in the rural districts generally, through the deadening influences that have been referred to, is far from creditable. In short, until the seignories are broken up, as a first and essential step to the introduction of the English tongue among the farming population, this fine part of Canada, so far as I can see, must remain an alien and unknown country to the mass of British emigrants who pour in a ceaseless stream across the Atlantic.

W. C.

#### PRESS-GANGS OF THE LAST WAR.

THE most hateful and terrible word to a seaman's ear is *press-gang*. There is nothing he so abhors and dreads as impressment; and no wonder. Whether, in the event of a great naval war, in which England would play her usual leading part, our navy can be efficiently manned without impressment, or whether the government would venture to resort anew to so extreme a measure, are questions we do not propose to discuss at length. We understand that some high naval authorities profess to believe, that even at this day impressment would be absolutely necessary; but we individually think otherwise, and we also think that the nation would no longer sanction such a thing.\* It is asserted that the Sailor-king, William IV., peremptorily refused a well-earned reward to Captain Marryat, R.N., because that gentleman had written a pamphlet against impressment, and had also exposed its horrors and evils in one or more of his popular novels. His majesty was brought up in the old school; but we trust that a decided majority of the present naval authorities are more alive to the fact, that it is far better policy to obtain crews by persuasion than force—and, we may add, far easier too. In illustration of this, we can here give one little anecdote, related to us by our father, who was a witness of the affair. About the year 1792, the magistrates of a port on the east coast of England received notice of the intention of the Admiralty to send a press-gang to that town—an infliction from which it had hitherto been spared. The dreaded intelligence spread like wild-fire, and then ensued a scene unhappily too common at that epoch. Seamen deserted their vessels, and shipwrights and other mechanics threw down their tools, and fled inland. Able-bodied men of every calling among the lower classes did the same, for no one was safe—

apprentices alone being protected by law. In those times, however, the press-gangs did not stickle much about law: likely young men of education and respectability were not unfrequently seized and dragged on board the tenders, and thence drafted, despite all their remonstrances, to different men-of-war. Rarely was there any redress, for, ere their friends could make interest for their release, they would probably be sailing the seas under martial-law. Numbers of the fugitives alluded to hid themselves in the town and neighbourhood, and yet more wandered about the country, skulking in the fields and woods by day, and sleeping in barns and under haystacks at night, whilst their wives and families in the town went about nearly frantic. This lasted for a while; and at length the magistrates, finding the town almost deserted by the working population, and business at a stand-still, had recourse to a wise and prudent measure. The expected press-gang had not yet arrived, and the local authorities wrote to the Admiralty or to the government—no matter which—offering to raise immediately *one hundred men* for the navy, free of all expense to the country, on the one sole condition, that the town should be spared the presence of the terrible press-gang. This offer was promptly accepted, and made known to the people; and the trembling fugitives and skulkers then ventured to shew themselves. Now, mark the sequel. The mayor of the town dressed himself in sailor attire, and, with a cutlass in his hand, paraded the streets with a band of music, Union-jack, &c., exhorting true patriots to fight for their king and country, and offering a bounty for volunteers. In a few days, the full quota was raised; and it was a most striking and significant fact, that the very men who had previously been particularly noted for their extreme horror of impressment, were among the first and most eager to volunteer! This decisively shews, that one reason why seamen and others had such an absorbing terror of being compelled to serve in men-of-war, was, that they felt impressment to be a virtual annihilation of their rights as citizens, and a galling insult to their manhood. Persuasion is ever preferable to force, and more potent in the long-run.

Hitherto, the present generation has happily known nothing, by experience, of the doings of press-gangs; and it is only by conversing with our fathers and grandfathers, that we can comprehend the reasons why the very name of impressment filled the country with terror. The fellows who composed the gangs were usually the greatest ruffians and desperadoes that could be selected; and their leaders were in many cases men especially fitted for an employment from which more honourable-minded officers would shrink with disgust. The rule was, to kidnap seamen, if possible; but if they were not obtainable, able-bodied men of any sort were to be seized—realising the saying, that the hulks and the gallows refuse nobody. There is a story told—likely enough to be true—that a press-gang seized a well-dressed man, and were hurrying him off, when he indignantly denied their right to molest him, on the ground that he was a gentleman. 'Ay, ay,' was the comfortable reply, 'we knows it, my hearty: you are just the very man we want, d'ye see, for we have such a set of topping blackguards aboard the tender, that we want a gentleman to teach 'em manners! So top your boom, and along with ye!' The rule with the gentlemen of the press-gang was,

\* That press-gangs are yet held out in *terrorem*, is proved by the circumstance, that one of the advantages mentioned to induce men to enlist in the sea-fencibles recently raised along the coast of Scotland, is, that during their five years of service they are to be free from any risk of impressment.

to knock a man down, and then bid him stand, in the king's name; and no description could possibly exaggerate their habitual brutality and recklessness. Is it not most revolting to be told, that many a poor sailor who had just returned home after years of absence, was pinioned like a felon almost the instant he set foot ashore, and dragged off to the tender or guard-ship, to be thence speedily transferred to a man-of-war; or that he was torn from the arms of his shrieking wife and family in the dead of the night, and if he offered the slightest resistance, half-murdered, or even, as it sometimes happened, killed outright? These things took place daily for years in and around all our large seaport towns, and *raids* were made from time to time to sweep the smaller ports and coasting-towns.

Galt gives us a faithful glimpse of these frightful proceedings in a chapter of his *Provost*, from which we will here extract a scene apparently drawn from the life: 'I opened the window, and looked out, but all was still; the town was lying in the defencelessness of sleep, and nothing was heard but the clicking of the town-clock in the steeple over our heads. By and by, however, a sough and pattering of feet was heard approaching; and shortly after, in looking out, we saw the press-gang, headed by their officers, with cutlasses by their side, and great club-sticks in their hands. They said nothing; but the sound of their feet on the silent stones of the causeway was as the noise of a dreadful engine. They passed, and went on; and all that were with me in the council, stood at the windows and listened. In the course of a minute or two after, two lassies, with a callan, that had been out, came flying and wailing, giving the alarm to the town. Then we heard the driving of the bludgeons on the doors, and the outcries of terrified women; and presently after we saw the poor chased sailors running in their shirts, with their clothes in their hands, as if they had been felons and blackguards caught in guilt, and flying from the hands of justice. The town was awakened with the din as with the cry of fire, and lights came starting forward, as it were, to the windows. The women were out with lamentations and vows of vengeance. I was in a state of horror unspeakable. Then came some three or four of the press-gang with a struggling sailor in their clutches, with nothing but his trousers on—his shirt riven from his back in the fury. Syne came the rest of the gang and their officers, scattered, as it were, with a tempest of mud and stones, pursued and battered by a troop of desperate women and weans, whose fathers and brothers were in jeopardy. And these were followed by the wailing wife of the pressed man, with her five bairns, clamouring, in their agony, to Heaven against the king and government for the outrage. I couldna listen to the *fearful justice* of their outcry, but sat down in a corner of the council-chamber with my fingers in my ears.' It would be easy for us to add other vivid and exciting pictures of the same kind; but let the above suffice.

Towards the close of the last war there were no less, according to an authority, than forty-five regular press-gang stations in Great Britain. But the domestic impressment was only one portion of the system. Ships-of-war, being continually short-handed, and absolutely requiring men by any means, were perpetually stopping British merchant-vessels on the seas, and forcibly taking from them their best hands, frequently not leaving sufficient men to navigate the vessel to her destination. British frigates even pressed foreign seamen from the public wharfs of neutral ports; and an American writer asserts, that 'in certain cases, where Americans were concerned, when *protections* were found on their persons, these were destroyed; and to prevent the American consul from claiming his fellow-countrymen, the press-gang generally went ashore the

night before the sailing of the frigate, so that the kidnapped seamen were far out at sea before they could be missed by their friends.' Lieutenant Tomlinson, an English navy-officer, says that on one occasion, not less than 8000 seamen fled ashore in a panic from the colliers between Yarmouth Roads and the Nore.

And what, after all, was the result of this tyrannical mode of recruiting? Captain Marryat says, that at the close of the last great war, a full third of all the crews of the king's ships were landmen and boys! Moreover, great numbers of men in the fleets were offscourings of the jails and workhouses. What with their horror of impressment, and what with being appalled by the iron discipline then maintained in the navy, able seamen, when in their sober senses, could hardly be got to enter of their own accord, and they adopted the most unheard-of schemes to avoid impressment—in which, it is said, the best men generally succeeded. Most important, also, is it to bear in mind, that pressed men never did their duty heartily. Open mutiny they might be deterred from, but they had their revenge in underhand ways. In time of action, they fought very sullenly, hardly caring to exert themselves at all for their country, and even desiring the British flag to be dishonoured, as though they considered that to be some retribution for their individual wrongs. For instance, it is asserted—but we cannot vouch for its truth, although we have no doubt that similar cases really did occur—that after the British frigate *Macedonian* was captured by the Americans, on examining those of her guns remaining undischarged, it was found that in some instances the wad was rammed against the cartridge without intercepting the ball! This certainly might have happened by accident in the heat and hurry of a losing contest, but the impression was that it had been deliberately done by pressed men out of malignant revenge. Cases also have been officially reported of discoveries made previous to going into action of guns being maimed and disabled in various ways, and the presumption was that disaffected pressed men were the delinquents. Indeed, it is hardly in human nature for a man to do his duty with right-down good-will for his country and her cause, when he has been forced into the service, and kept in it by the exercise of despotic powers foreign in their operation to the spirit of the laws of the land.

We again assert our belief, that if England should once more be engaged in a great war, it will be quite practicable to man our fleets without the intervention of the hateful system of impressment. As already mentioned, one very powerful reason why most sailors were so bitterly averse to enter men-of-war, was the terrible severity of the discipline. But at the present day the British navy has been improved, and the condition of the seamen ameliorated, to a degree which those of Nelson's time would have deemed incredible. Our men-of-war's men no longer groan under irresponsible oppression; the *cat* is rarely used, and corporal punishment is every year going more and more out of fashion; the officers treat the men more humanely and kindly; and so far as the personal comfort of the crew is concerned, a man-of-war now a days is incomparably superior to what it was forty years ago. All these favourable changes are pretty well known to our seamen; and as we are sure they do not lack patriotic spirit as a body, only set before them the imperative need their country has of their services, and guarantee them good usage and fair remuneration, and they will not hang back in the hour of need. Really good seamen know their own value, and are not disposed to brook despotic tyranny—they may easily be led, but they will not submit to be driven. Deal frankly with them, and they will as frankly respond; attempt to coerce them, and they will indignantly recoil. This is natural, and it is right. Impressment serves only to fill our fleets with worthless or discontented men—it

is opposed to every principle of justice and humanity—it is impolitic as well as cruel and immoral—and never again, as we hope and trust, will it be resorted to in this country. One thing at least we are sure of—by proper management, *impressment is unnecessary.*

### MAGYAR LITERATURE.\*

To comprehend a literature even so imperfect and scanty as that of the Magyars, it is necessary to have studied the history of the people. When they first made their appearance in Europe, they were pagans in religion, and little better than savages in character and manners. If, therefore, we bestow the name of *Literature* on the wild songs, whether warlike or convivial, which then prevailed among them, we may form some idea of its nature from an examination of the analogous compositions now existing among tribes who are still immersed in a similar state of barbarism; for example, the Kirghis-Kajaks, the Turkomans, and Mongols, inhabitants of the countries from which the Magyars originally migrated.

This examination will induce us to experience but little regret for the loss of the old Hungarian ballads as literary productions, though they would undoubtedly have proved extremely useful to the historians of Hungary. They have, however, totally disappeared; and all that remains of the indigenous literature of the land, consists of a few dry chronicles, a few extremely modern novels, and two or three collections of poetry, chiefly songs, and short narrative poems, of various degrees of merit.

When a nation has not developed its intellect, it may not be difficult to enumerate a variety of reasons in order to account for the phenomenon. In the present case, the native writers, with patriotic earnestness, attribute their literary poverty chiefly to their geographical position, which, by exposing them to perpetual invasions, both from the east and from the west, has always tended to check the cultivation of the mind. It might, perhaps, be more philosophical to seek the cause in the original constitution of the people themselves. None of the Asiatic tribes north of the Caucasus, if we except the Turks, has exhibited much opulence of imagination. All the inhabitants of Turkestan, subsequent at least to the Mohammedan invasion, have successfully cultivated letters, and distinguished themselves especially in poetry. This may be partly owing to the exciting traditions and prolific superstitions of El Ialam; but it is still more strongly traceable, we think, to the natural temperament of the tribes—ardent, enterprising, enthusiastic, full of devotion for women, addicted to romantic adventures, and animated, above all things, by ambition to acquire distinction in arms. The other nations of central Asia, though not without their songs and ballads, have never elevated themselves above what may be termed the primitive stratum of literature; and, to speak the truth frankly, the Hungarians, though encamped in Europe, would appear in this respect to resemble strongly the cognate populations of the East. Up to a very late period, the desire to think systematically does not appear to have existed among them; and when it sprang up, it did not proceed from the internal workings of the national mind, but was an impulse received from without. Hungary has consequently no indigenous literature, though several men, imbued with a true love of country, and possessing more than ordinary abilities, have arisen within the last eighty years, and attempted to awaken the intellectual energies of the nation. Properly speaking, therefore, the ideas of the Magyars may be regarded as yet in the bud, from which we may infer

that they have before them a future—or, in other words, that they are still in the throes of political birth. Mr Szabad, in his able and interesting work, strongly favours this view of the subject. The early portion of his narrative is purely introductory: he takes up the story of his people at the period of their political reawakening in the reign of Joseph II., and gives breadth and depth to the stream of events as it rolls towards our own days. He belongs essentially to what may be termed Young Hungary; and therefore, while preserving the hereditary fondness of his race for the land of his nativity, cherishes all those civil and social theories from which must be henceforward derived the vitality of European states. We consequently trust that his lectures may find a large acceptance in this country, as they will, without difficulty, enable the historical and political student to comprehend the whole Hungarian question, and qualify him to speculate rationally on the future fortunes of the Magyars.

Going back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, Mr Szabad thus connects the biography of Kazinczy with the transition of the Magyars from the ancient to the modern period of their history: 'The dead Latin, rendered predominant since the time of St Stephen, and zealously cultivated by the clergy and laity, to the almost entire neglect of the living idiom, experienced the first shock from Francis Kazinczy, the founder of modern Hungarian prose. Kazinczy reached the age of manhood at the time of the general effeminacy of the nobles, and when Joseph II. strove to sweep away the last remains of historical and traditional Hungary. This latter circumstance, as may be imagined, served only to redouble the energy of Kazinczy in treading the path of literary reform upon which he had determined. To meet the common cry of the shallow pedants who, desirous of hiding their ignorance in a dead idiom, expatiated on the poverty of the Hungarian tongue, Kazinczy began by collecting the numerous expressions which had fallen into disuse, and by purging the native idiom from many Latin words that had crept into it in the lapse of ages. By the aid of his *neological* powers, he soon astonished his countrymen with productions adorned with all the niceties of grammar and euphony, coupled with variety and elegance in expression. As far back as the year 1788, Kazinczy started a periodical, entitled the *Magyar Museum*, the first production of that kind in the Hungarian language. This was, a few years later, followed by another, named the *Orpheus*, which was crowned with equal success. The activity of Kazinczy soon attracted the attention of the government, which saw in the slightest effort at reflection in politics or religion, some hidden revolutionary spirit, and thought that from wit and elegance of language there might spring up regicides and demagogues. While living peaceably in the house of his mother, in the county of Zemplin, Kazinczy was seized by an armed force, and thrown into prison. The Regal Court of Pesth sentenced this man of letters, accused of revolutionary plottings, to death—a sentence which, by special grace, was commuted into seven years' imprisonment (1794–1801). After having spent the days of his captivity in the prisons of Brunn, Kufstein, and Menkass, Kazinczy resumed his task with increased vigour. Of his poetical productions, the most successful are his epigrams and satires, which were not a little influential in stirring up the slumbering spirit of Hungarian society; while his prose works, treating chiefly of historical, æsthetic, and philosophical subjects, had no small share in dispelling prejudice and refining the taste. In order to exhibit the riches of the Hungarian idiom, and improve the national taste by one and the same means, Kazinczy applied with all his might to the translation of foreign classics; and the master-creations and beauties of Shakespeare, Ossian, Lessing, and Goethe, were soon resounded in the language of Arad.'

\* *Hungary Past and Present, Embracing its History from the Magyar Conquest to the Present Time. With a Sketch of Hungarian Literature.* By Emeric Szabad, late Secretary under the Hungarian National Government of 1848. Edinburgh: Black. 1854.

From that time to the present, the Magyar mind has exhibited symptoms of activity, if not always a progress; but it is perfectly clear—and to this idea the hopes of the nation should cling—that the great writers of Hungary are yet to come. They are perhaps even now lisping at their mother's knee, or launching diminutive boats of paper or rushes on the Danube. Come, however, they will, as they receive into their hearts the true inspiration of nationality, and mould their thoughts, not after the German or French, or even English fashion, but in conformity with the promptings of the mind that came with Arpad from the Caucasus; but elevated, refined, and enlarged by the new forms of civilisation.

All races when engaged in the work of their own intellectual emancipation, accomplish the first part of the process by poetry. One of the most curious sections of Mr Szabad's book describes how this has been done among the Magyars. He separates the metrical wealth of his country into two portions—one belonging to the period of what may be called the revolutionary crisis; the other, subsequent, and embodying the hopes and aspirations of Young Hungary. As is perfectly natural, he gives the preference to the latter; and in some respects, perhaps, he may be right, because the contemporary poets have embodied in their writings the spirit of resistance to oppression, together with all that is enlarged and noble in the Hungarian mind. But their productions are necessarily invested with so peculiar a character, that they are less adapted to the tastes of foreign nations than poems expressing universal sympathies. Accordingly, we look with greater pleasure on the works published previously to the period of political excitement; not that we share more completely in the opinions expressed, but that they would appear to be a more genuine growth of Parnassus. Making allowance for the unavoidable disguise of a translation, we think the following piece will be admitted to possess much merit:—

#### SECRET SORROW.

My soul is troubled with an ancient sorrow,  
Which grows again anew; and glowing themes,  
Gathering afresh, o'ershadow me with dreams  
Of a mysterious darkness on the morrow.

I fain would weep, and yet can find no tears—  
Nought but the broken sigh and stifled groan:  
These are the tenants of my heart alone,  
And their deep underminings steal my years.

O that the tears, joy's freshening tears would fall!  
They come not to the weak and wounded breast,  
They rush both forward from the fount of rest.  
If thou art not than marble harder all,  
Know that the silent pang, the grief that speaks not,  
Is of all woes the deadliest—and to bear  
The heart that throbs and burns, while yet it breaks  
not,  
Is worse than death—for death a blessing were.

This, in spirit, bears some resemblance to the melancholy of Petrarch; and, in all probability, its author, Dayka, who died at the age of twenty-eight, felt he was writing under the shadow of the cyprus. The following is a far more buoyant, but at the same time, ruder outbreak of inspiration:—

#### THE COTTAGE'S SONG.

No elegant palace God raised o'er my head,  
Rich tapestry gave not, nor silk to my bed;  
But a cottage of peace, and a rude healthy life,  
And, to crown my enjoyments, a brown, cheerful wife;  
And love makes it taste more delightfully sweet.

When our labours are ended, together we rest,  
And each to the other's bare bosom is prest;

The sun rises up, and we rise full of joy,  
Full of strength to the busy day's wouted employ.  
Then the spring dawns in green, and the fields smile  
anew,

And every fresh floweret is dripping with dew;  
And the song of the lark pours its melodies sweet,  
Like the freshness of zephyr on summer's close heat.  
Then comes the gray vintage—the red grapes we bear,  
And alike of the labour and recompense share.  
The winter puts on its white robes—we retire  
At even—and bend o'er our own cottage fire;  
My Sari turns round the gay spindles, and sings;  
And out of our happiness time makes its wings.  
I have handicraft labours, and, happy the thought,  
For this pay no taxes to Germans nor aught.  
The Sabbath comes round, and, in holiday gear,  
I go to God's dwelling, then quietly steer  
To the kortsma,\* where, cheered by a wine-loving  
brother,

We pledge a full glass, and we laugh with each other,  
Get warm, and we call on the gipsies to play.  
I know of no care, roll the world as it may;  
I nothing am owed, and to nobody owe;  
Hurting none, none will hurt me; so smiling we go  
On the rude path of life; when its labours are past,  
Death will find us both ready and cheerful at last.

Looking back over the Magyar annals, it would appear natural, however, to expect a Muse very different in character from this. The old barbarians, when they swept like a hurricane along the northern coasts of the Black Sea, and poured into the province of Pannonia, were inspired by a spirit more like that of the Hurons or Iroquois than the soft singers of Italy. The fiercest notes, therefore, that ever clanged from the lyre of Greece, even in the most warlike period of her history, could scarcely be sufficiently stern and grim to express the sentiments of the warriors who founded the Magyar state. We borrow from Mr Szabad a passage which may truly be said to furnish a key to their national character:—"The country which they prepared to take possession of, and the central part of which was then called Pannonia, was broken up into small parts, and inhabited by races dissimilar in origin and language—as Solavonians, Walachians, a few Huns and Avars, as well as some Germans. Before commencing the conquest, the Magyars entered into a compact which throws some light on their general character. This compact consisted of the following points:—

'1st. The chief power was to be hereditary in the family of Arpad (their leader); while the power of the chiefs of the respective tribes was to be hereditary also.

'2d. Each successive prince was obliged to undergo an election, before assuming the supreme power.

'3d. Treason or faithlessness on the part of the chief of the state was to be punished with banishment, and in the case of the chiefs of the tribes, with death.

'4th. The fruits of the conquest were to be divided according to merit in the work of the conquest.

'Nor did these stern barbarians despatch this solemn agreement with a mere verbal oath. In the centre of a circle was placed a rude vessel of hollowed stone; around it stood the assembled chiefs of the tribes. Then Arpad, first baring his arm, pierced it with the point of his falchion, till the blood flowed into the basin of stone. The chiefs of the tribe followed his example in succession, till the vessel reeked with the warm blood. Each man then put his lips to the bowl, and quaffing the mingled draught, they testified in the presence of the high sun, which they worshipped, their solemn purpose to conquer or die together.'

This shews better than any number of poetical specimens, the original temper and disposition of the

\* Inn, in Hungarian.



Magyar race, formed rather for martial exploits than for the arts and refinements of peace. Their literature, therefore, should be bold, irregular, impassioned, averse from trivial ornaments—the very reverse of that which prevails in Germany. This character it has been of late assuming; but no one with adequate poetical powers has hitherto undertaken to transfer the genuine strains of the Hungarian Muse into the English language.

### CIVIL STRATAGEMS.

THAT 'all stratagems are right in love and war,' is a proverb, to the moral soundness of which one would not care to stand pledged. There are, however, other fields for modern ingenuity, and a variety of stratagems on record, which, having been devised neither in love nor in war, may be regarded as belonging to the civil service of mankind. That manœuvring is the established practice of deceivers gay and grave, is one of those facts which nobody can deny; but tricks have been occasionally employed for honest purposes, and though moralists might differ touching the lawfulness of such machinery, the details are decidedly amusing. Moreover, it is a woful truth that in this wicked world—which, in common with all sensible seniors, we know to be growing worse every day since we were young—honesty to the word and letter is next to an impossible policy. There is a spice of the serpent's wisdom wanted sometimes in most lives, either to keep the peace or hold people's own. Nobody, to our knowledge, has yet ranked artifice among the virtues, and it is a weapon not to be held in honour, yet one will be more than amused at its successful employment in unveiling pretext or defeating injustice.

Would not the frankest soul in Britain sympathise with a runaway negro, who bought himself very cheap from the unrecognising speculator as 'an ugly lazy dog not worth catching?' Are there many that would not mentally congratulate the nabob who came home with such a well-formed tale of shipwreck and ruin, that none of his hitherto attentive kindred were found willing to encourage him, except a far-out cousin with a very small shop and a very large family? and is there not something refreshing to the lovers of fair play after the abundantly recorded stratagems of gentlemen always in difficulties, to see an honest tradesman recovering his little account by some light manœuvre of similar dexterity?

The ingenious baker, who, from the pit of the Italian Opera, reminded an aristocratic debtor in the boxes of his three years' bill, furnished a strong example of this kind; but a scheme quite as successful, though involving less publicity, was executed by a London upholsterer some years ago. He had furnished one of those villas which rise by thousands on the skirts of the metropolis in a rather expensive style, to suit the taste of the occupant, which was strong for fashion and finery; but, unfortunately, the gentleman entertained a companion predilection for letting accounts remain unsettled; and after two years' dunning, the worthy tradesman found that there was no chance of getting paid without the help of law. To law, accordingly, he had recourse; an execution was obtained, but how to serve it became the difficulty. The gentleman in demand had more reasons than that for keeping within doors—moreover, his front entrance was kept securely locked, and nobody admitted without careful scrutiny

from behind the venetians. The sheriff's officer was at his wits' end, till the upholsterer found out that his inaccessible friend had a relation in the country. We know not whether the custom of previous years suggested the scheme to him, but with or without such suggestion, he packed a hamper at the approach of Christmas-time, so poultry-like, that most people would have said 'Turkeys!' at the first sight of it. The sheriff's officer, in porter's guise, wheeled it along in his hand-cart; and being reconnoitered as usual, was at once admitted with the present, when he served the execution, and the bill was 'arranged for' *instantly*.

The stratagems of trade have been long proverbial for both number and variety. It may be a business-like conclusion, but for aught we could ever learn, there is nothing that sharpens the wits of mankind like some prospect of pecuniary profit. Under that influence, expedients which statesmen might have envied in the palmy days of diplomacy, will be devised and executed by the most middling man of one's acquaintance. The very Jacks and Joes of creation will exhibit an inventive genius and fertility of resource, to which it is our regret that many poets are strangers; and what is still more remarkable, stratagems in the money-getting art are rarely perfect failures. One of the most original of the kind within our remembrance, was that of an individual who might be called either Jack or Joe; but he was a Cornish man and a solicitor. The lawyer had left the land of tin as a field sufficiently occupied, and settled himself in a Bristol partnership; but whether the firm was friendless, unskilful, or merely unlucky, clients were not numerous, and the business scarcely paid. Our solicitor, however, found time to establish a business on his own account. He recollected that his native Penzance was remarkable—perhaps owing to its sea-air and open country—for the number of people who attained to extreme old age: this length of days seemed to be an heirloom in certain families, many of whom belonged to the humblest rank. In his visits, which now became frequent and regular, to the little town, the solicitor took a singular and most friendly interest in his ancient neighbours. With one after another of the oldest inhabitants he made or renewed acquaintance, talked to them of the good old times, inquired particularly into the number of their years, including those of their fathers and grandfathers; made them presents of choice snuff, tobacco, and other trifles equally acceptable, and always concluded with an invitation to accompany him to Bristol, which, in old Cornwall fashion, they regarded as the London of the west; promising to shew them the wonders of the city, and send them safe back. Most of the venerable residents had never passed the bounds of their native county; but the lawyer contrived to furnish them with strong reasons for accepting his invitation. The prevailing one was a change of air, and its sanitary consequences: besides the honour was not small, and grandeur has charms for the grayest head. In short, some score successively visited Bristol under his conduct, each and all returning with the same account—that they had seen the great church, the market, and the lord mayor's house; that their entertainer's ale was strong, and he had shewn them to a great Bristol doctor, just for the credit of Cornwall. Thus things went on well, till, in an evil hour, the solicitor dismissed, for some breach of discipline, his confidential clerk, who, being a neighbour's son, returned to seek the sympathy of his friends; and took that opportunity to inform the seniors of Penzance, that his quondam employer had largely increased his income by annuities cheaply purchased from certain insurance offices on their long-drawn lives. The popular ferment which this intelligence created, had not been equalled since the French were said to be off Land's End; but it was among the more antiquated residents that the agitation reached its climax. Concerning the laws of

insurance they knew nothing, but no eloquence could have convinced them or their relatives that they had not been deceived and swindled out of some rightful inheritance. The ex-clerk became the willing medium of all their appeals, complaints, and vituperations. Some threatened prosecution for designs against their lives; some, but they were the fewest, determined to fall sick and die immediately. The scrutiny of insurance-offices, thus awakened, discovered certain flaws in the lawyer's able management, which made him agree to hush the matter up, and retire from that game of speculation with very little profit. It is said that the simple elders lived and died in the faith of his having made a fortune at their expense; that their descendants long lamented the legacies they might have inherited; and that some of them turned Chartist, because the rich were allowed to rob the poor in such a fashion.

Blown-up stratagems even in business are apt to leave strange trails behind them. Our trading times have doubtless many a tale as curious as that of the Cornish solicitor; but we congratulate ourselves and friends that the scope of contrivance is not yet bounded by the turning of the penny. All-important as is that ancient art, and never likely to be lost among us, its odd-tricks are seldom so entertaining or so justifiable as those which ingenious minds are called upon to practise by the small exigencies of social life. When an unmitigated bore has caught one by the button, figuratively or otherwise, the necessities of the case will sometimes suggest striking expedients. A venerable marquis of our time was once in his youth secured between a notable French author and his lady, while the former read with great emphasis and deliberation a new novel, in which his lordship had not the slightest interest, although politeness required that he should listen and be 'charmed' for the evening. The reading had continued for almost two hours, and the young Englishman had thought in desperation of half-a-dozen agreeable places where he might have been, when madame's tortoise-shell cat walked in with a loud mew. Up started the guest, apparently in great indignation at such an interruption, seized the cat, and rushed out with it under his arm: but he never returned to hear the dénouement of that novel.

Small stratagems have been found effectual against follies which good sense and reason might combat in vain. The empire of hoops and rouge is said to have received its first shock from three old rag-gatherers whom certain Parisian wits induced to appear in that costume at the dust-heaps. Our known respect for all that concerns the ladies precludes a suspicion of complicity, but we have heard bold men wishing that the sweeping skirts and retiring bonnets which disturb the peace of the present generation, could be mitigated by some such practical satire. Those who, like ourselves, acknowledge skirts and bonnets to be matters beyond their depth, will rather enjoy an adroit manœuvre played off on one of the ruder and more dangerous follies of men. Soon after the Bourbon restoration, duelling became the first fashion in Paris. A school of complete fire-eaters rose among the young Royalist officers, who felt themselves overlooked by the veterans of the Empire, and resolved on fighting their way to consideration. One morning, a special champion entering the Café Français, looked round him, and remarked in a tone of disappointment: 'There is no one here worth trying one's sword on!'

'You are mistaken, sir,' said an old gentleman in spectacles, holding out his card, and receiving that of the officer. The latter esteemed himself highly on being born a count, but his new antagonist was a marquis, and could boast both birth and battles. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'I rise very late, and never put myself out of the way for anything. We will fight, if you please, to-morrow at noon.' Then calling the

waiter, he placed in his hand the officer's card, and a bill for 2000 francs, with this order: 'Go to the *Pompes Funèbres*, and order a funeral in the highest style to this gentleman's name and address. The burial will be the day after to-morrow. I will have M. le Comte buried as if he were a marquis.'

The immediate preparations for his own funeral struck the young officer with sudden terror, and probably made him think for the first time. The duel did not come off, for he apologised, and, it is said, was a wiser and quieter man ever after.

There are no stratagems more successful or amusing in detail than those that happen to be laid on certain peculiarities of character. When Coleridge, Southey, and Charles Lamb were fellow-scholars of Christ's Church, they escaped many a penalty of false quantities and forgotten syntax through an ingenious device of the head-master's helpmate. Her husband, besides being a rigid disciplinarian, stood high on the special prerogatives of man. It was a principle with him never to admit female interference, and he felt called upon to shew the boys an example in this respect that should be useful in their future lives. Perfectly understanding that phase of his mind, the clever and kind-hearted lady made it her business to pop in her head at the school-room door when particular severities were going forward with: 'Punish them soundly, doctor; I advise you!' whereon the head-master's weapon was immediately laid aside, and the delinquents sent back to their benches, to signify his contempt for the 'monstrous regiment of women.' In what manner the boys most profited by that great example, never occurred to his learning-laden mind. Perhaps Greek roots and Latin prosody pressed too heavily on it, but many head-masters there be in the school of life, who, though troubled with neither Greek nor Latin, are, like the worthy doctor, manageable only through contradiction. Popular tradition has indeed long accounted this characteristic as being peculiar to the fair sex, and we will confess to have heard of some striking instances; but the ladies have not the love of contraries all to themselves. For their special information, let us observe, that few of what are called sensible men know how far their own way would lose its charms in case it were very strongly recommended. Our faith is firm in that discreet dame who released her son from a gay widow's thrall by reiterated commands to think of no one else; and though such doings have not the unchanging beauty of truth about them, it is more than probable that they form an essential part of domestic policy as the most civil of stratagems.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the excitement consequent on the meeting of parliament, and the imminence of war, science and art have not stood still; and well it is that they have a momentum of their own, for, as Lord Aberdeen observed, war would be the more to be dreaded were it permitted to hinder civil and social ameliorations. It will be interesting to watch the development of new energies and ingenuities in presence of the eager activities about to be called into play to punish the wily Muscovite. Those who remember the last war, will remember, also, the impulse it gave to scientific discoveries. Amid all this bustle, however, the authorities are not forgetful of calmer duties; a store-ship is being fitted in readiness to accompany the *Phœnix* steamer to Wellington Channel, so that our arctic explorers may not want for food on their return-voyage, for they are all to be recalled. The Admiralty now believes that enough has been done in the search for Sir John

Franklin, and on the last day of the present month, the gallant veteran's name will be struck off the books; and so, whatever may be the flattery of conjecture, we must regard him as a hero dead upon the field where he won most of his renown. The Americans, on their part, are more hopeful: they consider that the missing party have not been looked for where they were most likely to be found; and Dr Kane, whose book on the *Grinnell Expedition* is the best ever written about the polar regions and their marvellous phenomena, has pushed well up to the north on the western coast of Greenland, from whence, in the coming spring, he will start with a boat-party, cross the pole, if possible, and look for the *Erebus* and *Terror* among the islands which lie off Behring's Strait. Who would not wish success to such an enterprise?

Of scientific matters, we may mention, first, Professor W. Thomson's additions to a subject that came before the last meeting of the British Association—namely, the cooling of apartments in hot climates by a method which government is to be asked to introduce into their establishments in India. Professor Thomson having, as is known, been engaged in researches on the dynamical values of heat, now shews that a machine may be constructed to be worked by water or steam, which, with properly contrived valves, and ingress or egress pipes, would serve either for heating or cooling an apartment. Such a machine, expending not more than one-thirty-fifth of the energy of the heat imparted, would raise or lower the temperature 80 degrees above or below that of the atmosphere; and he points out how 'a current of warm air at such a temperature as is convenient for heating and ventilating a building may be obtained mechanically, either by water-power without any consumption of coal, or by means of a steam-engine driven by a fire burning actually less coal than is capable of generating, by its combustion, the required heat; and, secondly, how, with similar mechanical means, currents of cold air, such as might undoubtedly be used with great advantage to health and comfort for cooling houses in tropical countries, may be produced by motive power requiring—if derived from heat by means of steam-engines—the consumption of less coal, perhaps, than is used constantly for warming houses in this country.'

Professor Callan, of Maynooth, has followed up his invention of a nitric acid cast-iron battery, by contriving an apparatus which discharges a stream of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gas upon lime with perfect safety, and so to produce an intense light. In this case, the avoidance of danger is the chief claim to notice. He has, besides, 'a method of producing an intermittent lime-light by means of a small galvanic battery,' and of so brilliant a nature, as to be especially suited for signals in hazy or foggy weather. He says, that had there been such a light at the Bailey Light-house, off Dublin, the *Victoria* steamer would probably not have been wrecked as she was, a few months ago. Should this light really prove available for light-houses, its importance to navigation can hardly be overestimated.

The professor has found, moreover, that ordinary tin plates, or plates of thin sheet iron, coated with an alloy of tin and lead, with a small proportion of antimony, form a negative element for galvanic batteries so stern as scarcely to be affected by the sulphuric acid. They answer the purpose as well as platinized silver, at a very trifling cost. 'Iron,' we are told, 'coated with an alloy of lead and tin, in which the quantity of lead is nearly equal to or exceeds that of tin, will answer as well as lead or galvanised iron for roofing, cisterns, baths, pipes, gutters, window-frames, telegraphic-wires for marine and other purposes. It may

sometimes be used instead of copper for the sheathing of ships.' The uses of such a material in our climate are manifold and obvious, and it appears to offer what has long been a desideratum in the mechanical arts.

We called attention some time ago to Dr Percy's opinion, that gold was to be found in everything—even in sea-water. Proof has been given in numerous instances, and the doctor has further announced the result of a series of experiments on lead in all its forms, carried on at the School of Mines, Jermyn Street. Gold was discovered in all or nearly all the specimens examined in minute quantities; 'just enough,' in common phrase, 'to swear by.' On the other side of the Channel, M. Deville of Paris has discovered a more practical method than that of Wöhler, of obtaining the metal *aluminum*, which is the basis of clay. This metal, as M. Deville produces it, is white, tough, light, capable of as high a polish as silver, and will not rust. Now, we know that clay is abundant enough; in some places, there is too much of it; and if it can be made to give up a substance so valuable as the new metal appears to be, there would be a double profit. While waiting for further information on this interesting matter, we may remark that the idea did not originate even with Wöhler: Sir Humphry Davy had proved that alumina, or clay, is an oxydised body, and inferred that it was a metallic oxide, though he never produced the metal by itself.

Lithophotography is making progress, and so is *Nature-self-printing*, as the Germans call it. For the latter art, we are not, as was supposed, indebted to Vienna: it appears to have been discovered in this country by two experimentalists, independent of each other, before it came to us from the banks of the Danube. Dr Branson, of Sheffield, who recently demonstrated the important use to be made of soap in electrotypy, now shews how in the *Self-printing* the electrotyping process may be dispensed with. He places the plant or other specimen between two well-polished Britannia metal plates, subjects them to pressure, and gets an impression wonderfully delicate and faithful. This impression is at once transferred to a stone, and thus thousands of impressions can be taken in the usual way without the trouble, delay, and expense of electrotyping duplicates or triplicates. Printed in the natural colours, the impression gives a perfect picture of the original, and in the illustration of botanical and other scientific works, offers beauties and advantages hitherto obtained only by costly and laborious methods. Mr Aitken reports to the Society of Arts that he obtained similar results fourteen months ago.

There is a new application, too, of electro-magnetism: Signor Bonelli, director of telegraphs in Sardinia, has devised a means by which this subtle force is made to do the weaving in a Jacquard loom. Another saving of human muscle which will be welcomed by those who do not dislike mechanisms, though perhaps unwelcome to those short-sighted carpenters in one of the midland counties, who a few days ago threatened to strike if their masters used machinery. Surely those men never went to school!

Some years ago, it was said and believed that growing plants gave off positive electricity to the atmosphere, and negative electricity to the soil. The notion was subsequently doubted; but Professor Buff has shewn by experiments, which scarcely admit of error or uncertainty, that 'the roots, and all the interior portions of the plant filled with sap, are in a permanently negative condition; while the moist or moistened surface of the fresh branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits are permanently positively electric.' The theory is therefore established; the conditions here described are precisely those essential to permanent electro-motive activity. Apropos of vegetation, we may add that the colonial secretary has received official communications from the Bahamas, calling attention to the

200,000 acres of pine forest in those islands, with a view to their being made use of in the manufacture of pine-tree wool, as described in a recent number of the Journal.

Besides a project for a stately building with a frontage to the Strand, near Temple Bar, in which to combine our law-courts, there is talk of new enlargements and alterations at the British Museum. If with the object of displaying the contents to more advantage than at present, and to give greater accommodation in the reading-rooms, so much the better. There is room for improvement, and the public will not object to pay for that which really benefits them—especially the literary students.

Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian minister, has given another token of the interest he takes in the cause of literature, by inviting distinguished savans—Lepsius, Herschel, Owen, &c.—to what has been called an 'alphabetic conference,' the purpose being to discuss whether 'a uniform system of expressing foreign alphabets by Roman characters could be devised and agreed on.' Looking at the way in which we are connected with India, China, and other countries, at commercial enterprise, and missionary exertion with races of so many different languages, may we not, as His Excellency said, 'hope to fix on an alphabet which will be the basis of civilisation and literature for tribes growing into nations under the benign influence of Christianity?' Such a task, interesting alike to the moral philosopher, the ethnologist, and philologist, is one every way worthy their endeavours.

The decimal-coinage question is slowly making its way in the proper quarter, as is proved by a circular having been addressed, under Lord Granville's authority, to the Inspectors of Training Schools, calling their attention to 'the importance of thoroughly imbuing the students under their charge with such a practical knowledge of decimals as will enable them to disseminate the information needed to accompany such a change.' This is as it should be. There is no good reason why England should be the last to give up a complicated and vexatious system of money-reckoning for a pleasing and easy one. While we are talking about decimal coinage, the Americans go a step further, and are talking about a decimal system of measures. The Smithsonian Institution, in conjunction with other scientific societies in the States, is proposing to adopt the centigrade scale for the thermometer and barometer, in addition to a decimal metrical scale for all other purposes. If this can be done in America, why not in England?

The present aspect of affairs makes it worth while to remark, that the works of the Royal Danish Railway from Tønning to Flensburg are so far advanced as to promise completion by the summer. There will then be an iron highway of forty-four miles from the North Sea to the Baltic. One half of the Norwegian railway also is finished, from Christiania to Lake Mjøsen, and has already been made available for the transport of pine-timber from the interior. Sweden, on the contrary, has voted against railways, intending perhaps to wait another century, or till all the obstructives are dead. It would have been well for somebody if certain British railways had been similarly vetoed. Another railway-break, invented by Major Robbins, has been tried on the Windsor line of the South-western Company. It is so constructed that the act of shutting off the steam puts on the breaks, and with such effect that the train, when speeding at forty-five miles an hour, was stopped in fifty seconds, and this can be done without preventing the backing of the train, as is the case with some other breaks.

Another novelty invested with an interest from passing events, is a plan for coast defence, by Mr James Anderson, C.E., of Edinburgh. He proposes a system of railways along the coasts possessing no natural

means of defence, and placing upon these trains of carriages, each bearing a gun, so arranged as to be very readily available. Such a railway train would be a flying train of artillery, and in certain districts—for example, the space of low coast between Perth and Montrose—it might even now be in a state ready for service against any possible external enemy.

Among inventions brought before the Society of Arts is Mr W. Austen's 'Double dovetailed Arc Block,' by means of which the inventor declares he can drive a tunnel under the Channel from Dover to Calais, of any size, and without mortar, cement, or centres. This is a bold declaration; but we shall perhaps have the opportunity of testing the contrivance ere long on a smaller scale, as it is to be tried by the metropolitan commissioners in the construction of sewers. We can better wait for the tunnel than for these.

We may remark here, that in another department of the Journal (No. 2), while giving some information concerning corks, we omitted to mention, that for two years past there has existed in London a cork-cutting company for the manufacture of corks by steam. The operation is performed by large knives, rotating vertically by means of a band from shafting worked by a steam-engine. The process—the invention of Mr R. B. Cousins—is attended to by little boys, who produce each eighty gross in the day of small oblong four-sided pieces of the material, that are afterwards rounded by other machinery into perfect corks.

Notwithstanding the proclamation forbidding the export of machinery, the iron trade is brisk, and has shewn new capabilities. When the Britannia bridge was built, it was thought a marvel to get rolled iron plates 12 feet long. Now, however, plates are rolled at the Consett Ironworks, 17 feet 6 inches long, 5 feet wide, and 1½ inches thick; making a superficies of 87½ feet, and weighing 35 hundredweights. This is a triumph among results of machinery; and Durham can now boast of producing the largest plates and longest rails.

Lloyds' list shews that in the last four years the value of shipping lost is £10,000,000 sterling. Ample scope here for improvements in navigation.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### ANOTHER OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

LOVE! What an absurd idea! fit enough, perhaps, to inspire the dreams of a young painter, or warm the style of a young author—rich enough for the prize of bucolical singers or contending grisettes, but of no account in the great game of life, where rank and power, fortunes and coronets, are the counters. She in love!—how supremely ridiculous! Even if the object of her passion were a duke, would, for instance, that strawberry-leaf she once coveted have come all but within her grasp, if the weakness had been in the way to prevent her from playing her hand with address? But the young man had talked of love as if it had the power to level rank, to bring down the proud to the humble, the lofty to the lowly. What if she loved an inferior in station? What if she loved him—even that promising unknown, whose pencil she realised fat vulgarity, and whose anonymous pen she had heard described as combining the elegance of Addison, the simplicity of Goldsmith, and the energy of Junius? Why, she might hope, in process of time, by exercising due influence over her father—the Claudia Falcontower—to subside into the wife of a government clerk, or a provincial collector of Excise! Could it be that he meant to suggest the preposterous idea himself—that he imagined such a consummation to be actual!

one of the possibilities of life? Was it the object of his high-wrought sentiments, of his noble generosity, of his grand aspirations—to make it appear that it would be a descent from his moral elevation if he thought of her? Was this the mark of his tireless industry, of his sacrifice of self, of his brave devotion? And did he even fancy, that while listening to his kindling words, and following the flashes of his vivid pen, she felt the poetical contour of his head, the thick but feathery brown hair he shook from his proud brow, the soft deep light of his calm eyes, the stern horizontal line of his lips, contrasting with their more than womanly sweetness of form, as aids to the fascination? Insolent young man!

Claudia, having thus amused her imagination, as ladies will sometimes do, dismissed the dream with contempt. She grew a full inch taller; she inflated her exquisite chest; and her lustrous eyes lightened over her still features, as if they wanted no extraneous aid, but were able of themselves

To make a sunshine in the shady place.

But Robert still continued to work, to reason, to control, and Claudia to look, to suggest, to listen, to submit. They were indeed a curious pair—so like in their nature, so unlike in their character. They resembled a couple of parallel lines projected side by side, yet their meeting a mathematical impossibility. It may be conjectured that novelty had a great deal to do with Claudia's apparent humility. To her, it was a new sensation to feel and acknowledge superiority, for even her father's supremacy had not lasted beyond her early girlhood; and in later years, armed as she was with the prestige of rank, beauty, and talent, the whole world seemed to bow before her, either in the superstition or the hypocrisy of conventional life. Perhaps the new feeling was a chance stumble upon natural feeling. Perhaps it is woman's position on the earth, as the Oriental apothegm asserts, to look up to somebody; and Claudia was obeying, after a fashion, the destiny of her sex without knowing it. However this may be, she never for a moment confounded the social with the intellectual man: it was very well for Robert to shake his ambrosial curls in the study—in the street, or the drawing-room, he might as well have shaken a scratch-wig.

In these times, our adventurer was not invited, as formerly, to any of the public hospitalities of the family. He often breakfasted, lunched, dined, with the father and daughter; he came, in fact, to be treated, in many respects, like an inmate of the house, but he was not presented in company, nor did he receive a single introduction. This sometimes struck him as a curious circumstance. He wondered whether they did not give parties like other people in their station, and he wondered, more than all, whether Claudia did not join abroad in the gaieties of the London season. But the house told no tales; it was never out of its way, that house; and Claudia, in the domesticity of her habits, resembled a spirit, which, it is well known, always haunts a particular locality, such as a ruin, a church, or a closet, is never seen anywhere else, and is unchangeably the same in aspect and appearance.

This being the case, it may be supposed that he agreeably surprised one day while wandering through the rooms of the Royal Academy, to encounter She was with a lady and gentleman—an elderly

couple, and the group had just been joined by another gentleman, when Robert went up frankly to Miss Falcontower, and was as frankly received. That other gentleman appeared to be more than surprised—he was obviously struck with astonishment, and a nervous flush rose into his face as he saw the young lady actually put her hand into that of the waif of Wearyfoot Common.

'You are just come in time, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia, 'to tell us what you think of that lovely portrait. It absolutely comes up to my ideal of female beauty.' The critic looked at it for half a minute without replying.

'What is your opinion, Mr Seacole?' said the young lady impatiently.

'It is exquisite—admirable! It is a thing to haunt the dreams both of day and night. I never saw a face—but one—to equal it.'

'And now?'

'It is a fine picture,' said Robert; 'but I would that either the face or the gown were out of it. The one is ideal and antique; the other is from the workroom of a fashionable milliner. It is, in fact, a classical statue painted, to which not Phidias himself could reconcile me.'

'Do you not think the face beautiful?'

'As beautiful as that of a Greek goddess; but with the satin gown trimmed with lace, we want a woman. A woman is compounded of soul and sense: wanting either, she is an imperfect being. In this face, the connection with the earth is wanting. There is in it no memory, no regret, no love, no hope, no joy; nothing but the passionless, the divine repose, which can be fitly expressed only in marble. Did it never strike you that the greatest charm of a woman is her imperfection?—is the struggle of a brave but fragile creature with the destiny that enthralled her? When the struggle is over, our sympathy ends, for she is no longer a woman, but a disembodied idea.'

'You are right,' said Claudia, 'that is a painted marble!—But I fear it is late—what is the hour?'

'You forget that I have no watch,' replied Robert quietly. Claudia coloured—a rare phenomenon with her; and when Adolphus pulled hastily out, by its rich gold chain, a costly repeater, she flashed a look of contempt at the vulgar meanness. Seacole did not observe this, for his eye was at the moment on the dial-plate; but seeing that she was about to go, he stepped forward with the intention of offering his escort to the carriage. Claudia, however, by a look, and a scarcely perceptible movement which never failed in their effect, made him pause; and then taking Robert's arm, she bowed good-morning, and moved away.

Adolphus stared after them with a look that would have stabbed if it had been able; but astonishment was as well marked in his expression as rage. Was this the Philippi to which he had been dared by the vagrant of Wearyfoot Common? He pondered over the text till he was almost mad; and he now saw clearly what he had only half suspected before, that it was to the same sinister influence he had owed his ignominious rejection by Sara. But the battle is not yet fought, thought he, grinding his teeth. Miss Falcontower is in a very different position from Miss Semple: she may patronise him as one of the clever people, but as for anything more, the absurdity of the idea is too monstrous. He, however, there is no doubt, will be burned

to death in the blaze of her eyes, and Sara will be punished for her insolence to me in the punishment of the audacious beggar's falsehood to herself. Comforting himself with this picture, more vivid than any that hung on the walls, and perhaps more ingenious in the composition, he strode through the now crowded rooms, and hastened to relate what he had seen to his adviser Fancourt.

When Claudia reached home, she found a messenger from Mrs Seacole in the hall, with a note for her that required an answer; and being too much fatigued to write, she desired the man to be sent up to the drawing-room, where she would give him a verbal message. On reading the note, however, she saw that although only on one of the ordinary subjects that engage the attention of ladies, it would be proper for her to reply in writing, more especially as she had found Mrs Seacole a very agreeable acquaintance. The Mercury was therefore left for some time alone, just within the door of the drawing-room.

He was a tall, angular man, of a grave and meditative aspect; and when the door shut behind him, he drew himself up as stiff as a footman's cane, and as dignified-looking, and stood examining the details of the scene, with obvious discrimination, turning his eyes slowly in all directions, but without moving his head. His attention was at length specially arrested by a particular object on a table before him, and he continued to gaze on it with an expression of profound meditation. When his reflections, so far, were properly digested, he moved to one side, slowly and noiselessly, to contemplate, from another point of view, what had attracted him. Even the object itself seemed to sympathise with the interest he betrayed; for the eyes—it was a small portrait—followed him step by step, and kept steadily fixed on him, while he remained plunged in a new abyss of thought. When he got out of this, he moved in the same way to the opposite side, followed by the unwinking eyes, and meditated again. He then glided round to the back, and directing his gaze to the canvas, studied it with an absorbed scrutiny that might have ascertained the number of threads. Finally, he came round again to the front, put his eyes close to the picture, touched the plump nose with his finger, apparently to make sure that it was a thing of reality, and then resuming his place near the door, remained lost in an unfathomable reverie. From this he was roused, after a time, by the lady's-maid, who came in, put a note into his hand, opened the door for him, and when he had gone out mechanically, shut it briskly after him.

Stepping solemnly down the marble stair, and along the tessellated hall, where the fat porter was asleep in his chair of state, he found the door ajar, and went out. A well-powdered footman, in livery, without his hat, was taking the air on the steps, and to him the retiring Mercury addressed himself.

'May I take the liberty, sir,' said he, 'of requesting to know whether there is a parlour in this neighbourhood? I mean respectable—where the lower classes is not admitted. I am particular on the point, I am.'

'So am I, sir,' replied the functionary. 'I don't use none that ain't tip-top. There is the Chequers, not far round yonder corner; I call that a respectable parlour, and I know what parlours is.'

'And the beer? I own I like it good—when it is beer.'

'Just so with me. Indeed, I generally take beer, when it ain't a go of brandy. I was drove to this. When I lived along with Lord Skemp in Belgravia, it was all sherry and water with me for two year, till I found out that the sherry was Cape Madeera the whole time. There was treatment for a gentleman, wasn't it? But the beer at the Chequers I can undertake to say is slap-up.'

'Sir, I am obliged to you; and I admire your sentiments. Allow me to say that my name is Mr Poringers.'

'And mine is Mr Slopper: proud of the honour.'

'Have a drain at my expense, Mr Slopper?'

'I am obliged, Mr Poringers; but I am just going out to take an airing with our Miss. Some night we'll meet at the Chequers.'

'And so we will, and some night soon; for I have not been able to find no parlour in London that ain't infested with the lower classes. But, my dear sir, talking of parlours, while I was in your drawing-room just now, I saw a portrait as like a lady of my acquaintance as if she had sat to be taken off: and how that can be, or how her picture comes to be there, I can't make out. It's on a table not far from the door.'

'Oh, I remember—that's a good thing—a very good thing. I join my governor in opinion there, although I don't generally in matters of goo. Would you believe it?—he prefers an old, fusty, cracked picture to one new out of the shop!'

'Do you know the lady's name?'

'No, I don't; but she is a fine woman, to my taste, although, no doubt, a little passy. The gentleman who took her off is Mr Oaklands.'

'The gentleman!'

'Yes, he is a gentleman, and no mistake, although I never saw the colour of his money. If you want to ask him about the lady, his address is in Jermyn Street, at Driftwood's, an individual who does pictures to sell.'

'Is he a gentleman too?'

'He a gentleman! Why, I have drunk with him! No, no, he is no gentleman.—But I hear the carriage coming round—I have the honour'—

'Excuse my glove,' and Mr Poringers, having shaken hands with his new friend, raised his hat—not to the individual man, but to Flunkeydom represented in his person—and went on his way.

Mr Poringers found no difficulty in obtaining Mrs Margery's address from the artist; but Driftwood was more chary in his communications respecting Robert. He believed, in fact, that our adventurer was still busy with the cabinet-making, and he considered that to be too mechanical an employment to be openly boasted of. The mysterious hints of Mrs Margery had taken effect, and he really supposed this queer fellow, as he called him, to be, in a worldly sense of the word, 'nobler than his fortune.' Robert had been warned against making public the nature of his present employment, and, independently of the warning, he had no wish to do so. He was no richer than before, and he did not feel at all so much self-satisfaction. It seemed to him that his work, although fit enough for an amateur, was no legitimate trade; and the small stipend he accepted, although put on a footing the most soothing to his feelings, fretted him a good deal. Still, matters appeared to go on swimmingly. The accounts he received, from time to time, of the effect of his productions, were very flattering; he obviously became every day of more and more importance to Sir Vivian, who, in his assistance to the government, was now committed to a certain tone and talent; and the allusions of his patron to the future reward of his labours were distinct and unmistakable.

That afternoon, while Mrs Margery and her assistant were sipping their five o'clock tea, a visitor made his appearance, and the whilome Wearyfoot cook, on seeing a remembrancer of the Common, started up and received Mr Poringers with a warmth of welcome which made that gentleman shrink. It is true, he admired Mrs Margery; he considered that she was a woman well to do; and it was his intention that very evening, if everything turned out to his liking, to make actual proposals. But he was not to be hurried for



nobody; time enough for that sort of thing: he must see his way beforehand from one end to the other; and accordingly, he made himself somewhat stiff and awful, yet, in a condescending way upon the whole, put away his glossy cane in a corner, smoothed the crown of his hat, and laid it upon the top of a chest of drawers to be out of the dust; and lifting his speckless coat-tails from under him, sat down at the table with his customary gravity and thoughtfulness. Mrs Margery had hastily shovelled some new material into the tea-pot, and substituted the leaf-sugar basin for the soft; and a bell being heard opportunely in the street, the girl, at a signal from her mistress, had vanished, and was heard at the door screaming to the muffin-man: everything betokened a comfortable tea and an amicable chat, and the guest smoothed his meditative brow, and even executed the wiry, angular smile which was his customary manifestation of jolliness.

'Try the tea if it is sweet enough,' said Mrs Margery; 'and here's some thin bread and butter till the muffins are warmed; but oh, Mr Poring, the milk is nothing like our milk at Wearyfoot! Though it ain't chalk and water, thank goodness, but milked in your own jugs from a real cow, all skin and bones, poor thing, and looks so pitiful while she stands at the doors of the houses, as if she felt it was unnatural, and was ashamed of it. And what are you doing now, Mr P.? I thought you was at the Hall.'

'The Hall's in town for the season, Mrs Margery, including me and the lady's-maid: nothing is left but the women, and other inferiors.'

'And what of Mr Seacole and our young miss? I have had a long letter from Molly, but not one word of it in ten can anybody make out, and that word is in the Unknown Tongue.'

'My governor is off with Miss Sara, and good reason why, for her fortune turns out to be a mere nothing. He is a-going to be married to the daughter of a baronet and niece of a lord; a great match she is, but not—not quite so sharp, as it were, as some other ladies is: she never calls me by my name, and I sometimes think she don't know it! By the way, what's come of—what's his name?'

'Who?'

'Why that—that Boy—him as found me on the Common, and wouldn't be lost in the Gravel Pits, and was sent away at last to forage for his-self.' Mrs Margery was highly indignant at this description of her favourite, and gave Mr Poring roundly to understand that he did not know who he was a-talking of. Mr Oaklands was an author and an artist, hand-in-glove with baronets, lords, and ladies without number, and at this moment anxiously inquired after by a family of the first distinction—as her cousin Driftwood informed her—a sure sign that the denowment was a-coming out.

We may add by way of parenthesis, that Mr Driftwood might have further informed her, if he had been in a communicative mood, that he had answered Sir Vivian's questions in a tone of mystery besetting his own ignorance of the subject, and the vague but grand impressions he had received from the hints of Mrs Margery herself. Mr Poring listened to what he heard with profound attention, and equally profound unbelief. He was a sensible man was Mr Poring, and had never changed his opinion that Robert was actually the son of a woman of the name of Sall, and would have been a vagrant at this day—supposing him to have escaped transportation so long—if he himself (Mr Poring) had not unfortunately interfered with the designs of Providence, not knowing what he was about in the mist.

After tea, he sank into a fit of abstraction that made Mrs Margery, hospitable as she was, wish he would go away, and let her mind her business. But by and by, turning to her with a solemnity that made her feel, as

she afterwards said herself, 'took all of a heap,' he intimated that he had a communication for her private ear; whereupon she desired Doshy to retire to the wash-house behind, and rinse out them laces, and not have done till she was called. The young woman's name, we may remark for the benefit of provincials, was Theodosia, but most of Doshy's friends would have thought that a nickname.

'Mrs Margery,' said Mr Poring, when they were alone, 'you have here a comfortable business?'

'Yes, pretty tolerable.'

'In the clear-starching line?'

'Yes, and the getting up: ladies waited on by horse and cart.'

'The good-will cost you a heap of money?'

'Yes, a round penny.'

'How much?'

'Just as much as it came to, Mr Poring.'

'I ask for information. But the business has increased, for I am told the horse and cart is new: it is, therefore, worth more, and would sell at a profit. Am I right?'

'No doubt you are, Mr P., but if you want to buy it, it is not to be had, for I ain't tired of it, I assure you.'

'But I am!' said Mr Poring suddenly, with one of his wiry angular smiles—'and I'll tell you why, Mrs Margery. You see, I am all for the public line. I am out out for that, I am. Many a friend has said to me, says he, "Mr P., you are made for the bar;" and, in short, I am determined to have a bar of my own—kept by Mr Joshua Poring, in large gold letters, you know, with the mister left out.'

'I am sure I wish you well in it, Mr P.,' said Mrs Margery, kindly; 'and if you settle in this neighbourhood, so far as our beer goes, and a half-pint of gin now and then for my cousin Driftwood—'

'There is more than that you can do,' said Mr Poring, waving his hand impatiently; 'my money and my interest would get the house and stock it, and all I would expect from you is the furniture to the same amount.'

'My goodness, Mr P.! If my business was sold to-morrow, it would not do more than that, and what I have over against accidents would not be worth your while, even if I could part with it—which I can't.'

'Mrs Margery,' said Mr Poring, edging his chair nearer hers, 'you don't take me up! You are fit for better things than clear-starching, you are; you are fit to be a lady—a landlady!'

'Oh, what nonsense,' said Mrs Margery laughing heartily—'I think I see me!'

'You are indeed,' said Mr Poring earnestly—'you are upon my sacred honour! That is, with a silk gown, tidily put on—tidily, mind me; your hair dressed and oiled; a clean cap—clean, I say—on the back of your head; and a bunch of scarlet ribbons in front of the ears. Carefully made up in this way, you may depend upon it you would look as well—almost as well as the landlady of the Chequers! Don't think I am drove to this: I could do better. But I have took it into my head. I took it into my head at the Lodge: I took it into my head as I was a-walking on the Common in the mist, when that Boy found me; and I said to myself, says I, "Mr P., the Plough is nothing. You shall be a land-lord yourself one day—in great gold letters, with the mister left out—and as you will want somebody to furnish the house, and manage the bar, and look to the kitchen, while you are doing business at the brewery and distillery, and sitting in the parlour and being affable to the company—Mrs Margery, who does not leave the house as often as a lobster leaves its shell, Mrs Margery shall be the landlady!'"

'You mean kindly, Mr Poring,' said Mrs Margery—'you mean kindly in your own way, and I thank you.'

But nobody asked me to marry when I was a young, tidy woman. Nobody!—though I feel I should have made a good wife—and oh, so good a mother!—no mother, I am sure, would have doted so on her blessed darlings! But the time has gone by; and when I give Mr Oaklands his bit nice supper to-night, and see that there is not a pin wrong in his bedroom, I shall thank God for a greater bounty than I deserve.'

'So that—that Boy stays with you?'

'Only till he gets to his own,' said Mrs Margery, who had not meant to be so communicative.

'Well, you see, as to your being too old to marry, that's all stuff. I have known many older than you—a deal older. You are a comely woman yet, Mrs Margery; and if you were not, what is that to you if I look over it? You would be just the thing at the bar, where, with young women, there's more talking and chaffing than business. And as for the furniture, we'd have an estimate, and see what your means would say to it. Mine is equal to the stock, for I have made my calculations already, and penny for penny is fair play. Not to mention the interest that gets the house, or the figure of a man I am for a parlour where the lower classes is not admitted, or the respectability of the name, in the largest sized gold letters that is made—Mr Joshua Poring, with the mister left out.' Mr Poring's eloquence, however, was thrown away. And a good deal of it: for he could hardly be persuaded that Mrs Margery could intend seriously and definitively to decline so eligible an offer. When the truth broke upon him at last, he was as wroth as a grave, meditative man could be, and said so much—in a quiet way—to the disparagement of Mrs Margery's person and business, that that lady, with great dignity, turned to her work again, and called to her maid to have done rinsing them laces—just to shew Mr Poring that his absence would be more welcome than his company. Whereupon Mr Poring got up, and with as much sobriety of demeanour as he was accustomed to exhibit when conscious of being drunk, walked steadily and noiselessly to the drawers, took down his hat, brushed it with his arm, drew on his gloves leisurely, moved his shoulders to settle his coat, took up his polished cane, and turned for the last time to Mrs Margery.

'Will you please to tell me, ma'am,' said he, 'whether it is to me or the business you object?'

'To both!' replied Mrs Margery, spitting on a smoothing-iron to see whether it was hot enough.

'So much the better for me,' rejoined Mr Poring; 'for a woman that harbours vagrants, found on a common in the mist, and lifted, rags and all, over a gentleman's threshold, by these two fingers and thumb, is not fit to be made a lady of!' and so saying, he walked majestically away. Mrs Margery smothered her indignation like a queen, till she saw that he had passed the window; and then, laying down the iron, she plumped into a chair, and had it all out in a hearty cry.

On that same evening, the subject of Mr Poring's concluding remarks was introduced into a conversation of a very different kind.

'Has Mr Oaklands,' said Sir Vivian Falcontower to his daughter, as they sat alone after dinner, 'ever mentioned anything to you respecting his origin or family?'

'Never.'

'Has it not seemed odd to you that he makes a mystery of it?'

'He makes no mystery of it—or of anything else. He stated at first, in your own presence, that he was of no family, which means distinctly enough that he was of humble parentage. Since then, he has not mentioned the subject, simply, as it appears to me, because he has nothing interesting to say about it; and it was no business of mine to question him on a matter that could not concern his connection with us.'

'It will concern us, however, at the close of the connection, which cannot now be distant—at least, the connection cannot go on long on the same footing. His family position must, in a great measure, determine what is to be done for him; what in one station of life would be only an adequate remuneration, in another would be extravagant and absurd.'

'That is so far true; but Mr Oaklands is one of those men who make their own position, if they have only a vantage-ground, however slightly elevated, to start from. What you give him is not of so much consequence as you imagine: at least, it will affect only the time he may take to rise in the world, not the rise itself, which, after that first step is gained, will be inevitable. But your question, I see, has some further meaning?'

'Why, yes; I have been asking the fool Driftwood about him, and his answers have surprised and puzzled me a good deal. You, who do not believe in romance, will smile to hear that there is a mystery in Mr Oaklands' birth, and that he is expected to turn out some great personage!' Claudia made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon the table before her. There was no perceptible movement of her chest. She did not seem even to breathe. Her whole figure conveyed the idea of statue-like rigidity.

'Cold as usual, Claudia!' said the baronet laughing. 'Even this extraordinary announcement has no effect upon you. But, after all, Driftwood is such a fool that there is no comprehending him; and, in the present case, it is obvious he does not comprehend himself. All he knows is, that there is a mystery, and that surmises are afloat that Oaklands is not what he seems, or what he has been taught to believe himself to be.' Claudia was still mute, still motionless, still statuesque.

'Have you heard me?' asked her father: 'is the matter not worthy of a remark?'

'It is romance,' replied Claudia, coldly—'quite out of my way, you know. Shall I break a walnut for you?'

#### IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE CHINESE.

It is generally supposed that the Chinese will not learn anything: but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand-lamps and globes, emblazoned with the London maker's name all complete; and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word 'patent' as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks, particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman to varnish a box, furnished with a Chubb's lock, of which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the box, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock; and after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, stating that, on examination, he had found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except that the original key would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time, though they greatly prize watches, and usually carry two. If you ask the reason of this fashion, their reply is: 'Spose one makee sick, other can walkee.'—*A Sketcher's Tour Round the World.*

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## A BARBER'S SHOP IN OLD ATHENS.

When gazing at ancient Greece through the magnificent wrecks of her civilisation, we find it extremely difficult to represent to ourselves a true picture of her homely, domestic life. Yet even at Athens, the most splendid and beautiful of ancient cities, the nursing mother of philosophy, and the home of literature and the arts, the circumstances which characterised a citizen's daily career contrasted very strikingly with the greatness and grandeur of the state. Vivacious in their temperament, and highly poetical in their conceptions, the Athenians were yet in their social intercourse the most practical and business-like of men. No people were ever fonder of mirth and jollity. Once escaped from the absorbing interest of politics, they yielded themselves up to jesting and laughter, to the manufacturing of jokes, to the relation of comic anecdotes, to lounging in groups about the Agora, and to the habit of congregating in saddlers' and barbers' shops, where they enjoyed much the same kind of amusements which the moderns seek at restaurants and in tap-rooms.

During the early part of the Macedonian War, Dion, a young merchant of Sinope, paid a visit to the old country, chiefly for commercial purposes. In a galley of considerable tonnage, he sailed leisurely along the coast of Asia Minor, entered the Bosphorus, passed Byzantium and Calcedon, traversed the Propontis, threaded the windings of the Hellespont, and arrived, after an agreeable and prosperous voyage, at the Piræus. Having seen his goods properly warehoused, he hastened towards the city, the birthplace of his ancestors. His way led him over the long walls, from which, on one side, he enjoyed a prospect of Eleusis and Salamis, and the distant mountains overhanging the Corinthian isthmus; on the other, he beheld the well-wooded shores of Attica, stretching away in easy undulations towards Sunium. But the attractions of these landscapes were extremely slight in comparison with those exhibited by the objects before him: Hymettus, the Areopagus, the hill of the Museum, and above all, the Acropolis, towering in snowy splendour towards the blue heavens. Propylæa, temples, and colossal statues of gods and heroes, appeared to convert that majestic rock into a second Olympus. Almost on the edge of the cliff rose the effigies of Athena Promachus, looking towards the sea, her head surmounted with the crested helm, and in her hand a spear, which she wielded for the protection of her beloved city, lying in matchless splendour at her feet.

The young merchant felt his heart dilate within him as he moved beneath the shadow of these mighty works. But visions of glory, however gorgeous, will

not satisfy the appetite. Entering an inn, therefore, at the corner of the Cerameicus, he found a large party just sitting down to dinner, and was invited by the host to join them. The guests consisted of persons from nearly all the countries encircling the eastern shores of the Mediterranean—Cyrene, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, with many islanders from Rhodes and Crete. When the repast was over, he was invited by a number of young men to accompany them to a barber's shop opening upon the Agora, where, as they informed him, many lovers of news and gossip from all parts of the city assembled daily.

The streets through which they passed disappointed him very much. He expected to behold rows of palaces, exhibiting all the grandeur and taste of architecture; but instead, he observed a succession of modest dwellings, elegant, no doubt, in their appearance, but of extremely moderate dimensions and elevation. His mind, however, as he moved along, was filled with agreeable images, which insensibly reconciled him to the aspect of the place. Here and there, beneath stately porticos, were orange and citron trees, growing in large pots or boxes; flowering shrubs flung their fragrance into the street over low walls; and fountains, chapels, and temples occurring at frequent intervals, impressed a peculiar character upon his sensations.

On reaching the market-place, he almost fancied himself in the midst of an insurrection. The people had assembled there in crowds, but, as soon appeared, not for the purpose of taking up arms, but to buy and sell, eat fruit, drink wine, discuss the news, and at the same time to exhibit the richness or elegance of their costume. The booths and stalls, and the seats, were all of wood, constructed in a very light manner, that they might, if necessary, be easily removed. His companions seemed to know and be known of everybody; so that, owing to their constant salutations and greetings, their progress to the barber's shop was exceedingly slow.

At length they arrived; and Dion, with the inquisitiveness and curiosity inherent in all Greeks, set himself to observe. The shop opened upon an extensive esplanade, paved with broad flags, and descending with a gentle slope to the booths in the Agora. Rows of flower-pots, on painted stands, occupied the front of the apartment, which was spacious and lofty, and numerous chairs stood scattered over the floor, though most of them were empty, the frequenters of the place being far too active and restless to remain long seated. Ranged in order along the walls were mirrors of various sizes, some designed to be consulted where they hung, others to be taken in the hand by those who had undergone the tonsorial process, or were desirous of having their locks trimmed and curled

according to the newest fashion from Pella; for about this time there prevailed a sort of mania among the young Athenians to imitate both in dress and appearance their bitterest enemies. Even the practice of shaving may be said to have been introduced by the Macedonians. Previous to the age of Philip, it had been regarded as a sign of worthlessness or effeminacy, and the elder citizens still prided themselves on adhering to the mode which they firmly believed had been transmitted to their forefathers by the gods.

Still, these stern patriots did not disdain to have their hair, beards, and moustaches curled and scented with costly essences. One of the first objects that struck Dion was a man beyond the middle age, in the habit of a philosopher, who was seated on an elegant chair, with a barber of most lively character hopping and frisking about him. First, with a small pair of tweezers, he freed his cheeks from superfluous hairs; then he clipped dexterously his flowing locks, in which threads of silver had begun to mingle largely with the black; then he applied the warm irons, and disposed the ornaments of his head and chin into an infinity of delicate curls. To complete the whole, he held a small censer filled with live coals beneath the beard of the professor of wisdom, and then casting grains of a delicate perfume upon the embers, impregnated the room with a fragrant odour, and caused the philosopher himself to smell like a nosegay.

Deep niches in the wall, lined with polished cyprus wood, and furnished with shelves, held sweet waters and unguents of the most precious kind, surmounted by a series of grotesque vases, which greatly excited the stranger's curiosity. One of these vessels represented Silenus with most extravagant gastral development; another, Pan, with the legs and horns of a goat, nose of portentous shape, and ears like the meek beast on which his neighbour generally journeyed at the heels of Dionysus. Others were of still more ludicrous and fantastic forms; so that Dion imagined the worthy barber who presided over the establishment could be no other than Damaspissus himself. Desirous of being satisfied on this point, he imparted his notion to one of the gentlemen who had accompanied him from the inn. The Athenian smiled slightly, and then politely taking the Sinopian by the hand, led him to the master of the house, and requested him to play the part of the Eleusinian hierophant, and explain the mysteries of his dwelling to the stranger. The barber readily complied, and taking down the first vase that came to hand, removed the upper part, as we should do a glass shade. What was Dion's surprise at beholding in a cell, as it were, of alabaster, an exquisite statue of Aphrodite in all her celestial beauty, sculptured by the chisel of some great artist, and semi-transparent when exposed to the light. This was sufficient to explain the fancy of the Athenians. All the vessels, however ugly without, contained within forms of the other denizens of Olympus, perfect in their symmetry and proportion, and of a material as white as snow.

At the back of the shop stood a long table, presided over by a female slave, where cups of thermon, answering to our modern tea, were served for a few oboli to the guests. Many of the younger among these appeared to sip the sweet and smoking liquid, which exhaled a delicate fragrance, chiefly for the pleasure it procured them of conversing with the young, dark-eyed beauty, whom Hermotomos had evidently stationed there as an attraction to his establishment. Depending in festoons from the roof were wreaths of flowers, roses in many cases intermingled with tufts of violets, with which, on solemn occasions, the Athenians were accustomed to crown their heads.

As evening came on, many lamps—some ranged along the walls, others swinging from the roof—were simultaneously lighted, and shed a rich light over the

numerous groups, all engaged in animated conversation. A keen north wind happening to be just then blowing, rendered it by no means unpleasant to stand near the brazier, formed very much like an altar, on which small billets of wood mixed with charcoal kept up perpetually a bright blaze. Dion was particularly struck by the softness and elegance of the language which he heard spoken on all sides. He now for the first time understood the compliment which had been paid to his mother-tongue by some poet, who, in his rapturous admiration, had pronounced it to be the dialect of the gods. While reflecting on this matter, his attention was drawn to an individual dressed in a somewhat fantastic fashion, who had no sooner entered than he became the centre of a large circle of listeners, who began to laugh almost before he had spoken. It was whispered about that he was one of the sixty; and upon Dion's inquiring what this meant, he learned that there existed at Athens a club of wits amounting to that number, who constantly entertained their fellow-citizens by the most brilliant repartees and flashes of intellect. These were nearly always repeated throughout the city; but chiefly at the shop of Hermotomos, then assiduously frequented by all who aimed at a reputation for humour or a knowledge of the world. Jokes, however, are very much like bursts of lightning, whose brightness no one can appreciate unless present at their birth. Translated into history, they become inexpressibly insipid, and only weary those whom they are meant to entertain. We shall, therefore, leave to the imagination the task of picturing to itself the fine things uttered in the shop of Hermotomos by Philemon. Dion thought them enchanting, and laughed till he was thoroughly ashamed of his own boisterous merriment. The Athenians laughed also; but their external demonstrations of hilarity were less noisy than those of strangers.

All this while the shaving, curling, perfuming, proceeded without interruption. Dion himself submitted his provincial tresses to be operated upon by Hermotomos. When the barber had completed his task, he inquired with much gravity whether the stranger also would like to be shaved. As the first down of youth had barely made its appearance on the chin of the Sinopean, the bystanders could not refrain from laughter, in which Dion himself heartily joined.

If jokes refuse, as we have said, to be invested with an historical dress, they at least become traditional in essence, and not only serve to awaken by imitation the spirit of wit in after-times, but consent to receive new forms from the ingenuity of succeeding generations. Philemon, for example, uttered on the present occasion, as a novelty, the bon-mot of one of the etairae of a former day. A dramatic poet, supping one evening with a female friend, complimented her on the delicious coolness of the water she gave him to drink.

'Ah!' replied the lady, 'it has always been remarkably cold since we have been in the habit of throwing your comedies into the well.'

A stranger from the colonies being present, Philemon did not disdain to borrow a joke from one of the philosophers. A sophist one day undertook, in the intrepidity of his impudence, to demonstrate to a young Athenian nobleman that he was the son of a dog.

'You have a Molossian,' said he—'haven't you?'

'I have,' replied the other, 'and a very ill-natured beast he is too.'

'Has he any young ones?'

'Yes—several.'

'Then he is a father.'

'To be sure.'

'And you say he is yours.'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, clearly as he is a father, and yours, he must be your father.'

At this the guests of Hermotomos were good-natured enough to laugh, which so far encouraged Philemon

that he went on relating anecdotes, stories, jests, and strokes of pleasantry, till the attention of all present was attracted by symptoms of unusual bustle without in the Agora. Several persons now ran forth to ascertain the cause. At first, nothing could be distinctly learned, except that some great calamity had befallen the Athenian people. The whole extent of the market-place was dark, save that here and there, in front of some lofty mansion, a lamp glimmered over the gateway, for the purpose of lighting persons to the entrance. By degrees, it was whispered that a messenger had arrived in breathless haste, bringing to the magistrates the dreadful news, that Philip's army had stormed the city of Platea. Terror at this report seized upon the entire multitude, who, with tremendous shouts, expressed their desire that some orator should ascend the Bema, and explain at length the nature of the intelligence which had been brought to the government.

Half frantic with excitement, they knew not exactly what they did, or how best to clear the market-place, so as immediately to provide standing-room for the whole body of the people. In this state of mind, it occurred to some one that the speediest course would be to cast up the booths and stalls, and set fire to them. The idea was no sooner put forth than acted upon. Every man set to work. The small wooden structures which had served by day to screen the market-women from the sun, were overthrown with a crash, and heaped up pell-mell, with noise and violence, in the centre of the Agora. A hundred torches were then applied to the mighty pile, which in a few seconds shot up a tremendous blaze, throwing a red glare upon the temples, the fountains, and the long lines of private buildings encircling the place of assembly. While the conflagration was in progress, immense groups collected here and there on the esplanade, discussing, with wild gesticulation, and in hoarse, deep voices, the nature of the danger then threatening the community. Fresh messengers arrived almost every minute, and many cast their eyes anxiously towards the road leading from Boeotia, as if they expected the apparition of the Macedonian army amid the darkness of that very night. The city gates were closed, and frequent patrols passed along the walls, to watch the appearance of things in the surrounding country.

Under the influence of sudden excitement, Dion was on the point of rushing out to join the crowd; but a gentleman who stood near him in the shop, guessing his intention, said: 'Stranger, beware what you do! To join the citizens on this occasion, would be to usurp the rights of citizenship, or, in other words, to be guilty of high treason, the punishment of which is death. I myself am a *Metoikos*, and therefore enjoy all the rights of an Athenian except that of voting in the public assembly. I would not, however, dare to make my appearance in the Agora even to listen, lest I should be suspected of repairing thither to betray the state.'

The shop had now been cleared of all but the strangers and *Hermotomos* himself, who, as he was about to go forth, said: 'Gentlemen, you may ascend to the roof of my house, whence you will at once be able to hear the orators and observe all that takes place. This is a dreadful night for Athens, and I would not be absent from the assembly for all the wealth of *Croesus*.' With these words he issued forth into the market-place, which was filled from end to end with a loud murmur, like that of the waves in winter when they break against the shore.

A young Egyptian slave now conducted the strangers and the *Metoikos* to the roof, which they reached just in time to behold a body of men with large besoms scattering about the blazing embers, and sweeping them away towards the distant corners of the immense expanse, to make room for the vast multitude which now poured in from all parts of the city. Their task,

however, was not an easy one. The whole space covered with burning ashes and fragments of wood still on fire resembled the *Phlegraean* fields during the war of the *Titans*. At length water was brought, and sprinkled profusely around, until it became practicable for the people to approach the *Bema*. The city archers, with large torches in their hands, then stationed themselves at intervals in front of the citizens, to enable them to distinguish clearly the features and gestures of the various speakers.

An orator, suspected to be in the pay of Philip, first presented himself. He took a rapid view of the progress and principal events of the war, extenuating the crimes of the Macedonian monarch, masking the object of his ambition, and treating with contemptuous levity the opinions of those who apprehended danger from his approach towards the south. He contended that though a despot, he was by no means inimical to the liberties of Athens. As he spoke, conflicting emotions, rapidly succeeding each other, agitated his immense audience, of which they gave external tokens by hisses or plaudits. Dion watched with the deepest curiosity the arts, resources, and effects of eloquence. The entire range of human motives and feelings seemed to be at the command of the orator, who, by brief and lively narratives, traits of humour, and flashes of brilliant wit, sought to amuse the assembly, and carry away its thoughts from all serious considerations. His voice, musical as a flute; his silvery intonations, his rich imagery, his undaunted confidence, excited in the young colonist extraordinary astonishment. Other speakers, noway inferior in abilities, succeeded, and each in his turn appeared to sway irresistibly the emotions and understandings of the people.

At length, in the midst of a hushed and deep silence, an orator ascended the *Bema*, and stretching forth his left hand towards the citizens, held with the right his mantle close to his breast. This attitude he preserved for a few moments, and then his voice, like the first low notes of a trumpet, rolled over the heads of his listeners, until it appeared to die away amid the marble recesses of the *Acropolis*. He seemed, however, to exercise no art, to appeal to no passions, but only to state in a plain way what he conceived to be the duty of all who heard him. Yet, as he spoke, every bosom warmed, every imagination was lighted with enthusiasm, every understanding convinced by his overwhelming logic. He did not attempt to conceal or diminish in any degree the danger of the hour. Instead of this, he drew a faithful picture of the perils which encompassed the state, and of the sacrifices it would be necessary to make in order to dispel them. He said, he would not flatter the men of Athens by dilating on their virtues, or those of their forefathers; on the contrary, he would tell them distinctly, that matters had been brought to their present alarming condition through their levity, their ignorance, their want of patriotism. But it was these very circumstances, he added, that now inspired him with hope. If the city had performed everything in its power, he should, he acknowledged, be overwhelmed with despair, because nothing more could be expected of it. 'But, gentlemen,' he said, 'it is because you have been idle, thoughtless, frivolous, inattentive to your public duties, that I have now hope, as I stand here, that we shall beat back the insolent Macedonian to his half-savage den in the north. But to accomplish this, you must lay aside your vices, and apply yourselves diligently to the public service. Let every man remember that he is fighting not for the state, but for himself: for if Philip conquers, no one among you will be able to call anything his own. Your houses, your children, your wives, will belong to the despot—nay, if it may be said without impiety, the very temples of the gods will lie altogether at his mercy. For myself, I swear by the souls of those who fell at Marathon, that I will not survive the dishonour of my

country, but will perish with those who love her most, beneath the ruins of our beloved homes.'

At this burst of patriotic eloquence, which memory, especially in another language, can but faintly represent, the vast assembly rent the air with their applause; and Dion, to whom the whole scene was new, and who had never before witnessed the all power and resources of human speech, absolutely thrilled with rapture. What would he not have given to occupy the place of that consummate statesman, whose name as yet he knew not! Turning, therefore, to the kind Metoikos, who stood in equal delight by his side, he sought to express his admiration, while he inquired who was the speaker.

'What!' exclaimed his companion, 'can you possibly be ignorant that the man you have heard is Demosthenes? But wait; the people are requiring him to proceed. He has inspired them with confidence in themselves—he has brought back the patriotism of other days—and the youth of the city will to-morrow be ready to march against the Macedonians, as their ancestors did against the Persians at Marathon.'

When the orator resumed, he entered into details, sketched the plan of a campaign, drew an encouraging picture of the resources of the state, and proved to every one's satisfaction, that victory might still be made to range on the side of the republic, if every citizen would consent to do his duty. Whatever he proposed, was agreed to; and by degrees the immense multitude ebbed away through the darkness, and each man sought his own dwelling, there to ponder on the intelligence he had heard, and the political advice which had been given to him in common with the rest of his countrymen.

When Dion descended into the shop of Hermotomos, he found it crowded with young men, keenly engaged in discussing with each other the preparations necessary for taking the field. Gay and elegant in their costume, and somewhat effeminate in appearance, they were yet internally animated by the spirit of the olden times. Even in those days, the most glorious in the history of Athens, the youth of the city had been remarkable for their fondness for dress and personal appearance. They went forth to Marathon in purple cloaks, costly sandals, and with hair curled and perfumed as if they had been going to a banquet; yet they routed the Persian infantry and the Median cavalry, the finest that Asia could supply. It was hoped that a similar event would attend the contest with the Macedonians; and whether or not, Dion felt the blood of the old Athenians warm and quicken in his veins, and he therefore loudly proclaimed his willingness to defend the birthplace of his ancestors in the field. His services were accepted, together with those of all the strangers, half-citizens, and even slaves, who would consent to ennoble themselves by wearing a sword.

As it would have been impossible to sleep, the youthful warriors determined to employ the night in military preparations; and Dion was invited to repair to the house of one of the wealthiest and noblest of the citizens, where he could provide himself with armour and arms. On this occasion, as afterwards, during the visit of Demetrius Poliorcetes, the whole city was lighted up with lamps and torches, disposed along the streets on the pedestals of statues, in the niches of temples, and over the doors of private dwellings. The troops assembled before day in the Agora, where an exhortation was delivered to them by their general; after which they formed a line, and marched in order out of the city, Dion proceeding in the van-guard. We shall not attempt to describe or explain the events of the war that succeeded, or the fate of the great orator, whose eloquence sufficed on this occasion to rekindle the almost expiring flame of patriotism in the breasts of his countrymen. Dion fought in every battle that took place against the Macedonians; and if he could

not preserve his ancestral city from the foot of the spoiler, he at least avenged the wrongs she endured upon many a Macedonian soldier, whom, in the Homeric phrase, he made to bite the dust on the plains of Boeotia and in the valleys of Attica.

When all was over, he resumed his mercantile habits, and returned to Sinope, where he related to the regretful colonists the fate which had overtaken the country of their ancestors. The inhabitants of this city were indeed a mixed race—Ionians, Dorians, and Achæans; but there were at least no Macedonians among them, and no lovers of despotism, so that their unmingled sympathies were given altogether to those small but brilliant republics which maintained against Philip and his son the cause of freedom and civilisation. In one of the battles which took place, Dion had had the good fortune to save the life of the worthy Hermotomos in whose shop he had determined to become a soldier. The barber after this returned to Athens, where, as he shaved and perfumed his customers, he related those moving accidents by flood and field which he had witnessed during the war, and was often loud in the praises of the gallant young stranger from Sinope.\*

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### QUEBEC.

HAVING spent a few days in Montreal and its neighbourhood, I prepared to make a short visit to Quebec. A communication by railway between these cities, as I shall have occasion to explain, will soon be effected by the extension of a branch from the Atlantic and St Lawrence line. Meanwhile, the only available intercourse is by steam-vessels on the river, one of which departs every evening from Quebec, and another from Montreal; the passage up as well as down being by night.

Montreal is 180 miles above Quebec, and this distance is performed by the steamers in twelve hours, descending, and fifteen to sixteen hours, ascending, the St Lawrence; though, when fogs occur, the time in each case may be considerably extended. Owing to these perplexing fogs, as well as sunken rocks and other dangers, serious accidents occasionally happen. With a less wide-spread reputation for disasters than the Mississippi, the St Lawrence yet possesses an unfortunate aptitude for destroying the steamers which trust themselves upon it. During my stay in the country, two vessels of this kind were wrecked between Quebec and Montreal.

Trusting that I might escape any such misfortune, I one evening went on board a steamer at Montreal, said to be one of the best on the station; and along with at least 150 passengers, set off on a voyage down the river. Darkness soon coming on, we had little opportunity of seeing the distant banks, which, however, are generally low and uninteresting. Some miles down, on our left, we passed one of the mouths of the Ottawa, whose turbid waters are a long way distinguishable from the clear flood of the St Lawrence. Further still, on the south shore, the Richlieu falls into the river; but the town of Sorrel at this point, and various other places of some note, including Three Rivers, are passed in the dark, and we only hear their names when the vessel stops at them to put passengers ashore.

It was in the gray of a misty morning, about seven

\* It may be proper to say that this article is by a well-known author, who has devoted a great part of his life to the study of Greek manners and literature.



o'clock, when, rising from bed and going to the slip of open deck at the paddle-boxes, that I first caught sight of the high cliffy banks, as we approached Quebec; and without a word of explanation, I knew at a glance that we were passing the scene of Wolfe's celebrated debarkation below the heights of Abraham. Here the river is a mile in width, and flows in an imposing current, sufficiently deep to carry vessels of large burden. The land is high on both banks, as if sawn down by the mighty stream; for while on our left rise the lofty cliffs of Cape Diamond, on whose summit the city has been built—bringing Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine, with its towers and battlements, to remembrance—on the right, or southern bank, we see the elevated grounds of Point Levi, with its lively village and ferry-boats. Looking down the river, we observe that, below Quebec, it parts into two unequal branches, the larger keeping to the left and the smaller to the right, with the high woody isle of Orleans between.

There was little time to take note of all this. The steamer shot in front of the straggling and busy suburb below the city, and in a few minutes we walked ashore on a wooden quay, in the midst of porters and cabmen. Driving by winding narrow streets, environed by substantial stone-houses, towards the higher regions, I could see that Quebec is a curious old city, with numerous trades connected with shipping in its lower streets, and having a strong mixture of the military and ecclesiastical character in its upper and more aristocratic division. The street which I ascended in a cab to get to a hotel, was so steep, that I feared the poor horse would fall on its knees; but, driven by an Irishman, it went wonderfully well over the ground, and I arrived in safety in a kind of open square, where the market and some of the principal public buildings are situated.

A glance through the town shewed that it was considerably more French than Montreal, and was equally well provided with churches and monastic establishments, the bequest of its original settlers; to which are superadded the more modern ecclesiastical structures of its English and Scotch inhabitants. Everybody, of course, is acquainted with the fact, that the Canadian parliament was, a few years ago, burned out of its place of meeting in Montreal. Afterwards, locating itself in a handsome building in Quebec, it has, unfortunately, been just burned out of that too, and is left to shift for temporary accommodation. None of the public buildings, including that appropriated to parliamentary meetings, was of sufficient note to detain me any length of time from the scenes associated with Wolfe's victory; there, in reality, imparting to Quebec the chief interest which is attached to it in England.

Let us, in reference to this great event, throw our minds back to the summer of 1759. England at war with France, has already captured Louisbourg in Cape Breton, and desires to complete her acquisitions by seizing on the whole of Canada; for which purpose several expeditions are despatched to open the attack in different quarters; the principal movements, however, being the approach of Lord Amherst by way of Albany and Ticonderoga, and that of Major-General James Wolfe, a young and promising soldier, by the St Lawrence. In the month of June, a fleet bears Wolfe and a small but select army up this great river, and after a tedious voyage, it comes in sight of Quebec and its exterior defences, held by Montcalm and an army of 13,000 men. Landing, and forming an encampment on the Isle of Orleans, Wolfe has presented to him an imposing spectacle. Opposite, on the north shore, from the fortress of Quebec to the falls of the Montmorenci, along a sloping ground several miles in length, he sees a series of intrenchments bristling with cannon; below the fortress on the east, there is the river St Charles, a seemingly weak point in the line, but its bridge is strongly guarded, and the only place for an attack is apparently at the Montmorenci. So, at

least, thought Wolfe, not correctly, for he spent nearly three months in various deadly but bootless encounters at this selected spot. It was only after these tedious discomfures, and much mental and bodily suffering, that he resolved on the stratagem of sailing up the river, as if going on a distant expedition; at the same time leaving a party to make a feint of again attacking the Montmorenci outposts. This famous movement up the river took place on a starlight night in autumn. Early next morning—the memorable 13th of September 1759—an hour before dawn, the vessels drop down with the tide, bring to at a point previously fixed on, now celebrated as Wolfe's Cove; and there the landing is silently effected. The different regiments make their way by a rude path up the steep bank; at the summit they seize upon a redoubt and the few French soldiers who have it in charge, and are shortly drawn up in order on the plains of Abraham. Wolfe leads them forward to a place within three-quarters of a mile of the fortifications, and there, a few hours afterwards, the great struggle ensues which settles the fate of Canada.

The reader may now accompany me to this remarkable field of battle. Driving past the citadel, through a gateway, and along a good road environed with several detached villas, we arrived at the open and bare plain which overhangs the St Lawrence, now partly enclosed, and used as a race-course. The ground is not quite even; it has a slight hollow at the place where we leave the public road and turn in upon it to our left. Here Wolfe was leading the fight when he received the mortal shot. This sad event did not occur till about noon; for Montcalm was unprepared for any attack in this quarter, and it was not till eleven o'clock that he left his intrenchments and brought his forces to the high ground occupied by the English army. It was a brilliant victory, but clouded by the death of Wolfe; while the French, on their part, mourned the fall of the brave Montcalm. Could the scene of this memorable engagement be visited without emotion? Some slight changes have taken place, as I have said, on the field of battle; but, on the whole, it remains pretty much what it was a century ago—a piece of bare and open pasture-land adjoining the public thoroughfare, which runs westward from the town. In the hollow to which I have referred, a monumental column of moderate height, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, has been erected, and surrounded by a railing. On the base is the simple inscription: 'Here died Wolfe, Victorious.' On a public promenade, at the gardens attached to the castle, an obelisk was, with good taste, erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm by Lord Dalhousie, governor-general, in 1827.

A rock, to the foot of which Wolfe was carried when he fell, and where he expired, has been removed; but within an enclosure lower down, the well is pointed out from which water was brought to him in his last moments. West's celebrated picture of the death of Wolfe, in which the expiring hero is seen reclining on the ground amidst a group of officers and attendants, is generally considered a faithful representation of the scene. Quitting this deeply interesting spot, and crossing the field diagonally towards the St Lawrence, the visitor reaches the enclosures of Marchmont, immediately above Wolfe's Cove. Here, on looking over the bank, we can appreciate the natural difficulties of the pathway by which the English force ascended from the landing-place on the shore beneath. How far Wolfe was justified in the expectation of finding only an insignificant force at this assailable point, or whether he was assured that, after reaching the open plain, Montcalm, in his excess of gallantry, would have the imprudence to leave his intrenchments and fortifications to meet him—are questions which military men have freely discussed. Probably Wolfe reckoned on circumstances of which we have now no precise knowledge; and surely his success in accomplishing a

difficult and hazardous enterprise is the best proof of the correctness of his anticipations. Viewing his victory as an event which, two years afterwards, led to the surrender of Montreal and the relinquishment of Canada to the British monarchy, what a lasting and important influence it may be said to have had on the cause of social progress!

The castle or citadel of Quebec, to which I was admitted by a permit from the proper authority, consists of an open rocky height, thirty to forty acres in extent, with barracks and storehouses, and surrounded by fortifications of great strength, which are extended with various deflexions round the upper part of the town. Guns are pointed from embrasures in different directions; the principal battery, composed of a number of thirty-two pounders, being on the highest cliff, which commands the St Lawrence and the suburb at the harbour. From this situation, elevated 250 feet, a fine view of the river is obtained, with its rafts and shipping, the green isle of Orleans, and Point Levi on the southern shore. At the time of my visit, a fleet of vessels from the Clyde lay at anchor, waiting to be loaded with timber. The fortress of Quebec, it is well known, is the strongest military post of Great Britain on the American continent, and is guarded with an etiquette worthy of Gibraltar. English soldiers were pacing to and fro on the lofty bastions, on which the air was thin and cold even on a sunny day in October. What must be the sensations of the unfortunate sentinels, I thought, in winter, when the thermometer ranges to 30 degrees below zero, and tends to turn all nature into an icicle!

Proceeding westward by the highway across the plains of Abraham, and passing some fine mansions, enclosed in pleasure-grounds—among others, Spencer-Wood, the residence of the governor-general—visitors will, at the distance of about two miles from Quebec, and near the St Lawrence, reach a recently laid out cemetery, environed with trees, and preserved in the finest order by a resident keeper. To this mournful enclosure I went to see the place of interment of John Wilson, the estimable and much-lamented Scottish vocalist, who died suddenly of cholera at Quebec in 1849. He was buried at the corner of a gravel-walk, near the centre of the ground, and I was gratified to observe that, by the kind contributions of his countrymen in Canada, a tall and handsome monument has been erected over his grave. The sun shone sweetly on the spot, decorated with taste, and secluded amidst sheltering woods; and though lying far from home, I thought my poor friend could not have reposed in a scene more congenial with the simple lyrics which he so happily illustrated and made so widely known by his powers of melody.

At the entrance to the cemetery, Mr Millar, the superintendent, obligingly pointed out a vault covered with turf and fitted up with stone shelving, which is used as a temporary receptacle for those who die during winter, and cannot be properly interred until frost and snow have disappeared. The necessity for some such depository of the coffined dead helps to give one a notion of the inclemency of a Canadian winter. But this is revealed in other ways. So deeply does the frost penetrate into the ground, that any line of curb-stone, or stone basis for a railing, which is not founded on masonry at least three feet deep, will be dislodged by the frost, and lean over to one side at the first thaw. In many parts of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, snow lies on the ground about five months in the year, and for some part of the season the cold is more intense than we can form any adequate idea of in England. I was informed that at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, so keen is the frost during some nights in winter, that sentinels on duty require to be changed every ten minutes. That there should be English soldiers at all in this place, as well as at Quebec and

some other stations, seems to be an unaccountable piece of folly; more particularly as desertions to the States are almost of daily occurrence. In some cases, I was assured, not only individual sentinels, but pickets of a dozen men fully accoutred make off from their posts, and find their way through woods and wilds till they cross the frontier, when they are safe from pursuit. Only on rare occasions are these runaways captured before reaching the States. In the course of one of my excursions in Nova Scotia, I passed on the road a party of six deserters who had been so recovered; they were walking handcuffed in pairs, in charge of a sergeant's guard. A state of things that admits of so much demoralisation is, I think, of very questionable policy.

Low as is the temperature in Lower Canada during winter, the climate is far from being unhealthy; and although the snow lies long on the ground, little actual loss is sustained by the agriculturist; for when mild weather arrives, nature acts with a vigour which may be said to compensate for the brevity of summer; and after all, there are perhaps more really fine days during the year than in England. Wherever I went I saw a healthy and robust appearance in the people, with much vivacity of manner. The French Canadians are known to marry young; and it is established as a fact, that life is better among them than it is in England. While the increase by births is 1 in 33 in England, it is 1 in 21 in Lower Canada; and while the deaths are 1 in 45 in England, they are 1 in 53 in the whole of Lower Canada. The simplicity of the mode of living among the rural population, doubtless contributes to this remarkable aspect of affairs; for in the district of Quebec, taken alone, the ratio of deaths is greater than it is in England. Facts of this kind go far to assure us, that Lower Canada, with all its frost and snow and its summer heats, is by no means unadapted for comfortable existence. It is only matter for regret that some of its institutions are of a nature so unsuited to modern notions, that the country, as formerly hinted at, is not likely at present to receive any large accession of agricultural settlers from Great Britain.

On leaving the cemetery, we made a circuit through some remarkably well-managed farms, and then proceeded by a by-road down the north side of the ridge of which Quebec occupies the eastern extremity. Here we arrive in an inferior suburb of wooden houses, wharfs, and ship-building yards, on the banks of the St Charles. Crossing this river by a bridge, and getting upon a good macadamised road, we were now on the way to the river Montmorenci, a tributary of the St Lawrence, and which, with its rapids and falls, forms the great wonder of this part of Canada. The country passed through is enclosed and cultivated; and the houses of the small farmers thickly stud the sides of the highway. About midway, on our right, overlooking the St Lawrence, stands the old village of Beaufort, reminding us of the operations of Montcalm, of which it was the centre. Most of the cottages we pass are of a poor appearance, with doors reached by steps, so that they may be level with the surface when the snow covers the ground in winter. On the side of the road has been erected a handsome pillar, surmounted by a conspicuous gilt cross; it is enclosed with a neat railing, and provided with steps in front to accommodate kneeling devotees. I learned that this object is commemorative of the temperance movement, and here, as at a shrine, reclaimed tipplers may piously renew their vows of abstinence.

At the distance of about seven miles from Quebec, we approach the Montmorenci; and clambering over palings, on our left, getting across some mossy ground, and descending a rough woody bank, we see the turbulent river forcing its way through a bed composed of layers of limestone, the broken yet regular appearance of which resembles a series of natural steps. The

scene is wild and picturesque. In front and in the distance, the river, which is seemingly about the size of the Tweed, is seen dashing and foaming over rocks, and burying itself in great gulfs, while above is a precipice overhung with shrubs, and bearing the marks of attrition thousands of years old. There being no proper path down the high banks, we return to the road, and crossing by a bridge, gain the left side of the river. Here, on walking a short distance, we have on our right the celebrated fall of Montmorenci—a very fine thing, indeed, of its kind; for the whole river is sent at a shoot over a precipice 250 feet high, and dissolves into white foam and spray before it reaches the bottom. After the fall, it goes placidly on its way between high banks to the St Lawrence, which it meets at a right angle a few hundred yards distant. A small portion of the water, before arriving at the brink of the precipice, is led off on the right bank to turn some large saw-mills. From the promontory near the fall, the spectator has a view of Quebec, the Isle of Orleans, and the river for a considerable stretch westward.

Before leaving Quebec, I made some inquiries respecting the number of emigrants arriving annually, and other circumstances, connected with the progress of affairs in this part of Canada. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that, as a seat of the provincial government, and a flourishing mart of commerce, Quebec possesses the usual public institutions, literary and otherwise, pertaining to its character. For some time, its ship-building and timber trades have been conducted on a large scale, and on its quays is seen all the bustle of a busy seaport. As the first port at which vessels touch on ascending the St Lawrence, the place possesses a peculiar interest to emigrants; for here they usually disembark and take steamers to their respective points of destination; and here a resident emigration-agent, Mr Buchanan, is appointed to help them with advice and facilitate their movements. At the office of this useful functionary, near the quay, they will at all times receive due attention, and probably see advertisements for artisans and labourers of different classes.

Emigrants who desire to push on westwards, have an opportunity of doing so every day by a steamer from Quebec to Montreal; then they can go on board another steamer, which will take them by canal and river to Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. Should they wish to go on, a fresh steamer will carry them to Toronto, or to Hamilton, which is situated at the head of the lake. There they have now the Great Western Railway, which proceeds right through the fertile peninsula of Canada West to Detroit, affording numerous opportunities of stopping by the way. Soon, a great improvement on these facilities will be effected. The Grand Trunk-railway of Canada, one of the most stupendous undertakings of modern times, involving an outlay of £9,500,000 sterling, and extending its ramifications over nearly 1200 miles, has already, by a union with the Atlantic and St Lawrence railway, opened the communication between Portland and Longueuil. In July next, a branch will be extended to Quebec, by which emigrants will be taken thence to Longueuil in a few hours. The erection of a bridge two miles in length across the St Lawrence from Longueuil to Montreal; the construction at Montreal of a vast railway-depôt like that of Crewe; and the carrying of the line westward to Kingston, Toronto, and ultimately to Sarnia at the foot of Lake Huron, are among the great works just commencing, and for which thousands of hands are required.

When this magnificent railway system is completed, as it is expected to be, five years hence, persons arriving at Quebec will be able to pursue their way uninterruptedly to almost any quarter in the western country; and when I add that ocean steamers, larger and more powerful than those now on the station, are

preparing for the trade between Liverpool and the St Lawrence during summer, and between Liverpool and Portland when the river is frozen in winter, it will be seen what an immense effort is being made to open channels of communication through the province. The Grand Trunk is an English concern, aided by guarantees and bonds of the Canadian government, and having an office of management in Montreal. There, for a time, is located the company's secretary, the indefatigable Sir Cusack P. Roney, well known for his skill in developing railway traffic and uniting the commercial interests of countries far separated from each other. I have no doubt that by his adroit arrangements, travellers and emigrants will soon get tickets at the principal railway stations in England to take them to the remotest part of Canada, if not to St Louis on the Mississippi and other centres of intercourse in the great West.

Even on the present footing of communication by river and lake steamers, there is little to complain of. The vessel in which I returned to Montreal was of large size, and being constructed and managed on the plan of the American river-boats, may admit of a short description. It might be described as a structure three stories in height. Level with the quay from which we step on board, we enter by a gap into the after-part of the middle story. Towards the bows, a similar gap admits the steerage passengers, and here also the freight is taken on board. It will thus be understood that the vessel has two doorways in the side—one before and another behind the paddles. The middle floor of the vessel, so entered from the various landing-places, is sectioned off in three departments. In front, is a part devoted to emigrants or second-class passengers; the centre is for the freight; and the latter part, at the stern, is partitioned off and elegantly furnished as a cabin for ladies. By wandering among boxes and bales of goods, and opening doors, we can go from one end of the floor to the other. A small part in front of the ladies' cabin is kept clear of freight; and it is into this open space that we pass on getting on board by the after-entrance. Immediately on entering, we find on the left hand a small office with a window at which tickets are sold, as at an English railway station; and where, till the office is opened, there is a crowd anxiously waiting to have the first chance for state-rooms. The dispenser of these tickets is the purser; the stewards having nothing to do with the money-department. So much for the middle floor of the steamer; the only thing not mentioned being a small open-air platform adjoining the paddle-box on each side, accessible to the passengers, and a favourite lounge for cigar-smokers.

At one corner of the partition which cuts off the ladies' cabin, we ascend by a stair to the upper story. This consists entirely of the saloon, an apartment at least a hundred and fifty feet long, splendidly furnished and decorated; lighted from the roof, and having state-rooms along the sides, each provided with two beds and toilet articles—everything rigorously clean and commodious. A person accustomed to the river vessels of England, would be startled with the first view of this magnificent apartment. Persian carpets, elegant arm-chairs and sofas, a central marble table on which reposes a handsomely bound Bible, cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors and vases of flowers, door-handles of gilt porcelain or ivory, are among the things which meet the eye. The saloon is not of equal breadth throughout. About half-way down, it is interrupted by an enclosure for the engines, and by a passage at each side we reach the portion of the saloon beyond. This division, which is towards the stern, has no beds. It is wider than the other part, and is provided with side and end windows, whence a view of the river is obtained. In the centre of it is a stove, where the single gentlemen chiefly congregate; a small outer poop at

the extremity, being only used in fine weather. The most curious thing about the after portion of the saloon is a barber's shop, lighted from above, and adjoining the enclosure for the engines. Here, on looking through a curtained glass-door, we observe a toilet-table laid out, with all proper apparatus for shaving and hair-dressing; a luxurious chair, with a high rest for the feet; and, seated in a corner, is seen a negro operator, spelling over a newspaper, and patiently waiting for custom. No American steamer of a high class is unprovided with an establishment of this kind for the accommodation of the passengers, who, it may be said, would no more think of doing without a barber than without a cook.

It will be noticed from these arrangements, that the whole vessel, from end to end and side to side, with the exception of a small place at the stern and at the paddle-boxes, is covered in. There is no deck, no roof to which you are admitted. On the top, nothing is visible but the chimney, the beam of the engine, and the wheel-house for the steersman. The saloon is the universal lounge. There most people while away the time, till summoned to their meals. No eating or drinking is carried on in the saloon. It is a drawing, not a dining room. Meals are taken in the lowest story of the vessel, the access to which is by a stair descending from the middle floor, near the doorway to the ladies' cabin. On gaining this profundity, which is necessarily lighted with candles, we find it to be a spacious apartment, with two long tables, two rows of open beds, one above another, along the sides, and at the further extremity a bar for the sale of liquors, and a recess for washing. The kitchen is somewhere in this quarter, but not visible to the passengers.

Two hours after coming on board the vessel, of which I have here presented a picture in outline, the steward's bell sounded for tea, or supper as it is called in America, and down went a crowd from the saloon towards the eating-apartment, which, however, none was allowed to enter till the ladies had come from their cabin, and taken their seats. As usual, there was a profusion of edibles; and here, again, I looked unsuccessfully for specimens of fast eating, which, for the amusement of the thing, I should have been glad to see. The company was miscellaneous. Some were speaking in French, and some in English; but the bulk partook of their tea in silence, and dropped off one by one up stairs to the saloon. Wandering over the vessel some time afterwards, I thought of looking in upon the department on the middle floor appropriated to the humbler class of emigrants. An unpleasant spectacle presented itself: Men, women, children, bedding, boxes, and tin kettles, all jumbled together; a bar about the size of a sentry-box, for the sale of drams; and as a natural result of this last-mentioned particular, a fight among several men, and all sorts of disagreeable noises. I was fain to retreat from the apartment, pitying the unfortunate beings who were condemned to pass a night within its fetid precincts. The sale of liquors in these situations is surely highly objectionable, and the attention of the provincial legislature cannot be too soon called to the subject.

In those parts of the vessel occupied by the first-class passengers, everything went on with the decorum of a drawing-room, and strangely in contrast to the scene I had been witnessing. At ten o'clock, the saloon was nearly deserted; those who had been so fortunate as to secure state-rooms had turned in; and those who had not, went off to the beds in the eating-apartment. Here I had made sure of a berth, by putting my plaid in possession as soon as I came on board. I could not but admire the method for secluding these exposed beds. A brass framework over the top is drawn forward, and the curtains attached to it being closed, the beds, and also two chairs in front, are completely screened from observation. I have somewhere seen the sleep-

ing and toilet accommodation of American river-boats held up to ridicule; but my experience in this and other vessels has left nothing to be said in such a spirit. On the present occasion, my bed was at least equal in commodiousness to that which I had been favoured with in the Cunard steamer. It will also be satisfactory to know, that in the morning there was no want of reasonably good basins and clean towels; and that every man was turned out with boots which would have done no discredit to Day and Martin. With these comforts—laying the luxuries of private state-rooms out of the question—and a substantial breakfast which made its appearance in due course, what more could any one desire?

Retarded for several hours by fogs, we did not arrive at Montreal till noon, and I immediately prepared for my journey to Toronto. W. C.

### WELLINGTON'S TREE.

THE last few years have witnessed the introduction, from various parts of the world, of trees superior as objects of beauty, as well as for their timber, to those indigenous in Britain, and to the few earlier exotics. David Douglas, the zealous botanical collector, was one of the first botanists who made the timber trees a principal object of attention, and he was instrumental in introducing into Britain many species that now form attractive ornaments to our arboreta and pleasure-grounds.\* His researches were chiefly carried on in the primeval forests of North America; while other collectors have borne home the treasures of the Himalayas and of the southern hemisphere. But, numerous and valuable as were Douglas's American discoveries, it was not in the power of a solitary wanderer to exhaust the rich harvest of so extensive a region. Ever since his time, therefore, the hopeful eye of the arboriculturist has been directed to the west; and the efforts of many enthusiastic and danger-defying travellers have ministered, from time to time, to the conifer mania that now, happily for our country, excites the landed proprietors over the length and breadth of Britain, as did the less profitable tulip-mania of a former time the merchant-princes of Holland.

Besides introducing many important plants to Britain, Douglas indicated the existence of others hidden in the primeval forests that were worthy of the attention, and that eventually aroused the curiosity of European travellers. One of these is a tree, a native of California, which, in its magnificent aspect, and its almost incredible proportions, seems to outstrip every other kind in the great forests of the far west. Particulars of its re-discovery have just come to hand, and have been published in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* by Professor Lindley, who sees in it one of the most valuable additions ever made to our arboreta. Believing that no one would differ from him as to the appropriateness of the name proposed for the most gigantic tree revealed to us by modern discovery, he has conferred upon it the title of *Wellingtonia gigantea*. 'Wellington,' said he, 'stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. . . . Emperors, and kings, and princes have their plants, and we must not forget to place in the highest rank among them our own great warrior.'

The tree in question, or rather its seeds, and a young sapling, have been brought home to Mr Veitch by his collector, Mr Lobb, along with many other novelties of interest and importance to the horticultural world. Mr Lobb gives the following account of

\* He has a living monument in *Pinus Douglasii*, a tree of great beauty, forming extensive forests of a vivid green throughout the western parts of North America, and well known in all our ornamental plantations in Britain, in many of which it is already of sufficient size to bear cones.

it:—This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head-waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in latitude 38° north, longitude 120° 10' west, at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 to 320 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia* (*Taxodium*) *sempervirens*; some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some not unfrequently stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at 5 feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground, it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at 100 feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at 200 feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling the cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass green; those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about 2½ inches long, and 2 inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish colour, like redwood or *Taxodium* *sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, 21 feet of the bark from the lower part of the trunk have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion, 140 children were admitted without inconvenience.

In commenting upon this account of the most wonderful of California's natural productions, Professor Lindley offers a few apt reflections:—'What a tree is this!—of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislaus and San Antonio was above 3000 years old; that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas carrying off good *pater Anchises* upon his filial shoulders!'

With regard to the age of the tree, we need hardly remind our readers that all such calculations, founded upon the number of concentric circles of wood, are more or less fallacious. A tree may produce one circle of wood in one season, and no more; but as interruptions of growth often occur—resulting from severe changes in the temperature—it is by no means uncommon for several layers to be produced during one variable summer. Calculations founded upon the thickness of the stem, probably lead nearer to the truth, although increase in absolute size is likewise subject to variation, not only in different seasons, but especially at different periods of the tree's age: in youth, it grows rapidly; but as old age comes on, it often forms very thin additions of woody matter. That the Wellingtonia is of immense age, there can be no doubt, although even at 3000 years it does not surpass the calculations that have been made of the ages of other trees. De Candolle reported some authentic cases as follows:—Elm, 335 years; cypress, 350; ivy, 450; larch, 576; orange, 630; olive, 700; the Oriental plane, 720; the cedar, 800; the lime, 1150; oak, 1500; yew, 2820; *taxodium*, 4000; and the baobab of Africa, 5000 years!

While by some individuals the supposed age of the Californian Wellingtonia is doubted, there are others who likewise enter their protest against its reported dimensions. To one heretical reader of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, Dr Lindley retorts:—'That the tree was over 30 feet in diameter is pretty clear from the number

of persons who can be seated in it. We understand that a mounted horseman rode into the interior of a hollow tree that had been blown over, and after proceeding some distance in the interior, turned the horse and rode out again.'

Additional testimony is afforded by a recent number of *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture* (American), in which there is published a letter from a correspondent at San José, mentioning amongst other things: 'If you were to see the big *arbor vite* now on exhibition at San Francisco, 30 feet in diameter, you would be perfectly amazed. When I went to see it, there were twenty people dancing in the hollow part, with chairs and sofas all round.'

We have followed Dr Lindley in treating his tree as an original discovery of Douglas, now introduced to Britain for the first time by Mr Lobb; it remains for us, therefore, before closing this brief notice, to point out the foundation upon which the opinion rests.

During Douglas's last visit to California, the ill-fated naturalist thus wrote to Sir William Hooker concerning a coniferous tree inhabiting that country, of which no further information, nor seeds, nor specimens ever reached Europe:—'But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long and 32 feet round, at 3 feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those I have instanced.' Should the tree here alluded to by Douglas not be of the same species as that now introduced by Lobb, then there still remains in California an arboreal wonder to reward the diligence of some other traveller. The discovery of new plants, in most cases, only extends the boundaries of systematic botany, but the discoverer of a useful timber tree offers a substantial contribution to our national wealth.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### AN IMPORTANT PROJECT.

THE Albany, everybody knows, is a monastery in Piccadilly, the cloisters of which are inhabited by forlorn single men who, for some reason or other, have forsworn the sex and the world. Here are bachelors who have been crossed in love, husbands who have been crossed in matrimony, and a state-porter watching the iron gates at either end of the alley of cells. Mr Francourt's was a very respectable hermitage, fitted up with everything that could reconcile the recluse to the absence of the world he had lost or forsaken. The pretty little dinner he shared with his kinsman, Seacole, was exquisite for such a refectory; and the claret that followed would probably have stood triumphantly a comparison with the best wine grown for their own use by the holy brethren of the olden time.

Adolphus felt it somewhat difficult to explain to his friend the reason why he had found the scene at the Exhibition so painful to his feelings, and in fact he did not very well understand it himself. Here was a fellow, however, who from his very boyhood had continually rivalled him in some way or other, and always successfully. He, Seacole, after having contemptuously dared him to the arena of the world, now fell in with him again; and instead of finding him the vagrant he was born, or in the mechanical employment to which the ambition of a vagrant's son might be supposed to point, he was

encountered by him once more on terms of equality—once more he saw him bar his path like a spectre.

After hearing all Adolphus had to say on the subject, Fancourt mused for a moment.

'Why,' said he, 'this Oaklands must be a fine fellow; and in a dozen or a score of years, if he gets on well in the world, his birth, instead of being looked upon as a stigma, will be considered rather as something enhancing his merit. Till a man does get on, however, such a thing stands in his way; it is a difficulty to be surmounted; and his rivals or enemies take advantage of it to keep him down as long as they can. Never fancy, Dolphy—for that is a vulgar tradition—that this young fellow is to be despised *because* he is a born vagrant: in point of fact he is to be despised only because he has not yet distinguished himself in money-making, or war, or law, or letters, or art. Without some such consummation he is nothing, at least, in the station in which you now find him. There his gentlemanly manners and handsome person promote him to be merely an agreeable dangler, or one of the clever people, as they are called, who are stuck in to give piquancy to the dull parties of idealless fashion. Only fancy Claudia Falcontower thinking seriously of this genius, without a coin in his pocket, without a bay-leaf on his brow! The thing is absurd—more than absurd: why, if you betrayed such a suspicion to her, she would strike you dead at her feet with one flash of her magnificent eyes. But still, although there is no possibility of her regarding him as anything more than a lay-figure, his feelings of hostility—for which I have no doubt you have given abundant cause—may damage you. It is your game, therefore, to detach his hold as well as you can from the family—to put a stop to that personal familiarity between them which might give him opportunity for damaging whispers in the ear of your Eve.'

'Could not this be done by a mere touch of Ithuriel's spear, by which is figured Truth? Would the haughty Claudia continue to make a companion of one whom she knew to be a vagrant poor and unrenowned?'

'Hum! I don't know. There is a certain convenience in a man standing alone in the world, with no circle round him to prevent his getting into other circles, nobody to hang upon the skirts of his good fortune when he is rising. There is an evil report, you know, about the origin of this Oaklands, which if true—or believed to be true—would be far more damaging than the fact of his being really the foundling of Wearyfoot Common. As the natural son of a half-pay captain and a menial servant, and surrounded, doubtless, by countless relations in the same degree, all watching eagerly for a peep of his head rising above the crowd, our friend, it strikes me, would have little chance of retaining the patronage of the Falcontowers.'

'You are right, Fancourt!—I see my game, and I will play it out. I hardly remember the particulars, beyond this, that the parentage you refer to was acknowledged by Oaklands himself when a boy, and in my mother's presence. Poring, however, knows all about it, and for some reason or other, he hates the fellow still worse than I do. How is it that you, who play your cards so well, and know the value of the honours, have never married?'

'Simply because I am not the inheritor of a landed estate like you. I have money enough to do without a wife's fortune, and not money enough to desire an heir—rank enough to require no matrimonial quarterings, and not rank enough to make it necessary to fortify it by marriage—sense enough to know that I am well off, and not sense enough to wish to be better off. But consult your fellow, that's my advice to you. I admire Poring prodigiously: it is only circumstances that have made him a footman—nature must have intended him for a man of fashion.'

Leaving Adolphus to the prosecution of his plans for detaching Robert from the intimacy of the Falcon-

towers—plans he would have delighted in pursuing even if his own personal interest had not been at stake—we must now look in at Simple Lodge, just to prevent the inmates from slipping out of the reader's memory. The difficulty in this case is to relate a history that has no incidents. Sara's was the life of a flower, which grows without being seen to grow, which waxes in beauty spontaneously and unconsciously, and the aroma of which comes forth sweeter and richer every day, without exhibiting any external token of change. Let it be said, however, that the song which burst forth from her heart in the garden carried with it, as an oblation to the heavens, every remains of girlish immaturity. From that moment she was a thinking, feeling, comprehending woman, and even her attentions to her uncle and aunt, without losing a jot of their fondness, acquired a character of judgment which rendered them a thousand times more valuable. Sara, in fine, no longer passed through life,

A dancing shape, an image gay,

but a pilgrim of the earth, burdened with its cares, supported by its hopes, and even when its sorrows were heaviest, buoyed up with a generous confidence, which is the heaven of this world, and when sublimed into religious faith, the herald of the world to come.

It may be supposed that her intercommunications with Robert received some modifications as they went on. At first they would be almost suspended by a feeling of bashful consciousness; but gradually when she became accustomed to her new feelings, the natural ingenuousness of her character would prevail. Robert, although possessing, as she had said herself, the soul of a gentleman, was poor, low in conventional rank, and, O how lonely in the world! This was much. This went a great way in thawing her reserve, for it gave an air of generosity to her advances towards confidence. We admit, however, that here we are thrown in a great measure upon conjecture, for in spite of our manifold experience, we remain to this hour in profound ignorance of the female heart. For this reason we confine ourselves in a great measure, as the reader must have seen, to external phenomena; and for this reason, we will at present dogmatise no further than to say, that in circumstances of difficulty of any kind whatever, the advance always comes from the woman. And why? Because she is naturally more ingenuous, naturally more courageous, except as regards physical bravery, and naturally more generous than the man. If 'advance' is objected to, substitute any other expression you please—anything giving the idea of a look, a tone, a word, a touch which, occurring at the proper time, shivers the ice of conventionality, as if by magic, into a thousand pieces.

That some such process as this took place, however gradually, between her and Robert, is certain. Theirs, it is true, was not a love correspondence, for it could not have been so without being a clandestine one; but in their public letters there were words and allusions, tremulous fears, half-hinted hopes, precious to the hearts of both, and at least enigmas to the captain and Elizabeth. The speculations of these worthy souls concerning such passages were listened to by Sara, with her head bent down over the paper, and her cheeks flushed half with bashful consciousness, and half—we must own it—with an awful inclination to laugh. But there were likewise, it must be said, in her letters, although only occasionally, and always occurring at the graver turns of Robert's fortunes, brief private postscripts. These, however, betrayed no other feeling than that of anxious friendship, and contained no words but those of encouragement, consolation, or advice—advice such as a lofty-minded and loving woman may offer to a man, her superior in genius and experience, but struggling in the toils of the world.

On a particular occasion, when Robert had written



in a strain of much depression, one of these 'postscripts' insinuated itself unconsciously to the writer into the body of her reply; and when the letter was read aloud, as usual, to the captain and Elizabeth, it excited a good deal of speculation. It ran thus: 'I do not see why you should fancy yourself hanging loose upon the world as one without a profession, while you are supporting yourself by your pen. Thoughts, although immaterial themselves, are the rulers of matter: there is not an idea thrown off by an author which has not an effect of some kind upon the minds, and therefore upon the actions, of those who read. Every book finds a fit audience, however few—an audience so constituted as to realise the impression it is calculated to convey. A single leaf torn out, and drifting on the wind to the roadside, may contain something to sink into the heart, or fasten upon the imagination of the curious passer-by, and fructify there either for good or evil. May it not be from some unconscious apprehension of this fact, that the Mohammedans pick up from the ground every scrap of paper they see, lest it contain the name of God? Yes, Robert, thoughts are facts; and he who deals in them is no dreaming hermit, abstracted from the business of life, but a sharer in the scenes—silent, it may be, and invisible in his person, yet exercising a palpable influence upon the action. Go on, then, in good heart. Be as proud of the work of your brain as you would be of the work of your hands; and when some glorious thought struggles into birth, think that there are those who will receive it with a flush of the cheek and a catching of the breath, as something their souls have prophesied of—something they have panted for, even "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks." Here Sara stopped with a true flush and a true catching of the breath, for she had nearly been betrayed by her enthusiasm into reading what, in her womanly generosity, she had added: 'I judge from myself, as an average specimen of humanity; for I can truly say, that I never knew what nobleness slept, useless and apathetic, in my own intellectual nature, till it was kindled up by contact with yours.'

'Hold!' cried the captain; 'read that again!' This was not an unusual exclamation of his; but Sara complied falteringly, for she felt that a postscript had no business to be in the middle of a letter.

'What do you think of that, Elizabeth?'

'It is the opinion of Sumpthinplunger,' replied the virgin, 'that thoughts are as substantial as any other existing things. We know that the invisible wind is substantial, because it knocks down the chimney-pots; and a thought must be so, too, because it hurries men along, in some particular course, more violently than the wind itself. When the subject is better understood, we shall probably be able to measure the potency of thought like that of steam, by so many horse-power, or even try it in scales like a ponderable substance, and affix its value by the poundweight. When this is the case, Sumpthinplunger himself will be better appreciated, for men will be able to estimate more correctly the prodigious substantiality of his vapour, and the sublime ponderosity of his reflections.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain; 'that's very true—only I doubt whether the dealers in such substantial articles, even if these were as thick as mud, and as heavy as lead, would make anything by them. They all live in Grub Street, every mother's son of them, and come out at night to lie on the bulk-heads.'

'My dear uncle,' expostulated Sara, 'there is no Grub Street now: it is changed to Milton Street; and as for bulk-heads, there is no such thing to lie upon.'

'No! I am sorry for that. What are the poor fellows to do? They can't be walking the streets for ever and ever. Couldn't the government do something for them? I would subscribe a little myself if I

thought it would be of any use. But I'll tell you what we must do, Sara: we must go up to London ourselves, and see after poor Bob. You are of age now, and there must be lots of things, you know, to sign, seal, and deliver. As for my agent, the fine fellow is paying a good dividend after all, and I must go to town at any-rate about that. But we mustn't take it all from him, after what he has suffered—I think, in his printed letter, he called it poignant affliction—we'll give him back as much of it as Bob doesn't want, and speak comfortably to the poor soul, and ask him down here to have a run upon the Common. Hey, Elizabeth?'

Elizabeth gave her assent as calmly as if the matter in question was a forenoon walk, and then went on industriously with her knitting, as if thinking it was necessary to finish the piece, lest she should be called upon to set out after dinner.

Sara was even more tranquil, for the idea came upon her with a paralysing suddenness; but by and by a revulsion took place, and she was thrown into a nervous flutter, which made her take refuge, as was her wont in moments of strong emotion of any kind, in the recesses of the garden. Here she walked and mused for some time, now indulging in a delicious dream, and now starting with a feeling of incredulity, the whole thing seeming a wild impossibility. She at length, however, became accustomed to the idea; and when gliding towards the house, she was overheard—for the kitchen window was open—crooning a low happy song: which, when the sound died away, Molly straightway took up like an echo, as her thoughts floated across Wearyfoot Common.

It was Sara's wish to add a postscript to her letter, informing Robert of their intention; but this the captain peremptorily overruled. The time, he said, was not yet fixed; and at anyrate, he was strongly desirous of seeing how Bob would look when he saw them all on a sudden in London. This idea took a strong hold of the veteran's imagination, and he was frequently seen to indulge in a little inward cackninnation as it occurred to him.

The family were busy for some considerable time in preparing for this important expedition; the captain and Elizabeth occupied with abstract speculations on the subject, and Sara and Molly with the work of the head and hands. The day, always too short for Sara, now dwindled into the briefest imaginable span; and she would have grudged the repose of the night, if she had not sunk, the moment her head was laid upon the pillow, into a profound unconsciousness, from which she awoke only when her eyelids were touched by the first beams of the sun. She was the housekeeper, it has been said—and more than that, for Molly required teaching both by precept and example. Sara had learned only some knick-knackereries of cookery under the former régime; and when Mrs Margery abdicated, she was obliged to study the whole art in books, that she might teach and experimentalise in the kitchen. The captain liked passing well a nice dinner, and the necessity for parting with the mysterious cook had cost him many a secret pang; but although a little gloomy and suspicious at first, he soon became wonderfully reconciled to the joint workmanship of his niece and Molly, and at length declared frankly, that any difference he could detect was on the favourable side. Sara rivalled Mrs Margery in other accomplishments too—ironing and clear-starching; and Molly, who was a famous hand at the suds, delighted in washing-day, since it gave her still more of her young mistress's company than usual. And did not Sara like it too—just? Never was there a pair of happier girls seen than when the one was plying her smoothing-iron, and the other standing resolutely at the tub, with the smoking froth flying wildly about her red arms, and both every now and then suspending operations to fly out into the garden and lay down on

the smooth green a score of white pieces to grow still whiter in the sun.

Ye smile,  
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while,  
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.  
You are the fools, not I—

for the intellectual and accomplished Sara was refined, not vulgarised, by these humble labours, and by the accompanying gushes of natural and womanly feeling welling from her heart, and, like the exhalations from the snowy linen on the green, rising, a purifying oblation, to the skies. Sara was a capital gardener, too, in vegetables as well as flowers; and being the marketing woman of the family, she knew and could name every human flower in the village, and was a light-bringing visitor in every dwelling, from the respectable bakery, to the hut of the indigent widow.

'I tell you what, Sara,' said the captain one day, after having watched her through some of her ordinary operations, ended by her sitting down to dinner, officiating as chaplain, and taking up the knife and fork to dissect a chicken—'I tell you what, Sara, you bring to my recollection the nun of Torrajos, as distinctly as if I had seen her only yesterday!'

'The nun of Torrajos?' repeated Sara, puzzled.

'Yes—a real nun. It's worth hearing, Elizabeth.' Elizabeth laid down her knife and fork, and turned upon her brother her light gray eyes with the curiosity of a wax-figure. 'I was acquainted with that nun,' proceeded the veteran; 'I knew her very well indeed; for I saw her several times, and I am almost sure she noticed me once. Well, you see, the convent was burned, and the poor things routed out; and this nun was waiting in a shed till a mule could be got for her. Now, if I had known Sara then—well, well! The nun, you see, was sitting on a bench, with her hood hanging over her face, and her hands crossed over her bosom; and there she was—no, she wasn't laying out the clothes on the green: in point of fact there was no green. But she was—no, she wasn't digging in the garden, for there was no garden to dig in: that accounts for it. But she was—no, not exactly patting the little girls' heads, and giving their grandmothers sixpences, for there were no little girls, and no grandmothers; and the nun, poor young woman, hadn't sixpence in the world: she was, in fact, doing nothing, nothing at all, and so— There's Molly, I declare! What do you want, Molly? What are you astonished about now? It's a hard case that I must always have to break off my story in the middle!'

'O sir,' said Molly deprecatingly, 'I only wanted to see if you wanted anything.'

'What is that you have got half under your apron?'

'O sir, it's only a letter.'

'Why don't you give it, then?' She handed it to Sara.

'This is for you, Molly,' said her young mistress. 'Why do you give me your own letter, and before you have even broken the seal?'

'O miss, do read it for me after dinner; pray, do. I wouldn't open it for the world—the last did you so much good!' Sara blushed celestial rosy red at this imputation; but the captain hearing that it was from Mrs Margery, would permit no delay, as it was sure to contain news of Robert; and Sara, nothing loath, desired the cover to be put again upon the chicken, and read as follows:—'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, being the same myself; and to thank you for your kind letter, addressed by Miss Sara, which I received duly, but being written by you, Molly, which I could not read one word of it, good, bad, or indifferent. So, all the news of Wearyfoot I got was from Mr Poring, who came to make proposals of marriage, and drink tea with me—think of that! He wanted me to be a landlady, with red ribbons over the ears; and he was so bitter when I told him I would do no

such foolishness, and called Master Robert so many names, that as soon as ever he was gone, I burst out a-crying.

'Master Robert gave up the cabinet-making long ago, and goes out almost every morning like the first gentleman in the land. My cousin Driftwood says he is a unanimous writer, which means that doesn't put his name to it; but Master Robert never says a word to nobody himself, which he is quite right to do. O Molly Jinks, if it isn't coming out as fast as ever it can! I think it is a family of Barrow knights he belongs to, or at least they are some of the kinsfolk, for they have been making all the inquiries about him that people do about fondlings who have strawberries upon their left side, and he goes about with the ladies arm-in-arm, as close as brother and sister. There is a lord, too, who is another relation; and it was in one of their houses that Mr Poring found me out, by means of a picture of me that Master Robert had lent them to put in their drawing-room. There is also Mrs Doubleback, a lady of the first fashion, who would give her eyes to have him for one of her daughters, and who has sent him an invitation to a grand ball. But he looks higher, I can tell Mrs D., for all her fashion; and good right he has, for if there ever was a born gentleman in this world, his name is Master Robert Oaklands. So no more at present, Molly Jinks; but be sure I will write again the moment it comes to pass, and am always your obedient friend,

MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

This letter was the subject of much conversation between the captain and his sister, although the former could not very well comprehend, at first, how a woman of the name of Sall could have turned out to be a baronet's lady. As his mind, however, became accustomed to the idea, he could not undertake to affirm that the thing was impossible, more especially when he recollected a circumstance that had occurred in his own regiment. We do not feel ourselves called upon, however, to lay the details of this circumstance before the reader; for it does not appear clearly how the fact of the drummer's wife referred to turning out to be the fifer's sister, can throw any very extraordinary light upon the point in question. As for Elizabeth, she was of opinion with Sumpthplunger, that in a state of being where the materials of the body are undergoing a constant process of change, it must be a very difficult thing to establish any point of identity—or, in fact, to tell who is who at all. She hoped, however, that if any young man (hypothetically speaking) turned out unexpectedly to be a lord, he would never forget that there was nothing more than an empty title between him and a vagrant.

Sara appeared to listen in silence to these speculations; but in reality she was communing with her own unquiet heart. Whatever the course might be, it was evident that Robert was now in a position which deprived the proposed expedition to London of every pretext of generosity. It was one thing to visit him when he was low in station and depressed in mind, and another thing to force a country girl upon his society, when that was courted by the noble and the fashionable. There seemed, at length, to be something even indelicate in the idea of this journey; and a stranger, observing her manner, might have been curious to know what there was in the prospects of her friend to account for such obvious discontent and depression.

But Molly was curious about nothing of the kind, for she saw at a glance what was the matter, and made up her mind on the instant that the whole male sex was a concrete mass of selfishness and deception. The baker paid handsomely for this generalisation: his loaf that day was thrown back to the culprit with indignation.

'What is the matter, Molly?' cried he in alarm.

'Crusty!' replied Molly; and she walked back to

the house like an empress at the Cobourg, with the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, her train borne by two pages, and her nose commercing with the skies.

## THE MONTH: THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

### THE LIBRARY.

MR BOGUE appears to be engrossing all the young poets who give signs of originality of thought and poetic fancy; Mr Smith's works have reached a third edition; and here comes Gerald Massey, with his *Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems*. A memoir prefixed to the poetry gives a woful account of the ground-down life of the author—a life without a childhood, a life of constant drudgery, starvation, and misery in every form; first in a silk-mill, then at straw-plaiting. He is a red-hot democrat; but he does not confine his muse to what he conceives to be deep social wrong and fervent denunciation of it. His lyric poetry is sometimes distinguished by bursts of luxuriant fancy; but its prevailing tone is that of pathos, frequently soaring into a sort of agony. This is true of several of his political lyrics, and his wild and heart-rent *Ballad of Babe Christabel*. Every line, indeed, which this new poet writes bears the stamp of thorough earnestness, of intense feeling, and is couched in a style perfectly his own. In aristocratic, and perhaps, still more, in bourgeois circles, Gerald Massey may find no favour; but he is certain of a wide-extended popularity among the classes which form the base of our social column. From many of his political sentiments we altogether dissent; but probably as years go by, and experience increases, more moderate views may be generated in Mr Massey's mind.

*Autobiographic Sketches*, from the pen of De Quincey, the famous Opium-eater, cannot but excite a vivid interest in the literary world, and no little curiosity in general circles. The strange craving for opium, and the extraordinary extent to which habit enabled De Quincey to carry its consumption with comparative impunity, would have rendered him a marked man, even had he not possessed that strong intellect and fine fancy with which he was gifted, dashed as it was with a spice of fantastic eccentricity peculiarly and distinctly his own. Some of his more rhapsodic writings had no doubt been composed more or less under the influence of his favourite drug, consumed in the form of what it was his wont to call 'laudanum toddy.' But many finely conceived and imaginative papers were written anterior to the opium-eating; and a lesser number, but still unmarked by any symptoms of mental decay, when to a great extent he had conquered his propensity. The present volume is an extremely pleasant one, full of literary anecdote and reminiscence. Indeed, a man who had lived alternately in the highest literary society of Edinburgh, and amid the calm yet profound intellects of the Lakes, gathering together innumerable traits and features of city and of mountain manners—the bourgeois of the one, and the peasantry and cottagers of the other, could not but be heaping up a rich store of varied materials for his pictures of human life. The matter now published is partly new, and partly reprinted. It is in a great measure devoted to the Lakists—to their tranquil lives and intellectual converse, mingled with mountain stories—some of them merry, others sad. Altogether, the volume cannot fail of obtaining a great popularity.

Mr Hugh Miller is well known by the series of books which he has published during the last sixteen years. In the geological world, he is noted as the expositor of the formation called the Old Red Sandstone; and in his native country of Scotland, he enjoys a local fame as editor of the chief newspaper devoted to the inte-

rests of the Free Church. Arrived now at middle age, this remarkable man looks back over his early days, when first a simple village boy and next a journeyman stone-mason, and it occurs to him that the story of the process of self-education through which he passed, and by virtue of which he has risen into eminence, might be of some use to the public. Here, accordingly, does he add to his former books a substantial tome, detailing the first thirty years of his life.\* It is, in our opinion, the best of Mr Miller's books—and simply, because he has never before had so good a subject as himself. He speaks with manly candour of his early poverty and toil, as well as of the rough and somewhat dangerous sports he was allowed to indulge in, under the brideless care of a widowed mother. The most valuable element, however, of his book, is the detail he gives regarding the influences which formed his mind—old-fashioned Presbyterian relatives with traditional prepossessions in favour of the Church of Scotland, the poor and inefficient schooling of a Scotch village, the books of light literature and more solid matters which he was enabled to read, the natural objects of sea-beach and inland, by the study of which he laid the groundwork of his present distinction as a geologist and naturalist. It is profoundly interesting to trace the fashioning of the youth by these external agencies, though, after all, we must rest in the belief that he would not have been anything like what he is without a native character of a most remarkable order, and which must have, in almost any circumstances, projected itself before us in strongly determined lineaments. Hundreds of Cromarty youths are yearly coming forth into maturity under precisely the same circumstances as Mr Miller; but none of them is like him. Let them exercise, you will say, the same observation and reflection, and they will be similar; but you must first prove that they have those powers to be so exercised.

Observation and reflection are Mr Miller's great gifts. He sees a group in social life or an assemblage of natural objects with faithfulness most extraordinary; from the homeliest of such subjects he extracts the whole soul, or he invests them with the charm of collateral lights and associations; so that we come to think there must be nowhere such interesting people as his cottagers, nowhere such rich fields of research as the beach and caves of Cromarty. Take the following as an example of the sagacity he displays in observing external nature. Along the cliffy shore near his native town, as in other parts of the coast of Scotland, there is a line of dry caves in the face of the rock, about twenty feet above the line of similar objects which the sea is at present engaged in hollowing out. Surveying this set of objects impresses on Mr Miller 'the fact of the amazing antiquity of the globe. I found,' he says, 'that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps rather say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland, as now, by a narrow neck of beach laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood

\* *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of My Education.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter, 1854.

against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years. And both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form !

At about eighteen, while apprentice to a mason, Mr Miller spent a summer in helping to build a house in the vale of the Conon, in Ross-shire. He and his companions, on this and similar occasions, bivouacked in an outhouse pervious to the elements, without any female attendance or service, sleeping on bundles of straw, and cooking their own porridge and oat-cakes—the only food they had to eat. It was a rough debasing life; yet our author, resisting not merely the degrading effects of physical circumstances, but the moral tendencies of the society he mingled with, maintained both his habits of observing nature and of reading. 'I had,' he says, 'entered a noisy and uproarious school, one without master or monitors; but its occasional lessons were, notwithstanding, eminently worthy of being scanned.' He goes on to remark the notable stamp which various trades take from position and circumstance. 'Between the workmen that pass sedentary lives within doors, such as weavers and tailors, and those who labour in the open air, such as masons and ploughmen, there exists a grand generic difference. Sedentary mechanics are usually less contented than laborious ones; and as they almost always work in parties, and as their comparatively light, though often long and wearily plied employments, do not so much strain their respiratory organs but that they can keep up an interchange of idea when at their toils, they are generally much better able to state their grievances, and much more fluent in speculating on their causes. They develop more freely than the laborious out-of-door workers of the country, and present, as a class, a more intelligent aspect. On the other hand, when the open-air worker does so overcome his difficulties as to get fairly developed, he is usually of a fresher and more vigorous type than the sedentary one. Burns, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, are the literary representatives of the order; and it will be found that they stand considerably in advance of the Thoms, Bloomfields, and Tannahills that represent the sedentary workmen. The silent, solitary, hard-toiled men, if nature has put no better stuff in them than that of which stump-orators and Chartist lecturers are made, remain silent, repressed by their circumstances; but if of a higher grade, and if they once do get their mouths fairly opened, they speak with power, and bear with them into our literature the freshness of the green earth and the freedom of the open sky. \* \* \*

The professional character of the mason varies a good deal in the several provinces of Scotland, according to the various circumstances in which he is placed. He is in general a blunt, manly, taciturn fellow, who, without much of the Radical or Chartist about him, especially if wages be good and employment abundant, rarely touches his hat to a gentleman. His employment is less purely mechanical than many others: he is not like a man ceaselessly engaged in pointing needles or fashioning pin-heads. On the contrary, every stone he lays or hews demands the exercise of a certain amount of judgment for itself; and so he cannot wholly suffer his mind to fall asleep over his work. When engaged, too, in erecting some fine building, he always experiences a degree of interest in marking the effect of the design developing itself piecemeal, and growing up under his hands; and so he rarely wearies of what he is doing. Further, his profession has this advantage—that it educates his sense of sight. Accustomed to ascertain the straightness of lines at a glance, and to cast his eye along plane walls, or the mouldings of entablatures or architraves, in order to determine the rectitude of the masonry, he

acquires a sort of mathematical precision in determining the true bearings and position of objects, and is usually found, when admitted into a rifle-club, to equal, without previous practice, its second-rate shots. He only falls short of its first-rate ones because, uninitiated by the experience of his profession in the mystery of the parabolic curve, he fails, in taking aim, to make the proper allowance for it. The mason is almost always a silent man: the strain on his respiration is too great, when he is actively employed, to leave the necessary freedom to the organs of speech; and so at least the provincial builder or stone-cutter rarely or never becomes a democratic orator. I have met with exceptional cases in the larger towns; but they were the result of individual idiosyncrasies, developed in clubs and taverns, and were not professional.'

The great lesson which Mr Miller learned in his summer experiences as a mason seems to have been to endure hardship. He has often known mason-parties reduced to spend a rainy day in an outhouse without fire, and only meal slaked in cold water to eat. Nevertheless, their spirits are always higher in such circumstances than when in a more comfortable situation at home. 'My experience,' he says, 'of barrack-life has enabled me to receive without hesitation what has been said of the occasional merriment of slaves in America and elsewhere, and fully to credit the often-repeated statement, that the abject serfs of despotic governments laugh more than the subjects of a free country. Poor fellows! If the British people were as unhappy as slaves or serfs, they would, I daresay, learn in time to be quite as merry. There are, however, two circumstances that serve to prevent the bothy-life of the north-country mason from essentially injuring his character in the way it almost never fails to injure that of the farm-servant. As he has to calculate on being part of every winter, and almost every spring, unemployed, he is compelled to practise a self-denying economy, the effect of which, when not carried to the extreme of a miserly narrowness, is always good.'

He says elsewhere that he enjoyed in his fifteen years of laborious life 'fully the average amount of happiness.' 'Let me add—for it seems to be very much the fashion of the time to draw dolorous pictures of the condition of the labouring-classes—that from the close of the first year in which I wrought as a journeyman, up till I took final leave of the mallet and chisel, I never knew what it was to want a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship—all working-men—had had a similar experience; and that it was the experience of my father also. I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases *are* exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the competently skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship—quite as common as trifling at school—that always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman.'

Mr Miller's first step out of the life of a mechanic was into that of an accountant in a bank. He here found himself less able and willing to pursue study than he had been in his former situation. 'The unintellectual toils of the labouring-man have been occasionally represented as less favourable to mental cultivation than the semi-intellectual employments of that class immediately above him, to which our clerks, shopmen, and humbler accountants belong; but it will be found that exactly the reverse is the case, and that, though a certain conventional gentility of manner and appearance on the side of the somewhat higher class may serve to conceal the fact, it is on the part of the labouring-man that the real advantage lies. The mercantile accountant or law-clerk, bent over his desk, his faculties concentrated on his columns of figures, or on the pages

which he has been carefully engrossing, and unable to proceed one step in his work without devoting to it all his attention, is in greatly less favourable circumstances than the ploughman or operative mechanic, whose mind is free though his body labours, and who thus finds, in the very rudeness of his employments, a compensation for their humble and laborious character. And it will be found that the humbler of the two classes is much more largely represented in our literature than the class by one degree less humble. Ranged against the poor clerk of Nottingham, Henry Kirke White, and the still more hapless Edinburgh engrossing clerk, Robert Fergusson, with a very few others, we find in our literature a numerous and vigorous phalanx, composed of men such as the Ayrshire Ploughman, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Fifeshire Foresters, the sailors Dampier and Falconer—Bunyan, Bloomfield, Ramsay, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and Ebenezer Elliot.

The opinion of such a shrewd observer as Mr Miller regarding any point in the social condition of the class of operatives may well be listened to, with whatever caution it may be accepted. While working in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in 1825, a great strike took place among the stone-masons, who, under a building mania, were already realising unusually high wages. Miller knew that nearly all the men, by reason of improvidence, were unprepared to hold out a single fortnight, and he refused to take any part in the movement. He goes on to remark, 'there is a want of true leadership among our operatives in these combinations. It is the wilder spirits that dictate the conditions; and, pitching their demands high, they begin usually by enforcing acquiescence in them on the quieter and more moderate among their companions. They are tyrants to their fellows ere they come into collision with their masters, and have thus an enemy in the camp, not unwilling to take advantage of their seasons of weakness, and prepared to rejoice, though secretly mayhap, in their defeats and reverses.' He had himself experienced persecution from his fellow-workmen, because he would not join in their debauches, and maintained the religious feelings which had been awakened in his youth. He proceeds to explain how it is that true leadership is wanting in the class. 'Combination is first brought to bear among them against the men, their fellows, who have vigour enough of intellect to think and act for themselves; and such always is the character of the born leader: their true leaders are almost always forced into the opposition; and thus separating between themselves and the men fitted by nature to render them formidable, they fall under the direction of mere chatterers and stump-orators, which is, in reality, no direction at all. The author of the *Working-man's Way in the World*—evidently a very superior man—had, he tells us, to quit at one time his employment, overborne by the senseless ridicule of his brother workmen. Somerville states in his *Autobiography*, that, both as a labouring-man and a soldier, it was from the hands of his comrades that—save in one memorable instance—he had experienced all the tyranny and oppression of which he had been the victim. Nay, Benjamin Franklin himself was deemed a much more ordinary man in the printing-house in Bartholomew Close, where he was teased and laughed at as the *Water-American*, than in the House of Representatives, the Royal Society, or the court of France. The great printer, though recognised by accomplished politicians as a profound statesman, and by men of solid science as "the most rational of the philosophers," was regarded by his poor brother compositors as merely an odd fellow, who did not conform to their drinking usages, and whom it was therefore fair to tease and annoy.

We have confined our extracts chiefly to these abstract observations of our author, because of finding

that the narrative portion of the book depends for its effect more upon the general strain of its extended descriptions, than upon any isolated part possessing a special interest of its own. Our readers must, therefore, understand, that they have only here seen some samples of the observing faculty of our author, and must resort to the volume itself if they would wish to enjoy the profoundly interesting spectacle which it presents of the rise of a brave thinking man out of the plays and gauds of childhood, and the slough of circumstances fitted for and honourable to many, but not fitted for him.

#### THE STUDIO.

Amongst the phases of art-life in London, the picture-sales and sale-rooms are not the least remarkable. When we say picture-sales, we include pictures of all kinds—ancient and modern, oil and water colour, with engravings of every species—line, mezzotint, etching, wood, steel, and copper. Besides these, the art-sales also include collections of gems, vases, bronzes, cameos, intaglios, illustrated books of all kinds; and in fact, every object which can come under the definition of art, or even its remotest outskirts. The greatest of these sale-rooms is undoubtedly that of Christie and Manson, in which vast quantities of pictures and prints are sold, particularly during the season. For three days before the sale, the rooms are open to everybody; gratis catalogues are distributed; and the apartment is, according to the interest of the sale, more or less crowded with amateurs, artists, and dealers, examining with careful eyes what is authentic and what is suspected to be manufactured. Sales of the cabinets of noted collectors, of artists, or of the art treasures of great houses, inspire confidence and attract crowds. But when the sale is advertised anonymously as of the 'collection of a gentleman going abroad'—or, more suspiciously still, 'under particular circumstances'—to wit, perhaps under an execution—Wardour Street and certain adjacent localities are instantly suspected of having slipped in their manufactured Raphaels, Rembrandts, Titians, and Murillos. All the class of *dark painters*, such as many of the Dutch and Spanish artists, are great favourites with imitators. The broad effects of light and shade are easily put on canvas—there is no detail to be worked out, no perspective to put in, three parts of the picture are 'darkness visible'; and many are the amateurs who, by its 'richness and depth of tone,' are taken in and done for. The fact is, that if all the pictures which are sold as those of the 'great masters' and the 'old masters,' not only in London, but in all the hundred continental towns in which art is at a premium, were really what they were represented to be, the old and great masters in question must have painted pictures by thousands. Let those, then, who set up for amateurs, and begin to form cabinets, beware that in the Domenichino they covet, they are not laying out a couple of hundred pounds for Jones, or in an undoubted Velasquez, are not acquiring an authentic Smith.

One of our artists—and also one of the most remarkable of them—John Martin, has been taken from us by a fit of paralysis, brought on, there is too much reason to fear, by overwork, and consequent overmental exertion. Martin was born near Hexham, in Northumberlandshire, and having, from earliest boyhood, expressed his determination to be a painter, his parents placed him to learn herald-painting in a coachmaker's yard. Sick of this drudgery, he broke his indentures, and was put under the tuition of an Italian artist of repute in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso. The son wished the father to join him in London, and John Martin, then seventeen, accompanied him. But china painting suited him no better than panel painting, and becoming a struggling artist, he worked himself up



sooner than such personages generally do. We have, of course, no space here to follow Mr Martin through, on the whole, a prosperous career. Every one knows the peculiarity, the particular grandeur and vastness of his style, and the heroic and most frequently scriptural character of his subjects. If Martin was not after his manner sublime, he was nothing. Unless he was surrounded by clouds, lightning flashes, or gorgeous Assyrian palaces, or delineating some convulsion, or awful catastrophe of nature, his efforts were puerile and fade. But when he produced such works as the 'Fall of Babylon,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' the 'Fall of Nineveh,' 'The Deluge,' the 'Destruction of Herculaneum,' he was in his element; and he left pictures which form conspicuous features in some of the greatest and most famous galleries in England.

The Exhibition—first of the series—of the 'Works of British Artists' is now open in the British Institution, Pall Mall. In a society the rule of which is to reject nothing so long as there is room, it may be conceived that the average of the art exhibited is by no means high. Not that there is not a considerable number of fair pictures—both *genre* and landscape—but the proportion of high art, or even attempts at it, is miserably small. Perhaps in this higher department Mr Sant takes the lead. His rendering of the text: 'And Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst,' is a noble painting, unsurpassed in its expression of deep humiliation, expressed in the furtive glance cast by the abashed woman, from under the shade of a richly painted robe, at the Saviour. The woman, however, is the only good figure in the work. The only other picture by the same artist is the 'Young Artist'—a delightful head of a boy, beaming with the brightness of genius, and represented as sketching a portrait. Of the landscapes, one worth the whole of the rest is a great picture which may be fairly reckoned as high art. It is a 'View of the Port of Oran, in Algeria,' by W. Wyld, and reasonably valued at L.315. The picture is a very large one—the subject, a gloomy sunset, falling over a mountainous inlet of the sea, the murky rays just struggling through the gloom of the gathering night, and faintly tinging the rugged peaks of the mountains—dimly, too, shewing the half-enshrouded towers and steeples of a city built high amid the hills, and in the middle distance falling in a lurid ray on the water of the port, stretching amid precipitous rocks, until, in the foreground, it lights upon a crowded fleet of Turkish and Arabic feluccas and schooners, crowded with people,—the boats and the rippling water admirably painted. To understand the full effect of this grand effort of art, it must be understood that the whole is clothed in a veil of mist, as if the descending fogs of the hills were mingling with the rising water vapours; the obscurity getting deeper as the perspective lengthens.

We have, of course, no space for a criticism, but we may notice Linnell's vigorous landscapes; Jutsam's beautiful waterfalls, heather, fern, and sheep; Linton's view in the Venetian lagoons, with its strong painting of waters and ancient houses; Ansdell's game-pictures and heathy landscapes; the Welsh mountain and lake scenery of Sidney, R. Percy, Danby, and the tribe of the Williamsses; Copley Fielding's vigorous Yorkshire landscapes and white sunny river glimpses: cabinet interiors of humble life form the special province of Helmsley, Hardy, and Henderson; while to conclude, Glass is alone as a delineator of border raids and moss-troopers.

In the November number of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, appeared a striking engraving by Linton, from the sketch, which is very dark, of a 'Madonna and Child' by Raphael, and from which the celebrated picture in the possession of Rogers was painted. The original—drawn on large rough paper, and in a very peculiar style of fibry lines conducted in sweeping succession, so as to present a sort of filmy surface—is

in the possession of the Messrs Colonaghi, from which Linton made a facsimile copy. Both drawing and expression are very beautiful, and appear to belong to the latter period of Raphael's style, when the flatness of his early works was exchanged, to a considerable degree, for a more round and soft manner of treatment. This picture we had an opportunity of seeing, when—now several years ago—we had the pleasure of being present at one of Mr Rogers's delightful breakfast-parties. The best part of the entertainment was Rogers's own incessant flow of wit and humorous anecdote; and the next to that, a pilgrimage over his house, which, as every one knows, is a mingled palace and museum. Amongst the other apartments to which the poet of Memory conducted us, was his own bed-chamber—an unpretending room, where the chief feature, to which the eye naturally turned, was a veiled picture, hung so that it could be seen by the occupant of the bed. Our host drew the curtain, and there was the seraphic Madonna and Child, as Raphael had endowed them with flesh, colour, and drapery; and, of course, presenting a very different effect from the original sketch, but which still, in all material points, they closely resembled.

'There,' said Rogers, with a cheerful yet slightly solemn voice—'do you know why I have hung that picture in that particular spot? Well, it is that when I come to die, I may die with that face before my eyes.'

It is needless to allude to the sensation which this unexpected declaration produced upon the party.

#### NATURAL SELF-ACTING PRINTING PROCESS.

This beautiful invention, recently made in Vienna by M. Auer, director of the Imperial Austrian Government Printing-office, is, we believe, not known in England. In taking the impression of a dried plant, or a leaf, or an insect, the object is placed on a polished surface of pure lead, and above the object is placed a polished plate of copper or steel. The two plates are then passed through the two cylinders of a copper-plate printer's press, which gives a momentary pressure of from 800 to 1000 hundred-weights. After separating the plates, it will be found that the tissue of the plant has been pressed into the lead plate, and when the substance is carefully removed from the plate the design appears hollow upon its surface. From this mould, plates fit for printing from may be obtained, either by the electrolyte or the usual stereotype process. When lace or any fabric is to be copied, it is smeared over with spirits of wine or Venetian turpentine, before being laid upon the lead plate. The price of impressions thus obtained is so moderate, that a leaf in folio will cost only from eight to twelve kreutzers—that is, from 3d. to 5d.—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

#### GOLD PENNIES.

A curious fact is related concerning the pennies of William IV., which have now become very scarce. The copper of which these coins were made, was discovered to contain a portion of gold, so that each penny was intrinsically worth three-halfpence. In accordance with those laws of human action which seem as universal and immutable as those of chemical agency, the whole issue shortly found its way to the melting-pot!—*Critic.*

**CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS.**—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the *MISCELLANY OF TRACTS* published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Nine volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 13.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## POPULAR REFINEMENT.

In the autumn of 1849, we were spending some six weeks in the Peak of Derbyshire, in company with two distinguished literary friends, when a rapid thunder-storm, which swept across the moors, led us one afternoon to seek the shelter of an old-fashioned homestead. It was situated in a spot of surpassing loveliness: the wild moors stretched above it in the blue distance; and below it, in the descending valley, rich in woodlands, glided a silvery tributary of the Trent. Around lay a garden, not very trim, but filled to overflowing with sweet-smelling flowers, whilst beyond its boundary nature's lavish bounty had decked every available spot, even to the moorland's edge, with the eglantine, the foxglove, and those countless other wild-flowers for which Derbyshire has deservedly so rich a fame. To adorn this scene of beauty, a spring of some volume gushed from the moorland's side, into a vast trough of stone, round which fell the richest and most abundant of the mountain flowers. Within the homestead were lavish capabilities without effects, saving that of coarse disorder. The kitchen and parlour were absolutely crammed with antique furniture of the finest kind: old cabinets, old dressers, old chairs, filigreed and ebony mirrors, and china bowls, cups, and dishes that would have made half the lovers of mediæval and the renaissance period of art wild for possession. In a room up stairs, where we went to change our dripping garments, this *embarras de richesses* was the same. Carved spinning-wheels, chests, and boxes, were varied by a corner cupboard filled to repletion with ancient glass and porcelain—most of it beautiful in form as well as colour. Yet here, as well as down stairs, the only result of all this real artistic beauty was to excite ideas of grotesque confusion. China-bowls, which, if filled with a few of the garden sweets so near at hand, would have been absolutely gorgeous, were stuck full of old tobacco-pipes; a pile of china saucers, from which Wedgwood would have taken a lesson, was crowned by a red herring! and long-necked bottles of Venetian glass, into which the hand of taste would have placed a lily or a rose, were filled with odds and ends it would be difficult to describe. By way of contrast to this adventure, we took tea at a country parsonage the same week, where, with no such means either of individual wealth or its accumulated accessories, the most exquisite and simple taste prevailed. There was no rich furniture, no gorgeous foreign porcelain, no glass of exquisite shape; but there were cleanliness, order, refined taste, and a *knowledge how to use accessible and common things*. Flowers from the moorland, fields, and garden, were exquisitely set about two pleasant rooms—here in a flat

dish of common earth, there in a red earth-vase that had been bought for a shilling; within a sort of alcove that separated parlour from study, ivy had been trained in German fashion; from a little clay bottle hung to the wall, and probably dug out of a barrow on the neighbouring moors, fell long stemmed wood-plants tinged with autumn dyes. The tea-table was alike a pattern of cleanliness and good taste. The tea-service, though of no great value, had been selected with an eye to well-rounded forms: the metal tea-pot was resplendent in its brightness; a bowl filled with flowers stood with its honeyed scents amidst hospitable dainties of cake and fruit; and one simple preparation of rice and cream was encircled with a wreath of geranium blooms and myrtle leaves, gathered from the prolific bounty of the garden. One other little matter impressed itself greatly on our minds, and convinced us still more effectually of the immense worth of knowing how to use 'common things.' It was a pyramid of lovely wild-flowers, formed by a pile of saucers, each less than another, the whole crowned by a common gallipot. Round each of these saucers, flowers were wreathed in water, whilst the apex cup was filled with a clustering bunch of various coloured heath. In a long walk home that night, we quietly thought over the causes of the strange contrast which the difference of a few hours had shewn; and we came to the conclusion, that wealth, or even the possession of the constituent elements of beauty, cannot, or do not of themselves, either constitute beauty, or argue the possession of refined taste; whilst, on the other hand, beauty, refinement, and true taste, are as perfectly consistent with, as they are producible from, the simplest means.

It was but a natural deduction from this conclusion, that it is possible for a member of the hard-working classes to be much more refined than they are generally aware of. We are not unmindful of difficulties, but we think them all superable, and see them, indeed, in the course of being overcome every day.

The point to be first regarded is a physical one. In this respect, the aristocratic class have an advance beyond most others, for not only has there been a long prior continuance of good nurture, care, and cultivation, but none are more alive at the present day than they to the advantages of exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and simple living. Now, in reference to these, so far as they administer to health, refinement, and the moral consciousness of purity, there is nothing to prevent their being realised by the thrifty artisan, more particularly if his means be yet untrammelled by wife or children. True, he has no horse to ride, no carriage to await his need, but little comparative leisure for air

and exercise, and his days may be spent for the most part in a close confined workshop or wareroom; but with his mind once directed to the immense importance of air and exercise, in improving and preserving the condition of the physical organisation, and the consequent elevation of the tone of the moral sentiments, he will let pass no opportunity of spending portions of his holidays, and the first fresh hours of the summer mornings, away from the scene of his labour—if this be possible. Even the artisan of London may place miles between him and the city for the price of a pot of beer or a glass of spirits. In fact, if sufficient education, reading, and thought be his, a loftier principle than one of immediate reference to health or mere vigour of limb will animate his pursuit of physical health. Just as he insures his life, or saves a portion of his wages, for the benefit of children that may be his, so will it be his principle to lay a foundation for the healthy bodies and sound minds of his progeny, by a conservation and attention to his own physical well-being. Again, on the subject of cleanliness, the same case may be his. The large towns afford baths at a penny each; and as for neglected hair, dirty hands, nails, and teeth, there is no excuse for any man or woman who can earn wages, and is desirous not only of self-respect, but of the respect of others. Why is a large section of the aristocratic class so beautiful? Why is their hair so fine and flowing, their hands and nails so beautifully shaped, their teeth so white and perfect? The answer is found in the continuance of care from parent to child, and not so much in a difference originally from nature, or in the amount of difference between the effects of bodily labour and its absence. To speak in more philosophical language, it is the ratio of the civilising process. So far as regards the hands, there is no reason why thousands of our working-classes, both men and women, should not have them as beautiful as those painted by Lely and Vandyke, and inherited by the descendants of their sitters at the present day. Much of the labour of the loom, the printing-press, the workshop, and the counter, is cleanly in its kind; and what is more, every advance of the productive arts is in favour of this characteristic. The point is, therefore, simply one of personal care and attention. We confess we do not wish to effeminate men, or render women a whit less useful; but where preservation and care are allied to both beauty and self-culture; where the object referred to is a gift of the Divine, and conservation therefore a duty; where it is in the nature of human advance to lessen the physical distinction between men, and annihilate caste; where the gentleman and gentlewoman, of whatsoever degree, seek to shew conscious refinement in small things as well as great—then the care and preservation of the hands, nails, hair, and teeth, become, so far as practicable, moral duties. Nor may ignorance be pleaded: the little manuals of Erasmus Wilson, Saunders, or Clarke, give every requisite information at the cheapest rate.

This attention to physical cultivation and care would be not less salutary in other respects. It would tell conjointly with mental improvement in favour of that suavity of manners and absence of *mauvaise honte* which are so characteristic of good-breeding. Perhaps, in regard to address and manners, the distinction between class and class is more marked than in others. We confess, so far as our own considerable experience goes, we would rather confer a favour on, or ask one from, a gentleman, whether he were nobleman or commoner, than address a peasant on the subject of either; the obligation expressed, and the assent or dissent might, morally speaking, be precisely the same in either case, but what a difference in manner!—a difference conveying pleasure or pain, gratitude or ingratitude. In this relation of manners to duty, the people have as yet much to effect before this, one of the best features

of aristocratic life, can be said to have descended amongst themselves. But it will be surely, if slowly, effected. Necessity and cultivation are stimuli that nothing can withstand; and the new and better relations which capital and labour will inevitably assume; the lessening of the lines of demarcation between class and class, consequent upon better education; the vocation of the people as capitalists and managers of their savings, under improved laws of partnership; and their gradual admittance to legislative influence, must all tend to necessitate and induce a wise extension of good-breeding and self-reliant manners. Nay, we would not have this matter left wholly to chance. Physical improvement ought to form a portion of whatever scheme of national education may finally prevail; and dancing, gymnastic exercises, and the proper delivery of written as well as spoken words, should enter proportionately into the training of the peasant as well as of the noble. Our ambitious scale of refinement may be smiled at by those who have not much insight into the sublime tendencies of civilisation; and we may be asked, if men will plough, weave, or print better for being able to read and speak their native language well, or for shewing grace and dexterity in active games or dancing? We answer unhesitatingly, 'Yes;' and that, moreover, if the individual be at the same time enlightened by both economical and social knowledge, he will plough, weave, and print with a content and industry unknown to the ignorant; whilst his ambition to rise in the social scale will rest, not upon the clap-trap notions and arts of the demagogue, or the ruin and hinderance of other classes, but upon his own prudence, forethought, and labour.

So far as regards the *matériel* for the advance of refinement amongst the people, especially in reference to the fine arts, literature, music, and cheap travelling, all things are in their favour, or at least declare their tendency to become so. The Great Exhibition was an experiment, whose importance cannot be overrated; and the introduction of drawing, as a principle in national education, will cultivate an immense amount of latent talent, and lead it in the direction of correct taste, even if it do no more. A knowledge of the first principles of drawing and geometry, would be found of use by all connected with the industrial arts; and though a mechanic or labourer may find no need, even once in his life, to draw a horizontal line or an angle, it is a matter of importance to himself, his children, and the advance of the arts generally, that he be able to choose furniture, paper-hangings and even his tableware, with reference to taste in their designs. In its ultimate effect, it makes all the difference between the employment of skilled and unskilled labour. In relation to the noblest productions of the painter's skill, and the refinement in alliance therewith connected, every advance, even of an indirect character, is proceeding in favour of the people. If it be true, as we are told by the ablest thinkers of our time, that the solution of some of the most difficult social problems will be found in the general simplification of the lives and desires of all classes, but especially of the higher, and in the aggregation of refinement and splendour for the many, rather than for the luxury of the few, that tendency may be said to shew itself already, especially in reference to art. The gift of the Vernon Gallery to the nation is an illustrious instance; and the liberality with which many noblemen have thrown open their collections to the people, foreshadows, as it were, the loftier principles of a still more enlightened day, and the dawn of a consciousness in the noble and educated, that *their* possession of the works of genius is rather one of trust than *ownership*. There are yet other agencies creating a love and feeling for art amongst the people. Cheap illustrated books and newspapers are amongst these. Good engravings will always teach what words, exclusively as such, cannot; and there are phases in

individual and national culture when the pictorial art arouses faculties and tastes that might otherwise lie latent and unknown.

This leads us by a natural induction to the question of the effects of physical and mental refinement upon the individual. These cannot be otherwise than favourable to him, both as respects the organic improvement of the brain, and the results of such. He may probably, as will often be the case in connection with the more progressive of his class, be the first of his name who has shewn a tendency towards improvement, or this at least for a few generations. For, undoubtedly, the labouring population is largely composed of the *descended elements* of the more cultivated classes, especially in a country like this, where wealth is so considered, and where the law of primogeniture has so long prevailed. But, if his organisation has been perfected by no long-continued care, like that of the noble, or his mental calibre enriched by a prior intellectual culture, like that of many men of the gentry and middle class, he will have this consciousness—one of the purest and noblest that can exalt man—that the cerebral development of his children, other contingent causes being favourable, is likely to be, in an increased ratio, superior to his own; that the mechanical gift he has cultivated, or the native intelligence he has increased, will be their inheritance in richer proportion. All our advancing knowledge favours this view of the blessings of civilisation, whilst as regards the people, there is another feature of singular interest. Luxury, as Doubleday by his statistics, and Herbert Spencer by physical analysis, have shewn, is antagonistic to any large increase of the wealthy classes, and there is also reason to think that it is equally antagonistic to any very high degree of cerebral development. On the other hand, the brain of the majority of the educated of the superior and middle classes is often too much exhausted by incessant mental labour, to develop what may be said to be proportionate mental gifts in their children. It is therefore when refinement and cultivation have effected some of their blessings, that from the large class of the labouring population, as well as from its elevation and fusion into other classes, new accessions of mental power and genius may be expected.

In this latter attempt, and in strengthening the general effects of popular refinement, literature will have much to do. A new era, both with respect to the dissemination, as well as the character of books, has already begun; and strength and efficiency are about to be added to cheapness. Increase the artisan's taste, for art, open, through self-instruction or otherwise, the hitherto sealed histories of the past and present, of philosophy, of the physical as well as the social sciences, and he will no more revert to the puerilities of his less-informed days, than he could forego the simple refinements that cultivation has rendered necessary to his daily life. In this case, as in most others, strength begets strength.

Under the aspect of married life, popular refinement assumes new features and wider limits, and woman's cultivation must aid the work. Education, and the results of individual refinement, will insure a prudence, and foster tastes, that must tell in the question of marriage. A man who has striven for, and in some degree attained, those best characteristics of aristocratic life to which we have referred, who dresses with plain good taste, who is temperate, economical, and willing to aid his own ascent in the social scale, will, we think, be governed much more by prudential motives, even of a physical kind, than is generally supposed. For after all, the prudential and practical are allied to a far nobler class of human principles and motives, to a higher and more vital poetry of human life, if we may so express ourselves, than mere impulse and passion. Supposing, then, that the artisan's self-reliant search after culture

and improvement be a true thing, which we believe it to be in thousands, and he gain a wife, who, if she have not much education, has at least sympathy with his tastes, what a prospect is opened for the future of their children! What if she rely upon his better judgment—what if she seek after self-improvement—what, if she know that every care she bestows upon her children both before and after birth, and every vulgarity she banishes from their presence, will bring their own good fruit in season—what if she seek to make her simple home aristocratic, in the noblest sense of the word, what a prospect for the great future of the industrial masses! Yet it is a future in which we believe. Though woman's means of self-culture and her general advantages are so much below those of her father or husband, still, as relates to the large towns, her demeanour, her taste in dress, her positive refinement, have unquestionably made much progress during the few past years. You see this by contrasting the women of the towns with those of the agricultural districts. Much, however, remains to be done. The first great need here, as elsewhere, is the groundwork of good secular education; for the women of the industrial classes are not, we fear, so much alive to the blessings of self-culture as the men, though more quick in catching up the lighter graces of refinement. Till this education be enforced—and its necessity is now becoming too apparent to be withstood much longer—much might be done by women of the artisan class for themselves. If uneducated in youth, there is generally some 'college,' as in the case of Sheffield, or elementary school, where a young woman can learn to read and write, to sing, to dance, and draw. And these latter we think points of some importance, even if attained no further than in their merest elementary forms, because of their affording her, in case of her becoming a mother, innocent means of amusement and instruction for her children. We do not for a moment assume that women who have to earn their daily bread in the shop or the factory, have either time for, or indeed need any elaborate knowledge of these accomplishments; but just so much dancing as would enable a woman to walk with grace and freedom, and teach it to her little ones as an innocent amusement; just so much singing as might amuse them by the winter's fire; and just so much knowledge of drawing as would give her a refined taste in the adornment of her simple home, or to guide her children's hands in their first baby efforts with pen or pencil. Accomplishments thus no more than elementary might result in making all the difference between a home of simple and progressive refinement, and one of vulgar ignorance—between a mother whose blessing it might be to guide the infant taste of a future Flaxman, Gainsborough, or Wedgwood, and one who, from apathy or ignorance, could read no signs of dawning genius.

Then there is the all-important subject of cookery. Beyond its mere theory, government-schools could not teach cooking, any more than they could otherwise teach the moral management of infancy, housework, or household decoration. But even the theory of these matters, humble as they are, could not be taught without excellent effect. In the government-schools, this teaching of 'common things,' peculiar to female use, might go side by side with that of boys in social and political economy; for even theory totally without practice is better than no theory at all. Observation of the habits of foreign countries, when our working-classes come to take cheap trips to France and Belgium, as they will by and by, in spite of the difficulties occasioned by difference in language, their taste for better cookery will be a natural result; and a similar change will supervene if, as seems likely to be the case, any extensive emigration of our labouring and manufacturing classes necessitates the employment of French

or German artisans. Again, the reduction of the present enormous duty on foreign wines, would lead not only to a great change in the drinking usages of the people, but relatively to the culinary preparation of food; for bad cookery, and consequent indigestion, are amongst the causes of much of our national drunkenness. In the interval, till simple cookery be taught as a needful art, young married women of the artisan class might do much for themselves. There are cheap cooking-manuals in abundance; and by the aid of a little patience and care, the preparation of a savoury stew, vegetable soup, or a common pudding, ought to offer few difficulties. To render these less, if they exist, and to inculcate those habits of order, cleanliness, and forethought which may be said to be the groundwork of good cookery, as well as of skilful domestic management, we would recommend the careful study of a most admirable little work, entitled the *Maid-of-all-Work*, one of a series known as the *Finchley Manuals*. It teaches, in the most simple yet pleasant way imaginable, the whole daily routine of housework, from the time of lighting the fire in the morning till the preparation of the last evening meal.

In this advancing age of taste, one golden maxim should be borne in mind—that true beauty is simple; and, what is equally important, in many of its countless relations to popular refinement, it is becoming cheap. The discovery of electroplating, of photography, the removal of the duty on glass, our prospective metallurgic architecture, and the adaptation of gutta-percha to many artistic purposes, are all advances in favour of both cheap and simple beauty. In reality, popular refinement is far from using a tithe of the capabilities which have arisen from cheapness and industrial advance; for, presuming that two persons of the foremost industrial class marry, let us see what a little taste and education, in connection with existing cheapness, may effect in the adornment of their home. The chief room, parlour and kitchen in one, may be neatly, elegantly papered at the cost of a few shillings; the floor may be covered with serviceable Dutch carpeting at a cheap rate. If chairs are newly bought, they should be selected with some degree of taste; if old or mean-looking, a few yards of cheap striped chintz will cover defects, and give an air of elegance. We know a first-rate artist who, having some old-fashioned high-backed chairs, converted them into articles of real beauty through means as cheap. In arranging his simple yet elegant home, in a village near London, he had had these chairs covered with common brown holland; returning one day from a walk, with some lengthened sprays of ivy and the wild hop for artistic purposes, he threw a spray of the former by accident over the back and seat of one of these. As it thus lay, it arrested his eye; he took out his pencil, drew leaf and winding stem, and had their outline covered with narrow green and russet-coloured worsted braid. Subsequently, other chairs were adorned with like effects copied from the bryony and other creeping-plants; and these are now amongst the prettiest objects of some three or four little rooms *en suite*, whence many of the loveliest designs of De la Rue, Elkington, Owen Jones, and others, have issued.

But to return. A few yards of cheap muslin round the window, a few plants—even ivy where nothing else will grow—a shelf for books, and a few pictures, are ostensible yet common signs of advancing cultivation. But there may be many others. The time is come when the mantle-shelf is no longer the place for candlesticks, tea-kettles, or saucepans, however bright; instead of these, let a strip of red cloth be made to fit it, with a worsted fringe of the same colour dropping from the edge, and it will be fitted to receive the cheap cast or the taper vase—things bought perhaps for sixpence yet destined to awaken infant tastes, and lead them in the ennobling direction of the arts. A few

busts on brackets, a centre table kept bright, or else covered with a red cloth—red is always an artistic colour—may hold a few books, as well as, in its centre, a tall glass or earthen vase for flowers, and we gain a pleasant picture of the home of the cultivated artisan. Yet refinement must become a still more household thing.

We have already said, that the discovery of electroplating, or the covering articles of common metal with a coat of silver, is one of the destined agents of popular refinement. Eventually, there can be little doubt, it will give at a reasonable cost articles of great beauty and utility to the artisan's table; and the day is not unlikely to come, when the accessories of his simple meals may be as beautiful and as useful, if not so costly or profuse, as those of the aristocrat. In the meanwhile, till this beautiful branch of art progresses towards a more available cheapness, many of the articles themselves, minus the cost of silver, might be brought into general use. The metal to which the electroplate process is applied, has been so improved by modern art, as almost to equal silver in purity, and is no more to be compared with what is usually known as German-silver, or Britannia metal, than copper with gold. It is hard, and susceptible of a high degree of polish. More than this, it is reasonably cheap, so that it might be made available in the advance of that individual refinement we so earnestly advocate. There seems to be no end to the progress of science in this direction. Pure clay is already ascertained to be the oxide of a white metal, and a French chemist has discovered the method of separating the oxygen.

At the risk of being thought of the 'silver-fork school,' we say, let the four-pronged metal fork supersede the iron one. To say nothing of the susceptibility of polish, it is nearly as cheap to purchase in the first instance, and for the rest, cleanliness and comfort are all in its favour. It serves as a spoon, it obviates the necessity of half-swallowing the knife in conveying victuals to the mouth; and though this may be considered as a conventional trifle by some, anything which saves anybody from a vulgarity, which raises him above an act coarse in appearance, which brings his habits on a level with the refined, cannot be without value. It is trifes of this kind which separate caste from caste more than more important ones. With metal forks thus fashioned, with two circular glass salt-cellars—to be bought for 6d.—with knives, glasses, a clean table-cloth, and other little accessories, the artisan's table will be neatly furnished. It remains for him and his wife to make it in the best sense aristocratic by habits of mutual courtesy and refinement; for the accessories of the table are useless if vulgarity prevail. Moreover, everything should be clean, neat, and nicely ordered. It may be said that people who have no servants, who earn their bread by manual labour, or who have children, cannot afford to attend to matters of this kind. But we answer, they will, if their desire for moral and social elevation be a true thing. Once a week, say on Saturday evening, a tidy wife or daughter could surely find half an hour to brighten forks, spoons, and teapot, wash and nicely fill the salt-cellars with clean dry salt, and see that pepper-caster and sugar-basin are not empty. For the rest of the week, washing the spoons and forks in soap and water might suffice, more particularly if always neatly stored away, when not in use, in a little basket or tray. On this and countless other matters of the kind we might dilate, had we space and time; but we have said enough to prove our high sense of what belongs to popular refinement. So far as woman is concerned, we wish it to be of the truest and most essential kind; a refinement infusing itself into every act, every appearance, and every duty. For, when advanced education shall have taught that the office of the human mother is, physically and morally speaking, the sublimest in

the world, then will it be better understood than now, that every act of woman's self-cultivation is a blessing to her children, and that every vulgarity she may banish from their presence, every graceful thing she may place before their eyes, raises them in the scale of humanity, and however lowly their lot, gives them advantages which no man can take away.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

ROBERT was not a little cheered by Sara's views of the dignity of the literary profession. But his position was far from being an agreeable one, and from a cause which he could not at one time have anticipated. Miss Falcontower, it turned out, was not to be relied on as a friend, and for that reason it might be necessary to doubt her as a patroness. There was now a caprice in her manner which he would at once have attributed to bad temper, had he not known how completely her temper was under the control of her judgment. Sometimes she was gentle, submissive, confiding; and when he met her next, with the warmth and frankness of friendship, she would look at him with haughty surprise, and direct his attention to the work in hand with the air of a superior addressing a dependent. If her father had treated him in this way, the connection between them would at once have terminated; and the caprice even of a young lady is not a little galling to the masculine, in circumstances of great inequality of rank and fortune.

Under such little annoyances, Robert was supported only by the consciousness of his own real independence, by his knowledge that, as a hand-worker, he could always command remunerative employment; while his rebellious spirit was kept down by the prudent consideration, that he had no legal hold upon Sir Vivian for the promised reward of his services. This reward was now no longer only alluded to in hints, but described in express terms as one of those public appointments which, either through the employment of a deputy or otherwise, leave the holder a good deal the master of his time. The precise nature of the appointment was not stated, nor was the amount of the salary; but a very moderate sum would have satisfied both the ambition and prudence of the aspirant, since he had determined, now that he had fairly tried his strength, to trust, if necessary, to authorship for everything beyond mere subsistence. Independently of such considerations, his submission to the caprices of Claudia was influenced by the feelings it is natural for a man to entertain for a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman; and on one occasion, when a more than usually haughty remark had escaped from her lips, he fixed upon her a look so full of sadness, that even she was melted.

'Forgive me, Mr Oaklands,' said she; 'I have been hasty and thoughtless. There is so much in what you call conventional life to disturb the mind, that I sometimes wonder whether it is worth the sacrifice it costs! You wonder at nothing; you are always serene, except when stirred by the inspirations of genius; and even at this moment, instead of resenting what I have said as an insult, you look upon me with a pity that almost makes me weep—for myself! Come, it is only the incrustation, you know, that is hard and cold; there is warmth and softness within after all.'

'You may vex me a little sometimes,' said Robert, taking her proffered hand, 'but you cannot change my sentiments of gratitude for your generous notice, or my admiration of the thousand great and brilliant qualities of your mind. The incrustation is even now yielding, or you would not acknowledge its existence. O Miss Falcontower, be yourself your own deliverer! Break it in pieces by the force of your own character; dissolve it in the love of your own woman's heart; and dissipating the narrow conventions of caste that serve as prison-walls, give a grand and noble spirit to the universe! Will you do this? will you try? Do you promise?' He looked close into her eyes, with a gaze that would take no denial; Claudia flushed as she felt his warm breath upon her cheek; but with an enthusiasm akin to his own, she answered:

'I will try—I do promise!' He raised suddenly the fingers, that trembled sensibly in his, to his lips, and kissed them fervently; then, ashamed of the boyish enthusiasm that had prompted so unconventional an action, fell back a step, and covered his face with his hands. When he saw again, he was alone.

Robert wondered how Claudia would look when they met next. Ignorant as he was of conventional life, he knew very well that, on the impulse of the moment, he had taken what is called a liberty with a lady of rank; and although completely aware that the judgment of this lady of rank would understand and excuse it, he was not so sure of her prejudices. There was much, as we have said, that he admired in Claudia, and much that he could even have loved—although not without a little mingling of pity, in which, as the philosopher tells us, there is always some portion of contempt; but he knew that in her everything that was amiable, lovely, and of good report, was held in check by the feeling of caste; and he took his way to the house the next morning with the air of a sentenced malefactor, conscious of a legal offence without a moral crime. He prepared for what was to come by being stiff and laughty himself; and it may be that the preparation saved him. At anyrate, Claudia was a tone lower than usual, instead of higher. There was not a trace of consciousness on her marble face; but her manner was subdued without being cold: she looked like one who had bound herself over to good behaviour.

But still his labour went on, and its success increased; and still he was honoured with no invitation to partake of the public hospitalities of the family, he was offered no introductions, he received no open acknowledgment whatever; and the appointment was now seldom mentioned, and when it was, with a strange uncertainty and hesitation. Robert knew not what to think; and he at last waited only for a proper opportunity to bring Sir Vivian to an explanation, and if that was unsatisfactory, to betake himself anew to another course of life.

One day, while walking along the street plunged in such reflections, he encountered his old landlady. It was near her own house, where he had tenanted the three pair back, and turning to walk a little way with her, he asked kindly after her fortunes in the world.

'Just as you saw,' said Mrs Dobbs; 'it's always the same with us on the average, although, sometimes, we be put about. But how is it with you, mister?—you look as glum as ever, and more thin and pale.'

'I have no cause to be merry,' replied Robert.

'although, like you, I do manage to keep afloat somehow.'

'Ah, mister, if you would only take the widow's advice! I had a son like you, as likely a young man as ever the light shone on: but he was uppish; he would not take to his trade like his father before him; he was all for the quality, and for being a gentleman—and I lost a son, for my son lost himself. Do, mister, do take thought. It's no use growing thin, and pale, and downcast, when you have work to do in the world, and a strong arm to do it with. It's no use wearing fine clothes, without a shilling in the pockets to get you a meal's victuals. All well enough for such as that Driftwood, as used to come to see you, with his mustaphoes under his nose, and his long greasy hair on his shoulders; but you are a good young man, and a clever young man, if you would only take to some honest work that is fit for a man to do. Will you think of it, mister?'

'I will, Mrs Dobbs,' said Robert—'it was what I was even now thinking of.'

'And you won't take the widow's bother amiss?'

'On the contrary, I am sincerely grateful to you, my kind landlady; and as Robert pressed her hand fervently, for they had now reached the house, some unbidden moisture was sent into his eyes by the *motherliness* of the good woman's manner. He was turning away with a more desolate feeling than usual, when he observed a gentleman looking earnestly at him from the dingy parlour window. He could not at once recall the features, but all on a sudden the luxurious table of Sir Vivian Falcontower rose upon his imagination, and, in the figure before him, he saw the elated guest, whose then distinction, and expected good fortune, seemed, as he sat at the table, to have thrown a glare of sunshine upon his countenance. The recognition was mutual; and accepting a silent invitation to go in, the two 'clever people' found themselves once more in company.

The scene had changed. A few cane-bottomed chairs, hollowing to each other, as the Londoners say when they wish to convey an idea of distance between, and a small table in the middle of the scanty and faded carpet, were the chief furniture of the room; and four engravings, one on each wall, of Nelson's battles, in all manner of gaudy colours, and in black frames, were its only ornaments. The table, unlike that of Sir Vivian, was furnished only with the food of the mind, in the form of manuscript, and the implements were simply pen and ink. The tenant of the apartment was in the dress of a gentleman, though, like the gentleman himself, rather the worse for the wear and tear of the world; but he received our adventurer as politely as when they met in Miss Falcontower's drawing-room.

'I have asked you in,' said he, after the usual introductory phrases, 'because I strongly suspect that you, too, are on the road to ruin.'

'That can hardly be,' replied Robert, 'for I have nothing to lose.'

'Do you call hope nothing? Do you call time nothing? Marvellous error! If they rob you of your time, they deprive you just of so much of your life; if they cast down your hopes, they take away the compensations that make life endurable. 'You work for the government?'

'I work for myself; although, in doing so, it may chance that I serve the ends of government.'

'Precisely. That is what we all say—and think. And you, of course, believe that government will take steps to secure permanently the aid of so efficient a pen. You have the good word of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and Lord Luxton, and a score of other lords and baronets, and you fancy your fortune made.'

'If I had such magnificent interest,' said Robert, 'my hopes would perhaps be more reasonably founded than they are.'

'Not a whit. If you had all the great personages in the kingdom on your side, it would be of no use; and for this obvious reason, that not one of them would think his own or his family's interest compromised by a refusal. When ministers yield to influence, they do so for their own sakes; and they are not such fools as to sacrifice the patronage by which they, in a great measure, subsist as a government, when they know very well that in refusing it they neither cool a friend nor make an enemy. A misconception on this simple point is the cause of more tears, more agony, more desperation, more untimely, and sometimes bloody deaths, than any other delusion that besets humanity.'

'That your hopes have been cast down,' said Robert, 'I see only too clearly; but I live so solitary a life, I have never heard the particulars.'

'And they are not worth hearing now, for there is nothing uncommon in the story. Yet, since you do lead a solitary life, and must be all the more governed by illusions, it may do you good to hear it. My name is not unknown in literature, and it brought me acquainted with one of the master-spirits of our time. It was my privilege to call as often as I chose in the morning on Lord Birch; and among the subjects of our conversation, some years ago, was of course the great parliamentary question of the day. We took opposite sides; and one day, feeling, after I had returned to my lodgings, that I had not explained my views properly, I dashed them down upon paper, and although afraid of the bulk to which the argument grew, sent off the fatal document to his lordship. I need not tell you that I did not succeed in convincing the wit-orator-author-statesman-philosopher; but, with his usual kindness of heart, he at once despatched my paper to Mr George Knuckles, whose task it was to be to carry the ministerial measure into effect if it received the sanction of parliament. Mr Knuckles sought my acquaintance—prevailed upon me to fill out the argument and publish—and in an evil hour I became, I hardly know how, a candidate for one of the important offices under the sought-for Act.'

'That was beginning well,' remarked Robert, for his companion paused in some agitation.

'Excellently well. Now, I had abundance of what fools call interest, and showered in testimonials without number. But I did not depend upon that. I worked morning, noon, and night, at indoctrinating the public. I fought the ministerial battle with tongue and pen. I flooded the periodicals with the subject, and through them the people; and my works, owing to their picturesque illustrations, having the entrée of the drawing-rooms, I forced my opinions upon the aristocracy. This went on for nearly two years.'

'Two years!'

'Yes. It was a hard battle; for many of the best heads in the kingdom disapproved of the measure in theory, and allowed themselves, slowly and unwillingly, to be convinced that, under the exigent circumstances of the case, it was necessary in practice. But you wonder how I carried on the war? I can hardly tell you. My hopes, however, increased as my affairs went to ruin. I had the highest recommendations from all quarters; I was in daily communication with the head-commissioner—the pivot on which the whole thing was to turn—who was devoted to my cause; and the only doubt that perplexed my mind was as to the possibility of my holding out till the bill passed. At length matters appeared to come to a point—I had neglected the general profession of literature by which I lived; I had disgusted the booksellers; my debts were fast accumulating; my occupation was gone. By some desperate effort I might still continue to hold on—but was it worth making? I resolved to ask counsel. I wrote to Lord John Bedford, as one literary man writes to another, explaining to him the terrible predicament I was in, and entreating him to tell me simply whether



he knew of anything likely to prevent my obtaining the appointment I sought. I was at first disheartened by his reply, which informed me that it was his rule never to make a promise before the office was actually in existence, although I was one of those whose claims were deserving of consideration; but Lord Birch was overjoyed, telling me it was everything that could be hoped for under the circumstances from a minister; and the late Lord William B. Tinck, the glorious governor-general, to whom I sent it, wrote to me, that on considering the whole matter, he could undertake to say, as one who had been himself the distributor of patronage, that it was already determined to give me the appointment. Do you wonder, then, that I contrived to live? Do you wonder that at such tables as Sir Vivian's I was the gayest of the gay?' 'I wonder at nothing: but I am getting nervous.'

'It will soon be over. The bill passed. After waiting for some time, I could master my impatience no longer, and called on the commissioner at the very moment when they were in grand divan considering the details. After an agony of I know not how long, he came out and informed me, with an agitation which controlled mine—that I was a lost and ruined man! As the disappointed place-hunter finished his narrative, great drops of sweat loaded his brow, but his lips were pale and dry. Robert stared at him for some time in silence, and then rose.

'I thank you,' said he, 'for this narrative. It will be of use—perhaps to more than myself. It accounts only too well for the changed condition in which I see you; and at the moment a female voice, and the querulous tones of children from the next room, shewed that the condition was either aggravated or lightened by companionship.

'Oh, you have seen nothing! I was obliged to sell, not only my furniture, but my books—the very tools of my trade—carry my family to a mean cottage on the coast of France, and there work hard and live sparingly to avert the degradation of a prison. Why, man, I am now up again—I am beginning the world anew, and with a large capital of experience!'

'Enough of blue-devils, then!' cried Robert: 'come with me, and take a glass of brandy and water, or a bottle of wine for the nonce, and let us have a little conversation of a more cheerful kind before we part.' His companion moved towards his hat, which lay upon a chair, but paused, and then returning to the table sat down again deliberately.

'No,' said he; 'I have not fallen low enough for that kind of consolation. I thank you; you mean well; but I have lived, and I will die a gentleman!'

Robert left the house, with the echoes of the ominous tale ringing in his ears; and as he passed the area he saw the old widow looking up through the begrimed window, and shaking her clenched hand at him, as if she said, 'Remember!' Then came back upon his soul, like spectres, the whole details of his London life; and he asked himself whether it was possible that Driftwood could be right in his assertion, that a man, in spite of himself, gets into a circle from which there is no escape? At that moment, his connection with the Falcontowers seemed a madness or a crime; and he looked upon his submission even to the caprices of Claudia as a cowardice. But there should be an end of all this, he was determined, before it came the length of downright infatuation. Time was in reality life, and hope its sole compensation. On the very next day he would have an interview with Sir Vivian, which would doubtless have the effect of detaching him from a pursuit which appeared to him now to be degrading, as well as fantastic.

The frame of mind in which he returned home was not very well suited for the remaining business of the day. This business was of a very unaccustomed kind, and one a little formidable to our solitary adventurer.

On the present evening was to come off a grand party at Mrs Doubleback's, an invitation for which he had accepted some three weeks before. The length of the interval bespoke the magnificent nature of the entertainment, and Mrs Margery was actually overwhelmed with the responsibility of 'getting up' a shirt for the occasion. 'Robert, indeed, was somewhat reassured by the fact, that the invitation had come to him through Mr Driftwood, who was himself to be one of the party; but he had an intuitive feeling that the thing would be more trying to his *savoir faire* than a dinner at so unpretending a house as Sir Vivian Falcontower's. At anyrate he was out of spirits, dissatisfied with himself and his position, and it was with anything but the genial humour befitting the occasion he went through the necessary preparations.

Mrs Margery awaited his reappearance from the bedroom with great anxiety; but her comely face broke into smiles of triumph and delight when he at length came forth. She had frequently before seen him in evening costume; but on this occasion he had an added charm for her romantic imagination, the nature of which she could not guess, although it was in all probability nothing more than the gloomy abstraction of his manner, giving, in her eye, a touch of the heroic to the portrait. Indeed, if she ever had a misgiving about him at all, it was owing to a certain good-humoured simplicity of character, for which she could find no prototype in the whole Minerva press.

Mrs Doubleback resided on the first floor of a respectable house, where she had likewise some accommodation for her numerous family in the upper rooms; and on this occasion the back-parlour had been borrowed from its tenant, and converted into a cloak-room. When Robert, announced in due form, entered the drawing-room, he imagined for a moment that the family must be in a higher circle than the one he had assigned to them. The company, already sufficiently numerous, were in full evening costume, and a majority of the ladies were young, pretty, and showy-looking. This character, indeed, they preserved throughout; and he was struck, as he had often been before, by the remarkable superiority in appearance and manner of the fair sex of London in a particular station of life. The men did not bear inspection so well. Their clothes, indeed, were artistically made—for in our times it is a ludicrous superstition which believes in fashionable tailors—but the limbs they contained were not altogether at home in them. It is true, the tiresome uniformity which characterises an aristocratical party was here wanting; but the variety, unluckily, was not in natural character, but in affectation, which is only another term for vulgarity. There was one gentleman, for instance, who had not come there for any particular reason; who had merely lounged in, he knew not why and cared not wherefore. To be there was just as good as to be anywhere else, provided people would let him alone. He sat at a table in a corner, immersed in the study of an old annual, and when dancing commenced, submitted himself every now and then to the vehement entreaties of Mrs Doubleback, and all the Miss Doublebacks, and came forth with the air of a martyr to do his duty. This gentleman was said to be one of the clerks in a great tailoring establishment, and, it was whispered to Robert, was more than suspected of being a contributor to a magazine, the name of which he kept a profound secret.

Another gentleman considered himself, and was considered by the company, to be a general lover. That was his *métier* in the world. He couldn't help it. It came natural to him; and wherever he went in the room, the genteel-looking girl he addressed himself to would whisper and giggle, and when he glided off to another, would say in a stage aside behind her fan—'He's such a flirt!' This gentleman was a linen-

draper's assistant, and was thought to have a very tolerable chance of being promoted by and by to be the shop-walker. Robert observed with some curiosity another gentleman, who did not miss a single quadrille the whole evening, but who never danced. He walked through the figure with a correctness that might have seemed the result of instinct, but with a lassitude that appeared ready to drop, and was frequently heard to observe that this sort of thing was the greatest bore in the world, and that he really thought he should be obliged to decline every invitation during the rest of the season. Mr Driftwood was in excellent contrast to this gentleman. He danced with as much earnestness as if he was painting a sign; not with any nice acquaintance with the figure, it is true, but sometimes making happy guesses, and always thankful to be set right, and go back to the proper lady, and poussette it with her over again conscientiously.

The ladies exhibited more uniformity—more conventionalism. They were all to a certain extent genteel, as it is called, and yet their absolute unconsciousness of the eccentricity of the gentlemen gave a strange effect to their gentility. They were interested in the flirt; they looked with womanly sympathy upon the hermit-quadriller; they considered the walking-dancer a very elegant person; and they were delighted even with the gaucheries of Mr Driftwood, which they set down as practical witticisms. They gave Robert the idea that if detached from the circumstances by which they were trammelled, and suddenly transferred to a higher rank of life, they would pass very well as lay-figures of society.

But while thus occupied in observing others, he became gradually conscious that he was himself the observed of all observers. The numerous introductions with which he was honoured called forth the sweetest smiles and most graceful bends from the ladies, and the most awful bows from the gentlemen. A score or two of eyes were constantly upon him, and he could observe that he was the subject of numerous feminine whispers. The hostess was unremitting in her attentions, and was always directing his observation, on some pretext or other, to her eldest daughter. When he danced, the rest only moved sufficiently to beat time—all were occupied in studying his motions; and his partners for the time being seemed at the summit of human ambition. One of these young ladies was a little franker, not to say more forward than the rest; and after the quadrille, she defeated with great skill the stratagems of Mrs Doubleback to dissolve the temporary connection.

'She wants you to dance with her daughter,' said she; 'and I am sure if you wish it, I would not stand in your way for the world. But it is such a treat to me to converse with a sensible man—to indulge in the feeling of sympathy! You have no idea how romantic I am. I despise everything low and conventional; and would be proud, even if I were a queen, to descend to the station of the meanest of my subjects, if he had awakened an interest in my affections. Do you not feel in this way? Can you conceive that there is any real inequality between heart and heart?'

Robert, who was not an adept at small talk, lost himself for a moment in thinking to what this could be appropos, but at length came out with some gallant observation about her heart being able, he was sure, to ennoble the one it condescended to select for sympathy. The young lady sighed, and murmured something about his being as romantic as herself; but she added archly and suddenly:

'Do you find this the case with Miss Falcontower?' Shocked and alarmed, he looked at her with consternation; but she added with a pretty laugh:

'Oh, don't you fancy that I mean anything more than a joke! A grand lady like Miss Falcontower is, of course, out of the question; but supposing she did

chance to fall in with a handsome and amiable young man of genius, but of low rank—not that I suppose she did, or could, or that there can be possibility of such a young man in the whole world—yet supposing this case, is it unnatural to conjecture that her proud heart would grieve, and her bright eyes weep over the crossness of fortune?'

'Upon my word,' said Robert, 'you must permit me to say that the mention in this way of such a name even in jest'—

'Oh, I know, I know! You cannot hear of such a thing; you are too much of a gentleman; I understand all that: but you are a naughty man, notwithstanding. Don't I know of another lady who has travelled scores of miles from the country to see you? and instead of hastening to thank her for her condescension, don't I see you here flirting away at Mrs Doubleback's, and saying fine things—if they were but true!—even to poor me, who have nothing different from other girls, but a heart that laughs at rank and riches?' and the young lady sighed again.

'Your country lady,' said Robert, 'is a bad guess; but I must entreat'—

'What! have you no recollection of Wearyfoot Common?' Robert almost leaped where he stood.

'What do you mean?' said he. 'What do you know of Wearyfoot Common?'

'Just what I have said. Miss Semple is in town—and you are here!' The young lady at the moment accepted an invitation to dance, and taking the gentleman's arm, walked away, leaving Robert in a flutter of surprise, delight, and mortification. His speculations had nothing more to do now with Miss Falcontower; and even if it had been otherwise, he could never have conjectured the meaning of the distinction with which he was treated by his partner and the company:—not knowing that he had been represented by Driftwood as the newly discovered but still unrecognized scion of a noble house, and the object of deep interest to Miss Falcontower and the whole of her distinguished family. But Sara! she in town! And why not? She had now come of age, and there was nothing extraordinary in the visit of the heiress to the place where her fortune was invested—nothing but her suffering him to remain in ignorance of her intention. He now recollected that he had noticed an air of constraint in her last communication. Had that any connection with the mystery?—and a jealous pang wrung his heart as he reflected on his own desperate circumstances. But this was only momentary; and he walked up to his late partner as she stood in one of the intervals of the quadrille.

'On reflection,' said he, 'I perceive that you must be correct with regard to Miss Semple's being in town. Pray do me the favour to tell me where she is to be found?'

'Walk home with me to-night,' replied the young lady, 'and I will take you to the very house.' It was late before he could persuade her to go; but when they did set forth, her home was so near, that she had scarcely time for explanation before they had arrived. The family of the Lodge had in fact taken up their abode there—'Ma' having a larger house than they required, and letting a part of it for the sake of company.' Sara had despatched a letter by the post that afternoon to Robert, and the young lady had read the address.

Observing a light still in the parlour-window, Robert would at once have gone in; but this his conductress would not permit. She would insist upon announcing him herself; and throwing off her cloak, adjusting her drapery, and tossing her ringlets into order, with a slight tap at the door, which was answered in Sara's voice, she bounded into the room.

Robert's heart beat wildly for a time; then it hardly beat at all; then he grew faint—the great strong man

—and leaned against the wall for support. At length the young lady reappeared, shutting the parlour-door after her. She opened the street-door.

'She is, the only one up,' was the report; 'it is too late to receive visitors; the family will be glad to see you in the morning. Good-night, you naughty man!'

Robert turned away from the door mechanically, and wandered homeward through the mist of Wearyfoot Common.

### THE SMOKE-NUISANCE.

THE peculiar blight of city-life is smoke. The ruralist, on his occasional visits to town, feels it most; but even the *habitants* of the city are sensible of a constant deduction from the pleasures of existence in the grimy pestiferous atmosphere amidst which they live. The effect, too, on external objects is most lamentable—vegetation checked, house-fronts blackened, works of art and furniture within doors spoiled. London is—to use the expression of the *Times*—a 'nigger metropolis;' how different from the white, clear-seen cities of southern Europe, which know not this nuisance!

It is a great question bearing on the economy of our lives—Can this nuisance be abated, and how? Practical efforts to bring the question to a solution have been in progress for a number of years, and some points have been made out pretty clearly. We shall state these to the best of our ability.

It is, we believe, as certain as any fact in existence, that a furnace fitted up on the plan of Mr Juckes, with revolving bars carrying in the coal with a slow and regulated motion, will send forth no smoke. We have had this plan in operation in the furnace used in our own printing establishment, for upwards of four years, with perfect and unflinching success, and apparently with a saving of fuel.\* Messrs Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co., stated in August last, that they had had the same arrangement of furnace at their brewery in Spitalfields for five years, 'fully answering their expectations,' and with a saving of fuel to the amount of nearly £2000 per annum, from its allowing them to use 'small coals.' At three works in Glasgow, the Juckes furnaces have been used for about three years, with satisfaction to the proprietors. One of these gentlemen, writing to us only last month, says of this furnace: 'As a smoke-consumer, it is perfect.' In this, we believe there is no mystery whatever. It merely fulfils the one grand condition—slow and gradual feeding—which is necessary in any circumstances to cause thorough combustion of fuel.

It is, at the same time, proper to admit that Juckes's furnace may not be everywhere applicable. It requires a kind of coal which does not produce *clinkers*—that is, large cinders—for these, not being readily dischargeable from a furnace of its necessary peculiarity of construction, clog up the fire, and interfere with its proper action. Hence, if the right coal be not obtainable at a

suitable price, this kind of furnace will not be kept in use, except at a sacrifice. It happens that we can obtain the proper coal at the proper price in Edinburgh; and we see that Messrs Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co. express themselves as more than satisfied in this respect. But it is asserted that, at Glasgow, a sufficiency of the proper fuel not being to be had there, Juckes's furnace will not be generally applicable.

It is also proper to advert to the fact, that at a particular work in Glasgow, where Juckes's furnace was tried, it was given up, with a loss of £500, on the allegation of its requiring an expenditure of fuel as 3 to 2 of the ordinary furnaces. This result, however, being so inconsistent with that in four or five other instances, and standing quite alone, we must respectfully say that we cannot allow it any consideration. It must have arisen from some fault of construction, some inappropriate management, or some other cause proper to that work alone. Indeed, this apparatus being simply an arrangement for slow and gradual feeding, it is theoretically impossible that, with fair play as to construction of furnace and management, and with suitable fuel, it should consume any more coal than an ordinary furnace.

There are other patent plans for the consumption or prevention of smoke in furnaces, and it is scarcely to be doubted that some of these are also effective, as well as economical. We cannot, however, speak of any with the confidence arising from personal observation.

It now becomes our duty to state, that Mr G. W. Muir, of Glasgow, after several years of official dealing with the question, arrives at the opinion that patent furnaces might be dispensed with, *if sound principles were followed, in giving ample boiler-power, good draught, and a regulated and moderate admission of air into the furnace.* It appears from this gentleman's reports, that all the exertions of the police to put down furnace-smoke in Glasgow by penalties have failed, and he now recommends the formation of a committee embracing manufacturers, for the purpose of conducting experiments with a view to ascertaining how those principles may best be applied in special cases. Seeing such to be the opinion of an intelligent man who has given more attention to the subject than perhaps any other living, we must confess that our hopes of a speedy abolition of furnace-smoke are less vivid than they were some time ago, and we fear that the act which is to come into force in August next for preventing smoke in the Thames steamers, will be less effectual than Lord Palmerston expects. It is pretty evident that, if accidental circumstances regarding qualities and supply of fuel are to affect the matter, as the experience of Glasgow points out, no *specific* is to be hoped for, notwithstanding that Juckes's apparatus has in our own and other instances been so successful. That is to say, Juckes may answer in Edinburgh or London, but not in Glasgow, and possibly not in Manchester. Matters standing so, it becomes of the more importance to call general attention to the conviction of Mr Muir, that there is no occasion for patents or specifics for the prevention of smoke, while the object can be attained by a right relation between the boiler, the furnace, and the flue, and the regulated admission of air. This, it seems, was announced by James Watt seventy years ago; but no experiments have ever been made to ascertain formulae for those relations in particular cases: hence all is doubt and confusion on the

\* In a contrast between the quantity of coal used and that of work done during the three years preceding, and the four years following the introduction of the patent apparatus, there is a greater irregularity than might be expected; but the general effect of saving is manifest. In the three years preceding the change, the quantity of coal, expressed in money outlay, was £36, 13s. 4d. per annum, at an average, against an average of £3604 of work done. In the three years subsequent, the average coal was £87, 13s. 4d. per annum, against an average of £4007, 6s. 8d. of work done. The saving may be attributed in part to the regularity, and in part to the completeness, of the combustion.

subject, beyond the general fact itself. We would suggest that, where the public comfort is so much concerned, it would be worth while to make this needful investigation at the expense of the state.

### A RAINY DAY IN TOWN.

SOME cynical person has remarked that people are given to talk most about what they least understand—an observation, by the way, which although it has passed into a maxim pretty generally current, is, like most of the dicta of your sarcastic philosophers, true only in a limited sense. It is strikingly true, however, with regard to John Bull and his numerous family whenever their talk is about the weather. John, from his insular position, is more exposed to the 'skiey influences,' as fine writers call the changes of the weather, than any of his neighbours; and being a personage whose business, and whose pleasures too, lie very much out of doors, he would be glad to know, were it possible, how to manage his movements so as to escape the foul and enjoy the fair. Hence it is that the weather, and its probable state at some not very distant or closely impending period, is a universal topic of conversation with honest John. It is a question in which he has a personal interest, and one often of greater moment than any other which a mere casual acquaintance could discuss with him. A Frenchman or a German, an Italian or a Spaniard, may, it is true, be equally interested in the weather—but then he is seldom, if ever, in the same uncertainty respecting it. With a wind from any point but the west or south-west, your continental friend does not fear getting drenched to the skin; but John knows from awkward experience, that he has no cause for solid reliance upon any wind that blows; and that rain may come to him, and does come to him at times, from all points of the compass. So he is ever on his guard against it, and prophecies concerning its advent and departure—not very often, it must be confessed, with the happiest result—thus shewing that though he talks so much about it, he understands it very little indeed. But he is not content with talking only—if he were, he wouldn't be John Bull. He arms himself against foul weather, as he would against any other enemy; and has contrived no end of munitions and fortifications against the assaults which the clouds are for ever preparing or discharging upon his devoted head. If, on the one hand, he is annoyed by water, he is, on the other, defiant in 'waterproof.' Run your eye down the columns of his morning paper, and see what a prodigious store of bulwarks he has prepared against the storm. Read the list of gallant defenders, with the immortal Macintosh at their head, who have levied contributions from the resources of universal nature for the purpose of keeping the hostile moisture on the safe side of John's waistcoat—from coats of four ounces, 'warranted to keep out twelve hours' rain,' to coats of twice as many capes, which would laugh at a monsoon—and from idrotobolic hats, which keep his bald pate dry, and ventilate it at the same time, to gutta-percha soles that don't know, and won't be prevailed upon, under any circumstances, to know, what it is to be damp. Think of voluminous folds of vulcanised caoutchouc and gutta-perchified cloth—of rugs and railway wrappers—of paletôts, bequemes, bear-skins, pea-coats, Chesterfields, Codringtons, Witney Overs, Derby coats, Melton-Mowbrays, Wellington sacs and wrap-rascals—to say nothing of the millions of umbrellas, of which

everybody has one to use and two to lend: think of all these, and a thousand more of the same sort, and say if John Bull be not tolerably well provided against yonder black cloud.

Come, we are not going to be 'afraid of a rainy day, at anyrate, though we do prefer the sunshine; and it is well we are not, for it is coming down in torrents just now, and we must be off to the office to our daily task, let it come as it may. Jones, our volatile neighbour in the 'two-pair back,' has just declared, in our hearing, to his wife, that this is a 'delectable swizzle,' and no mistake. We know what *that* means, well enough. But Jones's wife has tied a comforter round his chin, and he is off, and we must follow close at his heels, 'swizzle' as it will, or else lose a character for punctuality, which will never do. The street-door slams us out. Whew! but it is a soaker! What a clatter the big drops make upon the strained silk!—we could spare such hydraulic music. The sky is one dull sheet of lead; the nearest houses appear as if veiled in a gauze dress, and the further ones are behind a wet blanket, and won't appear at all. All London is just now under the douche, and undergoing a course of hydropathic treatment. Much good may it do thee, thou dear old wilderness of brick: thy alimentary canal has long been out of order. Drink, old Babylon! Drink, and forget thy filthiness, and shew thy countless offspring a clean face when the morrow's sun lights up thy forest of tall towers. In the meantime, though, this is but a sorry joke. Slippety, alop-pety, squash! Concern that loose paving-stone! and an ovation to the man of genius who invented gaiters, by which we are spared an involuntary 'futz.' What is that? 'Clickety, clackety, akrah!' Pattens, by all that is poetical! 'O the days when we were young!' as the poet says, when pattens were the genteel thing—when comfortable dowagers went waddling abroad exalted on iron rings, and with their heads buried in calashes shaped like a gentleman's cab, only not quite so big. Ah, those were the days! What a rush of tender recollections comes with the clatter of that single pair of pattens! It seems an age since we last heard that once familiar sound; and it seems, too, as though we had entered a new world since that sound was of everyday occurrence. But we must not indulge in these pensive recollections. Swish!—p-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! whirr!—no indeed!—if this isn't enough to swill all sentiment out of a fellow. 'Halloo! Conductor, stop that bus!'

'Full inside, sir: plenty of room outside, sir!'

'Not a doubt of it; but I'm outside already.'

No admission for gentlemen in distress. Never mind—we shall be sure to find an omnibus in the City Road that will take us in. Really, this is the very sort of a day to turn into a night; and were it not for the despotism of Business, that genius of modern activities, who rules us, as he rules all his subjects, with an iron sceptre, we should be tempted to follow the example of an eccentric artist of the last century, and by turning back to our home once more, and by simply closing the window-shutters, lighting candles, and poking up the fire, transform this drenching morning into a cheerful evening. But that won't do either, lest we fall into a practice that will entail upon us rainy days of a still less endurable complexion. Sweeper Jack, yonder, is of the same way of thinking: he has scraped his crossing as clean as he can with his worn-out broom-stump; but his function is no sinecure this morning, as new puddles are forming every minute in the track which his daily sweepings have hollowed out. He cannot afford to lose his morning coppers; and though he is wet through to the skin, and has been for this hour past, he will not quit his post till his last regular patron has gone by on his way to the city. He holds out a hand, sodden, like a washerwoman's, for his customary

half-penny, and deposits it in one of his Bluchers, lying high and dry under the shelter of a doorway—a piece of practical economy that, because he finds it cheaper to subject the soles of his bare feet to the mud and slush of the season, than it would be to submit the soles of leather to the same destructive ordeal. Sweeper Jack is not much worse off on such a day as this than the whole tribe of peripatetic traders whom the sky serves for a roof every day in the year, and who prefer the risk of drowning abroad to the certainty of starving at home. 'Eels! live eels!' cries one; and we can fancy them swimming at their ease in the broad basket in which they are borne aloft. The soles, haddocks, and cod are travelling once more in their own element, and the salesmen are particularly lively, knowing, by experience, that a drenching day, when economical housewives don't care to plunge over the way or round the corner to the butcher's, is not unfavourable to their trade. Ten to one that we find a cod's head and shoulders on the table when we return to dinner at five. Charley Coster's cart looks remarkably fresh and green this morning; but that poor 'moke' of his is evidently depressed in spirits, and, after the manner of his kind, lowers his head and bends back his ears in silent deprecation of the extra weight of moisture he has to drag through the miry streets. Yonder is a potato-steamer, which the prudent proprietor has moored snugly under a covered archway: his little tin funnel is fizzing away amongst a group of boys and lads driven there for shelter from the storm. He has got his steam up early to-day—foul weather acting invariably as an impetus to his peculiar commerce: a hot buttered potato for a half-penny, with salt *à discretion*, as the French say, is too good a bargain to go far a-begging on such a morning as this. Another wandering son of commerce, who profits especially when the clouds are dropping fatness, is that umbrella hawker, who stands there at the corner, roofed in under a monster-dome of gingham, from which he utters ever and anon in a cavernous voice: 'A good un'rella for sixpence! Sixpence for a good un'rella! A silk un for a shilling!' You will not see him driving business in that fashion when the sky is without a cloud; you might as well look for a rainbow. He gets his living by rainy days; and if he could regulate the calendar in his own way, 'twere but little hay that would be made while the sun shone, and Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens might shut up shop. But of all the gainers by the liberality of Jupiter Pluvius, the cabmen are the most active and the most exemplary. Now is the very carnival of cabs; and every driver assumes an air of increased importance, and sways his whip with authority, as though he were chief monarch of a wet world, which in some sort he is. But there is not a single cab on the stand. The stand itself is washed away—all the disjecta from the nose-bags, every wisp of hay and straw of fodder, is floated off the stones; the very waterman has disappeared, and taken for the nonce to burnishing pewter-pots in the back-slums of the Pig and Whistle—his tubs alone are the only vestiges which are left to proclaim the fact, that four-and-twenty vehicles, all of a row, have their home and resting-place on that deserted spot. Cabby is abroad stirring up the mud in every highway and byway of universal London; and Cabby's horse, under the impetus of unlimited whipcord, is straining every nerve to compensate for the idleness of yesterday, and to devour as many miles, measured by sixpences, as will satisfy, if that be possible, the expectations of his owner.

But now we emerge upon the City Road, and hear the welcome syllables, 'Room for one,' from the conductor of a Favourite omnibus. With a foot on the step, we look in upon a not very inviting spectacle: ten stout gentlemen, each with a dripping umbrella, and one stouter dame, two single Niobes rolled into one, with a weeping umbrella and a plethoric bundle

to boot—all packed together almost as tight as Turkey figs in a drum, in a locomotive vapour-bath reeking and steaming at every pore. It is impossible to pass up the centre, and so we are jammed into the corner next to the conductor, who, enveloped in oil-skin, considerably bars the pelting drops from our face by exposing to them his own broad back. We commence a conversation by observing, as a sort of leading remark, that such a drencher as this is a capital day for omnibuses. 'Why, you must be making quite a fortune to-day.'

'Hexcuse me, sir,' says he, 'but that ere's a wery vulgar horror. People thinks, because they finds the buses full when they wants to go to town of a wet day, that the wet weather is best for the trade. 'Tain't no sich thing. We goes to town this mornin', for instance, full; but we shall come back empty well-nigh, and shan't do nothing to speak of afore gentlemen has done their business and comes back in the evening. Buses that runs along the business-lines does tolerable well perhaps; but I'm bound to say, that them as goes north and south don't do half a average trade sich a day as this. No, sir—fine weather is best for buses, if I know anything about it. People walks out in fine weather to enjoy themselves, and gits tired, and rides home; or they rides out for pleasure, and to call upon their friends, or they rides a-shopping, and brings home their bargains; but when sich weather as this shuts people within doors, of course they can't ride in buses.'

There was no denying the force of the conductor's logic, backed as it was by a long experience—and we sat corrected.

Here our *vis-à-vis*, the stout dame with the bundle, stops the omnibus, and stumbling hastily into the muddy road, drops some halfpence into the conductor's hand.

'What's this, marm?'

'Why, the fare—threepence to be sure.'

'Threepence ain't the fare, and this ain't threepence. D'y'e call that a penny? 'tis only a half-penny as ha' been run over.'

'O dear me! are you sure it's not a penny? it's big enough. I thought your fare was threepence.'

Conductor opens the door and shews the printed table of fares. 'You see, marm, it's fourpence. I want three-halfpence more.'

'O dear, I wonder if I've got any more.'

Niobe lays her bundle on the step, and dives into her pocket. First dive, fishes up an enormous pin-cushion, red on one side and green on the other; dive the second, a pocket handkerchief and a ball of worsted; dive the third, a nutmeg-grater, a nutmeg half consumed, a piece of ginger, and an end of wax-candle, which shews signs of having been on terms of the closest intimacy with a skein of thread; dive the fourth, half of a crumpled newspaper and a lump of gingerbread.

'Come, be alive, marm,' says the conductor; 'we can't be waiting here all day.'

'O dear me, how it does rain! Don't be in a hurry, my good man—I feel the money now;' and, sure enough, dive the fifth produces, together with a handful of ends of string, reels of coloured cotton, and a tin snuff-box, a couple of penny-pieces. The fare is paid—bang goes the door, and on we roll towards the Bank.

The city wears rather a blank appearance. It is busy, as it always is, with the working-bees of commerce, but the drones are absent, and of pleasure-takers there are none to be seen. Greatcoated figures flit hurriedly backwards and forwards beneath their hoisted umbrellas; and the indispensable business of the day is done in spite of the unceasing tempest that pours from morn to night. But retail trade is almost at a stand-still. That immense standing-army whose lives are passed in the service of the ladies, experience,

it may well be, a welcome intermission of their labours. The shop-walker may rest his weary shanks, and the shop-talker may give his tongue a holiday. Drapers' assistants have no goods to drape, and may assist one another in the laborious occupation of doing nothing. Now and then the shopkeeper walks to his front door, and, with one hand in his pocket, while he rubs his smooth-shaven chin with the other, casts an appealing look upwards to the leaden sky. He sees no symptoms of a pause in the pattering storm; so he retires, and buries himself in his back-parlour, where, with his nose every now and then between the leaves of his bad-debt book, he falls to making out fresh bills for stale and long-forgotten accounts. We mourn for our old friends the book-stalls, which lie all day long under a pall—a pall of dilapidated floor-cloth, which no man stops to lift and look beneath. The search after knowledge may be carried on under some difficulties, but not under such a sousing shower-bath as this. It has actually washed away the apple-women from the kerbstones, who are known to be as waterproof as Macintosh himself; and it has driven the orange-girls off the pavement to the shelter of covered courts and theatrical piazzas.

But if the rain has dispersed a whole host of professionals, it has at least brought some new ones upon the scene. Here comes a characteristic establishment, vamped up for special use on a rainy day. It is nothing more nor less than an ostensible father of a family, with six impromptu children, all born to him this identical morning—children whose father was humbug, and whose mother was a promising ten hours' rain. He, unfortunate man, informs you as plainly as the cleverest pantomime can tell the tale, that he is an unsuccessful tradesman who has seen better days, and that these six forlorn infants, all clad in neat white pinafores, but paddling with naked feet on the cold wet stones, are the motherless children of his dear departed wife, who has left him in sickness and poverty to be the sole guardian of their tender years. As an evidence that he has brought them up in the right way, they are singing, as lustily as they can bawl, a pious hymn to a sacred tune, to which he himself groans a deplorable bass in a deplorable voice—holding out his hand the while as a modest appeal in behalf of his innocent orphans. If you are prudent, you will not be in a hurry to tax your sympathies. You may feel quite at your ease, and rest assured that this unhappy family, which shews so pathetically amidst the driving storm, owes its very existence to this dismal day, and to nothing else. Had the sun shone brightly this morning, each of these motherless infants had remained in charge of its own maternal parent, or passed the day in raking the mud of Westminster; and the demure, sorrow-stricken father himself, had been off chalking the pavement, shamming the cripple, doing the deplorable 'fake,' or cadging in some ingenious way on his own private account, among the gullible population of some other district. We know the rascal well enough; but he contrives to sneak on the safe side of the law, and laughs at exposure. If you want to help him to a debauch of gin, bestow your charity, but not otherwise.

Such a day as this is a dead loss to a multitude of out-of-door professionals, not a few of whom will have to put up with short-commons, as a result of such an inhospitable sky. It is not very pleasant to think what becomes of a host which numbers so many thousands of needy individuals at such an untoward time, when they cannot be abroad, and when it would be of no use if they could, because their friends and patrons the public are snug at home. Where are all the poor music-grinders? Where that solid phalanx of Italian piano-players? Where those gangs of supple acrobats and street-jugglers? Where that battalion of 'needy knife-grinders'? Where the travelling-tinkers, swinging their sooty incense beneath our noses? Where the

hawkers of fruits, and nuts, and sweet stuff? Where the bands of children with their bunches of lavender? Where those merry little tender German 'riddle-me-chaunts'? Where the street-stationer, with his creamy note-paper? Where the violet-girls, with their sweet-smelling posies? And where that vast and indiscriminate crowd that hangs perpetually upon the skirts of business or of pleasure, and, like Lazarus from the rich man's table, supply their daily necessities from the abundance and the superfluities of their more fortunate brethren? In what cheerless homes, what wretched slums and corners, what dark and unwholesome dens, do they lurk in hunger, cold, and bodily discomfort, while the relentless rain shuts them out from the chance of earning an honest penny? Truly, a rainy day in London has its dismal aspect within doors as well as without.

The animal creation, which always sympathises in the pains and pleasures of us humans, shew their aversion from rainy weather, when it is excessive, in a manner not to be mistaken. We cannot pretend to decide whether the horse pulls a long face at a rain-storm, his face being never of the shortest; but his eye is sadder than usual when he is soaked with a shower. Donkey shews his dislike to heavy rain by invariably getting out of it when he can, and by his unwillingness to face the driving blast when upon duty. Dog is, in wet London streets, invariably drizzle-tailed and downcast, and out of heart. His post is too often, on these occasions, outside his master's door, upon the step of which he may be seen sitting, his muddy tail between his legs, and his woebegone face confronting the public, upon whom he turns an appealing, lack-lustre eye, telling how much he would prefer sleeping curled up by the kitchen-fire to standing sentry in company with the scraper. Puss shews her sense of cleanliness and comfort by keeping within doors; though our old 'Stalker' is an exception to the general rule, preferring to sit on the outside of the window-sill, where, erecting every hair in his black coat till they bristle up 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' he gathers a vast amount of electricity, and considerable moisture besides, and is always the cleaner and the livelier for the process, which he doubtless knows to be good for his constitution.

The London populace had an idea that the weather is always favourable to her Majesty, it having very rarely happened that the sun has refused to shine when the Queen has chosen to shew herself to her subjects. The clouds are not, however, always loyal. Such a day as we have been describing kept the royal party from visiting Powerscourt on the last eve of September, when a storm of rain, which even Irishmen acknowledged to be a drencher, deluged the county Wicklow, and dissipated the popular delusion on the subject of 'Queen's days.' Time was (when we were not so thoughtful as we are now) when we entertained a notion that it would have been an agreeable and convenient arrangement of such moist phenomena, if all the rain, hail, and snow, of which Mother Earth stands in continual need, had been predestinated to fall after sunset, and the hours of daylight had been left to the uninterrupted pursuits and enjoyments of mankind. We are grown wiser now, and see that it is better ordered. In that case, we should have lost for ever the moral effect of a rainy day; and the stock of undeniable blessings to our mental and spiritual nature which spring out of little crosses and disappointments, would have been diminished so much in amount, through the lack of a little gentle moral discipline, that, bad as the world is now, it would have been infinitely worse, and perhaps hardly bearable for living in. Therefore, with your leave, good reader, we will be reconciled to the wet weather; and when it rains, let it rain, without grumbling, merely donning our gaiters, induing our waterproof soles, buttoning up our coats, hoisting our



umbrellas, and setting about our business cheerfully and industriously, which, as everybody knows who knows anything, is the best way of providing against a rainy day.

### DEPARTING SHADOWS.

**POPULARITY thickens**—new modes of industry are in progress—wealth increases: consequently, manners change. The old simple world is passing away; a new complicated and refined one is coming in. As the transition goes on, a number of old familiar customs wane slowly away into shadows; and even these shadows are departing, though still they cast 'a lingering look behind.'

Some of the shadows cling longer than others, those more especially that rest upon the mysteries of mortality. The tenderness felt for the dead, makes the living fearful to omit any accustomed trait of respect; and hence the tenacity of some of the old rites, even of some that one might, in cold blood, think more honoured in the breach than the observance. Looking more particularly to a rural district in the south-west of Scotland, with which we happen to be well acquainted, we can recall, as very lately, and perhaps still existing, several curious observances connected with death. If this occurred in a farmer's family, the arm of labour was suspended. The horses were loosed from the plough and put up at the stable: seed-sowing itself, however favourable the weather, was interrupted. If the season was autumn, harvest was in like manner stopped. Traffic of all kinds was at a stand-still; and even the poor cottar's children had to seek their milk elsewhere, or take their porridge without it. The dispensation was the signal doing of the Almighty; and not to have entirely suspended labour, would have been thought alike impious towards Heaven, and disrespectful to the deceased. The last expiration of the breath was received by the nearest of kin, as it was thought to bear with it the departing spirit; for similar reasons, the last dying accents were faithfully treasured.

We well remember, when a child, standing by the death-bed of a younger brother, seeing our weeping mother lay her face upon that of the child, just as the last sigh was drawn. It was many years afterwards that we learned the secret of this melancholy movement. The eyes of the deceased were closed by the nearest relative—the body, after being washed, was dressed in its finest underclothing—the hands, if a female, were crossed over the chest; and if a male, were extended by the side. Upon the breast was placed a plate of salt, which, it was believed, prevented the body from swelling and bursting the bands with which it was bound. This custom was also observed by some of the ancients, but from a different motive, as intimating their belief in a future state—salt being the emblem of perpetuity. The looking-glass was covered with a cloth, lest the relatives should accidentally obtain a glimpse of their woebegone features. The striking pulley of the clock was removed, that there should be no note of the passing hours, and that silence might reign in the chamber of the dead. The cat was incarcerated beneath an inverted washing-tub, as it was understood that if she leaped over the corpse, and afterwards went over a living person, that individual would ever after be subject to epileptic fits. A better reason would have been to prevent her from attacking the body, as such animals have been sometimes known to do.

Almost every corpse had its special visitors, who came for a purpose different from that of sympathising with the bereaved family. Had a child been born with what was called a cherry or a strawberry mark upon

its face, the spot was sure to be speedily obliterated on being submitted to the touch of a dead man's hand. Also, whosoever looked upon the lifeless form, should of necessity touch it, to prevent dreaming of shrouds, and ghosts, and church-yards. It was sometimes difficult to be assured that the vital spark had fled in reality and for ever. Every family could relate traditions of corpses sitting up in their grave-clothes, staring around, and finally being restored to their friends. The effect of such traditions was, that the 'kistin,' or encoffining, was generally delayed till the latest moment, to afford every chance of a return to life; and the 'waukin' of the corpse was a matter requiring considerable fortitude, and attended with no little apprehension. Every one had heard of somebody's corpse starting up in ghastly wildness, striking terror and dismay, and requiring the presence of the minister to 'lay' it; and to have heard of such a circumstance, however far remote, was of equal authority with having seen it. The 'waukers' kept a candle burning all night beside the body; and frequent as well as timorous were the glances furtively cast towards the bed of death during the silent watches, till the morning again dawned upon the world. But the last morning at length came, and the last fond look was taken by all concerned in the event, and then the coffin-lid was screwed down, shutting out friend and foe, and shrouding its unconscious tenant in darkness and solitude.

The funeral was a great affair, requiring extensive preparations; and it was a matter of no small anxiety during the whole lifetime of some, to have a 'decent burial' at last. Inviting few attendants, or having less than a profuse supply of what were termed *refreshments*, was the greatest disrespect which could be shewn to the memory of the deceased—while the greater the number and the abundance, the greater was deemed the affection, and the intenser the grief. From the desire which all cherish of being thought well of after death, many submitted to the severest privations, and denied themselves the necessities of life for years, that the expense of their funeral might not fall upon the parish, and that on the occasion there might be enough and to spare.

When such foresight as that referred to had not been duly regarded, the relatives, in order to escape the reproach of the community, have involved themselves in expenses which it required years to liquidate. The time usually intimated for meeting was ten o'clock, and the 'gathering hour' not unfrequently exceeded three hours of the sun. The consequences of sitting so long on a winter-day in an open barn or outhouse, after perhaps the violent exercise of walking or riding over several miles of moorland, are not difficult to imagine. Far and near, invitations or 'warnings' were given; and as generally two-thirds more were invited than could be accommodated at once in the largest apartment, company after company was entertained in regular succession. The order of the refreshments was the following: Pipes and tobacco—ale, with bread and cheese—whisky, with the same accompaniments—rum, with cracker biscuits—brandy and currant-bun—wine and shortbread. All these were in consecutive order, and more than one round of each. If any were intent on enjoying a double portion of the good things provided, they re-entered with the company next in attendance, and had their wants supplied. The bun and bread were cut into pieces about three inches square, and every one was helped to a piece, which he either ate or pocketed; but as he could not so readily dispose of the liquid, any man, whose better-half was indisposed at home, took with him what was popularly called a 'droddy-bottle,' and when those serving came round, he held out his flask, and said: 'Put it in there, and I'll tak it hame to the wife.' We remember hearing a late clergyman say, that when he came to his parish in the vale of Nith, about the beginning of

the present century, at the first funeral he attended there was assembled in a barn one large company, who had taken more than *two hours* to 'gather.' There were seven rounds of refreshments, and he was required to 'ask a blessing'—that is, to offer up an appropriate prayer before every round; certainly, as he said, 'a severe ordeal at the installation of a young minister.' But Nithsdale was not solitary in this funeral prodigality. We find the same profuse entertainment customary in Carrick, and even a competition among the people as to the sumptuousness of the burial-services. In the parish of Kirkmichael, the son of a deceased farmer ordered a whole boll (eight stones) of *short-bread* for his father's funeral; and this would have been prepared, had not the baker disinterestedly persuaded him that a fourth of the quantity would be sufficient. The currant-bun was cut the size of small bricks; and on one of the company remarking these are good *gumps*, he replied with evident gratification: 'I mean gumps: my father, in a' his life, could never thole to be scrimpit in anything, and he couldna hae de'd had he thoct he was to hae a scrimpit burial.'

The excessive profusion of meats and drinks on these occasions, under the name of *services*, has been an unseemly blot in the record of Scottish customs, from the twofold character of the consequences which it entailed—the pecuniary embarrassment in which it involved the bereaved family, and the demoralisation it produced on those who attended the obsequies. The doctor's bill is by and by handed in—the apothecary's account is transmitted—the village carpenter will call in some evening for payment of the coffin—the grave-dues must be disbursed ere the church-yard is left—and a long list of articles of mourning for the various members of the family, to make them appear respectable, will fall to be paid to the haberdasher, the mantua-maker, and the tailor. Most problematical is it whether all these charges can be settled without inconvenience; and yet custom has declared, that in addition to these, there must be bread and biscuit, and bun and cheese, and ale and whisky, and rum and brandy, and wine, and of all a superfluity. Perhaps the occasion of all this was the death of a husband and a father, the only or chief support of the family, and whom, for weeks or months, a sick-bed had prevented from earning a single shilling! A custom has long prevailed with respect to marriages, which, we think, might with propriety be transferred to funerals: every party invited to a marriage is expected to take a present to the bride. How much better would it be rather to take a present to the widow! No man should enter into the matrimonial state until he is well able to provide for the expenditure which that state requires. But death comes without our bidding, and seizes his victim often without the means to defray the expense of his interment. How would a little present on such an occasion cheer the widow's heart, and revive it with gratitude if not with joy!

We have said that when the company was larger than the apartment could accommodate at once, it was divided, and one detachment entertained after the other. Ludicrous incidents sometimes occurred from this circumstance, and from the state of inebriation which so many liquors induced. The corpse has sometimes been forgotten altogether, or dropped on the way to the church-yard. There is a traditional report that at the boat-house on the Doon above Kiers, in the parish of Straiton, the company was divided into two portions, and when all had drunk abundantly, they marched off to the church-yard, several miles distant. The advanced party thought the coffin was with the company in the rear—the rear thought it was carried by those before; and when they arrived at the Buskin Burn, in sight of the burial-ground, where it was intended to fall into order, it was ascertained that the body had never been lifted. The same circumstance is said to have occurred

at the funeral of Mrs Hume of Billie, in Berwickshire, an occasion when grave observance was peculiarly called for, as the lady had been barbarously murdered by her man-servant. Several years ago, a funeral-company had wended their way for many miles through deep snow, over Eskdale Moor, bound for Moffat church-yard. On arriving at the burial-ground, they discovered that they had dropped the coffin by the way, the back having fallen from the cart in which it was being conveyed.

The extraordinary abuse of spirituous liquors on such occasions was not confined to the Lowlands of Scotland. Garnet, in his *Tour through the Highlands*, says: 'A person, originally from Oban, had spent some time in the neighbourhood of Inverary, in the exercise of some mechanic art; and dying there, his corpse, at his own request, was carried by his friends towards Oban for interment. On a hill between Inverary and Loch Awe, just above Port Sonachan, they were met by the relations of the deceased from Oban, who came to convey the corpse the remainder of the way. The parting could not take place without a glass of spirits, that had been plentifully provided by the Oban party; and before they separated, above forty corpses were to be carried down the hill, in which, however, animation was only suspended, for they all recovered the next day.' Within the last few years in the Western Highlands, at the funeral of one Macdougall, who died at the age of ninety-two, *nine hundred* persons were present, who were accommodated in three houses. Into one were shewn the gentry of the neighbourhood, where were set refreshments in abundance, consisting of cold tongue, rounds of beef, bread of all kinds, various sorts of the best wines and the costliest spirits. Into another were shewn the respectable yeomen of the place, where a similar banquet was prepared, but of a less expensive description. In another assembled about five hundred of the commonalty, who were each, on entering, presented with whisky, and bread and cheese in abundance. Two glasses did not satisfy many—seven-eighths of the company became intoxicated: there were here no wines, but plenty of whisky, with cold and hot water. *Fifty-six gallons* of whisky were mixed into 'toddy.' One of the stewards in the first-mentioned dwelling slipped into the last one, to see how matters were going on. When he entered, the chair was occupied by a *ruling elder* of some note, who was discoursing in the most eulogistic terms on the merits of the deceased, and was very enthusiastically applauded by the vast assemblage. He wound up his peroration by giving a thump on the table, and calling silence. Silence being obtained, and while all were eagerly listening, holding up a brimming bumper, he cried at the pitch of his voice: '*Gentlemen, here's the health of Macdougall!*' and the toast went round with three times three. Though all had been thus entertained, so much cold toddy was left, that an application was afterwards made to the proper authorities for leave to redistil it—which was refused.

Various attempts have been made, in many places, to do away with this prodigality, and its lamentable concomitants; but these have ever been most strenuously resisted. Some years ago, a clergyman, whose parish was on one side bounded by the Solway, endeavoured, with the assistance of his session, to introduce the custom of but *one service* (one round of refreshments.) The parishioners almost unanimously were up in arms. One of them sought to have his revenge even after death. He bequeathed a considerable sum to be expended in providing refreshments at his funeral, and he appointed the kirk-session his executors to see his will accomplished. The conclave met to consider what line of tactics they should adopt—whether they should decline interfering, or discharge the duty with which they had been intrusted. The result of their deliberations was, not to decline the trust, but to procure the most expensive wines, so as to

absorb the money in one single service. On the day of interment, when the course of the enemy became apparent, the company of mourners rose up indignantly, and, marching off to the village inn, subscribed among themselves, and lavishly quaffed the mountain-dew, hurling their anathemas at the kirk-session and their 'shilpit claret.'

It was customary to carry the coffin on handspokes, as it was believed that no horse would ever thrive which had once drawn a corpse. The nearest relation walked at the head, and the next of kin to him went before, holding the footstrings of the coffin in his hand. When the distance to the church-yard was great, the shades of evening were often descending when the dust was consigned to its kindred earth. By and by, however, horses and vehicles began to be introduced, and the progression to the burial-ground was sometimes as rapid as it formerly was slow. It was more like a race than a funeral-procession. Such was the case at the funeral of one Macadam, who lived on the Carrick shore, and who was widely known for his obesity—which was so immense, that he could not see his shoe-buckle. He was to be interred in a church-yard about twelve miles distant; and it was doubted whether one horse could draw the hearse; but such was the career at which it sped, that old Mr Ramsay, the minister of Kirkmichael, burst his horse in attempting to keep up with it, and many *short-cuts* were taken to be in with the hearse at last.

In the olden time, paupers were only conveyed to the church-yard in a coffin, not buried in one. The article in use was what was called a *slip-coffin*, having a movable hinged bottom, which, being let down over the grave, and a bolt withdrawn, the body dropped in, and was quickly covered over, while the box was set aside for future use in the same way. The last slip-coffin remembered in Ayrshire was disposed of in the following manner: One Maclymont of Auchalton was invited to attend the funeral of a poor person in Maybole, where the body was to be ejected in the usual manner. When they had reached the grave, and the bolt was about to be drawn, he asked what was the cost of the slip-coffin, and being told it was three pounds Scots (6s. 8d. sterling), he immediately produced the sum, and desired the coffin to be lowered into the grave. Ever since, the poorest individual has been supplied with a coffin.

The suicide was not permitted the common rites of Christian burial. Not even was he allowed the temporary use of the slip-coffin, but at the dead hour of night he was dragged out to the march-boundary between two parishes or two counties, which was considered neutral ground. The body was there cast into a pit, and a stake driven through it. Three such graves are seen side by side on the top of the Lowthers, on the march-line between the shires of Lanark and Dumfries, a spot seldom visited except by the moorfowl or the mountain-eagle. An attempt was once made by the friends of a farmer's wife who had committed self-destruction, to bury her in the church-yard in the usual way; but a mob collected, and became so enraged, that the mortcloth was torn to shreds, and she was consigned to the earth in the manner peculiar to a suicide.

The committal to the grave, the smoothing down of the turf, and the replacing of the monumental slab above the lonely sleeper, did not complete the funeral obsequies. A very important rite yet remained. This was the *draigie*, a term derived from the word *dirige*, conspicuous in one of the chants for the dead in Catholic times. On retiring from the church-yard, the whole company withdrew to the village inn, not to lament over the memory of the deceased, but to have a handsome refreshment. Strange and mournful results have not unfrequently followed the unseemly carousals that now took place. Family feuds, which seemed extinguished and forgotten, were revived with

more than their original rancour. Genealogies were traced, and pedigrees recounted, with all the fluency and inaccuracy which resentment, kindled by inebriation, could engender. The closing scene of these disgraceful orgies was occasionally the introduction to another funeral solemnity. In the year 1817, in the village of Kirkmichael, died a Mr Coulter, a preacher of the gospel, and possessing means which made him independent of a living in the church. Throughout his last illness, he was attended by the village innkeeper, who was considered a 'skilful person,' and who acted as doctor, barber, and apothecary, without charging any remuneration. Coulter, on his death-bed, told his legal executors, the minister and schoolmaster of the parish, that he wished his funeral to be conducted on the 'old plan,' and to give those attending it a handsome draigie; so that the profits arising from the consumption of drink on the occasion, might to some little extent remunerate the innkeeper for his gratuitous services.

Our Departing Shadows, it will be thought, are shadows of barbarism. And so they are; although there was doubtless a good and kindly feeling at the bottom of all the customs we have described. Times, however, are changing fast. The incongruous hospitalities of death are going out of fashion. Our rustic people are beginning to find that they can mourn without superstition, that mortality comports ill with festivity, and that the rites of the grave are best accompanied by social prayer and silent meditation.

#### MOORE AND CROKER.

THE relics of the ministerial party of thirty years ago, who smarted so much under the pungent satires of the patriot poet Moore, have obtained a fine consolation in the late, but telling exposure of Moore himself as a place-jobber of by no means the first degree of scrupulosity. This exposure has been brought about in consequence of an altercation between Lord John Russell and Mr Croker on certain passages in Moore's *Diary*. Croker and Moore had been college friends, and, notwithstanding that one became secretary to the Admiralty under the Tory government, while the other held out as a patriot in opposition, their friendship was never afterwards altogether broken off; on the contrary, it was generally maintained with a fair show of cordiality on both sides. It now comes out, however, that Moore was in the habit of expressing himself occasionally in his diary and in private letters in a detraction and spiteful spirit regarding Croker. When, in 1828, Croker was admitted to the privy-council, Moore, who had a favour to expect from Croker, congratulated him on the honour, and said he hoped it would be followed by something better. Just about the same time, in a letter to his publisher, Power, (which lately turned up at a sale,) he sneers at his friend's honour: 'Thinking you may want the *Rose of the Desert*, I send it up by parcel, and shall enclose the Legends as I finish them, through the *Right Honourable* (!) Croker.' Thus to indicate a man, in connection with a business in which he was going to ask the favour of free postage from that man, shews Moore in certainly a most unfavourable light. Mr Croker has given extracts from other letters of the poet, expressing the greatest kindness and esteem for Croker, and always in connection with favours asked or expected, extending over the very time during which he is understood to have been entering unfriendly remarks in his diary.

The most painful revelation regarding Moore is conveyed in the following extract from Mr Croker's pamphlet:—'In the autumn of 1809, Moore got into some difficulty by the incompetency or misconduct of his deputy in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. It happened that just at the same time I became *Secretary of the Admiralty*, to whom the complaints of the injured parties were officially addressed. There had been at that time a collision

between us—"a quarrel," as Moore says, of his own making; I should rather have called it a *distance* or *estrangement*—but, whatever was its degree, it appears from the following letter that it did not prevent my feeling kindly towards my old friend, and offering him my good offices in this disagreeable affair:—"DUBLIN, 11th December 1809.—DEAR CROKER—I am sincerely rejoiced at the idea of our being friends again, and little expected that my office at Bermuda would produce me anything half so valuable as this opportunity of reconciliation which you have so liberally availed yourself of. I have long thought that *I was a fool to quarrel with you*, and by no means required your present conduct to convince me how much you are in every way superior to me. In warmth of feeling, however, I will not be outdone, and I assure you that it is with *all my heart and soul* that I enter into the renewal of our friendship." The rest of the letter relates to his Bermuda business, and suggests an arrangement for turning, with my assistance, "the appointment to more account than I have ever been able to do hitherto. Would it be possible, do you think, to procure the office for any unobjectionable person, who should make it *worth my while* to resign in his favour? If this were possible, it would materially serve me; and though I have no right, nor indeed much inclination, to ask a favour from any of your present colleagues, yet if *You* could manage this matter for me, I should feel it to be the act of a *friend*, and be made easy and comfortable in more ways than one by it."

'I have no copy of my answer. I daresay I was unwilling that even a copyist should see such a proposition; but it appears from Moore's reply that I endeavoured—by supposing that he meant an *exchange* and not a *sale* of offices—to shut my eyes to the real drift of a proposal so indecent to a person in my official situation. Moore, however, did not at all appreciate the indelicacy of his proposal, or the delicacy of my evasion. His reply was as follows:—"Friday, 22d December 1809.—MY DEAR CROKER—I feel most gratefully the readiness with which you answered my letter, and should not write now to tease you with my importunities, but that you mistook a *little* the manner in which I wished you to assist me. I had by no means the audacity to expect to exchange my Bermuda appointment for *another* at home. What I wanted to know was simply this—whether, if the deputy I should appoint would *make it worth my while* to resign in his favour—that is, in plain placemen's language, would consent to *purchase* the appointment—you could have interest enough to get him nominated my successor, as by that means I should get rid of the very troublesome medium of a deputation, and have a good large sum at once in my pocket, without waiting for the slow process of annual remittances, accounts, &c. I know this *sounds very like one of those transactions which we Patriots cry out against as unworthy of the great Russell and Algernon Sydney*." I—no doubt for the reason already stated—find no copy of my answer to a proposal of which not even my "*Patriot*" friend's droll abjuration of the "*Russells and Sydneys*" could attenuate the indecorum and illegality; but I find its substance docketed on the back of the letter in three short words—"cannot be done."

This from the bard who was continually railing at the corrupt government of those days, and barely avoiding published sarcasms at the very officer whose mediation he was willing to employ in the base transaction! Truly, we may well echo his own expression regarding Rousseau—

What an impostor Genius is!

It is, nevertheless, curious to observe that, throughout Moore's political satires, while he is strong on Anti-catholicism, corn-laws, and alliances with the enemies of liberty, he says very little of bribery and corruption, as if remembering that he was a sinecurist and a jobber in sinecures himself.

The exposure is to be lamented regarding a charming poet, and, in many respects, delightful man; but it will not be altogether an evil, if it should have the effect of impressing on other frail mortals the unfailing beauty of sincerity, and of an unflinching adherence to independence and integrity.

## WARNINGS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye mystic sighs, which are the winds that fling  
Down from Hope's tree the fruitage of the heart—  
Unconscious tears, which from some dim source spring,  
By Nature set mysteriously apart  
Within my being—ye are warnings twain  
Of some quick-coming pain!

Before the storm, nay, ere the ominous wind  
Doth more than kiss the aspen's shivering leaves,  
Trees 'gin to quake, and birds upon them find  
A fear—which haunts the spider as it weaves  
Its web, abandoned in the panic cast  
By the phenomenal blast.

The earthquake warns *them*: are Men, only, blind  
Or deaf, since birds and beasts feel that which tells  
Of Nature's coming pang?—Hath not each maid  
A consciousness, 'gainst peril that rebels?  
The very seas, the very rivers shew  
A change before the throe!

Oh! never unannounced do dangers come!  
Some influence strange the caution vaguely speaks;  
Fears dim and mystical—the sigh and hum  
Of visionary wings—toll'd peals that break  
From viewless bells—the conquering sigh or tear,  
Warn us of evil near!

Tell me not, then, 'tis superstition all!—  
The forms and shows of truth no snec can turn  
To dubious shadows. On the mental wall,  
A mystic Hand, in words that flash and burn,  
Traces the characters that speak of fear—  
But where's the interpreter?

We fain would read the minds of other men,  
Yet dare not honestly expose our own;  
We try to shake their faith in fears that, when  
They are fulfilled, compel us to atone  
For unbelief by tears, that plainly shew  
The fountain whence they flow!

## NOVEL WATER-EXCURSIONS.

On the following morning I took a stroll along the beach, and was much amused at witnessing the singular mode adopted by the ladies for the enjoyment of a water-excursion. The bathing-men are Indians, very stout and robust, who being divested of every species of covering, except a pair of drawers, take to the water, each carrying a lady upon his shoulders. The men strike out to swim, and do so without inconveniencing the ladies, who float horizontally on the surface of the water. In this way they are carried for a mile or more, and appear to enjoy this novel mode of locomotion extremely.—*Bonelli's Travels in Bolivia.*

W. CHAMBERS has received a considerable number of letters, making special inquiries on the subject of emigration to Canada and the United States, which he regrets being unable to answer individually. All parties requiring this species of information are respectfully referred to the series of articles now in course of publication on America, and more particularly to the article on Toronto and Canada West, to appear in the JOURNAL in a few weeks, and which will embrace some information that may be of use to the humbler class of emigrants.

We have had brought under our observation, a reprint of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, lately commenced by a publisher in New York, and we refer to it for the purpose of saying that it is entirely unauthorised by us, and that we submit to the injury—for injury it practically is—only in consequence of the American law of copyright affording no redress for such invasions of literary property. W. & R. C.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 14.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## WORD-PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL, both as a picture and as an emblem of purity and innocence, is a little child asleep in the early sunshine, looking as if the first beams that streamed through the golden gates of the half-opened morning had come there to visit it, after sweeping over the flowery beds of Paradise, and the silver dews that hang on the blossoms which droop over 'Siloa's brook,' on their way from the eternal summer-land of heaven. The little image on which they rest can never have had a thought less pure than an angel's; the crimson of the little lips, which they tinge with gold, has never been sullied by an evil word; the little sleeper is so spotless a shrine, that the fond worship of the doting mother seems almost holy, as she kneels before it. What, beside the flowers, could the first beams of morning fall upon more lovely, or the opening lips of the day kiss and find sweeter than that rosy cherub swathed in sunbeams, and pure as unfolded blossoms? But that same sunshine streams through an attic, and falls upon another little sleeper; that has no more covering than a nestless bird, and lights up filthy corners, over which dark shadows hang for the remainder of the day: it sighs even in its slumber, and there is a look of unnatural care about its countenance, an ominous lowering around the brows, as of evil passions germinating. The drunken mother breathing hoarsely by its side never sent into its eyes a look of love; and so, like plants which grow in cold and gloomy places, it pines for want of the sunshine of warm affection, and the kindly falling of the delicate dew. When the first sweet sleeper awakens, its eyes will be gladdened by the sight of

Roses reigning in the pride of June;

and in the beautiful garden its little voice will be raised in wonderment, as bee, bird, or butterfly murmur, sing, or dart about the pleasant foliage: the very pattering of its little feet will be music to the ears of those who watch over and love it, and to whom it is dearer than their own lives. The other will awaken, and be left to crawl about the close and crowded court, or to make its little garden—where the paving-stone has been removed from under the window—of the remains of a bundle of firewood, which it will stick into the saturated and sewerless ground; and tearing up the refuse of a bunch of greens, place a bit on each upright splinter, and call them flowers. As it grows older, it will know something of the seasons through the snow lying in the court during the short dark days of winter, and the pavement burning its bare feet when the summer days are long. All it will

know of spring will be through the cry of 'primroses,' heard in the street; and of autumn, when its ear catches the call of 'sweet lavender.' By the side of the high dead-wall, where the sunshine never beats, a blade of white grass or a little sickly weed may spring up, or the damp black moss-like fungi may spread, and that is all it will see of the great green arms of summer, when her silent fingers are hanging long leaves on the trees, and braiding the field-borders with flowers.

Hark! the wind blows as though it were blowing its last, yet breaks not the repose of that little sleeper, though she who watches over him has never been able to close her eyes through all the long and weary night, for thinking of him whom her darling boy resembles, and who is far away on the perilous sea. Will he ever come again and print that little cheek with a kiss, that sounds like the smack of a wave against the side of his good ship—oh! will he ever come again? It will break her heart, she thinks, if ever he that is sleeping there 'goes for a sailor;' and yet how he crows when his sun-tanned and storm-beaten father brings him boat and ship toys, which he swims in the pail and in the water-butt; and claps his little hands for very glee, when, with puffed cheeks, he sees him blow the fairy craft from side to side! And will he ever leave her, and be on the sea on such a night? Oh! she fears—she fears he will; for, as soon as he could run, he would hurry out bareheaded in the wind and rain, and throw every bit of cork and wood into the flowing gutter, call them his ships, and sigh when they were drawn into the iron grating, swallowed up and lost. Oh! how more like him who is on the windy sea does he grow every day; for in the picture-chamber of her mind his image still hangs, and she can turn to it at any moment and see the likeness, even with closed eyes. Her affection magnifies every little resemblance, as she sometimes sits and rocks him to sleep, and thinks of her other treasure who is rocking on the sea, now high, now low. Oh! if in dipping down the chasm of that wall-like wave, the ship should never rise again, what will become of her and her darling boy? She kisses him, and he awakens; and his momentary cry is a comfort to her, as she sits with his little hand pressed upon her beating heart, and feels that he is still with her.

Look at that lonely cottage, at the foot of the hills, so far removed from either town or village; the stillness of desolation seems to reign around it, yet peep within, and there you will find a young mother nursing her first-born child, its little round cheeks rosy as the hard winter-apple. That is her solace, her companion, her second life: when it is awake, her tongue is seldom still for a moment, for she is either singing or talking

to it; and she has a faith that it understands all she says, though it answers but in coos and murmurs, and looks that express its delight. She is never lonely, though her shepherd is away all day tending his flocks somewhere far behind the green summits of the hills, which rise high above her happy homestead, for she has always it to talk to, to tell what she is doing, and how long it will take her; and how, when she has done, she will nurse it; bidding it not cry, as she will soon be ready; and placing something for amusement in her darling's chubby hands, or chanting some old love-ditty, such as she perchance heard her own mother sing, when she herself was but a child. Then she will hold it up to the little window, or stand with it at the open door, about the hour of his return, watching the foot-path, invisible to all but her own eyes, so faint is its trace on the face of the hill; and when she sees him approaching, she will hold her darling up at arms-length. And oh, happy heart! that little thing will at last recognise him, and make a pleasing noise expressive of its delight, which gives her happiness beyond utterance.

Observe the look of that beggarwoman, as she turns back her head to gaze at the little sunburnt child which she carries behind in the hood of her cloak! What long rides he has in that comfortable carriage, which is soft and warm as a bird's nest lined with feathers; what miles of daisies he passes as he sits peeping out of his little bag, with his wondering eyes accompanying his untiring mother in her weekly rounds! O how it strengthens her to feel that little naked hand on her weather-tanned neck, or those everbusy fingers patting about her unkempt hair! Even the door of the niggard is closed more gently, as the light from that little face streams in, and with a look pleads its own innocence by an eloquent silence, that puts to shame her beggar's whine, and intercedes both for her and itself, impostor and vagrant though she may be. Oh, could you but see them together sometimes by the roadside, under the shadow of a tree through whose branches the sunshine falls and throws a golden net-work on the unclaimed grass, when she has taken it from her hood to dandle, and give vent to that love which she dare not express while asking alms, lest her happiness should be envied—you might think that she had never known sorrow or want, or felt poverty while possessing such a wealth of love. But she has many a time looked into that little face with sorrowful eyes, as she thought of the many happy homes it had peeped into, then turned to the blackened ceiling of the low lodging-house which sheltered them, and the filthy straw on which they slept, and trembled lest the hectic fever, which ever keeps watch in those loathsome pest-houses, should seize her little treasure. It is the remembrance of this escape that makes the air of heaven, the green grass, and the shadow of the overhanging tree so dear to her; and at such a moment she envies not the comfortable homes she so often sees, nor the rosy-cheeked children who never knew want. Forgotten are the cold wintry days and the bleak norland wind which she strained against on the hedgeless moor, while she met the blinding snow-flakes face to face, so that they might not alight upon and chill the treasured burden which she bore. In pity, look kindly upon her for its sake!

Alas! that is the convict's child, and the care-worn haggard woman its mother. She carried it about with her when she went in quest of him, and tried to wean him from his infamous companions. She has waited with it for hours in reeking gin-shops, where it slept amid the poisonous fumes of tobacco; and when it awoke, she has lifted the fiery poison to its little lips, to still its cries and make it sleep again; and as it drank, it gasped as if for very life, then soon closed its eyes under the full glare of the heating gas. When he was in prison, she carried it with her, it inhaled the

close air of the convict's darkened cell, and the shadow of the prison bars fell upon its face. It was in the crowded and suffocating court when he was tried and sentenced. When its mother fainted, it was held by a felon's wife; the widow of one that was hanged carried it out of the court. Its home is one of a row of ruinous houses, all the inhabitants of which are thieves; and thievish children will become its playmates; and in time, if it lives, it will be what they are. These are the foul spring-heads that contaminate the whole stream: it is here the work of purification must commence before the waters can be healed, for that which has its source in corruption will bear more or less of the taint for evermore.

That little fellow, who is just able to walk without holding by his mother's finger, and who is beating his tiny drum so lustily, is a soldier's child. Fain would she have followed his father, and with her little one have shared whatever his fate might have been, while crossing the stormy sea or keeping watch in the tented field; but she drew an unlucky number when they cast lots, and, like many more, is doomed to remain behind. She looks at it, and wonders if the time will ever come when it, too, will become a soldier, and be called upon to march, and when she will have to undergo the same pangs of separation as she felt when she leaned weeping upon his father's shoulder. She had hoped that they would have ridden on the baggage-wagons together, and that, while he shouldered his firelock and marched beside it, she should have pointed him out to her little darling, and held him up to look over the wheels; and the good it would have done him to see her and it, and to know that they were still together, whatever might betide. Will the happy day ever come, when he will return and teach it to march and shoulder arms with the little toy-gun, which, when he kissed it, he promised to bring with him when he came back? Will he ever return? News has come of a battle, of a victory: he was there, and that is all she can learn. She has faith that he is saved—has faith that God would hear the prayer, which, word by word, she taught her little boy to utter in his half-formed words, night after night, kneeling with his pretty bare feet on the floor, and his tiny hands clasped and resting on her knees as he prayed to 'Our Father.' Yes! the words uttered by those innocent lips must reach heaven; even the angels themselves would fall back and leave an empty space, so that not a whisper might be lost that floated around the throne, from which the golden chains hang that touch the earth every way. She will hope, ever hope, and even pray for those he has gone out to conquer.

Nestling amid eider-down, and half-buried in rich folds of costly lace, it needs no second glance to tell that there the child of the wealthy slumbers—one that even the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit roughly. Let it but moan, and anxious eyes are instantly bent upon it; let its little cheeks be hotter than usual, and there is the rumble of a carriage at the door, and the ever-ready physician in the room, who wisely prescribes something perfectly harmless, pockets his fee, and smiles at the folly of wealthy mothers. Then nurses move on tiptoe, and servants speak with bated breath, and kind inquiries are made every hour; for thousands hang on the frail tenure of that little life, vast estates, and immense funds, which, when you hear of, make you doubt whether all this anxiety arises from excess of love, or whether or not interest most predominates after all, excepting in the breast of the fond young mother. When it is really ill, she forgets all about her rank, wealth, and station; for the same feeling that thrilled the heart of Eve when little Abel moaned on her knee, has descended to all her daughters without distinction. Her fear is, that the Angel of Death is watching somewhere to carry off



her little one, to fill up a childish choir in heaven—that one of those messengers, who, at His bidding,

Ever post o'er sea and land,

has come to number it amongst those who ever kneel and 'veil their faces with their wings.' Shall it exchange that warm resting-place for a little mound of earth, where the daisies blow and the sunbeams beat, and the silver-footed showers fall silently? Silently! Oh, it would not hear the speckled lark singing aloft like an angel 'at heaven's gate,' nor the golden-banded bee murmuring amid the tufts of the white and crimson clover; but with its little hands folded meekly on its breast, and those now warm rosy lips cold—O how cold! would ever sleep there silently—silent as the dew on the flowers above its grave, as the monumental stone on which its pretty name would be carved. And yet the great blue eye of heaven that looketh down upon us all, would ever be watching there—ay, that is some comfort; and beyond the dark doors of the grave, lies a bright mustering-ground, and there, when the trumpet sounds, they will meet to part no more.

Painter, where is thy pencil? I know thou canst not paint me that glad shout, which would rend thy canvas with delight; but look at the attitude of that laughing girl, the turn of that pretty arm as she pulls back the frock which has slipped from her rounded shoulder. Did the old sculptors alone understand these things? Is it not possible to catch and give an immortality to the figure of that little blue-eyed beauty, with her golden hair falling all about her face, as she stops, in her eager haste, to pull up the heel of her slipper—the head averted, and keeping laughing watch, lest through her mishap she should be caught by her eager pursuers? Can I never again see the figure of that little child, who has thrown itself down amongst the flowers with outstretched arms, as if eager to gather them all at once—one little leg drawn up, and thrown over the other, and the foot foreshortened, as we only see it in nature, or those relics left by the master-minds of Greece, who went to Nature for their models? There are forms to be found among Britannia's children as beautiful as ever met the gaze of Praxiteles, or arrested the eye of Phidias, though we can only throw them on the painted chamber of the mind in our Word-Pictures.

Our last picture is of a busy little hive among 'those huts where poor men lie,' where the children range one above another like the side of a triangle—where the mother and father are out all day, and they are left to mind one another, and the kiss follows the squabble as the calm succeeds the storm. One sits nursing what she calls her doll, which is a dirty rag pinned together; another, drumming on the hearth with the poker, holds the youngest child, half as big as himself, and finds as much amusement in the noise he makes as the little thing he is nursing—nay, so intent is he on the street-tune to which he hums and beats time, that he at last lifts the poker too high, and the head strikes the baby's mouth, and then the whole hive is astir; and we know not what he is to 'catch' when mother returns. While the tumult lasts, a second has got up on a little stool, and reached the sugar out of the cupboard, and is devouring it by handfuls; or perhaps only just high enough to reach the edge of the basin, pulls it over, and tumbles itself at the same time; then, after a blow or two from the eldest, the spoil is gathered up and put back, dirt and all.

The soap is missing; and one little busy bee, who is just able to talk, points to the kettle, which is singing on the fire: there it is, and there is a 'pretty to do' before they can have any tea. The same persevering little fellow has been practising drawing with the candle on the looking-glass, as the grease he has managed to lay on rather thickly plainly shews. Only the day before, he was found rubbing the same material into the ginger-

grater, having previously loaded his sister's shoe with coal so heavily, that it at last sunk to the bottom of the pail; so that, like too many other eager adventurers, he lost both ship and cargo, and really did 'catch it' into the bargain. 'The eldest child, who has but numbered some ten summers, uses her mother's very expressions when she reprimands them, follows her very ways, and is never idle a moment from morning to night. The rod with which she rules is a threat of what they will 'catch' when mother comes home. Of such as these there are numbers

— in many a street

Who never see the daisies sweet—  
Never behold in dale or down  
The husky harvest waving brown.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

ONTARIO—NIAGARA.

FINALLY quitting Montreal by the short railway to La Chine, and then proceeding by a steamer which for four-and-twenty hours went up portions of river and canal alternately, I was enabled with the greatest ease, as in a floating-hotel, to reach Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. The favourite method with tourists is to come down, not go up, the river at this place, because in descending, the steamer shoots the various rapids, and the excitement of these exploits adds to the zest of the excursion. My arrangements not admitting of this pleasure, I had to make the best of my lot, in proceeding by canal, wherever the rapidity of the stream did not allow the vessel to make the ascent of the St Lawrence. Yet, I had no cause to repine at this privation. The steamer lost little time in the locks, and by the speed slackening somewhat in the canals, I had an opportunity of appreciating the excellence of the several works of art by the aid of which the vessel was able to pursue its way. It left the river five or six times, and went through as many canals, the spaciousness and general management of which reminded me of the Caledonian Canal, the greatest work of the kind in Britain. Vast as has been the outlay on this extensive system of canalage, in order to avoid the rapids of the St Lawrence, it cannot be considered a useless expenditure of public money; for the facility so afforded to internal navigation, is of the greatest importance to all parts of the country on the lakes.

Formerly in two provinces, the division of which was the Ottawa, Canada is now politically one, though a long period must elapse before social distinctions disappear. As we advance upwards by the St Lawrence, the characteristics of the old French settlements give place to new features; and after passing through a transition district, apparently not well settled, we emerge on quite a new field of human industry, where all is life and vigour—we have arrived in the great inner world bordering on the lakes, with the everactive United States on our left, and their more youthful competitor, Upper or Western Canada, on our right. It was pleasant on a fine day in the Indian summer, to watch from the small poop of the steamer the gradual development of a region differing in some respects from that which I had passed through. As the settlements thickened, towns made their appearance. The first of any importance within the state of New York was Ogdensburg, a thriving port for river and lake vessels, and connected by railway with other cities. On the opposite, or Canadian side, we touched at Prescott and Brockville, both prosperous in their appearance, with

a well-cleared country behind, and pretty lying farms in their vicinity, coming down to the edge of the river.

We may be said now to enter that beautiful and spacious part of the St Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The river is expanded to a width of from two to three miles, and so dotted over with islands, as to have apparently neither ingress nor egress. The islands are of all imaginable sizes and forms, from a single rock to several acres in extent. All are richly clothed with wood and shrubs, the variegated foliage of which contrasts finely with the smooth blue surface of the water. The sail for fifty miles amidst these irregularly formed islands, situated at lesser or greater distances from each other, and many of them little paradises of beauty and fertility, is exceedingly charming, and to visit this part of the St Lawrence is the object of numerous summer-excursions from the United States. At certain points, light-houses are placed among the islands, to shew the proper track for navigation; and we can suppose that without these guides the vessels might chance to lose themselves in a labyrinth of land and water.

The islands continue until we reach Lake Ontario. One of the largest of the series is Wolfe Island, twenty miles long and seven miles across, lying in the greatly-expanded river as it issues from the lake; and here, on rounding a rocky and fortified promontory on the Canadian side, the vessel reaches its destination at Kingston. I should have been glad to have spent some days here, but the time at my disposal being limited, I could only make a selection of places to be deliberately visited. During the half-hour which intervened before starting, I walked through the streets, which contained some large buildings of blue limestone; the whole well laid out on a rising-ground, with a line of wharfs for shipping. A government dockyard and military establishment give an air of importance to the place; and from the excellence of its harbour at the foot of the lake navigation, it is likely to become the centre of considerable traffic.

Having so far gratified my curiosity, I went on board the large and commodious steamer, *Maple Leaf*, bound for Toronto, situated at the distance of 175 miles westward. In a short time after departure, the vessel emancipated itself from the islands; and some miles further on, we had before us the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, the voyage on which cannot be said to differ much from that on the wide ocean. Keeping the Canadian shore in view, we have before us and on our left a waste of waters; the waves, agitated by a breeze, surge angrily against the bows and paddle-boxes; and the more delicate passengers retire quietly to their berths, to meditate on the pleasures of life at sea. And a sea we are really upon, as regards dimensions and some of the casualties connected with navigation. The lake, formed by the waters which flow from Lake Erie by the Niagara River, is 180 miles long by 60 at its greatest breadth; consequently, those who live on its banks see no land on looking across it. The surface of the lake, in its ordinary conditions, is only 234 feet above the Atlantic, from which it is distant about 700 miles; as the tide, however, influences the river considerably above Quebec, the chief rise is from near Montreal, where the rapids are first seen on coming upwards. Lake Ontario possesses the good property of being very deep. Its depth is said to be in many places upwards of 600 feet; on which account its waters have a comparatively high temperature, and do not freeze over in winter. No doubt, the country in its vicinity participates in the mildness of climate which such a temperature must

necessarily diffuse. Another advantage of its deepness, is the small power possessed by the wind to rouse it into storms, in comparison with the effects produced on Lake Erie, which, being shallow, is easily lashed into a fury, and more dangerous to navigators than any of the lakes. I was repeatedly warned, that as the season was considerably advanced, I should be careful how I trusted myself in the vessels on Lake Erie; but I never heard a word said against the character of either Ontario or its shipping, though terrible disasters have occasionally occurred upon it.

The series of lakes, altogether, form a remarkable feature of the American continent. Setting aside various offshoots, there is nothing to equal the chain of inland seas formed by Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St Clair, Erie, and Ontario, the short rivers which connect them being assisted by side canals, where this is found necessary for navigation. The entire surface of the lakes is estimated at 93,000 square miles, they are understood to drain an area of 40,000 miles, and it is said that their contents amount to one-half of all the fresh water on the globe. The number of rivers, large and small, which fall into them, may be supposed to be very considerable. A remarkable feature of these vast sheets of water, is their variation of level, which is not clearly accounted for by a reference to wet and dry seasons. Some years they are known to rise several feet, and then after a time to decline. Their shores seem likewise to shift; at certain places the water appears to be washing away the banks, leaving an abrupt precipice of mud, on which trees are growing to the very brink; and at other places there is an inclined beach of sand and pebbles, where the waves come rippling forward and break in a mass of foam, as on the sea-shore. The land which borders the lakes being for the most part level, or having only a gentle rise, the shores cannot be described as picturesque. In sailing on the lakes, with the land in view, we generally see little else than a fringe of trees. There is a remarkable exception to this on some parts of Lake Ontario, where a bold background shews itself; and I am informed that on some parts of Lake Superior, the shores are precipitous, and as grand as the imagination can desire. A very slight examination of the borders of Lake Ontario, shews that in its present dimensions it is merely the residuum of a lake very much larger, which, in far-gone ages, had covered a large part of Canada and the opposite coast. But speculations of this kind belong properly to the geologist, and are alluded to here only as preliminary to what has to be mentioned respecting the Falls of Niagara, to which we are hastening.

Looking at Ontario in the form into which it has settled down, and will remain through an indefinite futurity—considering its accessibility from the ocean, its adaptation in every respect to the purposes of the navigator, its genial temperature, its abundance of fish, and the almost matchless fertility of the lands which border its shores, I am necessarily impressed with the conviction that it is destined to be a Mediterranean, around which a great people are to cluster and flourish. Nor did a nearer acquaintance with the western part of the state of New York on the one side, or the eastern section of Canada West on the other, lessen this impression. About the centre, on the state of New York side, the river Genesee falls into the lake; and here the city of Rochester is the port for perhaps the finest agricultural valley in the United States. Lower down, on the same side of the lake, is Oswego, a port on a river of the same name, and also the outlet of a rich country behind. Both places are connected by railways with the eastern cities, and therefore can be easily reached by land. While these and some other towns are daily increasing in importance on the American side of the lake, signals of rapid progress are also visible on the

Canadian shore. A general notion has somehow prevailed, that the advance of improvement is comparatively slow in Canada; but from the facts to be brought forward, I am inclined to think that such an opinion is, now at least, fallacious. In sailing along the northern shore of Ontario, we observe in the neighbourhood of Cobourg and Port-Hope, a country well cleared and cultivated, with every indication of an old-settled and thriving population. Things improve as we go forward, and when we come in sight of Toronto, spread out on a very gradual slope rising from the bottom of a wide bay, with its manufactories, church-spires, massive public buildings, and long terrace-like quay—the whole lying with a sunny exposure to the south, sheltered by a ridge of low hills on the north, and enriched by a fertile country around—we exclaim, here is doubtless to be a great city, here the metropolis of Canada.

Struck with the imposing appearance of Toronto as seen from the lake in front, it was not without regret I considered it advisable to postpone my visit to it for a few days, and in order to see Niagara, push on by another vessel about to sail for Lewiston. Walking, therefore, from the one steamer to the other, I went on board the *Peerless*, a vessel of great beauty, commanded and partly owned by Captain Dick, a Scotchman, and bred seaman, who informed me that it was constructed under his own directions in the Clyde, and had been brought out in pieces and put together on the lake. The *Peerless* is built in the English form, with the saloon and chief weight below, in order to encounter without danger the gales and heavy seas on the lake. This handsome vessel leaves Toronto every morning for Lewiston, and returns the same day with persons who arrive by the trains. As the run is only thirty-six miles across the upper and narrow part of the lake to Lewiston, whence parties can reach the Falls of Niagara in an hour, it may be supposed that the trip is one of the cheap and popular holiday amusements of the inhabitants of Toronto.

Proceeding directly across Ontario, the *Peerless* soon came in sight of land at the mouth of the river Niagara, and drew up to the wharf at the town of that name on the right, where several passengers landed, and some others were taken on board. On the opposite side of the river stands Fort Niagara, one of the few defences which the Americans seem to consider it desirable to maintain on their frontier. The river Niagara at its outlet is seemingly a mile in width, but finally it narrows to about the third of a mile. Where it issues into the lake, the land is level; but in advancing upward, the ground begins to rise till we arrive at Lewiston on the left, and Queenstown on the right bank; and here, at the distance of seven miles from Ontario, the margin of the river on each side becomes a complete precipice, 150 to 200 feet high. Steaming up the river, we see at a distance before us a lofty piece of country stretching to the right and left, through the middle of which the river has seen its way; and it is at the face of this range that the precipitous banks commence. On the American bank, the slope of the high ground stretching away from the river is of a regular form, well wooded; and it is upon the plateau of level land extended eastwards from the bottom of the slope, and abutting on the river, that the town of Lewiston has been built. The situation is not well adapted for river-traffic. Its site on the plateau is considerably above the level of the water, and there is no space at the landing-place for shipping. I saw no vessel of any kind at its slip or wharf, where the *Peerless* drew up, and put ashore a crowd of passengers designed for a very inferior kind of railway, which is connected with a line of a better construction at the village adjoining the Falls. As the *Peerless* crossed immediately to Queenstown, I preferred adopting the route by that village, as the Falls are best seen from the Canadian side, and I desired to make sure of receiv-

ing good impressions at first. Having accordingly crossed over, I found, on touching the shore, two covered droskies, driven by negro lads, waiting for custom; and having selected one of these conveyances—a very miserable affair—I was driven by a bad road up a long and steep bank towards the celebrated Queenstown heights. These consist of irregular knolls, partly covered with wood, with a few houses, scarcely deserving the name of village, scattered about their lower declivities. From a pathway on the shrubby bank overhanging the river, a handsome suspension-bridge, 1040 feet in length, has been thrown across to the opposite side for the accommodation of foot-passengers. Queenstown heights were the scene of a battle during the war of 1812, and in a conspicuous situation a monument is about to be erected to the memory of General Brock, the British commander, who was slain in the engagement. This new structure is to supply the place of a former monument, which had been blown up and destroyed by some party unknown, in a spirit of wanton mischief.

The Queenstown heights, however irregular in form, correspond with the high sloping range on the opposite bank of the river, and both elevations are continued like a crescent, so as to form a kind of exterior high rim round the head of Lake Ontario. On the Canada side, the rim, locally called the Mountain, is seen to continue far northwards, with a bend towards the east, so as to environ the lake at a lesser or greater distance. At the base of this lofty and abrupt margin of Ontario, near the head of the lake, has been built the city of Hamilton, from which the range widens in its stretch, and in the direction of Toronto leaves a tract twenty miles in breadth between it and the shore. Reaching at any point the top of this singular embankment, we find ourselves on a table-land apparently boundless in dimensions. We have, in fact, ascended to the broad and generally level territory surrounding Lake Erie, which, by measurement, is 334 feet above Lake Ontario. From the one lake to the other, therefore, a descent of that amount is effected by the river Niagara in its course of thirty-three miles, a distinct plunge of about 160 feet being made at the Falls, which are situated at the distance of six miles above the old lake margin at Queenstown, and fourteen miles from the present mouth of the river at Ontario. Geologists generally concur in the belief, that the Falls were at one time at Queenstown, from which, in the course of ages, they have ploughed their way upward. The slightest inspection of the ground leads infallibly to this conclusion. For six miles the river runs through a ravine, the sides of which, composed of mouldering rocks and studded over with shrubs, are as steep as those of a grave. Through this long gorge, silent and awful, rolls the deep flood, lightish green in its colour, and carrying masses of froth on its whirling and boiling surface. Compressed into so narrow a channel, the river is from 200 to 300 feet in depth. At one place, narrower than elsewhere, and bending in its course, the force of the current raises a cone of water ten feet high, which, whirling round, draws trees and any other floating objects into its vortex. A gentleman whom I met on my journey, informed me that at the time of his visit to the whirlpool, the bodies of two English deserters, who had been drowned in attempting to swim across the river, were spinning round the cone of water, and had been so for three weeks previously!

The picturesque in landscape, as is well known, depends on geological conditions. Wherever certain varieties of limestone and sandstone prevail, there rivers are observed to excavate for themselves a deep channel, so as to leave banks of lesser or greater abruptness. Hence, the whole phenomena of the Niagara river and its falls. On examining the face of the sloping range above referred to, it is found to consist chiefly of layers of limestone, shivery clay marls, and

red sandstones—the latter being known as the Medina Sandstone. I do not need to go into any account of the limestones, further than to say that they easily break and moulder away, until secured by a coating of bushes or vegetation. As regards the reddish Medina sandstone, it is the washed away particles of this friable rock that compose to a large extent the red-coloured and productive soils which border on the Canadian and American shores of Ontario. The sloping mountain-range, whence these soils have descended, is not everywhere entire. Here and there rivulets have worn it down into valleys, in one of which lies the thriving village of Dundas, a few miles north from Hamilton. Speculations have been hazarded on the length of time which the Falls of Niagara have taken to retire over six miles from the face of the mountain-range at Lewiston; but long as this period has been, how insignificant in comparison with that vast interval which has lapsed since the rocky structures of Canada were in the form of liqescent sediment at the bottom of a sea, and incased in their bosom those fishes which are now disclosed by the rude blows of the quarryman, and prized as scientific curiosities by the fossil-loving geologist!

To overcome the great difference of level between Ontario and Erie for purposes of navigation, has been a matter of serious concern. The work has been happily effected within the Canadian territory, by the establishment of the Welland Canal, which, beginning at Port-Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, rises by a series of locks to Port-Colborne, on Lake Erie. This great public work has been eminently successful. Vessels pour through the canal in the upward and downward passage, in an unceasing stream, yielding tolls amounting to £50,000 per annum. So much of the traffic is in American vessels, that the United States' government contemplates the execution of a similar canal, to commence below Lewiston. The traffic is growing so rapidly, that it may be presumed there is enough for both.

To resume the account of my excursion. On quitting sight of the river and opposite banks, the drosky conveyed me by a rough public highway, through a pleasing piece of country, so well cleared, enclosed, and ornamented with rows and clumps of trees, and so agreeably enlivened with neat mansions, and with cattle of good breeds browsing in green fields, that one could hardly believe that he was out of England. Turning down a cross-road to the left, we came, at the distance of half a mile, to the river; and there in a moment, seen most unpoetically through the dimmed and distorting glass of the drosky, I had my first view of Niagara. Such is the way that common-place circumstances are for ever controlling aspirations after romance, and bringing the ideal down to a working world! Set down at the door of the Clifton House—on the one hand were the Falls, which I had often wondered whether I should ever see, and on the other were the negro drosky-driver receiving his fare, and a porter carrying my baggage up the steps of the hotel. Clifton House—to get it out of the way—is one of those enormously large hotels, with hundreds of bedrooms and a vast table-d'hôte saloon, which are seen everywhere in the States, and now begin to be naturalised in Canada. The establishment is the property of a Mr Zimmermann, whose residence and pleasure-grounds are adjacent. The hotel faces the west, has a roadway on the south between it and the ravine through which the river is rolling, and this road continues westward for half a mile to the Falls. The prospect from the door of the hotel, looking along the road, and interrupted by no intervening object, commands, therefore, a view of the cataract in all its grandeur, along with the scenery with which it is environed.

At the period of my visit, the season for tourists had passed, the Clifton was on the eve of being shut up,

and with hosts of strangers the army of parasitic guides had fortunately disappeared. With the singular good-luck of having nobody to worry me with undesired explanations, I went forth to have a quiet and deliberate inspection of the Falls. The weather, a little chilly, was still remarkably fine, and there was nothing to disturb the perfect placidity of the scene. A dull thundering sound from the falling waters alone came on the ear, without ceasing or change—a monotonous murmur which had lasted for thousands of years, and will endure for thousands more.

Everybody knows that there are two falls—the British, or Horseshoe, and the American—the division being formed by Goat Island, a well-wooded piece of land, which terminates in a precipice between them. On account of a turn made by the river at the spot, the American fall descends at such an angle as almost to face the spectator on the opposite bank; and it is this circumstance which renders the view from the Canadian side so peculiarly advantageous. Walking along the pathway from the hotel, with only a fringe of bushes on the brink of the ravine on our left, we are able to approach to the British fall, and stand on the bare table-like ledge from which it is precipitated. Compelled to advance to the Falls in this manner, on a level with their summit, and necessarily requiring to look down instead of upward, the phenomenon loses much in magnificence. Other features and circumstances serve to lessen the wonder, if not to raise a feeling of disappointment. As is usual, I experienced this sentiment, which I think may be mainly traced to the ranting and exaggerated descriptions which have deceived the imagination and led to undue expectations. It is only by a patient study of the Falls in the form and dimensions presented to us by nature, that we clear the mind of erroneous conceptions, and see and relish them in their simple dignity and beauty.

Seated on a bare piece of rock close to the falling mass, I was able to contemplate the scene with perhaps as much advantage as could possibly be enjoyed. The rapids above, with the water wildly advancing on its rocky bed, the toppling over of the great mass twenty feet deep on coming to the brink of the chasm, the white spray rising like a cloud from the gulf below, the terribly jumbled river proceeding on its course, and receiving the American fall as it passed—all contributed to make up the general picture. On looking up the river, the land is seen to rise only a few feet above the banks, and to be for the most part under wood, with two or three villas on prominent knolls in the distance. From the brink of the cliffs on the British side, masses of rock have from time to time fallen, so as to form a rugged margin for the water; and near the Clifton House, amidst this collection of débris, a roadway has been made down the bank to afford access to a ferry-boat which plies across the river. The view from the boat, as it dances on the surface of the troubled water, is more effective in overpowering the imagination than that from the banks above; and still more grand is the view from the deck of a small steamer, which plies during summer, and courageously approaches almost to the foot of the Falls.

Opinions differ respecting points so deceptive to the eye as the height, breadth, and other dimensions of these mighty cataracts. Accurate measurements, however, have been taken, so as to leave no longer room for conjecture. The height of the British fall is 158 feet, and its width, following the horseshoe-like curve, is 1881 feet. The American fall is a little higher, being 164 feet, and its width is 924 feet; but in this is included a lesser cataract, and the rocky islet which separates it from the larger body. Adding a breadth of 1820 feet for the termination of Goat Island, which intervenes, we have altogether, from one extremity of the Falls to the other, a width of 4125 feet, or four-fifths of a mile. As the width of the river at the

ferry is no more than 1254 feet, an idea from this circumstance will be obtained of the manner in which the Falls are placed diagonally to the line of the river. The mass of water projected over the Falls is estimated at nineteen and a half millions of cubic feet per minute.

About a mile eastward from the Clifton House, and therefore about a mile and a half below the Falls, the river is spanned by a suspension-bridge, the view from which, down to the water below, is probably the most sublime of all. Driving round by this bridge, to the American side, I arrived in the village of Manchester (!) near the Falls, and there remained a day. The branch of the river above the fall on this side is crossed to Goat Island by a long wooden bridge, which has been erected on posts driven into the rocky channel; a toll of twenty-five cents being paid by visitors for liberty to cross during the season. Goat Island extends half a mile in length, by nearly a quarter of a mile in its greatest breadth, and is thickly covered with natural woods, amidst which a drive may be pleasantly made round it. It was interesting to walk to the upper extremity of the island, and there observe the river parting into two branches, each rushing forward in an impetuous rapid towards its fate. The channel of the rapid forming the American fall is broken by several islets, connected by bridges, and from these we are able to overlook it so near to the shoot, that one of the islets, as already stated, breaks the descending mass, and causes a small and separate fall. By a long wooden stair the visitor arrives at the bottom of the precipice which terminates Goat Island, and here, using a narrow footpath, he can reach either Fall, and to a certain length go behind the descending waters. A more pleasing prospect is obtained from the top of a tower erected on a rock in the water on the brink of the British fall, and connected by a platform with Goat Island. Here we may be said to procure a central bird's-eye view of the tumult of waters; and it was from this elevated spot, and by the light of the setting sun, that I had my last look of Niagara.

In thinking of this marvellous work of nature, it is unfortunate that the mind is disturbed by mean associations connected with the works of man. On the British side, it is environed by a series of paltry curiosity-shops; and there, at the ledge on which I had seated myself, a labourer was busied in wheeling rubbish into the cataract. On the American side, runs of water have been led off to move the machinery of a saw and paper mill; and at present there is a proposition before the world to turn the whole force of the river to profitable account in some kind of mechanical processes! Why, of all conceivable names, Manchester should have been selected for the village, or infant city, now in the course of erection near the American fall, it would be difficult to understand on any other principle than that of imparting a manufacturing character to the spot.

Manchester, if it must be so called, consists of several streets in skeleton, with a large railway-station in the centre, and a number of hotels stuck about for the accommodation of visitors. In order to trace the banks of the river deliberately, I hired a calèche to Lewiston, and loitered at different points by the way. At the suspension-bridge, which I had previously crossed, a scene of extraordinary activity presented itself. Extensive preparations were making to carry the railway, which is in connection with New York, across the Niagara river to Canada, where it will join the Great Western, now opened through the province. For this purpose, the old suspension-bridge at the spot is to be superseded by a new structure, on the same suspension principle, but much bolder in design. It will have a span of 800 feet, and consist of two floors; the upper to carry the trains, and the lower for ordinary carriages and foot-passengers. The engineer of the undertaking is John A. Roebling, and the cost is esti-

mated to be 50,000 dollars, which, I should fear, will fall considerably short of the actual outlay.

I arrived in Lewiston in time for the departure of the *Peerless*, by which I had a pleasant run back to Toronto.

W. C.

#### FAR FROM THE HUM OF MEN.

AN intimate friend of mine in Paris, the Vicomte de —, inhabited for fourteen years a pleasant *entresol* in the Boulevard des Italiens. Young, rich, and healthy, he enjoyed life as only those favoured mortals do whose purses are crammed with bank-notes, and whose limbs are untouched by rheumatism.

In the first year of his eighth lustre, the viscount suddenly remembered that eight times five make forty; and one fine evening, coming out of the Café de Paris to go to the Opera, he in like manner acquired the bitter certainty of the fragility of human things. Lobster-salad had lost its flavour; Meyerbeer no longer pleased the ear, nor Fanny Eläler the eye; and my young friend felt that he could easily play the part of the great St Anthony in the midst of the seductions of the French metropolis. He re-entered his apartments, superintended the immediate packing of his furniture, placed 'To Let' in his balcony, took a conveyance for the north, and on the 1st of May settled himself in a charming little villa, about a gunshot from my house, a very nest of shade, verdure, and flowers. Though this paradise was his own property, he had never before visited it save about once a year, when he did not happen to prefer Switzerland or Italy.

'My dear friend,' he exclaimed, the first day he called upon me, 'I am now one of you. I have left far behind the whirl of the modern Babylon, where they manufacture joys as they fabricate Seltzer water. I shall henceforth live for myself and a few friends. I return to natural pleasures—to a calm and real existence; and my last sigh will be breathed beneath the old ancestral oaks, far from importunate fools, from deceitful man, and doubly deceitful woman. In short, far from the hum of men.'

By the 2d of May, my new neighbour had bought a spade, two rakes, four watering-pots, and a pruning-knife; he had likewise furnished himself with sundry jackets of coarse cloth, such as the peasants wear, and headgear to correspond. Dispensing for ever with varnished boots, he purchased a pair of sabots fit for any weather, and at length considered himself at all points a country gentleman.

The first day of his installation, the sixty peasants who formed the male population of the hamlet on the estate, arrived, with a drum at their head, and a fiddle bringing up the rear, and arranged themselves in a circle at the foot of the hall-steps, where the poor viscount, who had so fully reckoned upon peace, was compelled to appear to receive their compliments. So highly did they vaunt the virtues, the high-breeding, and, above all, the generosity of the descendant of their ancient lords, that that honoured individual could do no less than open wide the strings of the purse whose inexhaustible riches the village schoolmaster, the official author of the dithyrambic, had, among other topics, so loudly sung. Then the drum beat, the violin gave forth its repertory of village-polkas, and the peasants shouted: 'Vive Monsieur le Comte!'

At these shouts, and the appeal of the fiddler, the female portion of the hamlet could no longer contain themselves. Like one single shepherdess, they rushed to the lawn, where the young girls pounced on the parterre, and improvised gigantic bouquets, with which they covered the jacket of M. le Comte, who, according to ancient usage, placed his right hand upon his heart, and his left in his pocket, and cried: 'Merci, mes enfans!' Thereupon a shower of five-franc pieces responded to the vivats, and the new lord of the manor

could not in politeness decline to open the ball with the first damsel who came to his hand.

When once we launch out, it is difficult to stop. Upon a sign from the viscount, a hoghead of wine was broached. Then the vivats rose to a pitch of frenzy—the men sang all manner of Marseillaises, the women outscramed a first trombone of hussars, the babies cried, and the mastiffs in the courtyard added their contralto to this thundering concert.

The evening came; it was time to separate. The viscount hastened to bed, and endeavoured to sleep; but a frightful nightmare oppressed him. He dreamed that they drank all the wine in the cellar, that they devastated his thickets of roses, that his chest was emptied of 500 francs, and that he caught a rheumatic ague. Upon awaking, he felt very ill, and counting the cost of the day before, he found that the dream was a reality. Thanks to friction, repose, and perhaps the absence of the doctor, he was well and afoot again in eight days.

'After all,' said he to himself, 'it was a necessary tribute to custom; and these good people really appear to love me heartily. Now that I have satisfied the usages of the place, I shall certainly enjoy the silence and solitude I long for; for here, at thirty leagues from Tortoni's, I am, or ought to be, far from the hum of men.'

Just as he finished this consoling monologue, up came the *garde champêtre* in his otter-skin cap, and respectfully signified to the viscount a little *procès-verbal*—the consequence of the musket-shots that had been fired in his honour a week before, and which had been strictly prohibited by a municipal regulation. So complete had been the tumult, that my friend could not doubt the word of the officer; and as the mayor was a republican, who would enjoy making an example of monsieur the aristocrat, the viscount judged it best to submit to the fine imposed. He paid it at once, and hoped at length to enjoy the peace he sighed for.

He had already put on his blue and white striped jacket, and armed himself with his garden-knife, for the purpose of pruning his first rose-tree, when the servant announced Gros-Pierre and his spouse Mathurine. They came to ask M. le Vicomte to be the godfather of their seventh son; and as this is an honour a good Roman Catholic can never refuse, my neighbour, perforce, consented. He assisted at the baptism of the young thresher, of course accompanying his services by a feast to the friends on both sides, and a few hundred sous-pieces to Françoise the godmother.

In eight days more, the viscount was at his eighth godfatherhood; and as the citizens of my arrondissement seldom stop short of their fifteenth paternisation, it soon came to pass that my neighbour spent nearly all his mornings at the font.

He now went another step. Invited to all the marriages and funerals, he quitted the font but for the altar, and had no sooner given away the bride, than he had to bear the pall.

My neighbour, however, was yet but in the honeymoon of village usefulness. He beheld himself loved, honoured, sought after—a little too much—by the good peasants who surrounded him. Eighteen hundred and fifty-two approached, and who could tell what might happen? It was as well to cook a little ragout of popularity beforehand. The viscount denied neither his door nor his services to his new friends.

As he came from the capital, and as every Parisian is supposed to be gifted with a universal genius, there was no process to plead against, no lease to renew, no clover crop to secure, but my friend was consulted. Did a difference arise, the disputants straightway rushed to the presence of M. le Vicomte. They explained the matter in hand—he gave his advice—and the interview usually ended by the belligerent parties, as in duty bound, falling to fisticuffs in the very audience-chamber

of their arbitrator. He was at once the village justice, advocate, and notary.

But he did not rest here. He became its physician. '*Médecin malgré lui*,' he is understood. They forced him to say what he thought of such a one's cut finger—of such another's asthma; they awoke him in the middle of the night, that he might apply plasters and administer *eau sucrée*. He was consulted by the entire community, inasmuch that he at length attempted leeches, and even ventured to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the lancet. But here the faculty awaited him. The officer of health of the neighbouring village, who owed him a grudge for having recovered without a prescription, surprised him in the very act of phlebotomy. The man made his report in the proper quarter, and the correctional police taught my noble neighbour that philanthropy becomes amenable to the penal law from the moment that it launches out into the piercing of veins and the application of leeches.

The viscount, who was far from wishing to resign his post of general benefactor, now thought he would confine himself to an employment out of reach of legal interference. Recognised from the first as the only decent writer in the community, he became public scribe to the hamlet. From morning till evening, his little cabinet was crowded with all who had a cousin at a distance, a sister in service, or a lover with his regiment. My neighbour thus composed more than three folio volumes of epistles, in every variety of style. The penknife superseded the pruning-knife; the watering-pots gave way to the inkstand.

Two days ago, the crisis arrived. The young and fresh Françoise, who had played godmother to my friend's part of godfather at his first baptism, was seated near his desk, explaining how she wished to break with François Dumanet, a corporal on furlough, who was desperately jealous of all the shepherds of the hamlet. She had come to ask the viscount to arrange the matter, seeing that Jacquat, the farmer's head-man, had asked her in marriage; and Jacquat was a likely lad, who could easily earn his thirty crowns in the year, without counting the oats he pilfered from the stable, and the eggs he picked up in the poultry-yard.

The good viscount was bestowing upon his pretty client the most fatherly counsels, when the door suddenly opened, and Corporal Dumanet, with cuffs turned up and moustaches bristling with rage, entered hastily. He first applied his cane lustily to the shoulders of his beloved, and then falling upon the innocent viscount, proved how very possible it is for our best intentions to be mistaken by a jealous lover. This was too much for my friend. He seized the first weapon that came to hand, and retaliated the caning by a thrust with the pruning-knife.

Poor fellow! It was the first time he had had an opportunity of using it; and so excellently did he profit by this one, and so neatly did he operate upon his adversary's face, that it never lost from that day the marks of his skill. But arboriculture, applied to the human species, is forbidden by the law, as well as the unprofessional exercise of leeches and lancet. The viscount spent forty-eight hours in a tedious negotiation with Dumanet, which was only yesterday evening brought to a conclusion. He bought a substitute for the corporal, who remained in the village and espoused Françoise. The business cost from 1200 to 1500 francs; but then my neighbour received a pressing invitation to the nuptials.

This morning I was couraging near my house, when I saw a vehicle whirling along the high-road towards Paris. Within it was the viscount, who looked out of the window, and observing me, ordered the driver to stop. 'My friend,' cried he as I came within hearing, 'au revoir this winter at Paris! I precede you to the modern Babylon. I return to my pleasant entresol, which happily has not yet met with a new tenant. I



go to seek calm, leisure, peace in the Boulevard des Italiens. I take with me a rose-tree, that I shall prune on my window-sill, and two strawberry-plants, to water in my dressing-room. I leave hamlets, shepherds, and the shady grove, to live and die far from the hum of men.

### THE BRITISH NAVY.

FROM THE CORACLE TO THE LINE-OF-BATTLE.

THE slow growth of the British oak is proverbial, centuries elapsing ere it attains maturity:

Three hundred years it grows, and three it stays  
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

But the growth of the British navy is still slower, and we suspect it is yet far from having reached perfection. From the *coracle* of the ancient Britons to the *Duke of Wellington* three-decker, what a leap! We see in these at a glance the earliest and the latest types of our naval architecture; for as surely as the oak has sprung from an acorn, the three-decker is a modern development of the primitive *coracle*; but between them there is an interval of some 2000 years. And yet we are told, that even at this present day the *coracle*—a species of boat composed of hides stretched over a frame of wicker-work—is actually in daily use on the Welsh rivers; and for anything we know to the contrary, a *coracle*, almost precisely similar in construction to those of Julius Cæsar's time, may have been paddled alongside the mighty ship above alluded to, after she was launched from Pembroke Dockyard. If so, how suggestive the contrast! Let us now briefly revert to some of the intervening links in the chain of naval progression.

We possess very scanty and imperfect information concerning the maritime progress of Britain during the earlier centuries of the Christian era; but we may conclude with tolerable certainty, that the natives possessed no vessels fit to brave the open sea. The Roman conquerors did little or nothing for their new subjects in this respect; the greatest feat performed by them being a voyage to the Orkneys, which was chronicled as surpassingly wonderful. It was the Danish invaders, an essentially maritime people, who first inspired the Anglo-Saxons with a portion of their own adventurous spirit; and to Alfred the Great is generally assigned the honour of first forming the nucleus of a navy. His vessels are said to have penetrated up the Mediterranean, and from that quarter he introduced galleys of sixty oars. At the same period, the Danes visited Iceland and other remote lands. What the vessels of William the Conqueror were like, we may form some idea of from the Bayeux tapestry; and subsequently to that period, gradual but decided progress in naval architecture may be distinctly traced. The Crusades gave some impulse to ship-building, in which, however, we were then surpassed by the Italians, and probably by the Portuguese also. But the discovery of the mariner's compass was the grand stimulant to improvements in vessels, and to the development of naval skill and daring. Ships, in the next century, attained to really respectable proportions; some vessels of William Canning, the great Bristol merchant, being 500 tons burden, and one, the *Mary and John*, 900 tons. Meanwhile, the Portuguese were exploring the coast of Africa, and in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Considerable fleets, so far as

numbers were concerned, were often collected by our kings, from the time of Edward III., for the invasion of France, and a constant commercial intercourse with the continent was kept up by our merchants. The discovery of America by Columbus opened up a new and glorious era; and King Henry VII. sent Sebastian Cabot on a voyage of discovery from Bristol, the result of which was the acquisition of Newfoundland. Larger and better ships were necessarily provided to keep pace with the thirst now generated for distant enterprises and discoveries; and in 1513, Henry VIII. built at Erith his celebrated ship *Henri Grace à Dieu*, of 1200 tons burden, manned by 700 men. A model of this ship has been preserved. It had four masts, and two tiers of guns, the lower being so nigh the water, that they were probably more dangerous to the crew than to the enemy, as their port-holes would be level or beneath the water's edge when the ship heeled over, or sailed on a wind. This ship, practically, proved useless; but it nevertheless was a great triumph of skill in those days to build such a floating-castle.

Memorable voyages now succeeded rapidly. We can merely allude to some of them. Sir Hugh Willoughby reached Nova Zembla, but was frozen to death with the crews of two of his three ships on the coast of Lapland in 1553. Then came the voyages of Frobisher and Davis, and, above all, that of Drake, who in 1577 sailed from Plymouth with five small vessels, and returned in about three years, being the first Englishman who had circumnavigated the globe. In this reign—that of Elizabeth—England fairly laid the solid and enduring foundations of her naval superiority on a broad basis; and the defeat of the Spanish Armada was perhaps less important in its immediate deliverance of the nation from the danger of foreign invasion, than in the spirit of naval skill and prowess it evoked, and the future of brilliant triumphs it inaugurated. In 1637, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, of 100 guns, and a corresponding number of tons burden, according to one, and of 1861 tons, according to another authority, was built at Woolwich. It is said that this ship was indirectly one of the causes of the civil war, for King Charles demanded the *ship-money* (which Hampden and others refused to pay) mainly to build it. No ruler of England did more to enhance her naval supremacy, and its prestige on the high seas, than Oliver Cromwell, and his great admiral, Blake, who was the first who shewed that castles on the land could be successfully attacked by the cannon of shipping afloat. In the reign of Charles II., large ships of war were constructed to carry several months' provision on board; and this in itself was an important step in the right direction, as previously every large ship was attended by a small tender, called a 'victualler,' which carried all the provisions. In case the victualler was lost, or separated from the man-of-war, the crew of the latter must have been in danger of starvation!

We of course have no room to trace minutely the progress of our royal and our merchant navies: suffice it, that by the reign of the second George, the poet Thomson could say of our great port of London—

On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires. . . . Whence ribbed with oak,  
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,  
The roaring vessel rushed into the main.

The principal inventions facilitating navigation subsequent to the discovery of the compass, were, Gunter's

scale, in 1620; the quadrant, improved by Hadley, in 1781; and the chronometer to reckon the longitude, by Harrison, a Lincolnshire carpenter, in 1774. The rich results of these improvements were evinced in the voyages of Captain Cook and other great navigators; and the royal navy, from the time of Blake to that of Nelson, steadily grew in importance and power, winning and preserving for Great Britain her enormous colonies and dependencies in every quarter of the globe, and being literally the bulwark of the mother-country—her guardian and her right arm.

During the last war, it was a saying, that 'the French built ships for the English to capture;' and assuredly we had more need to capture one fine French ship than to destroy a dozen. By this we mean, that our own ship-builders were decidedly backward—decidedly inferior to the French and Spaniards. Humiliating as it may be, it is nevertheless positively certain, that we owed our naval victories solely to the skill and indomitable valour of our seamen, who conquered in spite of the inferiority of their vessels to those of the enemy. Upwards of a century ago, our naval architects began to construct ships of war on the model of one captured from the Spaniards; and this practice was continued from time to time. The French have always been admirable builders of war-ships, and their *Canopus*, of eighty-four guns, taken in 1798, served, in 1821, as the model for ships of the same rate built in our dockyards; but it is said by a high authority, that our imitations proved in an essential respect inferior to their Gallic prototype. The sole reason of all this seems to be, that, unlike our neighbours across the Channel, we formerly neglected the study of naval architecture as a science, and never applied to it true mathematical principles. Within the last generation, however, the systems and prejudices of the old-school have been successfully exploded by the master-shipwrights of the royal dockyards, and the improvements introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, Sir William Symonds, Mr Oliver Lang, and others, are very important and satisfactory. All the above gentlemen have sent forth some noble specimens of British men-of-war. The builders of merchant-ships fully keep pace with the spirit of naval progression, and are no longer compelled to build mere tubs of vessels, as they actually were until the stupid and mischievous tonnage-laws were repealed. They can now freely compete with the inventive and far-sighted American ship-builders; and it is difficult to say which country excels. Whatever improvement is now introduced on one side the Atlantic, is sure to be immediately adopted, and perhaps perfected, by the keen rival on the other side. But formerly, how very slowly were the most obvious improvements promulgated and adopted! It was not until the middle of last century that the bottoms of ships were sheathed with copper, although lead-sheathing had been tried and failed long before; and this was again tried with the same result so lately as 1833. The Romans are known to have sheathed their galleys with lead, secured with copper nails. Zinc is a material which will probably be extensively employed ere long, not only to sheath wooden ships, but to build ships. A zinc ship has been built in France, and has returned from South America, the captain speaking highly of its efficiency as a thorough sea-goer.

It appears to be already settled that in future all our ships-of-war will be supplied with screw-propellers; and very probably no more large men-of-war will be constructed of iron, as that material is found incapable of efficiently repelling a cannon-ball. An auxiliary screw, being submerged at the stern of the ship, and capable of being lifted and detached in a couple of minutes, is not very liable to be damaged by shot in battle—as is the case with a paddle-wheel—and likewise it leaves the whole broadside clear for a battery of guns. The fleet of screw ships-of-war already possessed

by England is truly magnificent, and the weight of metal they carry is enormous. Floating-castles are they every one, and terrible their destructive powers.

We have alluded to the *Duke of Wellington*; but as that ship is the grandest and mightiest man-of-war ever built by this or by any other country, we must do something more than allude to her; and although the reader has probably read details of her dimensions, &c., in the public prints, we think he will not object to our giving here some few items of the colossal proportions and armament of this monster specimen of England's wooden-walls. She was built at Pembroke Dockyard for a 120 gun-ship, but when approaching completion, the Admiralty resolved to turn her into a screw steam ship-of-war. So she was sawn asunder, and lengthened twenty feet, to give her the requisite length. On the 14th September 1862, she was launched in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, having been duly christened the *Windsor Castle*. But the great Duke dying about the same time, the Sovereign ordered that her name should be changed to *Duke of Wellington*, as a tribute to his memory. Here are the chief dimensions:—Extreme length, 278 feet 6 inches; length between perpendiculars, 240 feet 6 inches; extreme breadth, 60 feet; height from keel to taffrail, 65 feet; burden, 3759 tons old measurement, or 3153 new measurement. The mere weight of her own hull is reckoned to be nearly 8000 tons; and her weight when thoroughly fitted out and in commission, above 5500 tons; her draught of water is twenty-five feet, which still left the lower ports seven feet clear of the surface—a fact that of itself gives one a vivid idea of the stupendous magnitude of the hull. The engines are of 750 horse-power, and the propeller itself weighs three tons. She can steam at the rate of upwards of eleven miles per hour, independent of her sails. She carries coal for only five days' consumption at full power of the steam, and this coal is stowed to the thickness of twelve feet on each side of her engine-room, so that it is considered impossible for a cannon-ball to penetrate through to her machinery. Time will show. Her complement of men is 1100. Her armament is something truly tremendous, as will be seen by the subjoined:—

	Guns.		Cwt.	Length.
	10	8 inch,	65	ft. in.
Lower Deck,	26	32 pounds,	56	9 0
	6	8 inch,	55	9 0
	6	8 "	55	9 0
Middle Deck,	30	32 pounds,	56	9 6
	36	32 "	42	8 0
Main Deck,	30	32 "	25	6 6
Upper Deck,	1	68 pounder,	96	(Foot).
	137			

What an awful battery is this! Why, a single close broadside from it would send an old seventy-four sheer to the bottom. What would Blake or Van Tromp, or even the later naval heroes, Rodney and Nelson, say to this appalling specimen of a modern war-ship could they revisit the world? The caravel in which Columbus sailed to discover the New World, was not much larger, we should think, than the 'launch' (chief boat) of the *Duke of Wellington*.

Ay, well we may complacently contrast the frail little vessels of past centuries with our present mighty ships; but is there not a possibility that posterity will think even the *Duke of Wellington* a mere pigmy of a craft compared with the floating monsters which will then rule the waves? Yet more, may not one single generation suffice to reduce the *Duke of Wellington* to the class of a second or third rate? We see every sign of such an event. Progress is now so rapid, that no one can foretell what a score of years, nay, what even one year, may bring forth. Every few months we read of a ship being launched which exceeds in size all previous triumphs of naval architecture—only

to be quickly surpassed in turn. Already we hear of ships projected, if not already commenced, of some 10,000 tons burden; and who can place any limit to the size which may hereafter be attained? Let us be wisely humble in our own day and generation, and not boast too loudly of the marvels of our skill, lest our children should by and by laugh at our vanity and folly.

### SURREY AND HIS GERALDINE.

WHILE the world is expecting a great poet, listening every now and then for the rush of the approaching billow, mountain high, some are more practically employed in counting, estimating, and classifying the past phenomena. New editions, new commentaries, new memoirs appear without ceasing. The son of William Hazlitt is employed in filling out Johnson's idea of the *Lives of the Poets*, so as to make the work comprehend all the English verse-makers; and Robert Bell has already published several volumes of *The Annotated Edition of the English Poets*.\*

Mr Hazlitt's voluminous work is of necessity somewhat of the nature of a chronological dictionary of poets, but when completed will be a curious and valuable addition to the library. Mr Bell's is a more ambitious task, and it is so far executed with good taste and judgment. In the volume containing Surrey, we observe unmistakable evidences of an acute and inquiring mind. That the love of this noble poet for Geraldine was a real passion, is taken for granted by his commentators; but if so, like most of the passions of our own day, it was quite free from the romantic circumstances which have been so long associated with it. The following sonnet is the foundation on which the whole story is built:—

From Tuscans came my lady's worthy race;  
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat.  
The western isle whose pleasant shores doth fate  
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.  
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast:  
Her sire an earl; her dame of prince's blood.  
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,  
With kings child; where she tasteth costly food.  
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eye:  
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.  
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;  
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.  
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;  
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

The romance of this passion first saw the light in a book called *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton*, written by the well-known Thomas Nash, and published in 1594. Four years after, Drayton takes all for granted, in the *Heroical Epistles*; Winstanley came next; and then Anthony Wood, who made use of Jack Wilton's revelations almost verbally. This was conclusive with succeeding authors; and with the aid of Cibber, Walpole, and Warton, the story, so ignoble and absurd in its origin, struck deep into the literature of the country. It is thus detailed by Mr Bell:—

'In 1536, Surrey sustained a heavy calamity, by the death of his friend and brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond. The date of this event is important, for, at this date, the fictitious incidents that follow take

their spring. Soon afterwards, as the story runs, Surrey made a tour in Italy, partly to dissipate his grief, but chiefly at the command of his mistress, for the purpose of asserting her charms against all comers, according to the fashion of the chivalry of old. This tour closely resembled the enterprise of a knight-errant in quest of adventures. Wherever he went, he proclaimed the peerless beauty of Geraldine, and challenged the world in its defence. It might have been almost supposed—although the inventor of the romance was ignorant that there existed so plausible a source of inspiration—that Surrey was animated by a sense of the traditions of Round-table lineage in the blood of the Fitzgeralds, whose great ancestor, Fitz-Otho, was married to Nesta, daughter of Rys ap Tudor Mawr, Prince of South Wales. On his way to Florence, whither he was bound, according to the same authority, as the birthplace of his mistress, he visited the court of the emperor, where he became acquainted with the famous magician, Cornelius Agrippa, who, being solicited by him, shewed him his mistress languishing on a couch, reading one of his sonnets in a passion of grief for his absence. This pathetic revelation, instead of calling him back to England, only inflamed his imagination, and hastened his journey to Florence. On the way, his knight-errantry was tarnished by a degrading intrigue at Venice, for which he was thrown into prison, where he was kept for several months, until his liberation was procured by the interposition of the English ambassador. It is proper to observe, that the subsequent retailers of the original romance omitted this staining episode, preserving only those passages which exhibited Surrey's gallantry and poetical sensibility in the most favourable light; so that they must have been fully conscious of the suspicious character of the narrative they passed into circulation as an authentic history. Credulity and caution have rarely worked so inconsistently together in accepting the absurd and rejecting the probable. Arrived at Florence, Surrey visited the house, and the very chamber where Geraldine was born, giving way to a burst of ecstasies, which were faithfully chronicled in a sonnet forged for the occasion. He then published a challenge in honour of his mistress's beauty, in defiance of all persons who should dare to call her supremacy into question, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Cannibal. The lady being a Florentine, the pride of the Florentines was, of course, highly flattered by his intrepidity; and the duke, having duly ascertained his rank and pretensions, threw open the lists to the combatants of all countries. Then followed a series of magnificent tilts, in which Surrey, who wore a shield presented to him by the duke before the tournament began, came off victorious, and Geraldine was in due form declared the fairest of women. The duke was so enchanted with his valour and accomplishments, that he offered him the highest preferments if he would remain at his court; but the gallant knight being resolved to celebrate his lady in similar jousts throughout the principal cities of Italy, declined these tempting proposals, and was preparing to prosecute his journey, when letters arrived from the king of England commanding his immediate return. This unexpected summons cut short his adventures, and brought the romance to an abrupt conclusion.'

Such is the tale, and a fine one it is; but it is only a tale. Our author gives various details of the employments of Surrey, to shew that he could not have been in Italy at the time mentioned in the narrative; and he then adds, oddly enough, after having taken this trouble, that the noble tilter was married, and had a son previously, and that Geraldine was little more than seven years of age when she is said to have been shewn to her lover in the magic glass. Only forty years ago, the romance was demolished by Dr Nott in his memoirs of Surrey; but to make up for this, he himself

\* Johnson's *Lives of the British Poets*, completed by William Hazlitt, in 4 vols. Vol. I. Cooke. London: 1854.  
*The Annotated Edition of the English Poets*. Edited by Robert Bell. Parker and Son. London: 1854.

paraphrased the sonnet—one of the most prosaic ever written—into a prose poem, describing in the most sentimental terms the origin and growth of Surrey's love. Notwithstanding the demolition of the story, the poets were not willing to drop what suited them so well. Barry Cornwall refers to it as an undoubted fact; and Scott, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, wrought up the magical scene in his happiest manner:—

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;  
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,  
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;  
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly and a lofty room,  
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,  
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ild!  
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;  
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,  
And, pensive, read from tablet oburnine  
Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to find:—  
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptur'd line,  
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

Now for the actual facts of the case. It has been pointed out that, in the era of Surrey, it was necessary for a gentleman to have a mistress, real or feigned, to whom his vows should be offered up as to an idol. This was the fashion, and a fashion exalted and refined by the influence of the poetry of Petrarch. Mr Bell supposes, like others, that Surrey's was a real passion; but we must confess we cannot trace any evidence to this effect in the verses themselves. They belong to the sentimental gallantry of the times, not to the individual, and are interspersed with pretty close imitations, and even translations, from the Italian poet, shewing clearly enough the source of the inspiration. Geraldine herself, however, was not an imaginary person. This was not necessary in the days of chivalry, when it was no uncommon thing for a knight to select for his mistress a lady of a rank so high as to render her almost unapproachable.

'Horace Walpole,' says Mr Bell, 'first identified this celebrated woman, and the lineage he traced for her has been confirmed by subsequent investigation. She was the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose second wife was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, by whom he had three daughters—Margaret (born deaf and dumb), Elizabeth, and Cicely. The Lady Elizabeth was the Geraldine of Surrey. The Tuscan origin referred to in the sonnet is founded on a tradition, that the Fitzgeralds sprang from the Gheraldi of Florence, and came into England from Italy in the reign of King Alfred. This tradition is not sustained by any historical testimony; but Surrey, who, amongst his general accomplishments, appears to have cultivated the study of heraldry—which helped, indeed, to bring him to the block—may have investigated with greater success than his critics the annals of the family. It is not improbable that he had access to documents on the subject at Windsor, where one of the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds, Gerald Fitzwalter Fitz-Otho, had been castellan in the reign of William the Conqueror. This, however, is mere conjecture. The "prince's blood" of Lady Elizabeth's mother flowed from a nearer source—through her father, who was brother, by half-blood, to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., mother of Henry VIII., and a descendant of the house of Luxembourg. The father of Geraldine, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, revolted against the crown, and died in the Tower. The family was scattered for a time, and Henry VIII., taking pity on the Lady Elizabeth, his near relation,

brought her to England, and placed her at Hunston, under the care of her second-cousin, the Princess Mary. Here, it is supposed, Surrey first saw her, and selected her for his mistress, whether in passion or poetry. We conclude with Mr Bell's character of the hero himself:—  
'Surrey, was formed out of the best elements of the age, and combined more happily, and with a purer lustre than any of his contemporaries, all the attributes of that compound, and to us almost fabulous character, in which the noblest qualities of chivalry were blended with the graces of learning and a cultivated taste. His nature was as fine and gentle as it was strong and energetic. It might be said of him, that he united in his own person the characteristics of Bayard and Petrarch—courage and tenderness, the heroic spirit, and a woman's sweetness of heart.'

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE PLAT BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

'ARE you sure, Sara, your letter for Robert was despatched in proper time?' said the captain, as he entered the breakfast-room simultaneously with his sister the next morning.

'Yes, dear uncle,' replied Sara; 'Molly put it herself into the post-office; but it probably reached his address when he was from home. He came here last night, but at too late an hour for me to see him.'

'Too late for you to see him!' echoed the captain—'why, Sara, what is this? Would you not see poor Bob at any hour of the day or night, if you had not gone to bed?' He looked at her anxiously. She was pale and listless, like one who had not slept.

'I was not very well,' replied Sara, in a low voice. Her aunt glided up to her, and putting her arm round her waist with uncomfortable tenderness, whispered:

'Let it be camomile this morning, love!' Sara smiled faintly, and assured them that she was now better; and all impatience to see something of this wonderful London:

'We will first, dear uncle, go to'—Here there was a knock at the street-door, and she stopped abruptly.

'Go where?' asked the captain.

'To—to'—Sara had forgotten: she was motionless, breathless; and when at length the room-door opened, she sat suddenly down in a chair. The sight of Robert reassured her. She watched his meeting with her aunt and uncle, and saw the flush of joy and yearning affection fade instantaneously into habitual paleness. How changed! Stronger, firmer, more noble-looking than ever, he bore notwithstanding, like an unshaken rock, the tokens of the thunder and the storm. His brow was written over with ineffaceable memories; and his look seemed without hope as well as without fear. When he turned to Sara, who was behind back, she rose slowly, and not without some maiden reserve, for she felt that her eyes were full. Robert knew at a glance that he had done her injustice; and his throbb of joy was mingled with self-reproach for the feeling, which in his desperate circumstances seemed ungenerous. And so they met again, this young pair, with a pressure of the hand, a long look, silent lips, and full hearts.

In reply to the captain's questions, Robert explained that he was at a dancing-party, the evening before, where he had learned accidentally, but not till the night was far advanced, that they were in town. Even then his

important, would not give him the address, but compelled him to wait and attend her home.

'To me,' added Sara, 'she behaved still worse; for she gave me to understand that you had received our letter; but were determined not to sacrifice the evening's amusement.'

'And did you believe that, Sara?' said the captain, sternly—'you who have so much sense and thought?'

'I have told you, dear uncle, that I felt unwell. But she had not told him that the gay apparition of the night, with her fluttering ringlets and snowy shoulders, had described Robert as, the cynosure of all eyes in the ball-room; and, moreover, that she had included a name in the list of his admirers which made her heart stop and her brain reel, and so rendered her wholly incapable of thought—the name of Claudia Falcontower. This was in reality what had deprived the country-girl of her night's rest, by closing her mind against all impressions but those of astonishment and terror. It now seemed to her that this must be as untrue as the rest—including the fantastic story of Robert's noble origin, which had somehow gained admission into the ball-room; but still she felt a superstitious oppression whenever the idea recurred to her, and she could not have mentioned that formidable name, if it had been to save her life. However agreeable, therefore, the *éclaircissement* may have been, it did not restore the full unbounded confidence of earlier years; and after a time, she saw only too clearly that whatever her own feelings might be, there was something in Robert's manner which rose like a wall between them. So far from being less kind, she saw, on more than one occasion, that there was even passion in his feelings towards her; but a spectre seemed to warn him away whenever he seemed about to fall into the old familiar mode of address; and in walking out, it was always to her aunt he offered his arm, leaving her to the care of the captain.

While they were at breakfast, their attention was arrested by a noise of a peculiar kind in the hall as the street-door opened. Some disturbance had taken place. There was shuffling of feet, shrill but choked voices, crying, sobbing, and laughing; and then the noise rolled away, and sunk beneath the surface of the earth—probably down the kitchen stairs. When the servant came into the room, the captain asked her anxiously, whether there was anything the matter?

'It's Miss Jinks, sir,' said the girl, 'and a visitor.'

The veteran pondered.

'Is that the name of our landlady, I wonder?' said he, when she had left the room. 'No, it is an old familiar word: I am sure I have heard it somewhere. But she did not say what was the matter with Miss Jinks—I hope there is nothing amiss in the house. Hey, Elizabeth?'

'This is a world of meetings and partings,' replied the virgin; 'and the one is sometimes as affecting as the other, since the emotions of both receive their colouring from the things of the past. As for names, it is the doctrine of Sumplinplunger'—but here the essay was interrupted by the door opening. Sara and Robert had in the meantime exchanged a glance which brought them instantly back to the happiest times of Wearyfoot Common; the young lady's ripe cheeks swelling with suppressed mirth, and Robert's eye kindling up once more with the joyous light of youth.

'You here, too, Molly?' cried he, as the damsel came into the room; and he shook hands with her heartily. Molly's face was radiant with smiles, and bedaubed with tears, and as she fixed upon Robert her great round eyes, glistening with a similar moisture, and as full of astonishment as they could hold, he thought to himself that she had grown into a prodigiously fine young woman, with the countenance of a barn-door Hebe, and the figure of a comfortable Jumbo. Her observation of Robert was not less favourable; and if any

doubt of the theory of Mrs Margery had ever assailed her, it was now given to the winds, once and for ever.

'I say, Molly,' said the captain, 'what was that disturbance in the hall just now about?'

'O sir!' replied Molly, 'it was only Mrs Margery come to see me, and to ask about us all.'

'But I say, Molly, who is Miss Jinks?'

'O that's me, sir!' said Molly, with her cheeks swelling like half a dozen of Sara's; 'that's what they call me in London!'

'So it is you, I declare,' said the captain—'I was sure I knew the name!—Bid Margery come in, and we'll tell her ourselves how we are.'

'O sir, she can't come in. She left home in such a hurry, she hasn't cleaned herself.'

'That's very extraordinary!' said the captain; 'I never knew anything like it but when I was in garrison once in the Peninsula. And then it wasn't exactly a cook that was invisible, but a friar; and he wasn't—no, he wasn't just invisible neither; he rather stuck to me, as it were, he did—in fact, I couldn't get him out of my sight; he haunted me like my shadow, wanted to convert me, I think; but I once knew my catechism when I was a boy, and was determined to stand up for it, like a British officer and a loyal subject. And so it was no go; but this friar, you see—What now? You are impatient, Sara? Well, it's a hard case; but I'll tell you the story again, and it's all very natural that you should want to see London, now you are in it.'

The first thing set about was the transaction of business; and the captain found himself enriched with what appeared to him to be a very considerable sum. The bankrupt himself, however, was not present at the payment of the dividend, and the clerks replied only with a stare to the veteran's expressions of sympathy. But when he hinted delicately at his wish to return a portion of the money, the joke was received with cordial approbation; his friends had the satisfaction of seeing that he was voted from that moment a famous old file and no mistake; and one young gentleman in a corner ejaculated 'Walk-er!' in a tone that produced a general laugh.

'Well,' said the captain, a little puzzled, and taking up his hat, 'we can settle it all between ourselves. Be sure to give him my kind compliments, and say that if he will take a run down for a week, we'll make a new man of him. We have a capital Common there—a celebrated Common is Wearyfoot Common—and he may march and countermarch in it all day long. Don't make a mistake now, but remember my name is—'

'Walk-er!' cried the young gentleman in the corner; and the captain made his exit in the midst of unanimous applause.

Sara's business was as well settled, and almost as promptly; although the relation who had brought her to the Common was not at once convinced of the identity of the beautiful young woman who now stood before him and the little pale orphan who had paddled so wofully through the pools of Wearyfoot. Her little inheritance had been so judiciously managed, that the amount was now about doubled; and Sara found herself the absolute mistress of property yielding enough to constitute a competent independence for a single lady in her station. When this fact was established, and the writings completed, she looked furtively at Robert; but he was gazing at the blank wall before him, silent and abstracted. She felt hurt, for even her cold relative had paid his congratulations, and the captain at the moment was shaking her hand nervously. Accordingly, when Robert turned round like a man awaking from a dream, he found no consciousness in the looks he sought; the heiress put her arm within her uncle's, walked coldly and gravely away, and left the office without turning her head.

The serious business of their journey being now finished, they got into a vehicle, which transported

them to the gayer streets of the town, where, dismounting, the ladies amused themselves with gazing and shopping, while their escort lounged in the rear.

'There is something I want to ask you, Bob,' said the captain, 'and now is the best time for it. Margery has been putting all sorts of stuff into Molly's head about you, and your brilliant prospects, and your intimacy with a great family, and so on, and I am anxious to know what it all means. Have you really anything opening out before you such as she writes so mysteriously about? and do you know what it is?'

'Surely,' replied Robert, 'you must be aware that if I knew anything absolutely, you—my earliest friend, to whom I owe even my intellectual being—would be the first to hear of it! But poor Margery is as sanguine as she is loving; and her cousin Driftwood, to whom she is doubtless indebted for the report you allude to, has no means of obtaining correct information. To say that, he has no foundation to proceed upon, would be untrue; but I know nothing absolutely myself; I am now almost afraid to hope; and it may be that even before you leave town, I shall have settled down—and he smiled sadly—into a position more befitting the heretofore vagrant of the Common than the guest and intimate of Sir Vivian Falcontower.'

'But can nothing be done to aid you?' said the veteran anxiously. 'You know I am now comparatively rich, and if you were to go to law, perhaps'—

'My dear sir, law is out of the question! My claims depend upon favour, not force, and I will never stoop to beg for what is my due.'

'You are right, my boy. If the people have no sense of honourable or natural feeling, the less you have to do with them the better. Don't be in a hurry, however—don't condemn them without trial; but if it turns out so, forget your claims, whether they are well or ill founded, and rely upon yourself. But law or not, you must have money, Bob. I have no use for one-half of this windfall, as Sara is now so rich that I don't mean even to make her a present: so, here is your share, old fellow.' Robert squeezed the offered hand, and put it away without speaking.

'What! you won't? You are too proud—even to me?'

'Believe me,' said Robert, huskily, 'I should not be too proud to be your servant, if you could not afford a hireling! But as for money, I am really in no want of it. I am always able to support myself singly in reasonable comfort, and if fortune has decreed that I am never to be able to do more—why, then, I will not accept at her hands of a single additional luxury!'

At this moment they were joined by Elizabeth and Sara; and when the veteran saw the flushed cheek and radiant eyes of the young girl, who had probably been purchasing some article of female bravery, he could not help contrasting in his own mind her appearance and her position with those of his protégé. His reverie, and the obvious depression of Robert, affected insensibly the spirits of the ladies, and all four pursued their walk in silence through this attractive quarter of the metropolis.

But if the earlier part of the day had been wanting in the enjoyment one expects from a visit to London, the evening was to make up for it—for the evening was to be spent at the theatre. It was Sara's first night before the curtain, and as the hour approached, she began to be almost as unquiet as if she was to make her début behind it. The thing most trying to her nerves at the outset was the dress scene; and as she came on from behind through the folding-doors of the parlour, and presented herself to Robert for the first time since she was a girl in evening-costume, she was adorned with so many graceful blushes, superadded to the tasteful elegance of her attire, that the young artist forgot all his miseries in admiration. Then followed Elizabeth in the triumphant dress that had

won for her the suffrages of the Wearyfoot ball; but looking so terribly composed that one might have imagined she had forgotten that she was going anywhere at all. As for the captain, he had been admonished by his sister that regimentals were not the thing in London, and so he appeared on this occasion in the common mourning attire of an English gentleman when he means to make merry.

Robert, whose experience of the theatre was not extensive, had omitted to take places; and when they were set down by their vehicle in the midst of a crowd of elegantly dressed persons, male and female, so dense and so unceremonious as quite to alarm the country girl, they learned for the first time that it was a command-night, that the Queen was to be present. They tried the dress-circle first, but entrance there was out of the question; the first circle was equally full; but in the second they were at length fortunate enough to obtain places, although only in the corner box next the stage. The novelty of the scene, the crowd, the rush, the pressure, almost took away Sara's breath; but she pressed on, blindly conscious of safety when under Robert's care, and opened her eyes to observation only when seated in the front of the box between the captain and Elizabeth, and with her protector guarding her jealously behind. The scene before, beneath, above her, presented a picture almost sublime as a whole, but merely exciting and amusing when the mind had time to examine it in detail. The young girl looked at first with alarm at the torrent of human figures filling gradually every corner of the house; then she was struck with the almost comic tranquillity of the company in the boxes, in the midst, as it seemed, of that rush and roar; and then she was able to syllable the appalling sound from the gallery into words that threw an air of ridicule upon the whole tumult.

The house was at length full. The boxes—all but one next the stage, which was still vacant—were like a parterre of thickly set flowers—the loveliest in the world; the tumultuous sea of heads in the pit subsided into a deep calm; and even the howling gallery was silent in expectation, when all on a sudden the whole concourse rose simultaneously, the men uncovering their heads, and a terrific shout burst from every corner of the vast building. Sara now observed that a lady and gentleman had come quietly to the front of the before empty box; and as the roar of greeting thundered through the house, the lady—a handsome and elegant but kindly-looking woman—bowed gracefully her acknowledgments. Then the shout died away as suddenly as it had arisen, lost, as it seemed, in the swell of the national hymn which rose from the orchestra and stage; and Sara felt the veteran by her side tremble, and saw the tears roll down his cheeks, as he joined inwardly in the burden—'God save the Queen!' She was herself agitated almost to weeping. She had no time to analyse her feelings, but she recognised in the midst of these a sensation of pride swelling in her breast, and a deep and sisterly sympathy with every individual of that vast multitude.

'Robert,' she said in a broken voice, and turning to him with the frank confiding look and tone of other days, 'is not this wonderful?'

'I am glad you are here, Sara,' he replied in the same tone, 'for this is truly a fine and a suggestive scene.'

'But what does it mean, Robert? Why do I feel as proud as if I were the sister of that noble lady—whom I can scarcely see for the tears that are standing in my eyes?'

'You will comprehend your feelings by and by, when you have time to think, and you will read in them the solution of more than one social and historical mystery. The principle of cohesion in the feudal régime, in clanship, and in free governments, is identically the same: in all, the chief is the head of a system to which the subject as essentially belongs, and the homage of the



latter is only a refined and unconscious self-laudation. The Queen belongs to us as much as we belong to her; and that sublime anthem did not arise for her as an individual, but in her mystical character as the representative, or rather the common union, as it were, of us all. This feeling is of course subject to modification. In a free government, a sovereign may divorce himself from public regard by betraying an obvious want of sympathy with his people. This was the case in recent times with an ancestor of the lady for whom your heart is even now yearning—and of a very different nature were the cries that rang in the ears of that unhappy man! But in the instance now before us, where we find public duties nicely understood and conscientiously fulfilled, and in the midst of the splendours of the palace everything we have been taught to love and honour in domestic life, our feelings of natural loyalty, as it is called—loyalty to ourselves—not only receive free play, but are to a certain extent exaggerated by our confounding unconsciously the princess with the woman.

The play was a comedy, and afforded to our country girl a novel and fascinating entertainment. But the absorbing interest it had for the captain, and the remarks in which he gave vent to his feelings, were a drama in themselves, and as amusing as the other. He was particularly struck with a passion contracted at second-hand by one of the personages, from his friend's description of his sister, whom the former had never seen; and it was obvious from his manner that he was afraid the episode would distress Elizabeth. That the virgin did indeed feel it, was clear from the faint colour that rose into her waxen cheeks; and she was seen during the rest of the performance to pay marked attention to the incomings and outgoings of the actor who recalled to her memory the great event of her own life-drama.

At the end of the play, the royal party left the theatre, and the boxes immediately began to thin. Our visitors would not be out of the fashion; and, at anyrate, a five-act comedy had given them about as much of this kind of amusement as they wanted at a time. The crush was not so eager when they were going out as it had been when they were coming in; but still the crowd was dense enough to make their progress through the lobbies and down the stairs extremely slow. The captain led the march, piloting his niece, and Robert followed, making way for Elizabeth, who came close behind him. When they were not very far from the place of egress, Sara employed herself in gazing with much interest at the company descending an opposite stair. They appeared to have come from the dress-circle, and were either not so numerous, or were more ceremonious in their sortie, for she could see to full advantage a very lovely young person, who looked like the queen of them all, and who was surrounded by gentlemen, vying with each other in obtaining for her free passage. Sara, indeed, could have believed that she was the Queen herself, had she not known that Her Majesty had already retired by another egress.

The young lady was in the middle of the stair, descending in this regal state, and so slowly, that Sara had abundant time to study a portrait the most exquisite she had ever seen. She was certainly not above the middle height of woman—not so tall as Sara herself; but there was a queenly dignity in her air and carriage, which seemed to command as much as it attracted. The dignity, however, was not assumed; it seemed a natural manner exhibiting itself, as it were, above a simplicity as natural, while a strange radiance was flung by the most remarkable eyes in the world over features that would have been radiant of themselves. Her dress, though rich, was fastidiously simple; and her magnificent hair descended in clustering ringlets upon shoulders, in the chiseling of which nature seemed to have realised the ideal.

While Sara gazed, from the same level as the object of her admiration, she was unconscious that she herself presented a portrait as remarkable in its way; but the look of admiring surprise she observed in the stranger as their eyes met, and she felt herself shone on as if by a glare of sunlight, sent a flush of modesty to her face, strangely mingled with alarm. The next moment the lady had observed Robert, who was behind, and apparently not belonging to Sara's party, and singled him out with a look of intelligence, followed by a graceful bend of recognition. This was succeeded, when the two descending streams came nearer each other, by a look, or gesture—she could not tell which—of beckoning; and Robert, making his way past her, and through the almost obsequiously yielding crowd, received into his hand of this remarkable person, while a few words of familiar greeting passed between them. Sara grew blind. Supported by her uncle, she groped her way through the crowd, and had hardly returned to recollection when she found herself seated in a vehicle, with all her companions of the evening, and on the way back to the lodgings.

'Who was that prodigiously fine girl you were speaking to?' said the captain, as they drove off.

'Miss Falcontower.' The answer was not requisite for Sara. The moment she was alone upon by the remarkable eyes, she felt her presence, and knew that it would stand for ever between her and the sun.

When they reached home, the ladies retired to take off their shawls, and the captain ordered supper. Robert cheerfully consented to stay, for his brief interview with Claudia had revived his hopes. Her manner had been kind, her glance confidential: it looked as if she had had something to say, and would have said something but for the surrounding crowd. Was it possible that under this fair exterior there could lurk the knowledge that her father had been paltering so long with his hopes, and robbing him of that time which was life? When Sara came into the room, he met her with a brighter, franker look than she had seen him wear in London; but on observing hers, it changed into one of surprise and grief. She was pale and inanimate; and the hand he had taken in the old friendly way felt cold and dead. Both her uncle and aunt observed the change with alarm; but she answered their inquiry in the stereotyped form.

'Only a little headache.' How often the heart lays its griefs upon the head! Their love, however, was not to be deceived. The business of the day, and the excitement of the evening, had been too much for her; they were sure she was seriously unwell; and she must at once go to bed. Robert joined in the entreaty; and although attempting to smile at their fears, she complied, and was doubtless glad to do so. Upon this he abandoned his intention of staying supper, although Molly was now bringing in the tray; and pressing the dead hand once more in his, he instantly left the house.

'Sara,' said the captain, as she was retiring, 'you will be glad to hear what I have to tell you, and will sleep the better for it: it is all true what Molly here has heard about poor Bob. I have it on his own authority, although he did not know exactly how it was to turn out. But that prodigiously fine girl we saw on the stair is one of those who are interested in the result; and it was easy to see from the knowing glance she gave him, and the bright look of her face, that things are going on well, although she had no opportunity to give him the news. Bob himself, you must have observed, was satisfied of this, for that sunshiny look made a new man of him. He returned to his own Wearyfoot self the moment their hands met; and it was only your illness, Sara, that struck the brightness from his eye. Now, good-night, darling; sleep soundly, and be quite well to see Bob when he comes in the morning.—Hey, Molly, what is the matter with you? Set down the things, girl, and don't stand

staring with your great eyes after Miss Sara, as if she was a phenomenon. Have you heard anything more about it ?

'O no, sir, not I; thanks be to goodness, I hear as little of such doings as I can !'

'Why, what's in the wind now ? I thought you were quite a friend of Mr Robert's ?'

'O no, sir, not I, thank goodness, nor of any of his false sect !'

'Mercy on us ! has the baker been deceiving you ?'

'I scorn the baker, sir, and his whole batch; and I'll follow Miss Sara, and go on my knees to her to scorn them all too. Master Robert is not worthy to look across a ten-acre field at her—that's what he ain't; and I'll tell him as much to his face !' And Molly, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, swept indignantly out of the room, leaving behind, for the free use of the captain, her whole stock of astonishment.

#### A FRENCH LADY.

There seems to be an idea prevalent among us, that a French lady is a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house or away from the house, but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This is far from being the real state of the case. So few families in France may be called wealthy, that most of the bright things we sometimes see in public are compelled very practically to look after their own affairs at home. There are, of course, exceptions among the upper *bourgeoisie*, and in the Faubourg St Germain, sufficient to form a class; but what we should call mere fashionables are quite rare in Paris—the city of elegance and intrigue. Half the ladies who attend the Imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day, scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of their *casseroles*. A really elegant dame spends the morning at her toilet, and is ready to be admired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses, from four to five, gentlemen call in, and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected; and her husband is away making calls on his own account. If he were to remain, and be present at his wife's reception, he would be considered simply ridiculous; and this is a thing which he most especially avoids. Many Frenchmen would rather be what they often are, than run the risk of being supposed to be guarding against such an accident. These afternoon meetings, however, are very pleasant; and when the lady of the house is clever and lively, are perhaps superior in enjoyment to the *soirées*. A woman is never seen to so much advantage as when no rivals are present. She is then conscious of exercising undivided sway; none of her powers are wasted in spiteful watching for defects in others, and there is no maliciousness in her amiability.—*Bayle St John's Purple Tints of Paris.*

#### THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The Russian army is not intelligent. Beneath the European costume in which it is tricked out, it still betrays its origin. Look at it: it presents so heavy and singular an appearance, that the least practised eye immediately recognises the disguised peasant, the savage tamed but yesterday, hardly knowing how to march, and studying, to the best of his power, his part of soldier, for which he was not intended. It is only redoubtable by its masses, which, however, can be very efficaciously acted on by grape-shot, as we have seen at Austerlitz, Friedland, and other places. The Russian soldier is not easily shaken. He does not possess that cool energy and contempt of danger, nor that powerful reasoning of true courage, which characterises the French army, and makes heroes of men: he is merely a machine of war, which never reasons, and is cumbersome to move. His popes, moreover, foster in him the idea that he is invincible, and that the bullet or the cannon-ball destined to kill him, will reach him quite as well from behind as from before; but that, nevertheless, if he turns his back to the enemy, and is spared by death, he will be beaten with the stick and with the knout.—*De Lagny's Knout and the Russians.*

#### STANZAS.

The friendships of my youth were strong,  
And formed a gladsome band;  
But now I wander wearily,  
A stranger in the land.  
Yet e'en as ivy clings, so I  
Must find support and love or die.

And as the flower absorbs the dew  
As morning greets the sun;  
As tends the wild-dove to her home,  
After long wanderings done—  
So doth my lonely spirit yearn  
For those who never may return.

The dews will often fail the flower,  
The sun his glory shroud,  
Yet those still wait the evening hour,  
And this dispels the cloud;  
And when the bird forsakes her nest,  
She finds some other ark of rest.

'Tis thus with me—each early tie  
Is trodden in the dust;  
And now my spirit turns to thee  
With deep unwavering trust.  
My heart's torn tendrils, vine-like, twine  
With fond dependence still on thine.

Ay, I have leaned on things that fail,  
Or pierce the trusting heart,  
And then thy sympathy was balm,  
To heal the painful smart;  
I turned to thee when spirit-stirred  
By altered look or chilling word.

I bowed before a form of clay  
With worship wild and deep—  
Another had the love that I  
Would have given life to keep!  
I woke from that wild dream to see  
My guardian spirit still in thee.

P. S.

#### CONSOLATION FOR THE GOUTY.

Sydenham observed, that gout killed 'more wise than fools.' Cullen said, that it affected especially 'men of large heads.' And to come to one of the most careful observers of our own times, Dr Watson refers to the 'fact' that gout is 'peculiarly incidental to men of cultivated minds and intellectual distinction.' Doubtless, the more sedentary habits of men of cultivated minds, and the depressing effects of mental anxiety and intellectual labour too ardently pursued, tend to diminish bodily vigour; but this is not all. Among the present members of the Houses of Parliament, those who are known to be subject to gout are among the most distinguished for an ancestry rendered illustrious by 'high thoughts and noble deeds,' for their own keen intelligence, for the assistance they have afforded to improvements in art, science, and agriculture, and for the manner in which they have led the spirit of the age. If it were proper to mention names, I believe I could prove this to be the case; and I never met with a real case of gout, in other classes of the community, in a person not remarkable for mental activity, unless the tendency to gout was clearly inherited.—*Wells on Gout.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASSMAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1864.

PRICE 1½d.

## NOTES OF A GEOLOGIST ON THE PEASANTRY OF THE SOUTH.

NECESSITY makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. This wise old saw is yet more true of the necessities of a geologist than of most others. Neither fossils nor minerals are remarkable for affecting fashionable localities, or for lying about in the neighbourhood of good accommodation. The geologist, if he is fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and, besides, generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition, that a grand hotel would have some scruple in taking him in. Professor S—, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told, fourpence. He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. 'Ah, sir,' said the landlady, 'I should ask eightpence from any one else, but I only ask fourpence from you; for I see that you have known better days.' At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner the next day, to her great astonishment. A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged off to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of the day's treasures, he mounted a stage-coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman who sat beside him, feeling the pockets full of stones, took him for a madman who had loaded himself more effectually to insure drowning; so slyly picked out the fossils, one by one, from the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside. To be taken for a workman, is matter of course to a geologist; to be taken for a madman is less common; but it has happened to myself amongst others, when a sapient bumpkin has stood by with open mouth, watching my proceedings, and at last sliding off to another bumpkin, and remarking that 'the man must be mad; he is wrapping up dirt in paper, and putting it in his pocket!'

On the continent, where the gentleman commonly goes about, in the country districts, in the national blouse, the people are more accustomed to see a gentleman in working costume, and, besides, in all geological localities, they are thoroughly accustomed to the proceedings of the geologist. I have found, in this respect, the greatest intelligence amongst the peasants: they would come up to you, and direct you to the right locality for finding

treasures, though it might be miles off. I have in consequence had some experience of their everyday life and ideas, and saw more in an excursion than could be seen by the experience of half a century passed in post-chaises and hotels.

The life of the French peasant, like that of the upper classes, is twofold—at home, and abroad. At home, it is difficult to conceive anything more disagreeable and uncomfortable than his accommodation. I remember hearing some English 'navvies,' just returned from working on the continental lines, express their astonishment at the way their brethren lived abroad—black bread, apples, sour wine, with scarcely a cup or a plate to put them upon. I was geologising, once in France and once in England, in the same kind of rock, in the same scenery, and put up for the night at a small hamlet without an inn, but where in each case a farmhouse lodged travellers for the night. The one was at Parham Park, in Sussex; the other, at a place called Uchaux, in the Vaucluse. At both places, they had the same fare for the traveller—bread, cheese, and eggs, only tea in the one taking the place of wine in the other; but in other respects the cases were essentially different. In both, the people of the house took their supper at the same table, and at the same time; but the English family had not only the same fare as myself, but they superadded a noble homemade cake. My French friends, on the contrary, by the side of my white bread put black, unsavoury looking stuff for their own eating, and shred it out into what they called 'salad'—a mess of cabbages and green vegetables chopped up with a little oil—the ordinary peasants' food in Provence. Yet these people were the principal folks of the hamlet, and owners of a very respectable horse and cart. At another time, when I was looking about for fossils, a farmer, with the usual Provencal politeness, went a long way with me to point out the exact spot. He became very friendly, and insisted on my coming home with him and tasting his *pot au feu*. He had four labourers in his employ, who dined with him, but the *pot au feu* contained nothing in the world but potatoes mashed with greens, without milk or butter. In fact, off the high-roads, milk and butter are luxuries quite unknown to the peasantry. The farmers have no cows, and live entirely from the produce of their gardens.

When on his excursions, the French peasant makes up for his home privations. I was, not long ago, geologising in the Var, and walking along the high-road with a very heavy load, when I came up with a train of wagons. I asked leave to rest my basket on one of the vehicles. The wagoner consented very readily, and began to talk. As usual, he became very friendly, and asked me where I was going to stop for the night. I

said, I did not know. He then begged me to join his party, promising that I should fare well at a small cost. He took me to a large auberge, and into a huge barn-like room, set out with deal-tables, and warmed by a stove in the middle. The lighting, as is usual in the south of France, was wretched—a little oil burning in a machine like an English kitchen candlestick, one to a dozen persons. But the supper was actually a noble one. There were fowls, hares, which are shot by the farmers in the mountains in large quantities, and sold to the aubergists for a mere trifle; excellent stews, red and white wine, and salad. The wagoners smacked their lips, and descanted on the dish in a style of finished connoisseurs, adding anecdotes of the fare and cookery of every inn in the province. The beds were coarse, but thoroughly comfortable. The breakfast was meat, salad, bread, cheese, and wine. For all this, lodging and everything, the landlady asked me just fifteenpence. My friend the wagoner overheard, took me aside, and told me that the fifteenpence was a gross imposition. He requested me to give him five-and-twenty sous, just twelpence, and to leave the rest to him. He took the money, told the landlady that I was a friend of his, travelling at his charge, and that he would pay for me, which he did on the regular wagoner's scale. It was, all things considered, not a high one.

Whenever you stop at an inn in a country town on the great roads, you are sure to see one or two wayfarers, dressed in the most ordinary peasant costume, and appearing as if bread and cheese would be the utmost of their desires. Before them, in a few minutes, you will be astonished to see a smoking supper, which many a poor gentleman would look at with envy. Then to mark the gusto with which they attack it, the gentlemanly appetite they evince—making a fowl disappear in about ten seconds, without the slightest semblance of voracity, and a dish of meat in a minute: their knowing way of dressing a salad, and the perfect appreciation they shew of the best parts of everything, would do honour to the most experienced frequenter of a London tavern. The charge made is, as I have said, low enough, and yet it is as much as they can afford; for the ordinary pay of a wagoner is but thirty sous a day, and they have few opportunities of cribbing, as in England, out of the beans and oats of their cattle. These are luxuries seldom allowed to a French horse. Then they have but five sous a day left for their other necessities, and for those of their wives and families. But they live at home on bread and apples, and of the better class, the wives keep a shop. The shopkeeping class amongst the labourers is more numerous in the south of France than in any other country. Even in the cities of the second rank—such as Avignon, for instance—whole streets are entirely occupied by shops, kept by the wives of wagoners, journeymen-masons, carpenters, and other labourers, who, in England, would not dream of aspiring to such a privilege. They get on with little or no capital; they boast no shop-windows, or external pretension of any kind. Almost every man above the rank of a mere daily cultivator has a wife who is groceress, linen-draperess, butcheress, or confectioner: you may even see the clarinet-player at the theatre jointing meat, or weighing sausages, under his wife's directions, with an air of the most submissive meekness. The consequence is, that the men spend their own earnings without mischief or compunction. Hence the suppers at the Lion d'Or, and the crowded and innumerable cafés and cabarets, by the side of which our English ale-houses pale into insignificance. These shops own a small knot of customers, who buy amongst each other, which comes to the same thing as if each got all the necessities of life at cost-price. They serve likewise for gossiping amongst the women, as the ale-houses do amongst the men; thus providing the last necessary of life to the loquacious continental. The

dame who cannot keep a shop is condemned to lose amusement as well as profit, and is much in the condition of a man black-balled at a club. What with the stray custom they get amongst the higher classes, these shops answer their purpose well enough in every way.

Another and a necessary consequence is the absence of all large shops, except for articles of pure luxury. Every one passing through a French town—I except, of course, the great cities—misses the dapper, dandified, self-satisfied gentleman, who forms the curious and characteristic class styled counter-jumpers in England. You are served quite as well, it must be admitted, by the hearty carpenter's wife, as by these white-shirted professionals. These small dealers in France are not up to tricks of trade, and come too closely into contact with their customers to venture upon them. So you are generally sure of your article; and as, besides, these small people are protégés of some aristocratic employers, the large shops have not a chance; in fact, there is often a downright prejudice against them. And thus in a town, perhaps of 30,000 inhabitants, you will scarcely find a couple of butchers or grocers doing business in a large way, or more than enough to satisfy the wants of a few amateurs; and of the rich tradesmen there are none but silk-mercers and upholsterers, and of those only a very few. What the effect of all this may be politically, it is difficult to say; but the effect on the picturesque or the elegant is miserably bad. Without the large shops, the towns are vulgar by day, and worse by night: there is nothing to enliven the streets but a lamp here and there; you miss the portly citizen with his gold-watch, and, above all, you miss his country-house. It is all very well to quizz the cockney taste of the rich grocer; but visit the south of France, and observe how the most motley of all possible villas would be a gain to the scenery. Dead-walls and wretched farmhouses are all you get in their place; sheds, crammed with wood or straw, instead of the gay bright little conservatory; and gardens, ill-kept and full of potatoes, instead of the trim lawn with its joyous flowers and evergreens. The country about the towns in France is positively spoiled, because masons and carpenters will insist on their wives keeping shops.

And yet the scenery of the south has its compensations. Close at hand, it is dreary enough, but from a distance it is singularly striking, even in the arrangement of the habitations. Manners, in most cases, add to scenery; in some, they create it. This is peculiarly true of a Provencal plain. Seen from one of the numerous points where the secondary rocks, piercing through their tertiary covering, give a panoramic view of 150 miles in circumference, and which extends over seven or eight departments, it would yet be dull and uninteresting in the extreme but for the works of man. The blue sky of Provence, glorious as it is, would be wasted upon the cold impassable uniformities of the soil. A couple of rivers, not forming one bold broad stream, but meandering by half-a-dozen passages through the loose sand or limestone, affording them an infinity of choice for forming as many channels as they please, and for changing their beds as often as a commercial traveller: these, and a few scattered, isolated, and uniform promontories, alone break the sameness of the vast expanse. But man has stepped in, and supplied the deficiencies of nature, with a taste none the less remarkable for being purely accidental. Villages or villas there are none; and the absence even of the latter of these has no unfavourable effect, being in keeping with the general scene. The entire district is studded, almost at exact intervals, with solitary farmhouses, their white roofs and whiter walls placing them in bold relief against the blue sky and green masses of olive and cypress, and harmonise singularly with the gray rocks and arid fields which form the basis of the whole. Here and there a large town outstretched at the side of a hill, nothing concealing any of

its parts, or obstructing the complete apprehension of its form and dimension. Altogether, the scene looks like a vast plantation of houses set mostly at intervals, with a wood here and there represented by the towns, so entirely do both the one and the other seem to belong to the soil. The village spire and farmhouse, covered with clusters of flowers, would, after all, be out of place in the panorama. They would be like roses or laurels in a corn-field. The ruined castles, which hang over every eminence, seem as part of the rock, from which it is not easy always to distinguish them; they have little left of the feudal character, and put you in mind of nothing less than belted knights, high-born dames, troubadours, and King René.

It is the uniform system of culture and almost uniform extent of the farms which gives this character to the country. As a general rule, both large and small farms are unknown. A system prevails throughout Provence by which the landlord takes, in the place of rent, a portion of the profits of the farm; hence the general uniformity in their dimensions. The landlord refuses to admit a small tenant, whose want of capital or knowledge may endanger his receipts; and, for a large tenant, the property is too subdivided, capital too scarce, and the landlord's habit of receipt in kind subject to many difficulties. The farms are from 150 acres to 200, out of which, if the farmer makes his 500 écus a year, he is very well contented. He rarely grazes, never uses manure, except a little mud from the road or the river, and never tries experiments. Corn, grown in all the primeval simplicity of agriculture, the olive, the vine, and wood from the willows which line the small streams, make up his profit—derived altogether from the exertions of mere manual labour. He knows no more than his own labourer, from whom it would be difficult to distinguish him, for the top-boot and knowing great-coat of the English farmer would be nothing less than a monstrosity here. His workmen, with whom he lives on terms of perfect equality, receive their 25 sous, or 12d. a day—wages which put one marvellously in mind of the 6s. per week of the Dorsetshire labourer. But the Provençal peasant works seven days in the week; he gets, in ordinary times, his bread under a penny a pound; he can buy the cheaper parts of meat for 8d. a pound; in fact, there are regular parts of the markets appropriated by regulation for the sale of 'cow and ewe meat,' at this or even a lower price. Then his wine is 1½d. the imperial quart, he picks his apples from his master's trees, gets the brushwood from the hills for gratuitous firing, such little as he wants—so he is tolerably well off for the necessities of life. For the luxuries, if he ever attempts them, he has to pay twice as much as in England, and his clothing is much dearer; but his wife spins with the time-honoured distaff of the classical times; and a flannel jacket, fustian trousers, wooden shoes, and the blouse, make up his complete attire. When on a journey, the peasant is reluctantly compelled to wear leather shoes, which, in the place of stockings, he stuffs with hay. If his feet are wet, he stops at the first farm, takes out his damp hay, and puts in dry—a simple mode of procedure, which has its conveniences. His field-cap serves for night as well as day. In the cities, you constantly see workmen in the daytime peering from the windows in a cotton night-cap; and, in return, in a country inn I have seen half-a-dozen labourers in bed and asleep at once, in the ordinary out-of-doors' cap of the lower orders—*vulgo*, in the English tongue, a 'wide-awake'—a term, in this instance, singularly inappropriate.

Such a system would not seem to be particularly favourable for developing either the manners or the intellect; yet there is no doubt that the labourer in the south is, both in the one and in the other, far above his fellow in the north. I have sat at the same table with them, slept in the same room with them,

walked with them, ridden with them, without once meeting with anything to come between the wind and my gentility—that is, anything that can be set down to their account as a class; for their offences belong to continental manners in general, and are to the full as flagrant in the gentleman as in the peasant. When I have made inquiries of them for geological purposes, I have found them perfectly acquainted with the notabilities of the rocks and the soil of the entire neighbourhood; they knew exactly the localities celebrated for fossils, and fully understood the nature of my inquiries. When I have entered an auberge, gone into the common eating-room, and placed my fossils on the table, they would crowd round, talk on the subject with the fluency which never forsakes them, discuss the geological notorieties of the whole department, and often produce specimens which they had found in their work, and which lay quietly in their pockets for the first occasion. These they always made me a present of, refusing to take anything in return. I have frequently accosted a quarryman, and demanded if he had any fossils. 'Not here, but at home.' 'I will buy them of you.' 'If you will pass this way to-morrow, I will give them you; but I don't sell.' They would leave their work in the fields, and watch mine for an hour; and the youngsters would spend half the day in picking up specimens, and bringing them with a naïve exultation highly amusing. All this, combined with the social courtesy of mutual intercourse everywhere present at the south, where the peasants salute at a cabaret with as much ceremony as an Englishman in a saloon—all this, I say, gives an air of superiority to the peasant which it is impossible not to recognise.

The cause lies partly in the general and unrestrained intercourse of different ranks and classes; but there is another, and one of much greater importance. The lower orders in France, the south especially, see before them, and within their hopes, a multitude of offices requiring a certain amount of thought, discretion, and information, and the prospect of attaining these excites a spirit of inquiry and emulation which is present everywhere. Amongst these offices are positions in the gendarmerie, the police, and the thousand government offices swarming on all sides. But beyond this, there exists a general habit of promotion in private enterprises which tends yet more effectually to the same end. There is not a quarryman who does not dream of the day when he shall become quarrymaster—not a miner who does not aspire at some time or other to the direction of a mine, or at least to the office of *chef-mineur*. These undertakings are conducted with far less capital and pretension than our own, and therefore offer hopes to a class of men who, amongst us, would not even think of such ambitions. Most of the workmen engaged in such enterprises receive a public education, on the principle of the industrial schools, about which so much has been said and so little done by ourselves. The lads are roused at five, and sent into the mines at six, under the direction of a practical master. They return at twelve, dine, and at two are sent to study till six; so that they have literally no recreation during the day, and in every respect the discipline is extremely severe. When it is recollected that in the south mining enterprises embrace every gradation of magnitude—from the mere lignite-pits, which scarcely attain the dignity of a quarry, to metallic mines on the largest and most difficult scale, and that the direction or important position in each of these is reached by regular steps, according to the talent or knowledge of the workman, it may easily be conceived that a large portion at least of the population are fully alive to the importance of thought and information; and all this has an immense influence even on those who have no part in such aspirations, in a country where everybody is in constant intercourse with everybody else.

It is not always possible to lodge with carters and carriers without meeting with disagreeables. The last time I had that satisfaction, about two in the morning the door was almost beaten in by a tremendous knock. To the demand of the landlord: 'Who's there?' came the reply, terrible and formidable everywhere on the continent: 'A soldier on service.' Down hurried the landlord in extreme trepidation, a military visit being anything but a joke in these days of universal suspicion and arrest. The errand of the soldier in question was to look after a deserter; and every man in the house had to turn out of his bed in the middle of December, and submit to a careful scrutiny of his individual peculiarities. The deserter did not turn up; but the soldier had his supper before he left the house, at the most inconvenient time of the night, and without paying a farthing.

This is the ordinary mode of all police proceedings, and the consequence is that the law is every man's enemy, and that no one ever stirs a finger to assist its proceedings. But the police have their excuse. The character of the inhabitant of the south is twofold: he is one moment the mild, peaceable citizen; the next, an enraged animal, capable of any atrocity. The same system of extremes is found in the ordinary life of the country people. While many are honest and scrupulous to a proverb, almost every village contains one or two daring characters, with a fearful list of crimes attached to them, who defy law and the police by force of arms, it may be for years, and through the dread of whom it even happens that the functionaries themselves avoid stirring abroad after dark. Yet even in these cases, the villagers themselves refuse all aid to justice. They leave it to those whose business it is; partly from habit, and partly from their innate hatred and distrust of all authority, which is so often used to distress or oppress them. The same extremes are found occasionally in the material position of persons in the same class and almost under the same circumstances. Journeymen-carpenters frequently work for no more than seventy-five centimes, or sevenpence half-penny a day. On the other hand, sawyers will gain no less than fifteen francs, or twelve shillings a day, and that for years together. This came out at a trial the other day, where some sawyers were indicted for setting saw-mills on fire near Montpellier. They had been driven, it appeared, from one locality to another, by the influence of these mills, until they lost patience, and took, or were supposed to take, active measures against their persecutors. During all their migrations, they earned the sum above mentioned, so that they had some reason to detest the march of improvement. The mills, by the way, were introduced by a common workman, like themselves, but thrifty, speculative, and enterprising.

I would conclude these remarks with noticing what has often interrupted my pleasure during these rambles—the singular diseases found amongst the peasantry where one would least expect them, out of the reach of the mountains, and in the purest and balmy air imaginable. No sooner does the mountain *goitre* disappear, than it is replaced by skin complaints, if possible, yet more revolting. Women are at work in the fields with excrescences hanging about their eyes so like a bunch of oak-apples, that if they were cut off, it would be barely possible to tell the difference. Others are sitting sunning themselves at their doors with their eyes actually eaten out by disease. These complaints are most frequent in the more retired districts, where the food is bad and uniform: they are especially common in the green sand-hills where the air is of an exquisite purity, blowing over miles of fresh sand, without taint of clay or limestone. The water is equally pure: it is perfectly delicious to quaff the limpid streams which intersect the hills in all directions, often turning the ill-kept roads of the south into a river. Roads, in fact, which begin magnificently, end in a swamp almost

impassable; you can scarcely believe that you are on the same highway which, when you quitted the town, was so wide, clear, and imposing. In one of the purest of Nature's regions, she has amused herself by planting her worst impurities in the blood of poor unfortunate man, or rather poor unfortunate woman, for the evil falls almost exclusively on the gentler sex. Whatever may be the cause, it is a sad drawback to the pleasure of journeying through scenes, in other respects, amongst the most picturesque and interesting on the continent, interesting especially to the geologist, from the abundance, beauty, and variety of the treasures they contain.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### SECRETS OF THE STUDY.

ROBERT was not in the habit of intentionally consulting his pillow. When in need of advice, he betook himself to the silent stars, as they were seen from lonely roads or deserted streets, and reached home sufficiently jaded in body to have some chance of rest. On the present occasion it was well on to the dawn before he let himself in with his noiseless key, and glided to his solitary room; but although he had walked a very considerable number of miles since parting from his Wearyfoot friends, the pillow was still importunate: it would hear, from beginning to end, what the stars had said, and it had its own suggestions and counsels to offer without number. Worn out at length, the adventurer did enjoy an hour's sleep; and then the thousand sounds of a London morning awoke him to the toils and heart-strivings of a new day.

His resolution, however, was taken. The review he had made of his London life was more unsatisfactory than ever; and he looked with dismay at the gulf there was now between him and the buoyant, high-spirited aspirant of the world who had presented himself for the first time in Driftwood's studio. He could not conceal from himself that his independence and self-reliance had already received damage—that he was fast sinking into the mere conventional man, who circles in his own small orbit, and when unsuccessful there, drops and perishes, as if there was no other space for life or death in the universe. If the new caprice of Claudia—for both stars and pillow had now advised him to distrust her—was to pass away like the others, in what position would he find himself? Precisely where he was when he scanned for the first time the windows of the metropolis, to seek out in them the clue to some mechanical calling, in which he might live for the present and prepare himself for a higher effort. This must have an end—and here. He would that very day bring Sir Vivian Falcontower to an explanation; and, strange as his absence might appear to the Temple family, he would delay for some hours seeing them till the crisis of his fate was past. It was impossible, however, to commence the business of the day before ascertaining how Sara was, and at an early hour he took his way to the lodgings in Great Russell Street.

Molly was already astir; but when he obtained speech of her, he found her as crusty as the baker's loaves. Miss Sara, she said, had rested very well: why shouldn't she?—there was nothing on her conscience, she hoped. How was her headache? Oh, the headache was very well too—at least it would be when she rung her bell: how could she tell before then? A headache might be another thing; but a headache was nothing, if people would only let it alone, and not dose other people with Miss Heavystoke's mixture, that made



them not know the taste of their own mouths for a month.

'Well, Molly,' said Robert, 'I see you are out of humour; but that won't last long, if you are the same Molly I knew at Wearyfoot. Just say, if you please, that I shall be here again as early in the forenoon as possible: before then, I have to get through some important business;' and he turned away with an air so proud yet so desolate, that Molly was sorry for her crustiness, but afraid to call him back, and so she stood looking after him with her great round eyes till he passed out of sight.

Sir Vivian, he knew, was not to be seen till eleven at the earliest, and to pass the time, he called when the morning was further advanced at the studio in Jermyn Street. Driftwood, he thought, received him somewhat stiffly, and apologised more loftily than usual for the absence of his boy. The artist, however, was getting on swimmingly in the guinea-portrait speculation, and was even now expecting a sitter.

'I should owe you something for that idea,' said he, 'had you not balanced the account by depriving me of the countenance of Sir Vivian Falcontower.'

'I deprive you of the countenance of Sir Vivian!'

'To be sure. I thought to do you good by mentioning your expectations; and now, when the game is all up, he turns round upon me as if I had tried to swindle him.'

'Mr Driftwood,' said Robert seriously, 'I don't understand you: I beg you to explain yourself.'

'Why, that's just what I can't do. I daresay you might, after all, be only amusing yourself with Margery; but she took it all seriously, and said so much to me about the flourishing fellow you were going to turn out, that I couldn't help putting in my spoke to give you a hitch on. Did you not observe what a high mightiness they made of you at the ball? and yet I danced three times more than you, not to talk of the manner of dancing—and most of them had seen my Robin Hood!' and he pointed grandly to a fac-simile of the sign, laid upon canvas in the true out-of-door's style.

'And so,' said Robert, 'out of some sanguine expressions of poor Margery—based, perhaps, upon hints I was unconscious of myself—you constructed one of your miserable daubs, and tried to palm it upon Sir Vivian for a true picture!'

'Keep your temper, Oaklands; you don't know pictures yet—you were too short a time under me. The world will one day do justice to my daubs; and in that day the price of my Holy Family, two pound twelve, will be written with the pound after the figures!'

'Forgive me, Driftwood, I did not mean to hurt your feelings; but I am vexed, maddened, and hardly know what I say.'

'Well, well, my boy: you will come to know high art in time. But let me just give you a hint for your own good, not to be coming the grandee over us again. You have an enemy, I can tell you, who follows in your track, and paints it all out. His name is Seacole.'

'Seacole!'

'Yes; he is hand-in-glove with Sir Vivian and his daughter. He is going to marry the young lady, and won't stand your having any expectations whatever.'

'From whom did you hear this?'

'From Mr Slopper, one of Sir Vivian's household; and he had it from Mr Poring, Mr Seacole's individual.'

'I thank you. It is important information: so conclusive, indeed, that I would not take the trouble of going now to Sir Vivian—only it must not be said that I have an enemy without confronting and defying him.'

'Take care, take care, my boy! Small people don't get on in this world by defying great.'

'Because small people have not the manliness to be true to themselves: I am one of the forlorn-hope.' Here the bell rung.

'That rascally boy!' cried Driftwood—'never mind, I must just open myself.' Robert was sorry he had waited, when in a minute or two the artist returned, ushering in the same young lady who had paid him such marked attentions at Mrs Doubleback's party. On seeing him, she gave a pretty little scream—

'You naughty man,' said she, 'how you did frighten me! Who could have expected to meet you here—on this particular spot of all the habitable globe? Isn't it strange? I declare I don't understand it—it seems like a dream, or like something that happens in a novel. I am quite nervous.'

'I should not guess that from your fresh and wholesome looks.'

'Ah, there you are again! Do you talk so to all the poor girls whom destiny throws in your way? Do you think I have forgotten what you said to me at the ball? I only hope that great clumsy Miss Doubleback did not overhear it, for her eyes were fixed on us as if she was thinking—I wonder what she was thinking! Heigh-ho!' and the young lady sighed.

'Miss Bloomley,' said the artist, 'I have just now been thinking, and pondering, and now I have got hold of it. I remember clearly that I did tell you my friend Mr Oaklands was here almost every'—

'Tush! who cares what you think or tell? For my part, I never listen to a word you say.'

'And that if you came to have your portrait taken, you would'—

'Fiddle, fiddle! Why don't you set to work then, now I am here, instead of calling to mind your saying things that nobody ever heard a word of?'

'I beg pardon, miss; I only thought you would be glad to have the mistake cleared up. I am sure Mr Oaklands considers himself in great luck to be in the way to see you. Don't you, Oaklands?'

'Yes, I do,' replied Robert, 'for I want to explain to Miss Bloomley that you, who talk so boldly of other people's mistakes, are very apt to be mistaken yourself.—Mr Driftwood has doubtless told you of certain expectations he assumed me to have, and has given you to understand that one of these days I shall be quite a great rich personage. Now, our friend did not intend to deceive, but merely suffered his imagination—and, no doubt, his good-nature—to run away with him. There is not one word of truth, however, in the story. I am a mere adventurer on the world, without family, without a surplus shilling in my pocket, and without the prospect of one that is not earned by my own industry.' Miss Bloomley, when he began to speak, looked at him with great wondering eyes, that seemed to dilate as he went on, the colour at the same time mounting into her face; and by the time he concluded, her cheeks were red-hot, and her eyes full of tears that glistened without falling. The Londoners, high and low, are remarkable for generous feeling, and this young lady was a true Londoner.

'You are greater than he told,' said she, with a quivering voice—'you have the spirit of a man—and that's better than being a nobleman!' Robert bade her good-by with a smile and a pressure of the hand, which she returned with a good, hearty, natural, un sentimental shake.

Robert walked straight to the mansion of Sir Vivian Falcontower, pondering, as he went, on the seeming fatuity that had thrown him into the power of his school enemy. He had ousted this enemy, by means of a timely warning, from the good graces of Sara; and now Seacole, in turn, and by similar means though different in character, had deprived him of the patronage of Claudia. But how stood the account? Although he had, perhaps, saved Sara from an uncongenial marriage, he had appropriated her affections himself, and they must now be unwound from their object, if they were her very heart-strings; he had prevented Seacole from entering into a union for which he, as

well as his bride, was unfit, and by so doing, had preserved him for an alliance the most flattering imaginable to his vanity and ambition; and having thus played his part in the world, the vagrant of the Common was now to subside into his original obscurity. These meditations were still in progress, even while he was asking the question mechanically: 'Is Sir Vivian at home?' but they were brought to an abrupt conclusion by the reply: 'Not at home, sir.'

Only a few minutes before, this consummation could not have been looked for by one who was privileged—as the reader is—to behold, invisible himself, the secrets of the study. The study was a smaller apartment opening from the bookroom, or library; and here Claudia awaited the coming of that insolent young man who had of late thrust himself so much into her thoughts, and given rise to so many outbreaks of a usually equable, or at least manageable temper. On this occasion, the sun, not the lightning, was playing on her face. She seemed to be full of memories of the evening before—with its music, its smiles, its gems, its grandeur; and of the last scene more especially in which she herself had performed, descending the stairs in queenly state, and amid the homage of the obsequious crowd, yielding her soft hand, heroine-like, to the warm, manly clasp of the hero of the moment. It was an interesting picture for one who, like Claudia, had an eye for art; but it would be too curious to inquire how much of the vanity of the woman mingled with the admiration of the connoisseur.

At all events, it was clear that she indulged in some friendly feeling towards the actor who had supported her so well. The table was prepared for him with more than the care of a secretary. The books, the paper, the pen and ink, were scrupulously arranged; the chair was set for him at the proper angle; the fire was chastened so as to produce a summer warmth; the curtain was tutored into the admission of just light enough for convenience, and not a ray for glare. Not that all this was done at once. Claudia was prodigiously clever; but she could not work miracles. She shifted the things again and again before she got them into their proper places; then she looked at the pendule on the mantle-piece; then she stepped lightly again to the table—but this time it was only a trifle that was wanted: one of the pens had somehow got a little across another (an unlucky position), and she placed them side by side. At length there was heard a knock at the street-door. It was distant and indistinct, but she knew it well; and straightway, as if conjured by the sound, she subsided—not suddenly, or in a flurry—but softly, smoothly, naturally, into the cold but graceful impassibility of her usual self. She did not even look towards the door of the room; but nevertheless she knew, without turning her eyes, that it opened on its noiseless hinges, and that her father entered—alone.

Sir Vivian took the chair that had been prepared for another, and Claudia sat down in her usual place at the table, opposite to him, and with her back to the window.

'Mr Oaklands,' said her father, 'was not here yesterday, and for some days past he has not seemed to relish his work as usual. This shews that we approach the end.'

'He was here this morning—now,' remarked Claudia quietly. 'I heard his knock.'

'True. I ordered them to say not at home, for before we see him again I want to talk to you. I think I have detected the young fellow in a stratagem, and, clever as he undoubtedly is, he must not be allowed to suppose he has got the whip-hand of us. You remember that romantic story of Driftwood's I mentioned? Well, it turns out to be all false: the only mystery connected with the young man relates to the parish he has a claim upon. He is the natural son, it

seems, of some low woman—a menial servant, I think—and an impoverished half-pay captain.'

'From whom had you this?' demanded Claudia, almost sternly.

'From Mr Seacole.'

'Oh!'

'Why do you say "Oh!" so contemptuously? I want to talk to you about Seacole too: he has formally craved my permission to pay his addresses to you, and besought my influence in favour of his suit.'

'And you have promised it?'

'To be sure I have. My promise binds you to nothing; and if the worst comes to the worst—for you know, Claudia, this cannot go on much longer—Seacole is a likely young fellow enough, of an ancient family, and with a competent estate.'

'Well, well, let us get through one subject at a time. I saw the two only once together, and paid no special attention to them; but now I can recall the look that passed between them, and I venture to say that Mr Seacole and Mr Oaklands are enemies.'

'And what of that?'

'Only that the information you may receive from one concerning the other is not to be looked upon as exactly above suspicion.'

'Certainly not, if there was any motive for misrepresentation. The two individuals in question, however, cannot be supposed to clash in any way. Seacole, in fact, knows very little of the history of Oaklands; for although they were brought up in the same neighbourhood, their rank was too different to admit of free intercourse till they met again at school. He refers me to his servant, who served at the time in the very house where the boy was taken to live with his reputed father, and I expect the man every instant.' While he still spoke, there was a tap at the room-door, and permission being given, Mr Poring walked slowly and sedately in, and coming to a halt near the table, drew himself up, and stood there tall and still, looking very like a figure carved in wood by somebody who had forgotten the joints and did not know how to round off the corners.

'I have sent for you,' said Sir Vivian, 'to ask you a few questions respecting an individual in whom I feel an interest. His name is Robert Oaklands—do you know anything of his origin?'

'He originated, sir, in Wearyfoot Common, where he found me one evening in the mist.'

'You mean that you found him, I presume?'

'No, sir, I would not find a boy on no account: I have an objection to it, I have. He found me, sir, and followed me home to Simple Lodge.'

'And what then?'

'Nothing more, sir. The boy merely remained, and Captain Simple brought him up like one of the family.'

'Was there no inquiry made about the boy's parentage—no information given to the parish officers?'

'No, sir; there was nothing said to nobody. The rector, and several of the ladies about the Common, made some inquiry at first, but they heard nothing that pleased them; and so, since things could not be helped, they said nothing more about it.'

'Why was he called Oaklands?'

'That was the name of the—the—woman in the kitchen, whom the boy stated to be his mother, and who never denied it.'

'And the other name—Robert?'

'Bob, sir, Bob was his other name.'

'Was that the name of Captain Semple?'

'No, sir; I did not approve of his getting the captain's name—it was bad enough without that. I considered that he had no call to more than Bob, Bob being almost Boy—no name at all to speak of.'

'What has become of Captain Semple and his establishment?'

'The captain, sir, was ruined by the failure of his

agent, and by his sister and niece coming upon his hands; his brother was a 'poor man, sir, with a large family of course, as poor men always has. I hear they are all in town now, sir; and so is the woman, who gets her living by washing, or something of that sort. Large family there too—the Boy and all, for of course he lives with his mother. Driftwood, a painter in Jermyn Street, is to be pitied among them, for he can't disown his cousins.'

'Then Driftwood is related to them!'

'Yes, sir; all the rest, I believe, is the lower classes—and he ain't much to speak of. The woman Oaklands lives in Hartwell Place, Kensington Gravel Pits: last door in the row, no thoroughfare, market gardens in front.' This being all the evidence he could give, Mr Poringier was dismissed.

'You see, Claudia,' said Sir Vivian, 'the scheme was better got up even than I supposed. I really did not give Driftwood credit for so much *vous*; and as for Oaklands, why, he is quite a master. To think of a young fellow like him hanging on here so long, dressing and behaving like a gentleman, meeting in society some of the first persons in the kingdom, and concealing the whole time, with a fortitude quite heroic, that at home he burrowed among countless relations, watching hungrily and eagerly the result of his enterprise!'

'To be silent when no questions are asked,' said Claudia, whose face was flushed, as if from sitting too near the fire, 'is not concealment.'

'But perhaps,' went on her father, 'the young fellow is wiser still in his generation. There being no ties of legitimacy to bind him to his family, it may have been his intention—the thing is not uncommon in the world—to cling to his relatives only till he could do without, and then, when he had reached the mark of his ambition, to withdraw quietly from a circle that'—

'No!—there you are mistaken,' cried Claudia, rising suddenly from her chair; 'he had no intention of the kind! You do not know the man as I do; you have not watched him, day after day, with doubt and wonder on your mind giving place at last to settled conviction. When the time came, and his fortune was established, he would have insisted upon bringing his brothers and sisters into this room; he would have taken his frail mother to court if it were possible; he would have stood up for and by them; and if hissed, hooted, and pelted out of society, he would have retreated backwards—backwards—shielding them from harm, and with his proud eyes fixed upon his pursuers!'

'Claudia! is this acting?'

'Why, would it not be a sight to see! The squat, lean, vulgar children, stumbling along, well fed and well dressed—the coarse, red-armed, gin-drinking washerwomen, flaunting in silks and satins, and bobbing her awkward curtsies—and all hanging upon the neck and entangling the feet of the son and brother, the man of genius, the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman!'

'All that is true, Claudia; but you sketch so vividly, you startle me. What is it to you, what is it to us, that this should be so? You seem, notwithstanding your ridicule, to pity the young man?'

'Just as I pity the naturally lame, blind, or hump-backed; low connections are for one constituted like him a still worse calamity. But, settle with him how you may, remember we must now have done with him; yes, papa, done with him—done with him—done with him! Why, I should not wonder if some of the ragged crew were at the door of the theatre last night, and saw me, surrounded by half the nobility in town, stop to shake hands with him as if he was a prince! And the other day at the Royal Academy, is it not more than probable that among the crowd at the steps was the washerwoman herself, gazing at Claudia Falcontower leaning on the arm of her son? the washerwoman—think of that

—smoking from the suds, steaming with gin! is it not rich?—Ha, ha!' and she laughed, absolutely laughed, perhaps for the first time since she was a girl! The sound was musical, as clear as a bell, but nevertheless it shocked Sir Vivian, and he looked at his daughter with wonder and dismay.

Another tap at the door; and it was scarcely replied to when a servant entered hastily, and presented a letter to Sir Vivian. The baronet looked at it for some moments, as if unwilling to remove it from the curious antique salver on which it lay; but at length he took it up slowly, and the man left the room.

'A telegraphic dispatch, Claudia,' said he, lingering on the syllables—'and from Luxton Castle.' He opened it with some nervousness, and then dropping the paper upon the table, covered his eyes with his hands. Claudia sank into her chair, and fixed a long, blank look upon her father, while the flush forsook her face, which grew gradually as white and rigid as marble. As gradually the rigidity softened, although the pallor remained, and some natural tears rolled one by one from her before dry and glistening eyes.

'My poor uncle!' said she; and she gazed mournfully upon Sir Vivian, forgetting to wipe the moisture from her eyes.

A dead silence ensued; which was at length broken by Claudia, who spoke more in the tone of soliloquy than as if addressing her father.

'And this is life,' said she, 'this is the world! Go where we will, do what we may, dig, delve, soar, it is all one: in a few years comes the end—and the end is death! What is the use of our care, our labour, our sacrifices? Of what consequence are the inequalities of fortune that are presently to be shovelled down to a level by the sexton's spade? The grandeur we admire is but the nodding plume of the hearse; the ensign of nobility is only the hatchment on the wall; all we love and loathe are linked inseparably together: the smile of the lip, the grin of the skull—beauty and delight, corruption and horror—pride and ambition, dust and ashes!' Her arms fell lifeless by her sides, her head drooped upon her bosom; and the beautiful Claudia looked almost ghastly in her sudden desolation.

'Don't give way,' said Sir Vivian, recovering; 'our grief is of no use to the dead; so let us look at the bright rather than the dark side of things. Remember, Claudia, you are now the Honourable Miss Falcontower, and I am Lord Luxton!'

## BALLOTS, VOTES, AND BLACK-BALLS.

THERE is a curious double meaning attached to the word *ballot*. In one sense, it is a something given in; in another, it is a something taken out. In one, it is an expression of opinion; in another, it is obtaining a chance. In the former sense, it is applied to all the kinds of voting in which the ballot or secret method is adopted; in another, it relates to the drawing of prizes in lotteries, freehold and building societies, art-unions, Christmas distributions, and so forth. There are many curious facts relating to the mechanism of voting and chance-drawing, which may not be uninteresting. First, let us say a few words concerning lotteries—not in their moral or financial effects, but simply in respect to the *modus operandi*.

Of course every one knows that a lottery is a mode of trying to obtain money or some other valuable without working for it; but it is not every one who knows that the English lotteries of past days were schemes whereby the government obtained money from the people by seeming to give money to the people: the money received being greater in amount than the money paid. Something of the kind has been practised in various countries from very remote times. Beckmann

thinks that the *congiaria* among the Romans was a kind of lottery. When emperors and rich men wished to gain the good wishes of the multitude, they were wont to give them presents; something to every one who came; or they threw tesserae or tickets among them, to entitle those who could catch them to gifts of oil, corn, wine, or other articles of value. The tickets were square pieces of wood or metal, or balls of wood; they were transferable from hand to hand by gift or purchase; and they entitled the last holder to the articles inscribed on them. The soup-tickets of our mendicity societies are analogous in principle to these. During the middle ages, the merchants frequently sold their goods by aid of a 'wheel of fortune,' similar to those used in some of our bazaars and trinket-shops. The distribution of sums of money by similar means was a later introduction. At first, the object was generally a benevolent one—a kindly mode of making a profit, by giving the public less than the public had brought, and applying this profit to some charity; but it afterwards became a mere money-getting project, in which governments as well as private persons indulged. In No. 409 of the Journal (second series), is given an account of an Italian lottery, in which the chances are curiously complicated. Little sheaths, something like needle-cases, are put into a wheel or hollow box; the wheel is rotated to mix them up together; they are taken out one by one, and small rolls of paper are inserted in them; they are placed in another wheel, and when drawn from this, the number on each sheath denotes the lucky owner. It is, however, to English lotteries that we wish principally to advert.

The principle of state-lotteries is a strange one—a government practically trading on the folly and ignorance of the people—getting money without giving a due equivalent for it, either virtually or avowedly. This is really the case, as a brief notice will easily shew. So far as England is concerned, the first lottery seems to have occurred in 1567, the drawing taking place at the west door of St Paul's Cathedral. The tickets were 10s. each; there were no blanks, every ticket drawing some prize or other, generally a piece of plate. The total value of the prizes was of course less than the money received for the tickets, and the profit was applied towards the repairing of some of the public harbours. In 1612, another lottery was drawn in the same place; the highest prize was a piece of plate valued at 4000 crowns; but the prizes collectively were kept so low, that the Virginia Company, for whose benefit the lottery was established, cleared L.29,000 by it. In 1630, a lottery was resorted to, as a means of raising funds to defray the expense of conveying water to London. After the Civil Wars, another lottery was established, to aid in replenishing an exhausted national Exchequer. Lotteries having thus been found profitable to the government, private adventurers sought to obtain a share in the plunder: lotteries were got up, on the most delusive and fraudulent principles, in almost all the great towns in the kingdom. The legislature attempted to check these adventures; but so long as the government itself set the example, the virtuous indignation of the legislature was of little account. In the reign of Queen Anne, the state-lotteries were frequently nothing more than expedients for obtaining a loan: the money obtained for the tickets being all returned, by annuities or in some other way, in the course of a certain number of years. During this reign, the highest prize was L.10,000; but in George II.'s reign commenced the custom of having one or two prizes of L.20,000 in each lottery. During the war against France, Mr Pitt carried the lottery-system to a great length, as a means of raising revenue: he had prizes of L.30,000 and even L.40,000, to attract giddy purchasers still more certainly. So many scandals became mixed up with the system, that a committee of the House of Commons

was appointed to inquire into the whole matter in 1808. The report of the committee shews how narrowly a state-lottery trod on the verge of 'obtaining money under false pretences.' Taking the total sum distributed in prizes, and dividing this equally among all the shares, it was generally so planned that this average should be L.10 per share or ticket; but the government usually sold the tickets to a contractor for about L.17 each; he sold them again to the licensed lottery-office keepers for about L.21; and they sold to the public at perhaps L.22. There was thus a *certainty* that the public would lose at least one-half of the money expended in the purchase of lottery-tickets. After many attempts on the part of conscientious persons to induce the government to abandon so pernicious a system, lotteries were finally abolished in 1826.

Of the mechanism of the drawing, a few words of description will suffice. There were provided two large upright boxes called 'wheels,' rotating on a central axis. In one were placed tickets, inscribed with all the numbers in the lottery; in the other, were tickets denoting blanks and prizes of various value. The wheels were usually drawn on a kind of sledge from one of the government-offices, either to Guildhall or to Cooper's Hall, in Basinghall Street. Two of the Blue-coat boys were employed to draw the numbers; or, perhaps, there were several, to relieve each other in successive couples. One boy introduced his hand and arm into one wheel, and drew forth a ticket, the first which his fingers happened to grasp; the number of the ticket was openly announced; the other boy drew forth a ticket from the other wheel, the inscription upon which denoted whether that number was to be regarded as a blank or a prize; and if a prize, of how great value. An interested spectator had thence a double source of excitement—to see his number drawn from the one wheel, and to learn the fate of that number by the drawing from the other wheel. Many persons had predilections for 'lucky numbers,' and purchased their tickets accordingly; but, of course, these numbers had only the same chance as the rest in the wheel. One man advertised in a newspaper that he would give a premium for a particular number; and it afterwards appeared that he had done so, because he had dreamed that that number would come up a L.30,000 prize. One holder of a ticket, a lady, influenced the minister of one of the London churches, the day before the drawing, to repeat the words: 'The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking;' the nature of the 'new undertaking' being, of course, not mentioned. In some of the lotteries, the *last* number drawn from the wheel was made a L.1000 prize; and on one occasion, a dilemma arose from the circumstance that one of the tickets had accidentally become wedged into a crevice of the wheel; it became a nice question whether this should or should not be deemed the last ticket. In 1775 a curious circumstance occurred, illustrating the mode in which the process of drawing was carried on. A man bribed one of the Blue-coat boys to make an unfair drawing; the boy held a certain ticket in his hand, inscribed with a certain number, at the very time when he thrust his arm into the wheel; he drew his arm back and announced a number, which he seemed to have drawn, but which had in fact not left his hand. Collateral circumstances led to the discovery of the fraud; and the Lords of the Treasury thereupon issued orders relating to certain changes in the mode of drawing. It was determined that there should be twelve Blue-coat boys selected, to succeed each other in twos; that no one should know beforehand who were the boys selected; that ten managers should be present at the drawing, of whom two should closely watch all the movements of the boys; that before any boy approached the wheel, the bosom and sleeves of his coat should be closely buttoned up, his pockets sewed,

and his hands examined; that while on duty, he should keep his left hand in his girdle behind him, and his right hand open, with the fingers extended; and that, on leaving the wheel, he should be personally searched. What a parade to a poor Blue-coat boy for a government which was delicately cheating the public under the shadow of the law!

So many readers are now members of Land and Building Societies, that they will be familiar with the mode in which 'drawing' takes place; although called balloting, it has no connection with the vote by ballot, and only a little with lotteries. The lucky drawer does not actually obtain land or house for anything below its fair value; but he draws a chance of obtaining land or house *quickly*, with permission to pay for it by small instalments, he being in the enjoyment of the land or house in the meantime. In one of these societies, which will serve us as an exemplar of all, the ballots are small, flat, circular pieces of hardwood, with a hole in the centre, by which they may be placed upon a string, and a number written or stamped upon each in legible and durable characters. On the day of drawing, all these ballots—say 5000 or 10,000 in number—are enclosed in a large hexagonal wheel, rotating on a horizontal axis. Three or four revolutions suffice to mingle them up, well together; and when the wheel is stopped, a little door is opened, a person thrusts in his arm, draws forth a ballot, and announces the number. The shareholder who happens to possess that number, then becomes entitled to whatever benefit may accrue from the drawing.

The principle of chance or probability here, of course, needs very little elucidation. Although, among 10,000 ballots, any one has as good a chance as any other one, yet it is 9999 to 1 against that particular ballot being drawn at any particular time. So it is in all transactions of analogous kind; and so strong is the gambling spirit, that the hope and the doubt and the expectancy become very exciting—herein lies the chief defect of the system. The annual distribution of prizes at an art-union is an example of ballot-drawing. As many ballots as there are shares are put into a wheel, and prizes and blanks are put into another wheel, and the drawing depends upon which ballot comes up with any one blank or prize. In strictness, this rather resembles lottery mechanism than land-society mechanism, in requiring two wheels instead of one, and also in this circumstance—that there are no blanks in a land-society drawing: it is simply a question of *time*; my number may be drawn before yours, but yours is sure to be drawn some time or other. It is a 'sop in the pan,' in the management of art-unions and distributions, that every member obtains something, although it may be much less in value than the price he paid for his share; while in lotteries and raffles there are absolute blanks. Enough on this matter, however; let us now treat of the ballot under its other meaning.

It has been often made a matter of question whether, and to what extent, the ballot ensures secrecy in voting. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some years ago, remarked: 'Even in those classes of men who are most accustomed to keep their own secret, the effect of ballot is very unequal and uncertain. The common case of clubs, in which a small minority is generally sufficient to exclude a candidate, may serve as an example. Where the club is numerous, the secret may be kept, as it is difficult to distinguish the few who reject; but in small clubs, where the dissentients may amount to a considerable proportion of the whole, they are almost always ascertained. The practice, it is true, is, in these cases, still useful; but it is only because it is agreed by a sort of tacit convention, that an exclusion by ballot is not a just cause of offence.' It is, apparently, as a means of avoiding personal offence and wrangling, that the ballot is so much adopted in clubs, and in the selection of members of committees, and many other

collective bodies. In the English legislature, the voting is, as we know, open. The peers say 'content,' or 'non-content;' the commoners say 'ay,' or 'no.' In voting at an election for member of parliament, the elector gives his vote openly, and has his name and vote inscribed in a register; the same plan is followed by the shareholders at a general meeting of a joint-stock company, in cases where the 'show of hands' is not deemed satisfactory. In all these instances there is no ballot, in either sense of the word. In the London clubs, the admission of members is in many cases dependent on the ballot, the dissentients desiring to keep their names secret. At Brookes's Club, according to Mr Peter Cunningham, one black-ball excluded any new member, in the early days of the club; but at present it requires two black balls to exclude. At White's Club, there is an entry on the records, dated 20th May 1758, to this effect: 'To prevent those invidious conjectures which disappointed candidates are apt to make concerning the respective votes of their electors, or to render, at least, such surmises more difficult and doubtful, it is ordered that every member present at the time of balloting, shall put in his ball; and such person or persons as refuse to comply with it, shall pay the supper reckoning of that night.' The 'electors' are the members of the club, and the 'disappointed candidates' are those who have unsuccessfully been balloted for; and the entry curiously illustrates these two points—that it was found difficult to keep each member's vote secret, and that the club sought to attain its end by a punishment of the pocket. There is a story told of 'fighting Fitzgerald,' a noted character of by-gone times, that being once black-balled by a club, he applied to each member individually to know whether he had put in the black-ball. As it was known that Fitzgerald would instantly have challenged the black-baller, and as he had a terrible reputation as a fatally expert duellist, all the members disowned the act one by one; and then Fitzgerald redemanded his admission, on the plea that no one would own to have black-balled him. A queer story this, if true. At the Athenæum Club, a limited number of members may be chosen by the committee, any such candidates as 'shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature, and the arts, or for public services;' but the rest are balloted for by the members generally, one black-ball in ten being equivalent to rejection. In all such clubs there are black and white or red balls, at the service of all the members; each puts a ball into an urn; and if he dissent from the admission of the new candidate, he selects a black-ball. Of the arguments adopted by the advocates of vote by ballot, we need not speak; but the practice in France is really worthy of notice. It is so difficult to say precisely what is the present state of things in France, that we cannot tell whether voting is managed now in the same way as during the brief republican *régime*; but in the Great Exhibition of '51, a machine was exhibited, and a description issued, which afforded curious information respecting the French system. The apparatus related to the mode of voting in the *Assemblée Nationale* then sitting—a much more quiet and decorous mode of voting than that adopted by our own House of Commons: whether a better one for the interests of the nation, it is for politicians to determine. The apparatus was invented, or at least manufactured, by M. Débain, of Paris.

We must first describe the apparatus, and then the mode of employing it. The apparatus comprises ballots, urns, and stirrups. The ballots—bulletins de vote—are small tablets of polished steel, some white and some blue; they are about two inches long by two-thirds of an inch wide; there is an oblong slit in the middle of each ballot; each white ballot has two grooves, and each blue ballot three, on its upper surface; each ballot is inscribed with the name of a member of the assembly, and also with a number attached to that

member's name in the assembly's register. The urn is a sort of upright square wooden box, about a foot high by three inches square, with a handle on one side, a closed top, and two mouths near the upper part of one side; one half of the urn, together with one mouth, are painted white, and the other half and other mouth blue; the mouths are guarded by wards something like those of a lock: the wards of one mouth corresponding with the grooves in the white ballots, and those in the other with the blue ballot grooves; inasmuch that each kind of ballot can enter one mouth but not the other. The stirrup (*étrier*) consists of two vertical parallel rods, which, when placed in the urn, are exactly beneath the two mouths respectively; by the side of each rod is a graduated scale, of which the distance between the degrees corresponds with the thickness of the ballots.

Now, all this apparatus is made with great delicacy and exactness, to obviate if possible all sources of error in taking the vote by ballot; and we have next to see how it is used. For convenience of language, we will speak of the *Assemblée Nationale* and its voting as if still in operation, leaving the reader to make the requisite correction of *is* and *does* into *was* and *did*. The *Assemblée* is divided into twelve sections, for each of which there is a distinct urn. A small box or casket, inscribed with his name, is given to every member at the commencement of each *séance* or sitting; it contains five white and five blue ballots, sufficient usually for the requirements of that sitting. When a discussion is finished, and a vote about to be taken, twelve officers—dressed in a sort of semi-military costume—walk round to the members as they sit in their places; each officer to collect the votes of one of the twelve sections. He holds his urn before a member; the member opens his little casket, and takes out a ballot—white, if 'pour' or in favour of the question; but blue, if 'contre' or against it; he puts his ballot into the proper mouth of the urn; and the officer proceeds from member to member, until all the votes for that section are collected in the urn. The twelve officers take the twelve urns to the president of the *Assemblée*, and place them before him in a row. The twelve urns are uncovered, by removing the wooden boxes from off the stirrups; and then the ballots are seen all threaded, as it were, upon the rods of the stirrups; the act of uncovering, too, locks all the ballots in their places, whence they cannot be removed except by the president's key. As the blue ballots in each urn slip over or upon one rod of the stirrup, and the white ballots upon the other, and as the ballots are all of equal thickness, it is easy to see by a glance of the eye which pile of ballots is highest, and consequently whether the decision of that section of the *Assemblée* has been 'pour' or 'contre;' but to render this more precise, the graduated scales are appealed to, since the numbers on those scales denote exactly the number of ballots in any one pile. Two secretaries add up the twelve white lists and the twelve blue, to obtain the final resultant, which is proclaimed to the *Assemblée*. The stirrups, still locked, are then carried to the *bureau des procès-verbaux*, where they are unlocked, and six scrutators register in as many books the votes of the members, entering each by his number and not by his name, with a symbol to indicate 'pour' or 'contre;' and it is from this register that the lists in the *Moniteur* are derived. Lastly—as the compositor must distribute his type after composing, so must the vote-officers distribute the ballots to the members after having been used. There is a 'case' containing as many little cells as there are members; each case contains a little casket, and each ballot is put into some one of the caskets according to the name of the member to whom it belongs. Opportunity is then taken to return the ballots to the respective members.

All this seems wonderfully complicated; but there is no reason why the collection and declaration of the votes should occupy more than a few minutes' time.

The policy of the method, as we have said, lies beyond the scope of these pages to discuss; but the mechanism is unquestionably ingenious. It was brought into use towards the close of 1850, and the *Assemblée* voted a grant of 80,000 francs to M. Débain.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

TORONTO—CANADA—WEST.

THE agreeable impressions I had formed from a glimpse of Toronto from the water were deepened by a residence of a week, during which I made some agreeable excursions in the neighbourhood. No situation could have been better selected for a great city. The ground, forming a broad plain, rises with an easy slope and southern exposure from the shore of Ontario, and is backed by a series of terrace-like ranges, the ancient beaches of the lake, now composing a fertile and well-cultured stretch of country.

For some time styled York, or Little York, this city reverted a few years ago to the Indian name which it bore when consisting of only a few wigwams. It has in the space of sixty years, offered one of those remarkable instances of progression so common in North America. From no more than 336 in 1801, its inhabitants have increased to 40,000, and it is estimated that the additions now fall little short of 10,000 every year. In visiting Toronto, we see on all sides indications of progress—houses building, streets extending, ground staked off for new thoroughfares, places of business opening, large and handsome public edifices rising up, and every social feature acquiring fresh development. Nowhere in America do we see churches of more elegant architecture. The streets, laid out in lines at right angles to each other, are long and spacious; King Street, which forms the chief central thoroughfare, being two miles in length, and environed with as magnificent shops as can be seen in any large town in England. I had the honour of conversing with one of the most aged and esteemed residents, who described the city as having within his recollection consisted of only a few cottages in the wilderness—and now, said he, the value of its assessed property is £4,000,000!

The bay in front of Toronto is sheltered in a remarkable manner by a long and narrow peninsula, encompassing it on the eastern side, and round which vessels require to make a wide sweep in approaching the harbour. With a few trees and houses dotted along, and terminating in a light-house, the peninsula adds a picturesque feature to an expanse of water, of which from the shore we see no boundary except on the western horizon. Along the shore there is a series of wharfs for the shipping of the port, the whole overlooked by a street containing some of the largest buildings in the town. At a conspicuous part of this thoroughfare is the newly erected *dépôt* of a railway—connected with the country in the west, and by which the trade of the place will be considerably augmented. Already, at the time of my visit, a line of railway was opened in a northerly direction from Toronto, for a distance of nearly forty miles to the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe. Further extensions of this line were projected, with a view to opening up a ready communication with Lake Huron; so that ultimately parties travelling to that far-distant lake, instead of pursuing a circuitous passage by Lake Erie and the river St Clair, will be able to make a short cut across the country from Toronto. When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, now in course of execution from Montreal, contributes another terminus to the general centre of traffic in Toronto, it may be expected that the trade of the place will receive a fresh and important impulse. In anticipation of these accessions, all kinds



of property in the city and neighbourhood had greatly risen in value; and the rents of houses and stores were as high as they are in some of the best streets in London. With every new and successful settler new demands originate; and to satisfy these, new manufactures of various kinds spring into existence. In this manner, Toronto experiences a rapid growth of those industries which minister to human wants and aspirations. People in the old country never thoroughly divest themselves of the notion, that in such a newly got-up community as that of Toronto, things are in a raw or elementary condition. What, then, will be thought of the fact, that in this very recently established city there is a manufactory of cabinet and other varieties of furniture, turning out articles which in point of elegance will match any of the products of France or England? I allude to the factory of Jacques and Hay, which I had much pleasure in visiting. It consists of two large brick buildings, commodiously situated on the quay, and in its various branches gives employment to upwards of a hundred persons. Conducted from floor to floor by one of the partners, I here for the first time saw in operation the remarkably ingenious machinery for planing, turning, morticing, and effecting other purposes in carpentry, for which the United States have gained such deserved celebrity, and which I subsequently saw on a vast scale at Cincinnati. Besides the finer class of drawing-room furniture, made from black walnut-wood, an inferior kind is here made for the use of emigrants at a price so low, that importation of the article is entirely superseded. So perfect is the machinery, that from the rough timber a neat bedstead can be made and put together in the short space of two minutes!

Depending partly on exterior trade and internal manufactures, Toronto possesses not less importance from qualities of a higher character. It is the chief seat of education in the province. Besides a university and college—the latter being a preparatory school—it has several theological and other seminaries, among which Trinity College occupies a distinguished position. The buildings appropriated to these several institutions are in the best styles, and form ornamental features in the general aspect of the town. In the midst of a beautiful park on the west, large and handsome buildings are in course of erection to accommodate the provincial legislature and governor-general. No public edifice afforded me more interest than that recently erected in the northern environs for the Normal and Model Schools establishment. This is a large building in the Italian style, and with its various departments, forms the centre of a system of elementary instruction pervading the whole of Canada. From the Rev. Dr Ryerson, head of the establishment, I received every suitable explanation of the character and working of the system; respecting which it is only needful to mention the gratifying fact, that Canada-West now possesses upwards of 3000 common schools, supported at an expense of about £100,000, four-fifths of which sum are raised by local assessment, on a scale of great liberality. The course of instruction is secular, or at least does not embrace doctrinal religion, which is left to be taught by clergymen or others, according to the discretion of parents, and therefore so far agreeing with the injunctions of the rubric.\* It is interesting to add, that Dr Ryerson, as superintendent, is at present organising libraries for schools and townships, com-

posed of popular and instructive books from England and the United States. I believe I may safely aver, that under the system of education now established, and going on, as the Americans would say, 'in full blast,' schools are erected and supported with a degree of enthusiasm in Western Canada, which is not excelled in any part of the States.

It will readily be supposed, that by means of its educational and scientific institutes, its law-courts, and other public establishments, Toronto draws together the elements of a highly respectable and refined community. So much is this the case, that, excepting the long-established cities of Boston and Philadelphia, it would be difficult to point out any place in North America possessing so many attractions to persons of taste and leisure. As in the larger American cities, there may be here observed extensive and flourishing book-stores—true indications of the higher tendencies; and newspapers are to all appearance as cheap and numerous as they are in any city of similar size in the States.

With a wide and improving country in its environs, Toronto is a point whence emigrants may advantageously diverge in quest of settlements that have been wholly or partially cleared, respecting which all proper information is obtainable at the offices of land-agents. It must not, however, be imagined that farms are to be had in this quarter at the prices for which they can be acquired in further remote and newly-opened districts. Near Toronto, things are pretty much what they are in the old country. At the distance of six miles from town, I visited a gentleman who had lately bought a farm of 100 acres, cleared, fenced, and in good cultivation, with an excellent dwelling-house and suite of farm-buildings, for £2000—a great bargain, doubtless, considering the locality. Those desirous of starting in a more moderate way as agriculturists, will, of course, proceed westwards, and it will be singular if they do not light upon spots suitable to their wishes, whatever these may be.

One of my aims being to see something of settlements recently excavated from the wilderness, I planned a journey with a friend through the peninsula of Canada, taking the more interesting localities by the way. For this purpose, I proceeded in the first place by steamer to Hamilton, situated on Burlington Bay, a spacious inlet at the head of Lake Ontario. Although a city of very recent origin, Hamilton already has a population of nearly 20,000, and consists of a number of broad and handsome streets, with several public buildings and a variety of villas scattered about the face of the mountain-range, which shelters the town on the west. Within the distance of a mile on the north, and overlooking the head of the bay, stands Dundurn, a castellated and baronial-looking mansion, built as a residence by Sir Allan M'Nah, one of the celebrities of the province. Beyond this point I drove out several miles to visit the Hon. Adam Ferguson, a gentleman of landed property in Scotland, who emigrated to Canada with his family in 1833. Mr Ferguson settled at first in a district further west, on the Grand River, which is now in an exceedingly thriving condition. Removing afterwards to East Flamborough, a township lying on the slopes which, with a southerly aspect, face Burlington Bay, he has here, in his property of Woodhill, transformed a wild and timber-covered tract of land into a beautiful cleared estate.

Rounding the head of the bay, and then proceeding in an easterly direction along a tolerably good road, I had occasion to pass a farm in the process of being cleared. Numbers of trees were felled and lying about confusedly on the ground. A man and boy were busily cutting off branches, and piling them in heaps to be burnt, while masses lay smouldering and sending up streams of blue smoke, which curled away picturesquely

\* \* The curate of every parish shall diligently upon Sundays and holydays, after the second lesson at evening-prayer, openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this catechism. And all fathers, mothers, masters, and dames, shall cause their children, servants, and prentices (which have not learned their catechism), to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear, and be ordered by the curate, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn.—Notes to Church Catechism in Book of Common Prayer.

over the uncleared part of the forest. Passing onwards, between some well-cleared properties, my vehicle at length turned up a road to the left, of a considerably more rude description. Houses were seemingly left behind. On each side nothing was to be seen but trees. At length we came to openings in the woods; pasture-lands made their appearance, and there, on a charming spot on the ascending braes, backed by the mountain-cliffs, was seen the neat residence of the venerable agriculturist. It need hardly be said that Mr Ferguson politely explained the nature of his past operations, and shewed me some of the more important features of his property and management. He owns here 300 acres, 160 of which are in crop; the whole being disposed in regularly shaped fields of about 20 acres in each. Except a small patch of cleared land, the whole, when purchased, was under timber. Only so much wood now remains as serves for ornament and use, and all that testifies to the original condition of the farm are the tree-stumps which are not gone from some of the fields. Standing in the veranda of Woodhill, and overlooking a garden, orchard, green lawns, and arable enclosures, with the shelter of envining trees, and the blue expanse of Ontario shining in the distance, I thought there could be nothing finer in the Carse of Gowrie; nor did an idea fail to cross my mind, that the acquisition and improvement of such an enjoyable estate at a moderate outlay, in this part of the world, was surely preferable to the costly and unremunerative purchases of land, with all its tormenting obligations, in the old country. Here was a nice little estate, fertile in soil, genial in aspect, with no burdens or responsibilities worth mentioning, situated within an hour's drive of society as good as may be procured in most parts of England or Scotland, and yet the whole extemporised for comparatively a trifle! A lovely spot for a rural residence has been selected. The house occupies a flattish plateau, which had formed the margin of Ontario, when its waters were bounded by the cliffy range to which I formerly called attention. Part of Mr Ferguson's property lies on the high table-land above the cliffs, and to this he obligingly conducted me—here decanting on his operations concerning his improved breeds of cattle, and there pointing out a field of remarkable turnips, which had very much surprised the neighbourhood. In these explorations, it was necessary to clamber over sundry rail-fences, the peculiar merits of which were now practically explained to me. Rails piled horizontally in a zigzag form are, as is well known, the universal fence in America; and of all imaginable methods of enclosing a field, none, it seems, is so simple, cheap, and ready, where wood happens to be abundant. By splitting a small-sized tree lengthwise, two or three rails are obtained. Taking a quantity of such rough spars, twelve feet long, they are laid diagonally, and crossed alternately on others at the ends, so as to have a mutual hold. When piled three feet high, two tall props are crossed through them, at the points of junction, and then a few more rails are added, making a fence about four feet in height. No tools and no nails are employed in the construction. When completed, much space is lost to the field by the breadth of the zigzags, but land is so cheap that this is not of much consequence. A fence of this picturesque appearance will endure ten years, and cost little at any time to repair. I was told, that it is considered an essential point in farming, to have as much growing timber as will supply rails and firewood; and, consequently, to buy land in America altogether free from trees would be considered an injudicious speculation.

In the course of our ramble, Mr Ferguson spoke with confidence on the subject of emigration, and pointed out the many ways in which men in humble circumstances would be sure to improve their condition and prospects by transferring themselves to this new

country. He mentioned the case of one of his ploughmen, who, by the savings of a few years, had at length purchased a farm of 100 acres, from which, among other products, he would in the current year realise £150 for firewood. Now, this man, who was in the way of attaining an independent, and was already in a comfortable position, would, if he had remained in Scotland, have been still drudging as a species of serf at a mean wage, living in a cottage scarcely fit for a human habitation, and with no prospect in his old age but to depend on the charity of his children or the alms of the parish! When one hears of and sees such marked changes of condition, by removal to Canada, or the Western States of America, the wonder, as I observed to Mr Ferguson, is that any rural labourers at all remain in Great Britain; and he agreed with me, that nothing but want of information and deficiency of means, could account for their not fleeing to a country where their circumstances would be so speedily and permanently improved.

Another short excursion I made from Hamilton was to Dundas, a village a few miles distant, and situated in a hollow on a short canal which communicates with Burlington Bay. This is one of the busiest little towns in Canada; and the inspiring genius of the place was seemingly Mr J. B. Ewart, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic, and who had invited me to see his various establishments, consisting of grist-mills, an iron-foundry, and some farms devoted to the breeding and improvement of stock. The mills were at the time grinding wheat on a large scale, and by improvements in mechanism, the flour was cooled, barrelled, and branded with surprising rapidity. In the iron-founding establishments, steam-engines and other kinds of machinery were in the course of manufacture; and I was told that mill-work for grinding flour could not be made fast enough for the demand. Mr Ewart referred with satisfaction to the steadiness and respectable habits of the workmen, who receive from a third to a fourth higher wages than are usually paid in England. Many of them, he said, had saved a good deal of money, and become the proprietors of neat little houses, surrounded with gardens and pieces of land. I regret to say that, since my return home, I have heard of the death of Mr Ewart, by whose enterprise so much good has been done in this busy locality.

At the period of my visit, the whole country was agitated by the high price paid for flour, chiefly for consumption in England; vast exports were taking place; and so plentiful had money become, that the farmers had everywhere paid off their mortgages, and contemplated the extension of their properties. Hamilton, as a place of import and export for the western country, was participating in the general prosperity, and in a state of excitement on account of the opening of the first portion of the Great Western Railway, which took place the day before my departure. Since that time, the line has been completed to Windsor, on the St Clair river, opposite Detroit; so that travellers may now, in the space of six hours, perform a journey which, in a hired conveyance, occupied me nearly as many days.

On the morning of my departure, while waiting at the door of the hotel for the approach of the wagon—a species of two-horse chaise, open in front—which was to carry my friend and myself on our way westwards, a stranger seemed to linger about as if desirous of addressing me, but diffident as to how he should set about it. The appearance of the wagon inspired him with the necessary courage. With a kind of convulsive effort, he said he had come a number of miles to try to see and invite me to his house, and forthwith he related his whole history, in what was to me very pleasing, the soft dialect of Teviotdale. He had come to the country sixteen years ago, with his father and two brothers, 'wi' very little in their pockets, and they had done real

weel—he wadna, at this day, tak seventeen hundred pounds for what he was worth, and he had credit for thousands! Ah, sir,' he continued, 'this is a grand country for folk that will work, and hae the sense to ken how to manage. Now, you see, you must come and see us the morn, when you gang through the township of Dumfries, and I'll be watching for you wi' the wagon.' 'Many Scotch in your quarter?' I asked. 'Hundreds; at the kirk at Galt, on a Sabbath, you would hardly ken you were frae hame!'

Promising that I should endeavour to see this new acquaintance in the course of next day's journey, I set off for Guelph, a town at the distance of thirty-five miles north from Hamilton. After passing Dundas, and ascending to the higher level of the country, things gradually assumed a more primitive appearance. Cleared lands in stump, with neat wooden houses and barns, alternated with masses of forest, untouched by the axe, and through which the road proceeded. Occasionally, we passed portions of land, on which the trees were felled and in process of being dragged together in heaps to be burned. In one place, I observed a whole family, husband, wife, and children, engaged in the toilsome occupation of gathering the scattered limbs and boughs; and their clearing of a few acres was dotted over with piles of burning timber, which sent up clouds of smoke into the atmosphere. It was piteous to see so much valuable wood remorselessly consumed; but with no economic means of transport, the destruction is inevitable. In the less advanced situations, the original log-huts had not yet given place to dwellings of a better order; nor would they, with prudent settlers, till their farms had been got into a good state of culture, and a redundancy of cash was at disposal. At intervals along the road, we passed comfortable-looking country inns, with sign-boards swinging on tall poles in the genuine English style; and at every village there were seen the blacksmith and carpenter's shops, at which agricultural implements, wagons, and other articles were in course of construction. Wherever there was a small river with a fall of water, a grist-mill made its appearance, with the encouraging announcement painted in black letters on a white ground across its front—'Cash for wheat;' and as such concerns are found all over the country, it may be said that no farmer needs to travel far from his home in search of a market.

In approaching Guelph, the aspect of affairs mended; and on a rising-ground on the small river Speed, a tributary of Grand River, were observed a handsome church, and a cluster of good houses, with stores and hotels—the rudiments, possibly, of a large city; for the place is to be a principal railway-station. Until 1827, the site of Guelph was an uncleared forest, and during the last seven years its population has increased from 700 to 1860. Having dined, and made some inquiries at this thriving little town, we proceeded in a southerly direction towards Galt, which we hoped to reach before nightfall. But in this expectation we were doomed to be disappointed. Pursuing our course along a soft and ill-made road, bounded by the everlasting zigzag fences, darkness dropped her mantle over the scene; and being afraid of some unpleasant consequences, threatened to the ear by the dash of water, it was not without a feeling of thankfulness that we recognised the cheerful light of a roadside-inn, where we received shelter for the night.

This incident was not displeasing on other accounts. I was afforded an opportunity of extending my knowledge of houses of public entertainment in Canada. On all the public roads, houses of this kind are conveniently stationed at intervals of from six to ten miles, and if not fine, they will, as far as my experience goes, be found clean, respectable, and moderate as respects charges. On the present occasion, for the accommodation of a small sitting-room warmed by a stove, tea, and beds for two persons, the charge was only four

English shillings; and when I liquidated the demand by paying a small gold dollar, the simple and good-natured girl, daughter of the landlord, who attended, was so delighted with the beautiful coin, that she declared she would retain it as a keepsake.

Next morning, the excursion was continued down the valley of Grand River, the country becoming more picturesque as we advanced. Passing through a district settled by Germans, who, possessed of good houses, cleared fields, and carrying on various trades, seemed to be in a prosperous condition, we reached Doon Mills, where the view was exceedingly charming, and which, from the hospitality we received, will remain pleasingly imprinted on my remembrance. The whole of the country in this quarter, composing the township of Dumfries, from the irregularity of surface and natural fertility of the soil, is not only beautiful, but very productive. By its communication with Lake Erie, the Grand River offers an additional recommendation to this part of the country. Galt, prettily situated on both sides of this river, is environed with rising-grounds, on which handsome villas are erected; and in looking about, we almost feel as if we were on the banks of the Tweed. My friend of the day before taking care to be on the outlook, obligingly conducted me through the place, and furnished some useful explanations, though I could not afford time to gratify his desire by visiting his settlement at some miles' distance. Besides some large mills, Galt has an establishment for the manufacture of edge-tools, which possess a high reputation. I learned here what was afterwards confirmed in the States, that England cannot produce axes adapted for cutting down trees, and had therefore lost a considerable trade in the article; and that the failure arose from no deficiency in the material employed, but from the English manufacturer vexatiously disregarding the exact model on which this remarkable kind of axe requires to be made—the slightest alteration of curves rendering the implement useless. Galt has increased from 1000 to 2248 inhabitants in five years, and like every town of its size, has two newspapers—many towns of similar dimensions in Great Britain, a thousand years old, not being able to support a single product of the press; or more properly, not being allowed to do so, in consequence of the pressure of fiscal exactions.

The valley of Grand River continues rich and beautiful all the way to Lake Erie, and is one of the most densely populated parts of Canada. Brantford, situated sixty miles up the river from its mouth, is a town of growing importance, and the country which stretches in a westerly direction from it towards Paris is highly esteemed for its fertility. In going from Galt to Paris, we obtain a view of this remarkably fine district, consisting of green and rich meadow-lands, such as are common in Essex. At Paris, a town situated in a hollow at the confluence of two rivers, we come upon a large work of art—a viaduct bearing the railway which is in course of construction from the Niagara river, opposite Buffalo, by way of Brantford to Goderich, on Lake Erie, by which a splendid region in the north-west will soon be opened for traffic. Not to tire by a tedious account of movements, we proceeded by Woodstock—O these odious imported designations!—to London, on the Thames (!) a city on the Great Western Railway, and the centre of a district not to be surpassed for agricultural purposes. Situated within a moderate distance of Port-Stanley, on Lake Erie, and placed almost in the centre of the Canadian peninsula, I have always regarded the vicinity of London as one of the most advantageous districts for settlement. Yet, in a country abounding in so many available localities, it is hard to say how far one is better than another. It is clear, from a very slight inspection, that in the districts through which I had been travelling, there are thousands of places still but partially cleared and improved, which are destined to afford a home to a large population; and the taking

possession and improvement of such places may be said to be going on before our eyes. Penetrated now by two railways, which will unquestionably form the main channels of traffic between New York and Michigan, the peninsula cannot fail to draw towards it a crowd of enterprising settlers. The progress made, independently of such attractions, has not many parallels. In thirty years, the district around London has increased in population 550 per cent. London itself, begun only in 1827, now numbers 20,000 inhabitants, 6000 of whom have been added in three years. In this well-built and busy town, there are seen numerous large manufacturing and commercial establishments; trade is going ahead at a great rate; villas are extending themselves in the neighbourhood; and the farmers, rendered more than ever alert by the increasing value of produce, are pushing on their conquests at an accelerated speed—the whole locality exhibiting a kind of race of prosperity, exceedingly diverting to an onlooker. 'A person cannot help doing well here, if he has any sense at all,' said an intelligent resident in speaking of the place; and I believe him; at the same time admitting, that it would be difficult to say where, in this great country, a man of fair industry and steadiness could not considerably better his circumstances. W. C.

### THE SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

ASSUREDLY, no spectacle afforded by a great nation can be conceived more imposing than that witnessed by thousands of spectators at Spithead, when recently, in the presence of our gracious Sovereign, a fleet, tremendous in its power, and unparalleled in its grandeur, left our shores, bound on a noble mission. Having witnessed this sight from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington*—a privilege enjoyed by only a very few civilians—I propose, in this paper, to describe my view of the scene.

On Saturday morning, accompanied by two eminent Cambridge professors, I left London by an excursion-train, which was advertised to start at forty minutes after six, but which, in consequence of the enormous number of applicants for seats, did not start until after seven, and then it was in two divisions, each being drawn by a couple of engines. Notwithstanding the great length of the train, we ran down to Portsmouth, ninety-six miles, in less than three hours, where we found an extraordinary assemblage of vehicles waiting to take the passengers to the piers, from whence steam-boats, for a certain consideration, were advertised to go to the fleet. It is on such occasions as the present that official interest is peculiarly valuable; and it was my good-fortune to have a very old friend at Portsmouth, in the person of a gentleman holding one of the leading appointments in the royal dock-yard. He had kindly placed at my disposal for the day his sailing-boat, which we found awaiting us at the King's Stairs, with her smart cockswain, and four sailors.

The day was most propitious. A spanking breeze crisped the water in the harbour, which was studded with dashing yachts and pleasure-boats bound for Spithead. On our way out, we passed under the stern of the renowned *Victory*, whose name is eloquent of naval deeds, which have made the English flag glorious throughout the world. A giant in her days, when Nelson's blood was poured out on her decks, her proportions, in comparison with the line-of-battle ships of the present day, are almost insignificant; yet we must not forget that the old *Victory* has done great things. Close to her lay the collier brig whose fate, it will be remembered, it was to be struck by a ball from a twenty-four pounder, discharged during practice, from a frigate at Spithead. We passed within a couple of yards of the wounded ship, and paused to look at the hole made by the ball. The iron missile had crashed through the larboard-side, near the stern, and had torn

away a large portion of the plank, leaving a yawning fissure. With such a result from one shot, it was bewildering to think of the terrible power of a broad-side. Fortunately, no one on board the collier was injured by the shot or the splinters; but we may picture to ourselves the astonishment of the skipper on finding his peaceful progress up the Channel so summarily interrupted. Of course, the collier will be repaired by the Admiralty; and it was for this purpose that she was lying off the dock-yard. On reaching the mouth of the harbour, the fleet was seen lying before us, occupying a space of about a mile and a half in extent, the distance between the most windward and leeward ships.

Without the harbour, the sea was more 'lively'; but the wind being from the west, our boat dashed on under reefed sails at a rapid rate. Victoria Pier presented an extraordinary spectacle, being literally black with struggling people, all anxious to obtain a sight of Sir Charles Napier, who was on the point of embarking for his flag-ship. At the head of the pier, which was gay with many flags, steam-boats, already apparently full to excess, were waiting for more human freight, which, bearing in mind that the ticket for each person was half-a-guinea, must have proved a rich harvest to the proprietors. But it was only when we were abreast of Southsea beach, that we became fully aware of the vast multitude that had assembled to witness the departure of the Baltic fleet. As far as the eye could reach, the shores were covered with spectators, shewing that not only all Portsmouth, but likewise the neighbouring towns and villages, had poured forth their populations to witness the event.

Our sail to the fleet was of a labyrinthine nature, for the water was so thronged with craft of all kinds, that it required a keen look-out and careful steering to avoid collision. Thanks, however, to our cockswain, an experienced old man-o'-war's man, we reached the ships without accident. Huge as these appeared at a distance, their size was only truly apparent when our boat was under their mountain-like sides, bristling with cannon—

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine.

The first ship that we came alongside of was the *Royal George*, of 121 guns, and little inferior in proportions to the giant *Duke of Wellington*; but as the latter ship was not only the largest of the fleet, but in the world, and carried the admiral's flag, we were naturally anxious to see her, and, if possible, to go on board. She lay to the extreme leeward, her mighty bulk towering like a vast cathedral among churches, surrounded, but at respectful distances, by her companions, ready to follow wherever she might lead. The wind being fair, we soon reached her. There was no mistaking her, for there, far aloft, was the figure-head with the well-known features of 'the Duke,' happily, and very properly, devoid of all ornament, but grandly colossal, and sternly plain and simple.

Great as our desire had been to board this huge ship, the feeling was considerably increased now that we were under her; but our prospects were not very cheering, as we were assured that only the admiral's personal friends were allowed this privilege. We were, however, determined to try our fortune, and so, lowering our sails, we ran under the starboard gangway. Here we were soon made aware that there was no admittance for us, for we were warned off by the sentry, who told us, at the same time, to go round to the larboard-side, that at which we were being reserved for the Queen. Accordingly, we coasted round the huge ship, and were not a little astonished by what we saw. Clustering like swarms of bees, were innumerable boats, filled with all manner of articles living and dead—sheep and fowls, bread and blankets, pigs and crockery,

bottles and barrels, parcels and packages of all sizes and shapes, and amongst these, women, old and young, screaming wild farewells to sailors who appeared at the ports. The confusion was bewildering, and was still more confounded by the pitching of the boats in the sea; while, in stern contrast, high over all rose the *Duke*, as the sailors pithily call her, as motionless as a castle.

How to pierce the serried rank of boats was a problem admitting of no easy practical solution, and I doubt whether we should have succeeded had we made the attempt. Fortunately, however, the *Black Eagle*, Admiralty yacht, was alongside in attendance upon the Lords of the Admiralty, and her captain being well acquainted with my friend whose boat we occupied, and which displayed the Admiralty flag, at my request ordered the ladder to be lowered, and permitted us to pass across the yacht to the *Duke*. Wonderful was the spectacle as the eye ranged down the vast extent of deck bearing the huge cannon, which projected from the ports. Happily, we knew one of the officers; but even if this had not been the case, I think we should have been allowed to roam wherever we liked, for no one questioned, or indeed noticed us.

It was just noon; and the sailors were at dinner when we descended to the deck below that at which we had entered the ship. Conceive eleven hundred fellows at dinner, as busy as bees, eating soup drawn from tanks, having cocks four inches in diameter! The greatest jollity prevailed; and a spectator might have imagined that the sailors were bound on a cruise of pleasure to the Tagus, instead of being on the point of going forth to battle. Ever and anon, as one of the many steamers passed alongside, rolling about in the sea as if drunk with enthusiasm, and sending forth thunder-like shouts from its living freight, the sailors responded, making the decks ring again with their wild hurrahs.

Under the guidance of our officer friend, we explored every part of the vast ship, descending to the engine-rooms, which, being below the water-line, are lighted with lamps. The machinery, as might be expected, is very massive and powerful, having to do the work of 1000 horses, and to propel a weight of 4000 tons at the rate of twelve knots an hour. A large dial is immediately over the engineer's department, and indicates the orders of the officer on deck with regard to working the engines. There are many other ingenious and beautiful contrivances, but we must leave the depths of the *Duke*, and ascend to the quarter-deck. Yet, before mounting, let us pause for a moment while surveying an apartment which, shrouded in gloom, has an awful aspect. It is the cockpit; where, it may be before many months or weeks elapse, some of those strong men whose shouts are now heard, will lie moaning in agony awaiting the surgeon's aid, or the more sure and abiding relief administered by the hand of death. The change was indeed great: from the sunshine without, the dancing waves, the enthusiastic multitude, the pomp of war, to this narrow apartment, feebly illumined; and thinking of its uses, I felt what is too often forgotten, that war has its dark side as well as one of brilliant and attractive hue; and that, after all, the bristling and picturesque cannon, obedient to their destiny—

From their adamant lips,  
Spread a death-shade round the ships.

On the upper-deck all was activity, preparations being made to receive the Queen, who was expected to arrive at one o'clock. Scarlet cloth covered the ladders, and part of the main-deck. The marines, 250 in number, were drawn up under the quarter-deck; while there, pacing to and fro with restless step, was the chief. Next in interest to the mighty *Duke* was that gallant veteran, whose deeds have won him imperishable renown. Scorning outward appearances, he wore an

old frock-coat and round hat of rusty hue, contrasting strangely with the gold-laced cocked-hats and brilliant uniforms of his captains, who were around him; but an attentive observer would soon have discovered that the face of the commander was that of no ordinary man, for there was determination and courage stamped upon every feature. Three or four gentlemen in plain clothes—apparently relatives or friends of the admiral—were on the quarter-deck. These and ourselves were the only visitors.

And now, as one o'clock drew near, telescopes were anxiously directed towards the west, looking for the Queen's yacht, which was momentarily expected to appear. Her Majesty, as is well known, is always punctual in her appointments; and soon the royal standard was descried at the mast-head of the *Fairy*, which was bearing down towards us at a rapid rate, accompanied by three other steamers. All now was excitement. At a shrill call from the boatswain's pipe, from every part of the ship came forth a mighty mass of human beings. Upwards of a thousand men crowded the decks; and at a signal, away they swarmed up the rigging, plucky little midshipmen skylarking far above on the tall masts; while the cannon thundered a royal salute, which was repeated by every ship in the fleet. Then it was that I felt amidst the tremendous roar how awful a battle would be with such batteries as were around us, numbering 958 guns.

Long before the thunder ceased, the *Duke* was so completely wrapped in smoke as to render it impossible for us to see even the nearest ship. When it had cleared away, the royal yacht was alongside; the sailors, from the bulwarks to the tops, sent forth a mighty shout; the band played *God Save the Queen*; the marines drew up as a guard of honour on the quarter and main decks; and the admiral, who had assumed his full uniform, stood prominently forward with his hat off. It was a moment never to be forgotten, and was remarkable as exhibiting the uncontrolled and spontaneous enthusiasm of the fleet, consisting of 9890 seamen.

For reasons which did not reach us, but which probably had reference to the roughness of the water, the Queen, instead of visiting the *Duke*, ordered the admiral and the captains of the fleet to go on board her yacht, which lay immediately under the stern of the *Duke*. There, surrounded by her court, a brilliant staff of officers, and the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir Charles Napier and his captains took leave of their sovereign; and it was a touching sight to see the old admiral standing bareheaded before the Queen, with his silver hair streaming in the wind. Although the scene took place close to us, the few words spoken were not heard by our party; but it was evident that the Queen was affected, for as soon as the farewell had been uttered, she turned to the other side of her yacht, and looked upon the sea in silence for several minutes.

On the return of the admiral to his ship, the band struck up *Rule Britannia*, and the signal was immediately made to the ships 'to get under-way with sail'; not simultaneously, however, for each captain received separate instructions; and for this purpose, hundreds of signal-flags were spread on the quarter-deck, causing the space to appear like a variegated flower-bed. Seen from our position, this movement was one of the most striking events of the day. Ship after ship shook out its vast sails with marvellous rapidity, as if anxious to be off, those to the leeward being the first to get under-way, in order to make room for the others. And now it came to the turn of the *Duke of Wellington* to follow. The gigantic sails were loosened, and, descending in majestic folds, were given to the wind; the anchor was raised, and the head of the huge ship slowly came round.

The spectacle at that moment, from the quarter-deck, was most imposing. The ships, before as motionless as rocks, now, with their vast and complicated

machinery of masts, spars, and rigging, became clothed with sails, which, under the favouring breeze, gave them life and animation. During this time, the admiral, who had resumed his old round hat and frock-coat, was flitting restlessly about, his lips constantly in motion. When, however, his ship was fairly under-way, he settled down into comparative tranquillity. It now occurred to me that it was time for us to depart. But before doing so, our officer friend introduced us to the ward-room—a capacious apartment, where a numerous company of officers were busy with sundry comforts in the shape of pios, *hams*, &c. A bottle of sherry was ordered, which we speedily finished, drinking success to the British fleet, and confusion to the Russians; and I must say, if all the wine on board the *Duke* is equal to that butt, the caterer deserves high praise.

It was no easy task to leave the ship, now under-way, on account of the number of boats that was still alongside, handing up never-ending packages. At the starboard-side, however, the gangway was comparatively clear; and as no Queen was now expected, we were permitted to make our exit by this gate of honour, and stepped into our boat at half-past two, having been two hours and a half on board. Dropping astern, we saw the admiral pacing the stern-gallery outside his cabin.

Numerous steamers, yachts, and boats kept company with the fleet, the occupants cheering madly honest British cheers, which will long be remembered, I am confident, by the officers and men of the fleet. Having followed in the wake of the *Duke* until *Æolus* favouring the progress of the ships with westerly breezes, swelling their spreading sails, we bade farewell to the noble fleet, and turned our prow to the wooded shores of the Priory in the Isle of Wight, from whence we saw ship after ship fade into specks, and the sea and sky mingle in one unbroken line.

#### FIGARO'S SHOP.

Before returning to our hotel, we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that, too, without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand, this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner, that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face-bath of Eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and—as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal—I trust a better man! Heaven commend me to the barbers of Seville! They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good-nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these

fellows as by a more solemn practitioner; though, as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body.—*Warren's Vagamundo.*

#### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

AROUND us still extends a paradise  
In the true hearts that love us: Friendship sets  
Young saplings all about, that turn to trees,  
Abundant in the fruitage of rich thoughts  
And generous emotions: round us rise  
Prolific flowers, which vernal dewfall wets  
With gushing odour—whence do stingless bees  
Gather unsating honey: round us floats  
A breath of fearless health; and with us strays  
A spirit of cheerful industry, which keeps  
The mind from brooding on its idle cares,  
Intent on aiding others.—Eden-ways  
May still be traversed; and where Adam sleeps  
Quietly near Eve, may we breathe Eden-airs!

#### HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. The German psychologists give the name of *Deuter-æscopie* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: 'Thou wilt one day be king!' the Protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?—*De Boismont's Hallucinations.*

#### SINGULARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'Your language,' said a learned foreign philologist, in speaking of English, 'is the most unphilosophical, and yet the most practical, in the world.' We become familiar with contradictory modes of expression, and do not notice them as do children and foreigners. When we *sand* the floor, we cast sand upon it; but when we *dust* the furniture, we remove dust from it. When we *paint* the house, we lay something on; but when we *skin* the ox, we take something off. We dress a child by *overlaying* it, and scale a shad by *removing* that by which it is overlaid. If it be proper to say, 'skin the ox,' why is it not proper to speak of *woolling* the sheep, instead of *shearing* it? What would we think of a farmer who should talk of *corning* or *grassing* his fields, or *appling* his orchard; or of his wife who should speak of *feathering* her geese, or *blackening* her knives, or *dirtying* the clothes? But we do that which is equally ridiculous when we speak of *dusting* the furniture, *skinning* the ox, and *scaling* the fish, although custom has sanctioned those modes of expression, and Noah Webster recorded them in his dictionary.—*New York Illustrated News.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1854.

PRICE 11d.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CANADA-WEST TO MICHIGAN.

SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS ago, when machinery had dealt a death-blow to the profession of the handloom-weaver, one of the many victims of that disastrous improvement was a sturdy little man, whom I remember to have seen driving his shuttle in a humble workshop in a small town on the banks of the Tweed. Instead of repining, or continuing the vain attempt to wring a subsistence out of his exploded craft, this capital specimen of an indomitable Scot sold his loom, paid his debts, and with wife and children sailed for America. Arriving in pretty nearly a penniless condition, he made his way, as I had heard, to the London district of Canada, where he settled and was still living.

While I remained in London, I made inquiries respecting the present position of this exiled victim of the power-loom, and was glad to learn that it was highly respectable. Curious to see what actual progress he had made, I paid a visit to his residence, which was situated six or seven miles distant. Although vastly improved in worldly circumstances, I found him living in the same log-hut, which he had reared on his arrival in the country, upwards of thirty years ago. His settlement, which was situated down one of the concession or cross roads leading from the main thoroughfare, was bounded by rail-fences, in which a rude gateway admitted me to an orchard fronting the house, near which were barns, and other buildings, wholly of wood. My appearance created quite a sensation in the establishment, and there was a rush to the door to receive and give me a hearty welcome. In a minute, I was in the interior, seated before a huge fire of blazing fagots on the hearth, over which hung several pots sending a savoury steam up the capacious chimney. The patriarch of the household, eighty years of age, but as full of spirit as ever, sat in an arm-chair on one side, while the mother of the family seated herself opposite. A daughter acted as maiden-of-all-work, and hung about listening to inquiries respecting the country whence the family had emigrated long before she was born. As if signalled by an electric-telegraph, several tall and stout sons soon made their appearance, from their respective dwellings in the neighbourhood. The old man's story, which he dealt out along with jocular reminiscences of 'auld langyne,' had in it nothing singular, but was nevertheless valuable, as offering an example of what any earnest-minded and self-denying man may do in the western world.

'When I came to this spot,' said he, 'there was not a house for miles around—London was not built. The country was all forest. I helped to make the

concession-road which you came by, for which service government gave me a grant of some land. It was dreadful hard work at first, and as the children were young, I had to do everything myself. Before I procured a horse, I had to carry grain on my back for miles to be ground. But having good health, I never complained. It won't do to sit down and cry. Push ahead, and keep on never minding, is here the great doctrine. As the family grew up, I could take things a little easier, and now can look about me at some improvements. I have a capital farm of one hundred acres, cleared, and under crop. It is intended for my youngest son, when I am gone. My three elder sons have each a good farm of the same size. We are now a kind of clan, with plenty of everything—horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.'

'And no want of apples,' said I, glancing upward at the numerous festoons of dried fruit which hung from the ceiling.

'O yes, that orchard at the door is of my own planting, and it is very productive. No want of puddings, I can tell you, for we also make our own sugar; and, in fact, we scarcely need to buy anything. Very different from the days when I was on the loom, and the good-wife had to contrive how to make both ends meet.'

'And had you remained in that situation,' I observed, 'these sons of yours would probably have been day-labourers at twelve shillings a week. That is the wage now going in your old neighbourhood.'

'You hear that, lads,' said the old man. 'You see how thankful you should be for your mercies. It was a blessed thing I came away.'

'I suppose your sons are doing very well with their farms; they are probably good ploughmen?'

'No doubt of it; and one of them, who has a turn for mechanics, has made a machine for peeling apples.'

'That must be curious; I should like to see it.'

Immediately, there was brought from a recess an ingenious piece of mechanism, not unlike an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. An apple having been stuck on the point of the spindle, and a curved knife being held to it, it was stripped of its skin by a few turns of the wheel; and another machine, with equal speed, took from it the core. I was much amused with these devices for peeling fruit on a great scale, but afterwards found that such apple-machines were common all over the States. It was finally explained to me, that the object of these operations was to prepare apples for winter use. Being cut in pieces, strung together on threads, and hung up in a warm kitchen, the apples will keep sound all winter; and though a little shrivelled and dried in appearance, they make as good puddings as if they had been freshly peeled. So far

as I am aware, this method of preserving apples for culinary purposes is not known or practised in England.

It must be owned, that the general aspect of affairs in and about the emigrant's dwelling was not of that refined character which one might reasonably have looked for after so many years of laborious and successful industry. But if things were somewhat Robinson Crusoeish, the circumstance is explained by original habits, though chiefly by the spare capital having been expended in extending the family possessions. In short, it would have been easy for the aged proprietor to have built a fine mansion for himself; but he preferred, he said, seeing his family settled comfortably; although he doubtless carried his principles in this respect a little too far.

There was much lamentation at the shortness of my stay; and when I departed, the whole household stood around the door to see me drive off, which it required some dexterity to accomplish without doing damage to several families of black pigs—genuine Hampshire brocks, as I took them to be—which were strolling about in the diligent pursuit of apples and other windfalls.

I made some other visits in the neighbourhood of London, and should have been glad to have made more had time permitted; but a sudden snap of extremely cold weather and a slight fall of snow, admonished me that it was time to hasten southwards. Accordingly, I made up my mind to do so, on reaching Detroit in Michigan, for which I now prepared to set out in a conveyance similar to the one that had brought me to the place. My design was to proceed from London to Chatham, a town on the lower part of the Thames, whence there are steamers to Detroit; but some information respecting the badness of the roads deterred me from the attempt, and I ultimately adopted the route to Sarnia, a small port on the St Clair river, near the foot of Lake Huron. After all, I imagine I gained nothing by this arrangement, so far as comfort in travelling is concerned. The distance was sixty miles, which were promised to be performed in twelve hours, but were not, in reality, done in less than sixteen. Already, I had obtained some knowledge of the Canadian roads, and now completed this branch of my education. In one or two places I have spoken of toll-bars, and from this it may, perhaps, be supposed that the roads are generally macadamised, and tolerably good. They are so in the neighbourhood of large towns, but as soon as tolls disappear, the traveller begins to observe a strange falling off in the quality of the thoroughfares. Any attempt at laying down broken stones to form a hard basis seems not to be thought of; the natural surface, be it sand or clay, is left to take its chance; and vehicles go plunging along, as if struggling across a rough and newly-ploughed field. After rains, the case is dismal: the wheels sink to nearly the axles; and in spite of inconceivable toil, the poor horses are unable to make more than two to three miles an hour. Where the ground is swampy, and there would be a risk of sinking utterly out of sight, trees are laid across the path; and over these corduroyed parts of the road, the carriage goes securely, but bumpingly, in a very unpleasant way. The best thoroughfares of all, are the *plank-roads*; which I had never heard of till I reached Canada. These are stretches of road covered with a flooring of thick deals laid on joisting; the deals being smooth, as from the saw, and the whole laid so evenly, that carriages are drawn over them in beautiful style. These plank-roads are usually joint-stock undertakings, or belong to municipalities,

and are established by act of the provincial parliament, with power to erect turnpike-gates and exact tolls. The appearance of these toll-bars is hailed with inexpressible delight by the traveller, for he knows that on reaching them there is an end, for ten or twelve miles at least, of the jolts and jumbles with which he has for some time been afflicted. With such practical experience of Canadian roads, one can easily understand the longing for snow in winter, when the sleighs are driven along with the velocity of the wind; for then only is extended intercourse conducted with anything like pleasure. Railways, of course, will now change all this, and render travelling as easy in Canada as it is in England; at the same time opening up and developing the resources of the country to an extent that could not otherwise have been anticipated.

With this short explanation, the reader will imagine he sees a two-horse vehicle, open in front, in which are seated two travellers wrapped in woollen plaids, their knees shrouded in a thick buffalo-skin, and thick shawls wrapped round their necks; before them is the driver, a young man in a rough jacket, with coarse boots drawn with studied slovenliness over his trousers, so that these voluminous garments stick out all round in a singularly free-and-easy way. The air is cold; a thin coating of snow has fallen, and partially conceals the treacherous ruts; the sides of the roads are in places fenced with zigzag rails; but in others there is no fence at all, and the thoroughfare is bounded on both sides for miles by thick tangled forests, composed of beech, maple, oak, and other hardwood trees now greatly stripped of their leaves, and amidst which the pines and other evergreens tower in dark masses, affording an agreeable relief to the eye. Leaving the town of London in early morning, the wagon thus goes on its way: at first smartly and encouragingly; then more moderately, with sundry admonitory jerks; and lastly, it stumbles on in a very alarming manner, the horses now getting into a trot, then lapsing to a walk, and always meandering from side to side, to seek out good bits wherever they can be found. Canadian horses, however, have immense spirit; and as you may rest assured they will get through some way or other, there is nothing to fear. We had at anyrate a whole day before us, and the novelty of the scene was so exhilarating, that if no fresh fall of snow occurred, there was little cause for disquietude.

During this protracted day's ride, I had an opportunity of seeing a tract of country of comparatively recent settlement. There were no towns and few villages on the road. At intervals of one to two miles, in the midst of clearings, we passed solitary houses, which as usual were of wood, sometimes neatly constructed and painted, and sometimes only log-huts, of recent erection. Occasionally, there were inns, adjoining which might be seen a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop. The greater part of the land seemed to be of good quality, and well adapted for cultivation. At one of the inns where we stopped, we learned that much of the district had been settled a number of years ago by half-pay officers, who, after clearing portions of their properties, and otherwise exhausting their means, got disheartened, and left the place. Those who could not sell their farms, let them to new and more hardy settlers, and these continued in possession till they had realised enough of money to become purchasers; and as such they were doing well—so true is it, that none but those who will work with their own hands, and for a time dismiss all delicacy of living, can expect to thrive as settlers in this new country. On the road we overtook one of this toiling class, and gave him a ride for a few miles. He told us, he had been a rural labourer in the south of England, on the property of Lord —, where his wages were 8s. per week. On coming to Canada, he first hired himself to a farmer, and having saved a little, rented one of the abandoned clearings, which last

year he had been able to buy, and now, as he said, he was in comfortable circumstances. His latest acquisition was a cow, which he highly appreciated, for the sake of milk for his family. I was much pleased with the manly way in which this industrious person mentioned these particulars. In England, he would probably have talked in an embarrassed, 'if you please,' fashion. Transferred to a country where he was called on to act an independent part, he spoke without timidity, but also without rudeness; and if not what is ordinarily called a gentleman, he at least behaved like one.

Towards evening, the roads were terrible. A thaw having come on and softened the mud, the horses slipped at every step, and at length one of them fell: when again set on its legs, the poor creature was found to have lost a shoe—a misfortune that caused some detention at the next blacksmith's forge, and left us in the dark still fifteen miles from Sarnia. There was only one spark of hope. At a certain distance, we had the promise of coming to a plank-road. Yet the plank-road seemed to recede as we advanced. Sometimes we were told it was four miles off; then it would be as far as five miles; and in despair of reaching it at all, we had arranged to stop for the night at the first inn we came to, when suddenly a joyful sound struck our ear: the horses had got their feet on the planks. In a minute, we were bowling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and reached our destination without any further misadventure. As we drove up to the door of the hotel, a few twinkling stars afforded just sufficient light to shew the broad surface of the river St Clair, the western boundary of Canada.

Sarnia, as seen next morning, is a thriving little town situated on the St Clair, about a mile below the point where it issues from Lake Huron, and carrying on some trade in shipping. The view across the river, which is half a mile wide, shews us the coast of Michigan, low and lined with trees, with a neat white-painted town, having a steam-vessel moored at its quay. In this steamer, which crossed to Sarnia for passengers, we descended the St Clair, the voyage occupying five hours to Detroit. In the course of the trip, the vessel touched frequently at places on both sides of the river.

The sail down the St Clair was very charming. On the Canadian shore, there was pointed out a long series of small clearings with cottages, forming a settlement of Indians, protected by the British government; and Melville Island, in the lower part of the river, is devoted exclusively to the same object. These Indians, partially civilised, were spoken of as not making any marked progress; and a clergyman, who is charged with their supervision and instruction, stated to me that they were lessening in numbers, and would ultimately be extinct as a race. I believe this opinion corresponds with the general experience concerning the Indian tribes, when brought within the operation of ordinary social arrangements.

On the Michigan side, several pretty little towns were touched at, which shewed marks of growing traffic. Adjoining Lake St Clair, the banks on both shores become exceedingly low, with long marshy spots, on which nothing is seen but small hillocks of mud and rushes, forming the dwellings of musk-rats. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel came in sight of Detroit, a large and handsomely built city, situated on a gentle slope rising from the right bank of the river; and I stepped ashore in the United States.

In quitting the British possessions in America, a few words may be permitted. Imperfect as had been my means of observation, I think I am entitled to say, that in almost all quarters there prevails a very decided spirit of improvement—a steady progress towards a great and prosperous condition. The advance is very remarkable in Western Canada, which cannot, in point of general appearance, be distinguished from the neigh-

bouring parts of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and it is my belief, that, aided by the various railways already opened or in course of construction, this portion of British America will not be a whit behind any of the more northern parts of the Union. All that seems desirable, for the purpose of consolidating the character and interests of the various provinces, is to unite them in a viceroyalty or principality, with a federal system of customs, posts, and other fiscal arrangements; so as to secure the nearest possible approximation to political independence and nationality. Meanwhile, through the efficacy of railway extension, and the gradual melioration of prejudices, a preparation may be said to be making towards a result of this kind, which, with peace and the general progress of enlightenment, will come in its own good time. It is at least satisfactory to know that under the protection of Great Britain, and left very much to their own government, according to constitutional forms, there is absolutely nothing to retard the advance of these colonies, and I am inclined to think that at this moment they have not a single thing to complain of, for which they have not the means of redress in their own hands. As far as I could see or hear, the whole of these provinces, are in a state of perfect contentment, strongly attached to, and taking a deep interest in the concerns of the mother-country.

All things considered, it would certainly be strange if the British American colonists did not feel happy in their present and prospective condition. They are the very favourites of fortune. Members of a powerful empire, they are not called on to contribute a shilling to the national exchequer. In the home-country, while no inconsiderable portion of every man's earnings is confiscated to meet the annual exigencies of the state, in Canada and the other provinces, the people are exempted from nearly all such demands, and their acquaintance with taxation is confined chiefly to certain custom-house duties and local assessments for schools and other purposes. At present, it is understood to be in contemplation to substitute a provincial armed force for the imperial troops; and this measure, if carried into effect, cannot but elevate the character of the colonies, by its tendency to cultivate and strengthen habits of self-dependence and self-respect.

Making no figure in the political world, and possessing little means of attracting attention, it may be said with truth, that these provinces, beyond the mere fact of their existence, are scarcely known in England. The people at large are not at all aware of their extent or capabilities; and few even of the intelligent classes are in a position to appreciate their social progress. Neglected, except by a generally humble class of emigrants, and by persons engaged in commercial transactions—until recent times treated with indifference by colonial ministers, and left to be the prey of adventurers—the wonder is that these colonies are what they are, and their remarkable progress can be ascribed only to their own intrinsically excellent, yet unvaunted, qualities. Silently and unostentatiously have their lands been reclaimed from the wilderness, and their scattered log-cabins and villages swelled into cities, until at length they challenge observation as a second New-England beyond the Atlantic, to the growth of which no one can assign any definite limits.

The advance, as previously noticed, has been very remarkable in Canada. At the surrender of the province in 1763, its population was estimated at from 60,000 to 65,000. In 1851, the numbers had increased to 890,261 in Lower Canada, and 952,004 in Western Canada—unitedly, 1,842,265, or now about 2,000,000; the ratio of increase being such as to double the population every twelve or thirteen years. The growing wealth of the community is learned from the fact, that while in 1825 the accessible property in Western

Canada was estimated at L.1,854,000, in 1852, it had amounted to L.37,695,000. The cultivation of the soil keeps pace with this increase. In 1841, the wheat crop was 3,221,000 bushels; in 1851, it was 12,692,000 bushels. In 1851, the value of British imports into Canada amounted to L.2,475,000, or about L.1. 6s. per head of the population. A circumstance still more indicative of social progress remains to be mentioned. In Canada, in 1852, there were nearly three millions of miles travelled by the mail, and in that year alone there was an increase of about 250 new post-offices; and the continued opening of such new establishments forms one of the remarkable features of the country.

In travelling through Canada and the adjacent states, nothing is more satisfactory than to find that there prevails the best mutual understanding between the British and American people. Placed on a long line of boundary, within sight of each other, and being connected by many common ties, it is only matter for regret that there should exist any restrictions in commercial intercourse. Unfortunately, the freedom of trade is interrupted by a war of tariffs, as well as by legal obstacles to the uninterrupted navigation of water-courses, vastly to the disadvantage of both parties, and no doubt productive of a demoralising contraband traffic. I would venture to hope that a study of this delicate question, as demonstrated in the successful liberation of trade by Great Britain, will tend to shake the confidence of Americans and Provincials in the doctrine of hostile duties, and induce the belief that, after all, generosity in trade, as in everything else, brings its own great reward.

Intending, in the conclusion of these papers, to speak of the field for advantageous emigration presented by nearly all parts of America which I visited, it is unnecessary for me here to mention at any length how far Canada is suitable for this purpose. A few special facts need only be alluded to.

In the development of minerals, particularly the copper ores bordering on Lake Superior; in trade, lumbering, and navigation; and in agriculture, the enterprising have a wide scope for profitable operations. With regard to improved farms, ready for the reception of settlers, they may be had in every quarter, and information respecting them will be obtained at the offices of land-agents in the large towns, or by consulting local newspapers.\* No one purposing to acquire lands, need give himself any uneasiness on this point, for eligible spots will be heard of everywhere. In each county town there is a land-agent appointed to dispose of crown-lands, which are uncleared, and may for the most part be obtained at about 7s. sterling per acre. The best lands of this kind, however, are generally disposed of in the older settled parts of the country. In some cases, uncleared lands are preferable to those which have been cultivated; for the universal tendency is to exhaust, and then sell lands to new-comers. Some caution in making a choice in old settlements is therefore desirable. While men with means may confine their selection to improved localities, I should advise those of more slender resources, but with youth and strength, to proceed to the districts bordering on Lake Huron, belonging to the Canada Company, which sells lands at from 2s. to L.1. 4s. per acre, according to quality and locality. Goderich, on Lake Huron, will soon be reached by railway. As regards persons who desire to work for wages, it is enough to say, that in Canada any able-bodied labourer will at present receive at least 4s. per day; and that bricklayers, masons, and carpenters will be paid 6s. to 8s. per day, while the cost of living will be found much the same as in this country, if not

in some places considerably less. The demand for labourers and artisans to be employed on the railways in course of construction is now so great, that it will absorb all who offer themselves for years to come; and how, with such allurements, there is not a more general migration from England, is one of the things not easily accounted for.

W. C.

### READINGS ON RATS.

WHEN science was younger than she now is, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvellous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times, they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, digging a grave, ploughing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'fitted too.' How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All these are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign—that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions—that disturbed the sleep of George I.—were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat, larger in size, and brown in colour. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for the Scandinavian origin to know, that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1780. In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was travelling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more: they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as the peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats; human life

\* Mr Geo. A. Barber, jun., corner of Church and Front Street, Toronto, publishes, periodically, a Land-agency Circular, containing a long list of lands for sale in various parts of Western Canada. Similar lists are probably published by other agents.

was hardly safe from their attacks. After making themselves comfortably at home here in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like man's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, till the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defence, to poison them with arsenic and pellets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers. Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Fermica omnivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time, the negroes used to catch the rats and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for 'such small deer;' and it is a standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbour, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is rat flung from the ship, than an uproarious scramble follows for possession of the coveted prize. Much mischief has at times been done on board the West India steamers, by rats gnawing their way into the mail-bags, and making free with the contents. In one instance, a will written on parchment was devoured all but the seal, greatly to the vexation of the individual at Demarara to whom it was addressed.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get here? Did it swim across Behring's Strait, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, devoid of the mischievous propensity. Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations. For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty, but when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other so closely and skilfully, that the most expert fingers could not have economised the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere

size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shews analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than 145,000 were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried. Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olafsen relates that, on such occasions, 'the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders.'

Numerous small animals have been classed by some naturalists as rats, just as in the United States every insect resembling a chafer or beetle is called a 'bug.' Thus the ichneumon becomes *Pharaoh's rat*, and the lemmings, which appear at times in the north of Europe multitudinous as locusts, are set down as rats. Lemmings, however, are lemmings, and not rats, though where they come from is still a mystery. The learned Munster, in his *Cosmography*, says they have been 'manifestly observed by the inhabitants to descend and fall with some feculent showers,' which is certainly a very summary way of accounting for the phenomenon, if it were but true. According to old Pontoppidan, the peasants in one part of Norway used to hold a fast-day once a year, trusting thereby to get rid of the pest of rats, mice, and lemmings; and he gives the form of an exorcism used on such occasions, beginning with the words, *Exorcizo vos pestiferos vermes, mures, &c.*

There is another character in which rats have figured: they were once regarded as symbols of witchcraft. In Scotland, if by any chance a rat was ever seen on a cow's back, poor Brindle always 'dwined away' as an inevitable consequence. Then they shewed themselves impressible by a strange charm or spell. We have all heard of the Irish Whisperer, who could quiet the most restive and intractable horse by a whisper into his ear. Well, it appears that the bards of Ireland—that is, the hereditary race, not the interlopers—had the power of rhyming rats to death, as it was called; in other words, they put the creatures out of existence by reciting certain rhymes near their haunts. That there was something in this, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to the practice by writers within the

past four hundred years. Shakspeare makes Rosalind speak of it in words that seem to anticipate a modern theory; and Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, has—

Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,  
In drumming tunes.

In the *Rhythmes against Martin Mar-Prelate*, also the possibility of rhyming rats to death is indicated in the lines—

I am a rimer of the Irish race,  
And have already rimde thee staring mad;  
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,  
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead.

And again, a mention of the practice is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's writings; and Swift, with covert humour, says, rhyming to death was a power that continued to his day. May we not add, to ours?

Among other particulars of this curious subject, published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, we are informed that Senchán, a famous poet of Connacht, dining one day at the king's palace, was robbed of one course by certain mice, which, during his temporary absence from the table, cleared the dish. Perceiving what had happened on his return, he began to speak a rhyme denouncing the mice, setting forth their mischief, and ending with a command:—

You mice, which are in the roof of the house,  
Arise all of you, and fall down.

Whereupon ten mice fell immediately dead to the floor.

The potency of the spell was supposed to consist in the satire, more or less pungent, conveyed in the lines. Satire has always been dreaded in Ireland; so much so, that laws were made against it at an early period. Rats, too, have been much dreaded, and not without reason; for in the newspapers of our own day, we sometimes read of infants being attacked by these predaceous animals. Many in Ireland regret that St Patrick did not banish them with the snakes. Belief in the effect of the rhyme has held its ground even to the present century. It is on record, that about 1716, the Rev. John O'Mulconry, who came of the hereditary barda, banished the rats which had long swarmed in Kilferagh church-yard in such prodigious numbers that an interment could never take place without alarm; and of bodies newly buried, nothing but bones remained the second day. The worthy curate, it appears, worked the spell effectually, for a farmer who was out at early morn looking after his crops and cattle about four miles from the church, saw, to quote the chronicle, 'a rather thick and low fog or mist, confined to a narrow breadth, but extending in length almost across the bog. Surprised at such a phenomenon, he stood to observe it more closely; but his surprise was soon increased when he perceived it moving directly towards him, and with remarkable velocity. He immediately thought of his hitherto invisible neighbours, the fairies; and, thinking it would be as well not to stand in their way, he ran as fast as he could to get out of their line of march, which, having succeeded in doing, he turned to have a view of them. But his surprise was much greater at seeing in this mist a long compact train of rats, numbering hundreds of thousands, and crushing to the ground everything in the way of plant or shrub that opposed their progress.' They climbed walls and dikes, and such impediments as stood in their way, and passing through a field of standing wheat, they left a broad gap in it completely levelled. After a course of five miles they arrived at a sandy flat on the shore of the Shannon, where they speedily established a new settlement. Soon, however, the fishermen who frequented the locality complained of the injury done to their nets and other tackle by the gnawings of the vermin; and the disappearance of the rats from the church-yard, and their appearance on the flat having

been much talked of in the neighbourhood, a party of a hundred men assembled with spades and sticks to dig out and exterminate the unwelcome intruders. But though great numbers were killed, the rats defended themselves so vigorously, that the men were at last forced to betake themselves to flight, fully convinced that no mere human effort would ever expel the mischievous colony.

Even so lately as 1820, there was a man at Kilkee, who, by means of an ancient rhyme which he knew, banished rats from his house and mill; and it is still believed in Limerick, that certain men lived not long ago in that city, who, by some occult agency, could compel all the rats in a ship to come and cut their throats on an open razor fixed to the deck.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE next morning Robert called again on Sir Vivian Falcontower. Lord Luxton he was told was dead; the family had left town, and might be absent for some time; there was no letter or message for him. The crisis was then past. His fantastic speculation had failed; the fascinating smile of Claudia was nothing more than an *ignis-fatuus*; and her father was a—right honourable. He must now be once more a hand-worker; stealing from the night sufficient time for the labour of the brain, and awaiting patiently the slow course of events. Patiently! Robert was no philosopher, and no hero. With one half of what he had been virtually promised, and by Sir Vivian's own admission had fairly earned, Sara might have been his! She loved him—this he devoutly believed, for in her noble nature there was no guile and no faltering; she would even consent to descend from her position to his, battle by his side with a courage as high as his own, and more hopeful, and waste her young and promising life in an obscure struggle for the means of subsistence. He knew now the strength of his hopes by the wrench with which they parted from his heart. The dream he had indulged during his compact with Sir Vivian, dim and indefinite at the time, was now seen distinctly for a moment—like a sinking ship revealed by lightning—before it disappeared for ever; and when it was gone, the world seemed to have passed away, and he felt as if standing alone in the immensity of space.

Misty—misty—misty was the Common through which he wandered as he turned away from Sir Vivian's door. There were voices around, but they had no articulate sound for him; figures glided past, but they were shadows, without form and void; the rain beat once more on his uncovered head, and the pools of Wearyfoot plashed beneath his feet; but the only tears that now blinded his eyes were large drops of sweat that had rolled over his cold brow.

While Robert was pursuing his metaphorical journey, making the way to Great Russell Street as long as possible, that he might have time to recover from the shock he had received, the family were waiting his arrival to get his escort to some more of the sights of London. Elizabeth was in her own room. The captain and Sara were in the parlour, the former employed in spelling through the morning newspaper in his usual straightforward way, and now in the midst of the deaths.

'I declare,' cried he, 'here is Lord Luxton dead! That is the brother of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and one of Bob's friends. I wonder if he has left him anything—no, not a penny, I'll be sworn. Do you know



Sara—talking of that—I was quite grieved the other day to see you come out of the shop with Elizabeth, so happy, so fresh, so rich looking; you had been buying the handsome what-d'ye-call-ems for your hair, and I assure you it quite made my heart ache: no easy matter to do, you know, for the heart of an old soldier grows into cast iron.'

'And why, dear uncle, should you be grieved at my even looking happy?'

'Why, didn't you see? There was poor Bob, like one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, so pale and still they are, and with eyes that don't seem to see what they are looking at. And as proud and stuck-up, too, was Bob, and as hard as the marble they are made of: he had just refused his share of my windfall, and he grasped the hand that had the money in it like a vice, and put it away without speaking. No, you shouldn't have looked that way, Sara! What a thing it is that the poor fellow has no father to do anything for him, and that he won't let me stand in his father's stead.'

'He loves you like a son,' said Sara softly.

'I know that—there's just the hardship: he would fight for me, starve for me, die for me; but when it comes to money, then he remembers that there is no blood of mine in his veins, and he will not let me be a father. What could have made him so proud?'

'Nature,' replied Sara. 'Many of us are born with good and great qualities that never come to light for want of circumstances to develop them. In Robert they have all germinated, and among the rest that manliness which is often erroneously called pride.'

'But what is to be done, Sara? If circumstances, in which I have had so great a part myself, have made him a gentleman in spirit, can I look on and see him a mechanic in station? What I offered him, I allow, would do but little permanent good—still it would enable him at least to carry on the war handsomely among those proud people who are at present hesitating as to whether they will own him or not; and it would put him more on a footing with that prodigiously fine girl we saw, who is now an honourable, and of course rolling in wealth; and who knows what might happen? This, however, is only a dream, that might come true by chance, or might not, for he is not one to disguise himself in externals, and set up for a fortune-hunter; but Bob is a clever fellow—a prodigiously clever fellow—and if he had a bit of real capital to start with, he might mount like a rocket. That's what I have been thinking of; that's what has taken away my night's rest; and if we could only hit upon some scheme to make him consider what he gets his own and use it as such, I see my way well enough to perform the duty that devolved upon me when I gathered in that poor boy out of the mist of Wearyfoot Common!' The veteran's face glowed as he spoke, and Sara felt her eyes fill as she looked at him. His hair had whitened a good deal, and his still delicate complexion and soft blue eye were no longer concealed by the mass of shadow once thrown upon them by his iron-gray whiskers, beard, and eyebrows. It was vain for the captain now to affect the ogre. His real nature was detected through all disguises; and the very blindest saw in his expression the spirit of a gentleman mellowed by the simplicity of a child, and the gentleness of a woman.

'Now, Sara,' continued he, 'you will perhaps think me selfish; you will suppose the old campaigner is at his tricks, and wanting to indulge himself at the expense of another. But I have sounded Elizabeth, and she sees no objection—she rarely does, you know, when there's nothing against her hypotheses—and the only one I have now to consult is you. You see, my lass, I have not myself a great deal of money. There is only what is left of the amount that was saved up for the commission, and the windfall I got t'other day, besides

the other dividends that are to come: that is not anything like enough. And so—you see, Sara, you are a great rich woman: still you mustn't think me selfish; I hope it is not that; I am almost sure it is not that.'

'I will swear it is not that!'

'Ah! you are a good girl, a kind-hearted girl, a generous, high-spirited girl: I think you will excuse me when I explain it. And so'—

'Uncle, speak out! Your hesitation distresses—almost insults me. Surely you cannot expect opposition from me! Only tell me what, when, how, for I consent before you ask!'

'Well, well, I was sure it would be so. The thing is this. You know Elizabeth is to be my heir, and you of course hers. But a single lady of small income doesn't want a large house, does she? Not very badly, I think. A cottage would do, wouldn't it? I think it would. And Elizabeth thinks so too. Poor Elizabeth! she is always so noble, so disinterested; and since you take after her, Sara, why the business is settled. What I want to do is to sell the Lodge.' Sara did not expect this, for if the good captain had a pride upon earth his pride was the Lodge: she seemed struck dumb for a moment; and then throwing herself upon the veteran's neck, she gave vent to a passionate burst of tears.

'Don't take on so,' said the captain, working hard to keep in the rebellious drops. 'I would not have thought of taking this advantage of her, unless I had now wherewith to insure my life to make up for it so far as money goes. But she is a noble creature, isn't she, our Elizabeth? Poor soul! and she so fond of the house, and the name, and the garden, and the walks behind it! But never mind, we'll be all the more kind to her in the cottage; we'll lighten the sacrifice in every way in our power; and make her so comfortable that at last she will forget the Lodge altogether, or at least only think of it softly and dimly as she thinks of poor Mollison.'

All this being settled, the important question was, how to get the intended gift palmed upon Robert as something that was his own? The sum contemplated was a thousand pounds; and with this wealth at his back, the captain fancied his protégé might defy the world. Even Sara was not slow to be persuaded of the fact, for her knowledge of money was founded solely on the experience she had acquired in the economical housekeeping of Sempole Lodge; but in regard to the schemes proposed by the captain for blinding Robert to the nature of the windfall, she was far more difficult. One after another she dismissed as impracticable, and ended by begging her uncle to leave the subject, in the meantime, to her consideration. There was no hurry, she argued, for a few days; and, at any rate, nothing could be done in it till they were just leaving town, for they would be sure to betray themselves by their looks when questioned by Robert.

'So, dear uncle,' she continued, 'you must, for the present, merely beat time. Since you have taken me into consultation, you should not stir a step without my knowledge. May I depend upon this? Do you give me your promise?'

'Of course I do. I will, in the meantime, merely see about the title-deeds, and so on, and put the thing in train, so that as soon as we hit upon a plan, the sale can be effected.'

'Even that will be imprudent. We shall be much with Robert, you know; and as he is not aware of any private business you can have to transact in London, the least motion on your part will ultimately lead to detection. Promise me, dear uncle, that you will do nothing before consulting further with me—nothing to which I am not a party myself. Only promise me this—do!' Sara spoke eagerly, and with a flushed face, and the veteran looked at her with anxiety.

'I promise,' said he, 'and that is enough. But I don't like your appearance, Sara: your cheeks are burning, your eyes have a hot light, and your manner is feverish. You are not well yet. We must get everything over as fast as possible, and go back to Wearyfoot. For my part, I wish now we had never left it; we could have managed our business well enough through some lawyer fellow; and even Bob's money would have come to him less suspiciously if we were at a distance. All we have got by coming here is seeing the play; Elizabeth does not look as if she knew she was out of her own parlour; Molly is as cross as two sticks, and flings about like a mad drum-major of ours, with a name as like her own as if they were twins; a name—no, not exactly in one syllable; in fact it was rather a long name than otherwise—a very long name: but—here comes Elizabeth, looking as if she couldn't help it, and didn't care.'

Robert's walk had restored his firmness; and when he presented himself that forenoon to his country friends, they even thought from his manner that he had heard satisfactory news. To their inquiries, he replied merely that in consequence of the sudden death of Lord Luxton, the Falcontower family had left town. To Sara he spoke kindly, but not familiarly, and took no notice whatever of the peculiarity in her appearance that had been observed by her uncle. This peculiarity gradually disappeared; the hot light died in her eyes; and a cold still reserve mantled over the whole expression. She, likewise, spoke kindly—but distantly. It might have seemed that a gulf of deep smooth water was between them, over which their voices were wafted melodiously to the ear, but inarticulate to the heart.

Sara, too, was resolved. It was clear to her that Robert had fallen, she knew not how, under the dominion of that terrible Claudia, whose image had so long haunted her. It was clear that he had struggled; that he had yielded; that he felt remorse; that at times, in the absence of the enchantress, a dying gleam of the old passion shot up in his heart and in his eyes; and that his whole bearing to her was characterised by the stern unbending honour of his character. There were moments, however, when she thought he did not love Claudia; that in some fated moment ambition had aided the spells of her beauty and her genius; and that he had fallen into toils from which it was at once impossible and dishonourable to escape. But whichever of these hypotheses was the true one, Sara's course was clear. She would not be an object of pity—on that she was resolved—unless she died in the struggle to conceal her feelings; and, guiltless as he was—for she devoutly believed him to be the unwilling victim of some infatuation or fatality—he should owe no pang to her that she could save him.

That forenoon was devoted to some of the ordinary lions of London; and Robert, by strong self-compulsion, threw his mind into the subjects before them, till he eventually forgot his own individuality in the interest they excited. Sara, too, was gradually withdrawn from herself, till she listened with absorbed attention. Never before had she been so much struck with the boldness and originality of his views, with the freshness he conferred upon topics the most hackneyed and worn out, with the power he possessed of giving life to inanimate objects, and of dissipating the shadows that obscure the past. He addressed himself to the three collectively, but she knew that it was for her advantage he spoke, and that he did so unconsciously, as if from a habit of his mind. In this particular his conversation reminded her of his letters from school, and she wondered whether, at each new flight his genius had taken from the small advantage-ground of scholastic learning, he had thought of his poor pupil. To-day, at any rate, he did think of her, at least in the intellectual part, and she was inexpressibly gratified to find him taking every opportunity of instructing her with his own opinions in reference

to the subjects of her studies. On one occasion, for instance, when the captain had expressed his astonishment at the ease with which he translated certain Latin inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, she asked him whether he did so literally, or transfused the meaning, as it were, into English.

'I make the inquiry,' she added, 'because I have recently been doing a little Italian into English, and I was puzzled to know which is the best method.'

'In translating inscriptions,' replied Robert, 'or history, biography, science—anything that depends upon the truth of facts, the translation should be as literal as the idiom of the language permits. But it is poetry you are busy with, and that is in a different category; inasmuch as poetry speaks to us, in great part, by means of images, which in the course of time, and the conversion of language, may lose their value and significance. For instance, the Homeric expression, 'cow-eyed or ox-eyed Juno,' would do very well with us in a travesty of the great epic, but in a serious translation so ludicrous an idea—and one that does not give us the faintest notion of the sense of the author—should not be admitted. In a case like this, I think the image should be dropped, and only its meaning translated. The object of poetry is not to communicate facts, but to give enjoyment of a fine and lofty nature; and anything that interrupts this, bespeaks, on the part of the translator, a want both of taste and fidelity.' Such dry discussions, as the reader probably thinks them, were very delightful for Sara. They kept her mind in contact with Robert's, and prevented her from thinking of the gulf that was between their fortunes.

In the afternoon, or what was such to them, they looked on for awhile at the fashionables taking their forenoon ride, or saunter, in Hyde Park, and then lounged away through the trees in the direction of the Serpentine River. They were followed at a distance by two gentlemen, the older of whom at one time seemed anxious to restrain the other.

'I tell you what, Fancourt,' said Adolphus, 'I have more than once suspected that in this matter you have all along been playing into my mother's hand! She desired to break off my suit to a young lady in the country, and just at the *apropos* moment comes your proposal that I shall lay siege to a woman of rank and fashion much higher than my own.'

'Well, Dolphy,' replied Fancourt languidly, 'you acted upon my proposal, and have now received the father's permission to pay your addresses, and his promise to render you all the aid in his power. What then?'

'Just this: that you believed from the fact that I had no chance whatever with Miss Falcontower—which, by the way, has latterly been one of the great reasons why I persevered against hope—and did not even against my own wishes.'

'Against your own wishes!'

'Yes; for this curious Claudia, but it had begun to tire, and, in fact, at times to alarm me. I drooped very unpersonally at first was attractive; the strange, morbid passion with which I yielded myself to her power made me feel as if I was under fascination, and gave an air of mystery to my position, the very dimness and mystery of which blinded and bewildered me. But after a time I was startled when I reflected that marriage is not a comedy in a comedy or a chapter in a romance, and when I began to picture this heroine of my imagination in the character of a wife. The intimacy she had somehow formed with the fellow Oaklands was another staggerer: when I turned the thing coolly over in my mind, and more especially when it occurred to me that neither before nor after marriage would it be possible human power to divert her from any fancy she once taken into her head.'

(In a word, the fair Claudia, though she had a

once more; and you—but that is the mystery—why did you propose when you no longer desired to marry her?’

‘Because I was a fool; because it was obvious that you considered my suit hopeless; and because I fancied somehow it was necessary to go on. I did so; I took the irrevocable step; and that very evening—but you will laugh!—well, what is that to me? I am independent of your opinion; I am the head of my family; and I have a right to do, and think, and feel as I choose!’

‘Surely you have. But what’s in the wind now? It was Sir Vivian Falcontower who promised you his influence with Claudia, not Lord Luxton: you will find that both his lordship and his honourable daughter will now look quite over the head of a commoner—so your proposal is the same as if it never had been made.’

‘I am quite aware of that, and I await the rejection of my suit with much philosophy.’

‘Then whence the heroics? That very evening? Why, on that evening you were at the play—have you been smitten by an actress, and is the mad Orlando now your part?’

‘On the contrary, I have been recalled to my senses. Your “rosy-cheeked apple” won’t pass with me now, for I have seen specimens of all varieties of fruit, and am a connoisseur. In short, I am no longer to be blinded by your sneers, for I can oppose to them my own knowledge and judgment: that evening I saw Miss Semple at the theatre; and I can undertake to say that, although without the brilliance of Claudia, she is as superior to her in real beauty and true dignity of deportment, as she is in nobleness of character.’

‘Miss Semple!’ mused Fancourt—‘is that the animated wax-figure I had the honour of dancing with at the Hall? She is dignified, I admit—or something—or other, I can’t tell what. She made me, I know, feel deucedly queer; and I am sure, notwithstanding the excitement of dancing, my temperature fell seven or eight degrees Fahrenheit, at the least.’

‘Come, that won’t pass,’ said Seacole, smiling in spite of himself, ‘for you acknowledged her niece at the time to be both the most beautiful and the most distinguished-looking girl in the room; and a few minutes ago you paid her unconscious homage, by affirming that the figure of the lady—of that lady before us—was absolutely perfection.’

‘Oh, I see! I now call the whole thing to mind. So, that is Rosy-apple, is it, with the hairy captain? But who is that handsome young fellow gallanting my partner?—I begin to feel jealous there.’

‘That fellow is Oaklands.’

‘Indeed! I don’t wonder now at your dislike to him. A prodigiously fine young man he is—just the figure and bearing of the conventional nobleman, of an earl, or baron at the least, of the drama or the novel. I should not like such a fellow to be on intimate terms with any Rosy-apple of mine!’

‘It won’t do, Fancourt: I am quite comfortable. They were brought up together as brother and sister, and have not met till now since long before I came of age. I watched them like a hawk the whole evening in the theatre, without being seen myself; and even now, so far from walking side by side, they have never exchanged either word or look for the last half-hour. It is clear to me, what I suspected before, that Oaklands has been scorched in the blaze of Claudia’s eyes; and it is equally clear, that if he ever had the impudence to think of the niece of his patron with other feelings than those of the beggarly dependent he was, she now observes the change with profound indifference. I must speak to them, and get their address.’

‘Wait till you are formally off with Claudia,’ said Fancourt, laying his hand upon his friend’s arm. ‘Your

man Poringer will manage to ferret them out easily enough. Come, take my advice.’

‘I have taken it once too often,’ replied Seacole, doggedly: ‘Claudia’s answer I am sure of; and the moment I receive it—which will be the day after she returns to town—I will demand one from Sara, which my mother prevented me from obtaining on the night of the fête at the Hall.’ There was a surly stubbornness in his manner while he said this, which gave Fancourt to understand, for he was an observer of character, that further opposition would be useless, and both gentlemen quickened their steps till they came very near the party they pursued.

‘I say, Fancourt,’ said Seacole, now hanging back a little—‘since you are so famous at giving advice, I want you to tell me what you think I should say. The fact is, I put the question to Miss Semple point blank—my mother interrupted us—and I have never seen her since. That is awkward, isn’t it? I feel decidedly queer.’

‘My advice is just what I have already given: I would certainly counsel you’—But at the moment the enemy wheeled about on their return home, and in another minute the two parties met face to face.

The meeting was not so unpleasant for Seacole as he had anticipated. He was rather an object of compassion than anything else in the captain’s eyes, and was besides associated with some ideas of the comic which influenced his reception by the veteran. As for Sara, on seeing suddenly the favoured lover of her girlhood, and in the presence of another to whom her woman’s heart had been irrevocably given, a painful blush suffused her face—not the less painful that she knew herself to be at the moment the object of Robert’s scrutinising gaze. Seacole’s countenance reflected the suffusion; but his eyes blazed with a triumphant light, altogether different from the beams that were hidden beneath Sara’s drooping lids. He addressed to her, however, only a few common-place words, and then directed his discourse to the captain, giving him an account of a review which was speedily to take place in the Park.

‘Will Miss Semple,’ said Fancourt to Elizabeth, ‘deign to recall to her remembrance the partner who had the honour of dancing with her at the Hall?’

‘The action of the memory,’ replied the virgin, ‘is for the most part spontaneous. I remember distinctly a white cravat on the occasion referred to, and that cravat I have every reason to believe was on the neck of the gentleman who now speaks to me.’ This was so far satisfactory; and the hermit of the Albany entered freely into conversation with our spinster, and being an observant man of the world, succeeded very soon in regaining the place in her esteem of which his letter to Seacole, sent to them by Miss Heavystoke, had for a time dispossessed him. As they arrived at a more crowded part of the ring, where a hurried motion now and then took place among the spectators, for the purpose of observing some passing equipage of more than ordinary pretension, our promenaders were obliged to separate, and a different arrangement of the interlocutors took place. The captain was in advance, and Adolphus found himself the escort of Sara.

‘Miss Semple,’ said he, ‘pardon my abruptness, for there is no opportunity for ceremony. The last time I conversed with you alone, we were interrupted by my mother; and for awhile I thought it fortunate that such was the case, for, judging by what you had said, I had a nervous dread of what was to come. I resolved to give you time for reflection. The time I assigned in my own mind has almost passed, and very soon I shall entreat to be permitted at least to renew the friendly intercourse that was once the happiness of my life.’

‘I cannot have the least objection,’ replied Sara quietly, ‘to meet on friendly terms the visitors in

my uncle's house. If you are invited there, I shall not have any disinclination to receive you as an acquaintance.'

'And this is all? O Sara—O Miss Sempie!'—

'Mr Seacole,' interrupted Sara, 'I cannot help feeling some shame on your account! Perhaps it is wrong in me to express it; perhaps it may even be considered indelicate to mention what has come to my knowledge; but I have not mingled much with society, and I may be excused for being ignorant of its punctilios. At any rate, I cannot see a gentleman who has treated me with kindness and distinction place himself in the humiliating position you seem desirous of occupying; and I will therefore say at once, that when you were in the neighbourhood of Luxton Castle, I was in correspondence with my former governess, Miss Heavystoke, and that she forwarded to me a letter from your friend, Mr Fancourt, which you returned to her, with angry contempt, in mistake for mine.' Adolphus seemed thunder-struck for a moment; but he soon recovered.

'Your generosity,' said he, 'should not surprise me, for it is only consistent with your character. But I am in reality more the object of wonder and commiseration than contempt; for the infatuation into which I fell for a moment, while smarting under your virtual rejection, was no more my fault than if I had been struck by the pestilence as it passed by! You do not know the individual you allude to—you do not know the nature of the power she exercises, although so speedily neutralised in my case by a holier enchantment—you do not know!'

'I know all.'

'Do you know that *he* whom you regarded as a teacher—he, of whose knowledge, self-possession, and strength of character you had formed so lofty an idea'—

'No more: I know all!' She looked back, shudderingly. They were now clear of the crowd. Robert was, at some distance behind, walking slowly, with erect figure, fixed eyes—silent, desolate, alone. Sara thought little about herself at that moment; but she could have wept for him.

## THE PUN UPON NAMES.

Palter with us in a double sense.

AMONGST the most inveterate tendencies of our corrupt nature, one not the least difficult to eradicate is that of punning. In the most exalted stations, indeed, no less than in the lowest, we find a constant straining after verbal witticism; and not only do popes, prelates, and princes forget the cares of church and state in this seductive pastime, but the swink hedger, as he sits at his supper, utters his stupid joke, and is refreshed. Circumstances the most solemn, instead of repressing this tendency, frequently call it into more active exercise. Dr Johnson, indeed, in the preface to his edition of Shakspeare, severely censures that writer for playing with words upon serious occasions. 'A quibble,' says he, 'was to him the fatal Cleopatra; for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.' It must, however, be remembered, that though the doctor made sturdy efforts to emancipate the drama from the restrictions in which the writers of the French classical school had cabined, cribbed, and confined it, he had not entirely extricated his own mind from their hateful trammels. The truth and reality whose claims he advocated, though a great improvement upon the false and freezing conceptions of Corneille and Racine, yet fall very far short of actual life.

The censure, indeed, which he casts upon Shakspeare, must be shared by nearly all the great writers of ancient and modern times; nay, nature herself must be brought to the bar, for no one who is conversant with real scenes of distress will venture to deny that

grief and indignation, no less than mirth and gaiety, find vent in these sports of the fancy. In short, whenever we turn our eyes, a quibble of this sort stares us in the face, now puzzling us in the devices of heralds, and now warning us in solemn accents from the tomb.

The pun or metaphor derived from the names of persons and places, is one which Aristotle has not disdained to recommend to the use of the student of his *Rhetoric*; and in this paper we propose giving a few of the many instances which are scattered up and down the wide field of history and literature; and we shall begin with those which are the exponents of grief and despair.

The Hebrews, more than any other people, seem to have found relief for sorrow and every other perturbation of mind in thus playing with names: the numerous examples in the Old Testament are too well known to be brought forward here, and we shall content ourselves with citing one only, which strikes us as especially pathetic. Naomi, the bereaved wife and mother, returning with her daughter-in-law to her own people—we are told that it came to pass, when they came to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said: 'Is this Naomi?' And she said unto them: 'Call me not Naomi; call me Marah,\* for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.'

The great trio of Athenian dramatists abound in instances of this kind; but these we pass hastily over, as it is manifest that such passages lose more than any others by translation; and were we to cite them in the original, the fairer portion of our readers might with reason complain that we were far too learned to be agreeable. We will, therefore, only say that the Ajax or *Aias* of Sophocles finds his misfortunes foreboded by his name, which bears a fatal resemblance to the *Aiai* or exclamation of woe.

We now turn to the writers of our own country, who yield to neither Hebrew nor Greek in expression of pathos; and our first instance we take from the scene in which the volatile and licentious Richard visits his dying uncle.

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? how is 't with aged *Gaunt*?

*Gaunt.* O how that name befits my composition!

Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old.

Within me grief has kept a tedious fast,

And who abstains from meat that is not *gaunt*?—

For sleeping England long time have I watched;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all *gaunt*.

The pleasures that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast; I mean—my children's looks.

And therein fasting hast thou made me *gaunt*.

*Gaunt* am I from the grave, *gaunt* as a grave,

Whose hollow tomb inherits nought but bones.

The poet Wither, lamenting the declining estate of his family, is weighty and elegant—

The very name of *Wüher* shews decay.

Perhaps, however, Robert Davenport, in his play of *King John and Matilda*, first acted in 1690, is more successful than either. Hubert is introduced recapitulating to the English barons a long series of injuries done them; then turning to Fitzwater, whose daughter had been violated by John, he exclaims:

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,  
And turn the son of tears.†

In Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, Viola having escaped from shipwreck, and supposing her brother to have been drowned, inquires the name of the country on

\* *Naomi*, pleasant; *Marah*, bitter.

† *Fitzwater*, the son of water. We almost wish that Davenport had written—

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,  
Indeed a son of tears.

which she has landed, and the captain answering Illyria, she replies prettily enough:

And what should I do in *Illyria*?  
My brother, he is in *Elysium*.

The last instance we shall bring forward in this kind, though not strictly a play upon the name of person or place, is so closely akin to the subject, and so excellent in itself, that we do not hesitate to introduce it. The unhappy Duke of Buckingham, being led to execution, inquires of those around him—

This is All-Souls-Day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then, All-Souls-Day is my body's dooms-day.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time, I wished might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies.  
This is the day wherein I wished to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.  
This, the All-Souls-Day to my fearful soul,  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.

King Richard III. Act v. Scene i.

In the dramatic entertainments of modern times, it is found expedient, after depressing the spirits of the spectators by the solemnity of tragedy, to dismiss them cheered and revived by a light and airy farce. Imitating that example, we now turn from instances of sorrow and woe to those of compliment and raillery.

At some era during the Roman Empire—but whether that of Nero or of the Antonines, or what other, depends upon the date assigned to the *Satyricon* of Petronius, a question which Burmann, Ignarra, and Niebuhr must settle among them—persons aiming at an air of good *ton* used to interlard their conversation with quibbles of this sort. Thus the wealthy parvenu Trimalchio takes care not to omit this point in his celebrated entertainment, and accordingly gives his carver the name of *Carpus*; so that in crying *Carpe*, *Carpe* (carve, carve), he at once names the man, and gives him directions. So also Martial represents *Æmilianus*, a person of somewhat similar character, as giving his cook the name of *Mistyllus*—the Greek word *Mistylle* being nearly equivalent to the Latin *Carpe*.

Returning to Shakespeare, we find the shipwrecked heir of Naples, as might be expected from his rank and education, far more felicitous. Addressing the daughter of Prospero, he says:

I do beseech you  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),  
What is your name?

The lady replies:

Miranda. Oh, my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

The youth, however, reassures her:

Admired Miranda—  
Indeed the top of admiration—worth  
What's dearest in the world.

In the *Magic Ring* of De la Motte Fouqué, the fair *Lisberta* of *Milan* is dignified with the title of *Die mailichste blume des lieblich Mailand*; and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, the man-hating Beatrice complaining of sickness, her cousin and her cousin's maid take occasion to rally her on a supposed affection for the woman-hating Benedick.

Beat. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of the distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it's the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus? Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral mean-

For a *jeu-d'esprit* of this kind, however, M. Alcide Mirobolant must be admitted to carry off the palm. Most of our readers are aware that this great *artiste* conceived a romantic but misplaced attachment for Miss Blanche Amory, the daughter of the house in which he was *chef de cuisine*. In a moment of inspiration, he bethought himself of declaring, or rather of delicately intimating, his passion in a manner which only his own words can do justice to. We shall simply here say, that the object of his affections receiving at dinner some 'comrades of the pension,' he served up a repast entirely in accordance with her 'lovely name of *Blanche*,' only permitting himself one brown thing in the whole entertainment—a little roast of lamb. We are not surprised to learn that his compliment met with a perfect success. 'I stood at the door,' says he, 'to watch the effect. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Aij, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard miss speak of me—I heard her say: "Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him." My feet almost failed me as she spoke.'

Not only youths and virgins, however, but, as was hinted before, saints and fathers of the church, find relaxation and solace in these sports of the fancy. St Jerome writing to Desiderius, says: 'Salutation unto thee, and thy holy and venerable sister Serenilla, who, true to her name, has passed the stormy waves of the world, and arrived at Christ's own calm; though your name, too, is not without good augury; for we read that the holy Daniel was called a man of *desires*, because he desired to know the mysteries of God.'

Again, in Jerome's *Epistle to Principia*, he plays upon the name of Macarius, the pupil of his early friend, but subsequent enemy, Rufinus. 'Then, too,' says he, 'there arrived in Rome *Olbius*,\* who might have been true to his name, had he not fallen in with so pernicious a master.'

Sometimes, again, the pun on the name is used to convey something of warning in addition to compliment. Thus in Massinger's *Picture*, Mathias, a knight of Bohemia, on leaving his wife Sophia for the wars, urges her not to give way to excessive grief.

Be now, as thy name,  
Truly interpreted, has ever spoke thee,  
Wise and discreet, and to thy understanding  
Marry thy constant patience.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A LATE return from St Martin's-le-Grand shews that in one week of the present year 8,329,000 letters passed through the Post-office. No wonder that, with such an increase, the busy establishment is straitened for room! Where is it to stop? or is it one of those growths which admit of continuous expansion? Trade has much to do with it, for the exports of last year were nearly *sixteen millions* more than in 1852. The amount of business represented by such a sum is indeed enormous, and yet it is merely something over and above the ordinary aggregate. Art and science, too, contribute their share to the increase, as those best know who are engaged in promoting either. Scientific societies now avail themselves largely of the post-office, and send reports of their proceedings to all parts of the world.

The past month shews that the spirit of invention has not been idle. Dr Stenhouse comes forward with his 'Charcoal Respirator'—that is, a respirator so

\* The unlearned reader may need to be informed that the words *Macarius* and *Olbius* both signify *fortunate*.

contrived as to hold a thin layer of charcoal-powder between the two sheets of fine wire gauze through which the air passes. This being fitted to the mouth in the usual way, will enable the wearer to breathe anywhere and everywhere, in a contaminated or contagious atmosphere, with impunity. The utility of such an instrument is at once obvious: it may be worn in cholera and fever hospitals, on board infected ships, amid the deadly miasm of New Orleans or the plague quarter of Constantinople; and we are assured, that with one of these respirators over the mouth, no harm has resulted from breathing the most offensive and noxious gases.

The idea was suggested by certain recent experiments which have brought to light a most remarkable effect of charcoal in the decomposition of animal substances. Mr Turnbull of Glasgow having buried a dead dog in charcoal-powder in an open shallow box, found, at the end of six months, but little of the animal left except the bones, so complete was the decomposition. And notwithstanding that the box was left uncovered, and the layer of powder above the dog not more than an inch in thickness, no offensive effluvia was at any time perceptible. Similar experiments have been made since, and with the same result. Here we have an important preventive agent against danger arising from a corpse in a house or on board ship, and, as Dr Stenhouse points out, a foul church-yard may be purified by spreading a layer of charcoal over the surface; while, by putting charcoal in the coffins in all future interments, the work of decomposition would be hastened and rendered innocuous. Seeing the probability of a series of skirmishes with the cholera during the coming summer, and the necessity for further sanitation, we consider this subject of the application of charcoal every way worthy of attention.

Important also in a sanitary point of view is the washing-machine invented by Mr Moseley of Birmingham. A really effective apparatus of this sort has long been a desideratum, and here it appears to be realised; for the dirty linen is literally taken in at one end, and turned out at the other thoroughly cleansed and wrung. Besides saving of hand-labour, there is great saving of time; the machine will wash in a quarter-hour as much as a washerwoman in a day. Then there is the contrivance by which all domestic fireplaces are to be made to consume their own smoke—the invention of Dr Arnott, to whom society is already largely indebted for sundry improvements in the art of heating and ventilation. The grate is to be fed at the bottom, so that the smoke and gases rising through the fire above will be consumed, instead of, as at present, flying off in waste to foul the atmosphere; and the chimney throat is cone-shaped with a valve at its upper extremity, to regulate the passage of air, whereby heat is economised. The apparatus can be fitted to any ordinary grate; and we are told, that with this, eighteen pounds of coal suffice to keep an average sized room at a temperature of 65 degrees for twenty-four hours. Dr Franklin in his day saw the absurdity of feeding a fire from the top, and he contrived a pivot-grate, which being inverted to receive its supply of coal below, was then swung back to its usual position. Dr Arnott, however, effects the purpose in a more convenient way, and we hope to see his apparatus adopted in every house. When that shall be done, we may trust that even our great manufacturing towns will be no longer shut from the blue sky that stretches over all.

It has been suggested more than once, that heat might be supplied to houses as well as water or gas. The experiment would be worth trying; and the blocks of houses building in flats in Westminster offer good scope for a trial. The gas supply, too, needs looking after: the quantity consumed yearly in the metropolis is 4,000,000,000 cubic feet; and if the quality were accordant, we should have something like the perfection

of artificial light. But Dr Letheby, who is investigating the subject for the corporation, has shewn that the London gas is exceedingly impure, injurious alike to house, health, and atmosphere, and manifestly in need of improvement. The question has been recently taken up in Paris, and the commission appointed to examine it express astonishment in their report to the Académie, 'that while we see every day with what minute care numberless articles of merchandise are weighed or measured, consumers of gas are content to measure the volume received only, and not its quality; when, as is well known, accidents or fraud in the manufacture, or admixture of atmospheric air, will cause a loss of from 20 to 50 per cent. in illuminating power.' This is taking a true view of the point at issue; and we agree with the recommendation of the commission, that gas should be purchased by its light-giving power, not by quantity. The question is an important one; while waiting for its settlement, there is a 'patent gas regulator,' applicable to any number of burners, in use at Manchester, which will enable consumers to effect a considerable saving.

One or two very curious questions in the obscurer branches of science, have been made the topic of lectures at the Royal Institution. Dr Tyndall, taking up the subject of the tones emitted by masses of heated metal while cooling, proved by experiment the incorrectness of the explanation hitherto received, but without being able as yet to assign the phenomena to their true cause. Another was on some most extraordinary effects of motion, which the Rev. Baden Powell, though he interested his auditors in the experiments, could give no satisfactory solution of. One of the effects is this: let a beam, free to turn in all directions, be balanced horizontally on the top of a standard, then put a small wheel on one end, cause it to rotate rapidly, and the beam will still retain its level position, notwithstanding the weight of the wheel. It is as though motion nullified gravity; but as some of our most ingenious philosophers are examining into the phenomena, we may hope that an explanation will ere long be found. Another important subject is that brought forward by Professor Edward Forbes, who has started an inquiry as to the depth of primeval oceans, and he believes it possible to throw light upon it by a study of the colour of fossil shells. The shallower the water, the more intense the colour, is the experience gained by dredging in the seas of the present period; and reasoning from analogy, we may infer the same law prevailed in the earlier periods. Ehrenberg, too, contributes something more to our knowledge of ocean life: he has examined specimens of the mud brought up from depths of 6000 fathoms, and finds them to contain *living* infusoria. The astronomers also have been somewhat excited, not by the discovery of a new planet, but by a book on the *Plurality of Worlds*, written to prove that there is no plurality. The author, a learned doctor of Cambridge, contends that this globe of ours, and this alone, is inhabited. All the others are lifeless. He has thrown down his challenge; it will soon be picked up.

The endeavour to convert water or air into a motive-power for engines, is still vigorously prosecuted on both sides the Atlantic and both sides of the Channel. The searchers are determined to keep on till they have found a substitute for steam. M. Franchot, after many years of study and labour, has now completed his hot-air engine, in which there are no slides, valves, or stops. 'It is,' he says, 'combined in such a way as best to utilise the motive-power of the caloric. The masses of air enclosed between two movable pistons undergo, in fact, continuous and gradual variations of pressure and of temperature, and return periodically to their primitive condition.' M. Nicklès is pursuing his experiments on the magnetisation of rails, and succeeds in making a model locomotive run up-hill as soon as the magnetic current is



turned on. Another electro-magnetic weaving-machine has been invented in Paris, and publicly exhibited; so France and Sardinia may now emulate each other in bringing the ingenious contrivance into general use. As though to provide work for it, a new species of silk-worm has been carried from Assam to Malta, where they are being 'educated,' prior to their introduction into other countries bordering on the Mediterranean, to reinvigorate the European breeds, some of which give signs of decay. It appears, too, that we are likely to have certain kinds of silk from India, hitherto unknown in this country, which, when properly treated, can be woven into shawls equal to any brought from the East. There is a prospect of silk becoming one of the resources of Natal. Several specimens were shewn in a recent exhibition of native produce in that colony; silk-worms thrive well there, and for ten months in the year have abundance of mulberry-leaves.

It is of great importance for the economical application of electricity; that the products of the battery should become economically useful. In the ordinary zinc and copper battery, the sulphate of zinc formed is of little use, except for the purpose of smelting to regain the metal, for its immediate application as an emetic or medicament does not lead to any great consumption of the article. Accordingly, various experiments have been made, with the view of obtaining a battery product of sufficiently extensive utility. Roberts's battery substituted tin instead of zinc, and the exciting fluid being nitric acid, produced stannic oxide, which afterwards being united with soda, formed stannate of soda, an article largely used by calico-printers for brightening the colours on cotton and on woollen fabrics. The profit on this product, it was thought, would pay the expenses of working the battery, the electricity from which, in that case, would be obtained for nothing. Great hopes were entertained that this process of manufacture would be extensively followed, but this does not seem to have been as yet realised. Dr Watson has broached a similar idea, using prussiate of potash as one of the exciting fluids, and producing a prussian-blue or prussiate of zinc, from the decomposition of the iron or zinc cells employed. Sometimes chromate of potash is used, which acting on the products of decomposition of lead cells, forms the bright yellow chromate of lead. Whether these products can be obtained more advantageously or cheaper in the battery than if the ingredients were mixed out of the cells in common vessels, is a question which an extended experience will soon decide.

Dr Giannetti of Orezza, Corsica, shews that a balloon may be used for raising heavy objects from deep water. With one 12 feet in diameter, filled with carbonic acid gas, he lifted 81,000 kilogrammes; and 150 kilogrammes with another, only 10 inches diameter—a remarkable case of great results with small means. Such a balloon, with a clock movement adapted to it, may be made to rise or fall at pleasure; and flat air-tight bags filled with the same gas, would lift ships over a sand-bank or a bar at the mouth of a river, and thus prove of service in navigation.

The Académie at Paris have issued their prize-list, which includes subjects in mathematics, physiology, agriculture, statistics, pauperism, and other branches of knowledge. A gold medal of 3000 francs is offered to any one who will 'establish the equations of the general movements of the terrestrial atmosphere, regard being had to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' The ingenious individual who has just sent them notice that he has discovered the relations between the movements of the heavenly bodies and the changes in our atmosphere, ought to compete for this prize. From a report laid before the same learned

stone appear to have been completely successful. Some portions of the walls of Notre Dame, washed over with a solution of silicate of potash, have retained a perfectly dry surface, and present no traces of the green moss which appears on other parts of the edifice. Soft stones have become hard under the application, and the smooth coating has the further effect of greatly diminishing the adherence of dust and cobwebs.

The Industrial Society of Mülhausen have given a prize to two chemists for their success in producing sal-ammoniac in considerable quantities from the refuse liquid of gasworks. And the French government, having an eye to the efficiency of their marine, offer a prize for the smallest construction of engines to propel rapidly with the screw. What we can do in this way has been most satisfactorily demonstrated by the passages of the steam-transport fleet to the East. The *Himalaya* screwed her way to Malta in a little over seven days, and the *Orinoco* steamed from the island to Gibraltar in less than four days. Slow though he be, it thus appears that John has not made over to Jonathan all his power of going ahead, nor yet all his acquisitiveness. The Dutch once monopolised the unenviable reputation of selling powder to the enemy; but now we find that Englishmen, not content with having sold ammunition to the Caffres, were supplying the Czar with barrels of the same combustible, and shot and war-steamers to boot, until the Queen's proclamation stopped them. With some people, the fact that money can be made, appears to justify any transaction, however demoralising. There was something tragical, as the *Times* remarked, in thus sending out soldiers in one ship, and the powder to shoot them in another. Truly we are a model people!

To the no little contentment of the Photographic Society, their art is to be turned to account in the coming war: the commander-in-chief is to have his photographer, who will take sun-pictures of places, constructions, and events, whereby faithful details will be preserved, and often to the saving of much tedious labour in writing descriptions and reports. Should the artist be of an adventurous spirit, he may find frequent occasions for taking photographic images of the flight of cannon-balls and bullets—a task which Mr Fox Talbot has more than once attempted, but hitherto in vain. A whole staff of artists and savans goes with the French army, according to precedent; our lively neighbours having a happy knack of mingling science and slaughter.

The line of steamers from Melbourne to the Isthmus is abandoned for the present, as not likely to pay. Three of the vessels built for the service have been sold to the French government, and the other two are chartered by our own. So the field for swift-sailing ships is still open in the Australian trade; and with a few such as the *Lightning*, the Boston-built clipper of 2000 tons that came across the Atlantic from light-house to light-house in ten days, we can afford to wait till Ericsson gets his caloric-engine to work, and then the cost of coal may be disregarded. The people of Adelaide are so well pleased at the opening of the Murray, that they are going to run four more steamers on that river, the result of which will doubtless be to create a trade as valuable as gold-mines. The proposal of the Geographical Society for another North Australian exploring expedition, is approved by government, and will be aided by a money-grant. It will cost probably L.5000. Captain Stokes is to have the command, with Mr Haug as assistant. The project is, to ascend as far as possible the Victoria, that river being navigable for frigates sixty miles from its mouth, and then strike across in a direct line for Adelaide; a course which it is thought may bring the party upon the source of the Albert. We trust a happier fate will attend this new effort to pene-

expedition. Dr Barth has shewn what can be done in the way of overcoming difficulties.

Late accounts from Panama shew the difficulties in the way of a ship-canal across the Isthmus to be much more formidable than had been represented. Fresh surveys will have to be made; meanwhile the railway is lengthening, and the passage from ocean to ocean will soon occupy but a few hours. The work of surveying is not unattended with risk: three men of Commander Prevost's party were killed, and a fourth carried off prisoner by the Darien Indians. Bogota promises to lend 200 troops for protection in future.

The war-cloud which hangs over Europe will have burst ere these lines appear in print: the first shot will have been fired, and a contest begun of which no man can foresee the end. The consequences are already felt in more ways than the fall of funds: trade, finding its ordinary channels closed, is seeking new ones. A line of screw-steamers is talked of to run from Hull to the Prussian ports on the Baltic, from whence merchandise may be conveyed overland to the subjects of the Czar, who will still want English manufactures, notwithstanding their imperial master's wrongheadedness. And with Russian hemp risen to L.64 a ton, earnest inquiries are being made for a substitute; some say that if due pains be taken, the East Indies will supply all we want, and more; and as for tallow, chemists are to find a substitute. It appears, too, that cotton may be used instead of hemp for sailcloth, and with manifest advantage. It has been successfully tried in some American ships, and if found to answer on further experience, here will be at once a great economy.

Talking of war, we are informed that in our notice last month of flying railway artillery-trains, we ought to have mentioned that the subject was brought before government by Mr John Blyth, engineer, early in 1852, when an uneasy feeling was abroad respecting a French invasion.

#### THE FIRST NOTE OF THE WAR.

It was in a foreign land, not far away, but still 'over the water and over the sea,' in the literal sense of the old ballad, at the southern side of that Channel across whose waves the too faithful adherents of the wandering 'Charlie' so often cast a longing gaze, and waited the heart-sick yearnings of hope deferred. I was sitting on one of the benches beneath the elms on the esplanade that encircles the ancient ramparts of the Haute Ville de Boulogne, when suddenly the air was shaken with a dull, distant reverberation, dying away in far echoes, so prolonged and deep, that after one glance upwards for a thunder-cloud, answered by a March sky, more blue and cloudless than I had ever seen before, I turned with a sort of shuddering haste to the time-worn towers above me, almost expecting that an earthquake had loosened their foundations, and that I should see them tumbling down in the crash. But no: all was safe and quiet there, grim and trim as ever. The sentinel outside the château was pacing up and down as methodically as if neither earth nor air had spoken. Hark! again and again it sounded, that deep grand roll; and now more accurately ascertaining the direction from whence it proceeded, I turned my eyes towards the sea, and the heart's quick throb almost taking away my breath for the moment, told me, even before thought could form itself into words, that I was listening to the voice that had been silent for nearly half a century—the sound of England's floating guns—the first note of the war!

We had been for weeks hearing and reading with avidity of all the preparations, the marching, the manning, the embarking, the enthusiasm of the men, the subdued sorrow of the women. We had heard it

reported that our fleet was to meet the French ships in the Channel, and pass by together, one of those days; but how different from all written descriptions or anticipations was this actual report, with what a strange stern reality it struck upon the ear! The mind drank in the booming sounds fraught with so many glorious memories, and quick as thought flew back to a former century, picturing the hurry, excitement, consternation, such sounds would have awakened on the very spot where I was at that moment so quietly standing. I cast my eyes along the vista formed by the grim archway perforating the rampart wall, on to the Palais-Imperial, still bearing its superscription as erected by Napoleon at the time he was projecting his invasion of England. I could see the little cocked-hat and close-buttoned surcoat again speeding along the crest of the hill, as he took his accustomed morning gallop to Wimerau—the scene of his formidable scotilla—to inspect the daily embarkation and disembarkation of his practised legions: and then again returning to the present time, I recalled that same Wimerau, as we had visited it last summer; its look of utter desolation, half buried amidst dreary sand-hills; its roofless houses, its deserted, unfinished streets; its causeways leading to nothing; and, above all, its gigantic docks and basins, and floodgates and connecting bridges, their irons rusting, their piles of timber rotting and blackening in the wind like the bones of some malefactor on a gibbet—a fitting memorial of the abortive plans, the intended crimes and ravages to which they were to have been the leading accessories. Well, there they now perish. O England! utilitarian England! had your ambition been thus foiled, would you have left such a thrifless record? No: snug within your dock-yards or your arsenals would those countless tons of timber and of iron long ago have been stowed, waiting to be transformed into messengers of usefulness and civilisation to the ends of the earth. O Ireland! not all the police of the district could have preserved those remains from roofing your cabins, and boiling your potatoes, and shoeing your horses, during the last fifty years. But France—carelessly she disregards them, honestly she leaves them, and we, we visit them, and smile and clap our hands to think they were all erected in vain. And still more pleased, we smile this day to think how all that is changed; how the half-century that has passed since then has converted bitter warlike enemies into generous friends, co-operating for the peace of Europe; that another imperial Napoleon has just declared that 'the days for conquest have passed, and that the world will no longer permit a war of aggression;' and that we, far from our island home, in the land of our ancient foes, can sit on this boulevard as securely as if we were under our own fig-tree, listening to the sound of our country's guns; and if we feel any disturbance, it is only from seeing how little sensation these create.

It is said the French are an excitable people: in anger and in gaiety, they are eminently so: their wrath is very fierce and sudden; their gaiety, when well got up, a thing quite enviable to behold: but of that disinterested, enthusiastic feeling dwelling deep within the English heart, stirring up the nation as it were one man in a crisis like the present—of that, they know nothing.

The heart-stirring sounds echoed again and again across the waters: my book had fallen unregarded at my feet when first I started up, and there I stood with rapt gaze, searching through the yet leafless branches of the elms for one glimpse of the white sails, which, if I heard aright, must surely soon be crossing that blue expanse; but not finding them as yet within range of my sight, I turned for information, and indeed for sympathy in my national feelings, to some one of the numerous passers-by. There, however, they went along without a look, or a word, or a pause; the baker with his basket of loaves, the *bonne* with her infantile freight; two boys continued their everlasting

battle-dore and shuttle-cock; a girl tripped away with her skipping-rope—all as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual were to be seen or heard; the distant thunder of the guns every five minutes reverberating through the air. Gradually a group of some half-dozen persons of the middle class, men and women, had collected near me; one of them held a printed paper in his hand; he was gesticulating and speaking energetically, and the words 'Anglais' and 'tapis' passing from lip to lip, assured me of meeting with some fellow-feeling at last. I drew nearer still, but my cordial glance was soon chilled, my eager question checked, on finding that the printed notice was an auction-bill—the subject of such engrossing interest literally some English carpets and furniture which were advertised for sale on the following day!

At that trying moment, round the corner of the esplanade came another woman, somewhat of the same class as the party I have just described. A thrifty, motherly little Englishwoman she was, and no mistake; her smart, firm, business step, her close poky bonnet, her squarely pinned shawl, her tidy little market-basket, but, above all, her face of honest pride, and her eager look towards the sea, told, without a word, of what stuff she was made—that she was one of those English mothers that rear our English men. On she came, flushed and eager, yet with something resolute in her air; she might have personified the advance-guard of a victorious army, dealing her triumphant word of news, 'Les Anglais!' right and left, as she sped along. It recalled so vividly a long-forgotten memory of childish days, when our nurse would scare us into good behaviour with the announcement, 'The French are coming!' and the good little woman uttered it with so much of the same admonitory air, that I could almost have shaken hands with her as an old acquaintance, had she given me time; but on she went, slightly pausing beside our apathetic group with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt, as she again exclaimed, 'Les Anglais!' with a quick wave of her hand towards the sea, and a bright, exulting smile. She was answered by a general shrug of the shoulder and elevation of the eyebrows, a deliberate pinch of snuff, and then a quiet 'Oui, madame; et les Français aussi;' and that being their share of the matter, back again they turned to their carpets and tables, while the little Englishwoman, with her brave island heart, passed on.

Just then, the green doors of a neighbouring pensionnat flew open, and out rushed a motley crowd of boys to play. Ah, they were true sons of England, too! their quick young ears caught the booming sound, their bright young eyes scanned the far horizon: off went the caps in the air, with a loud 'Hurrah for old England!' down upon the impassive group they pounced, with a gay 'Vive l'Angleterre!' and again out came the snuff-boxes, and again was re-echoed the same imperturbable retort: 'Oui, messieurs—les Anglais, mais les Français aussi.' And while the eager boys, and masters, too, ran off in search of higher grounds and of a wider view, my French neighbours resumed their conversation as quietly as if there had been no such interruption, or as if they had no further interest in the affair.

And so it undoubtedly was; war had pressed too mercilessly on a former generation; and the present one, but now recovering from its devastating effects, is, as far as the masses are concerned, dead at heart to the old exaggerations of national glory. It is 'France and her rulers' now; the taxes supply resources, the government expends them, and the people are ruled. Many, of course, grumble, but it is between their teeth; many more admit that affairs are far better ordered now, and every day sees increased resignation to the existing state of things: but it is altogether a selfish state of feeling, an aggregate of individual calculations on actual loss or profit, and according as the one or the

other preponderates, it balances the estimation of public measures.

I am convinced, if my neighbours at that moment had spoken out their opinion of the war, it would probably have been bounded by a conjecture as to the increase of taxation, whether it was likely to augment the price of bread—or still nearer home, what additional quantity of bedding they should have to contribute to the *casernes* according to the late ordonnance, to secure an exemption from military billets on their houses in the event of troops marching through. Nothing short of a direct personal interest excites them strongly on the subject, though where that does exist, their feelings are warm enough, as I presently received proof.

My attention at this moment was arrested by the arrival of one of the fisherwomen of the port; one of that dauntless, arrogant race indigenous to Boulogne, a community holding themselves separate and apart, looking down on the other inhabitants as modern intruders, and remorselessly trampling or jostling them on the footway or pier, if they happen inadvertently to stand in their path. She alone, of all the comers and goers, seemed aroused by the firing: there she stood in her picturesque attire—her full scarlet petticoat, just reaching the trim ankle, her purple stockings, and sabots sloping away beneath the heel, displaying the perfect symmetry of her elastic foot, her blue jacket, drawn in tightly at the slender waist, her fluted cap and long gold earrings forming a framework round her face. She stood with erect and well-poised figure, shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed outwards on the sea. Our little Englishwoman probably, like myself, had a yearning for sympathy on the present occasion, for she was now standing beside the new arrival, questioning her at intervals, and both looking eagerly in the same seaward direction. What a contrast between the pair! At length the matelotte turned with an impatient gesture to her chance companion, and bending her brows almost fiercely on her, she suddenly inquired:

'Is it true?—do your journals tell you that an Englishman is to have the supreme command of the fleet—that our men are to *serve* under the islanders' rule?'

Here was the root of bitterness: her wild eyes flashed haughtily on the Englishwoman's placid countenance, as she sternly reiterated her question: 'Is it true?'

Our little countrywoman looked at her gravely and kindly, her exulting words were hushed, her honest national glow of pride subdued in a moment; she met that scowling glance with a look of such compassionate forbearance, as she gently laid her hand on the upraised arm, and in kindest accents said: 'Who have you amongst them?—a brother, a friend?'

The look, the tone, were as oil on the waters. Ah! far above those world-awakening echoes, higher and still higher will those accents of womanly tenderness soar—more enduring than the most brilliant results of victory is the blessing to the peace-makers; and even while emperors and kings are carrying on their negotiations, 'casting their gifts into the treasury,' the widow's mite shall not be unregarded.

Yes, like ice beneath the summer's sun the matelotte's hard feelings melted; with softened voice and tearful eyes she answered: 'More than friend or brother—they have my husband, my provider, the father of my two young children.'

'Then thank the God above you!' exclaimed our little woman energetically, with another beaming glance—'be for ever thankful, should it be as you have said; for know, that if your sailor is under British command, he will be safe while safety is possible, he will be cared for when care is wanted, and he will win his share of glory wherever it can be won!'

Her subdued listener bowed her head and folded her arms across her breast with a touching air of

resignation. The Englishwoman continued: 'I never heard—I do not know how our rulers may have settled it; but this I do know, there is one question we can easily settle between ourselves; which would you prefer—to have your husband a sailor under the British flag, or a slave under the Russian knout?'

No more was needed: with a bright glance of intelligence and gratitude, the matelotte nodded her head as she stooped to take up her empty basket, and with another smile and nod just as bright and expressive, our patriotic little countrywoman trotted away.

#### HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.

A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty and fragrance of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labour will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—*Country Gentleman.*

#### PACKING AN INFANT.

The characteristic composure of the people was well shewn in a young mother with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant of four months old out of one of the huts, and seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded in the most deliberate way imaginable to *pack up* the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half a dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was cut out of the solid, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leathern thongs: the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted the space so exactly, that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, whilst it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.—*Forbes's Norway.*

#### GOD BLESS YOU.

As we journeyed on, a trifling incident occurred, which very favourably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field-labourers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression: 'Vaga vel eon Dios' (Go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil.—*Warren's Vagabundo.*

#### IMMUTABLE.

'With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

AUTUMN to winter—winter unto spring—  
Spring unto summer—summer unto fall—  
So rolls the changing year, and so we change,  
Motion so swift, we know not that we move.  
Till at the gate of some memorial hour  
We pause; look in its sepulchre to find  
The cast-off shape that years since we called 'I'—  
And shrink, amazed.—Yet on! we may not stay  
To weep, or laugh. All that is past is past—  
A minute more, and the life-mocking form  
Drops into nothingness, like centuried corpse  
At opening of a tomb.

Alack, this world  
Is full of change, change, change, nothing but change.  
Would we were like these snow-drops in my hand,  
To live our spring, and die ere summer comes!  
Is there not one straw in life's whirling flood  
To hold by, as the torrent sweeps us down,  
Us, scattered leaves: eddied and broken, torn  
Asunder; or in smooth stream gliding slow,  
Dividing each from other without pain;  
Or gathered in brief union, as it seems,  
Which is but stagnant chance—pausing to rot  
By the same pebble till the tide shall turn;  
Then on—to find no clinging and no rest,  
For ever rootless and for ever lone.

O God! we are but leaves upon Thy stream,  
Clouds on Thy sky. We do but move across  
The steadfast breast of Thine infinitude,  
Which bears us all. We pour out day by day  
Our long brief moan of mutability  
To Thine immutable, and cease.

#### Yet still

Our change yearns after Thy unchangeableness,  
Our mortal seeks Thine immortality,  
Our manifold and multifarious and poor  
Imperfectness, desires Thy perfect ONE.  
For Thou art ONE, and we are all of Thee:  
Dropped from Thy bosom, as Thy sky down drops  
The morning dews, that glitter for a space,  
Ignorant whence they came and whither tend,  
Until the sun, outlooking on his fields,  
Upcalls them all, and they rejoicing go.

So, with such joy, O Light eterne, we spring  
Thenceward, and leave the pleasant meads of earth,  
Forgot alike their green prime, their love-flowers,  
Their dry and dusty ways that drank us up  
Remorseless—we who were poor drops of dew,  
That only wished to freshen a flower's breast,  
And be exhaled to God.

#### O Thou Supreme,

All-satisfying and Immutable One,  
It is enough to be absorbed in Thee,  
And melt—if it be only to a voice  
That through all ages with an infinite joy  
Goes evermore loud crying: 'God, God, God!'

#### THE WATER-LILY.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, which continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.—*Margaret Fuller.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## MAJOR TRUEFITT'S SENTIMENTS ON A GREAT QUESTION.

I LIKE the ladies—what military man does not?—and am deeply sensible of their many delightful qualities. They greatly excel us men in a vast number of things: indeed, in certain matters we can't pretend to match them at all. But, when some flighty fellow or some outré specimen of her own sex stands up and says, the woman has exactly the same intellect as the man, and is accordingly capable of the same social and political functions, and ought to enjoy the same rights, I demur. I don't, I can't go in with that, sir. Such an idea strikes at the root of all those very properties which I find so agreeable in woman, and would make her out to be something which we men, indeed, should regard with indifference, if not dislike. In being something engagingly less than man—a Charming Imperfection, as I may say—lies her true individualism, her attraction, and her strength.

A learned churchman of our day, who writes profoundly on logic, gives in conversation the following definition of woman: 'a Creature that cannot reason, and who pokes the fire from the top.' That exactly jumps with my idea of the sex. They can do hundreds of fine things, with and without Berlin wool, within and beyond the bounds of crochet, but they cannot reason. Had not man possessed reason, sir—for anything that woman has of that gift, I question if humanity would yet have attained to the power of kindling a fire at all. [Now, bear with me, gentle dames, for, remember, I like you all the better for it.] I take it upon me to say, that woman by herself would never have thought of floating a ship, or planting cereals, or fashioning a flint into an arrow or a knife. I doubt if she would have even arrived at the idea of baking and cooking, of weaving or sewing. Man has conceived all her tasks, set her to them, and kept her at them, she going on with them in unreasoning, mechanical, beautiful obedience from the beginning. And so far is she from suggesting any scientific improvement in any of them, she can hardly be brought to understand, much less to admit and act upon, any such improvement which man may suggest to her. I never yet knew a woman put on a fire upon rational principles, or in any other than in a hap-hazard sort of way. Of the expedients to make its kindling certain she has not, and apparently cannot form, the faintest conception.

Then look at all the dear creature's ways and doings regarding dress. What a record of Preposterousnesses is her whole chronicle of fashions! It is evident that she has no idea of making one thing fit or tally with

another; a shoe, for instance, big enough for a foot, a bonnet big enough for a head, a corset wide enough for the waist. It is mere chance whether she wears sleeves large enough to hold her whole body (as they were sixteen or eighteen years ago), or diminished away to a mere band across the shoulders, as they were with a certain Irish literary lady, when a gentleman who met her at a ball, and observed her laughing at him, congratulated himself that at least she was candid and downright, and clearly had no thought of laughing at him in her sleeve. Neither has she any perception of what is convenient and what inconvenient in dress. Just now, the whole sex is found wearing gowns so long and voluminous as to impede them at every step they take, and which they can keep from dragging in the dirt only by employing a hand to hold them up. The same garments are loaded with six or eight flounces, which the ladies themselves understand to be an elegant ornament to their figures, but which, practically, in the eyes of rational observers, serve, on their rising from table, to give them the most ludicrous profiles that could be by any means devised, and are the more remarkable as being always the last feature of the fair wearer that leaves the room. We see them also exhibiting hanging sleeves, and ornaments pendulous from the wrist, as if altogether blind to the fact, that these superfluities are liable at table to be always dragging in soup and sauce, and are, in short, a nuisance to themselves and all who sit near them. To shape means to end, or adapt things to each other for a serviceable result, is in the power of many of the inferior animals, as all students of natural history well know; but [bear with me, ladies, again, and on the same grounds as before] such ingenious adaptations are clearly beyond the scope of the human female intellect. They cannot understand such things, even when explained to them by well-meaning specimens of the reasoning sex who may take an interest in seeing their self-incurred inconveniences brought to an end. And so they go on, bearing with an insensitive weakness evils altogether beyond masculine philosophy—even, it may be, incommensurable evils that threaten health, nay, life itself; as, for instance, the constriction of the waist within about two-thirds of its natural dimensions, to the marring of all the functions of some of the most delicate organs of the human frame.

It is to be acknowledged that there are a few of the sex who make a certain approach to reason, pretty much as there are certain animals which shew a tendency to the power of speech. With this small but interesting minority, you may sometimes get so far as to obtain an admission, that it is foolish to be always stumbling on one's skirts when their being an inch

shorter would spare the inconvenience, or to wear a bonnet which gives neither protection from the cold nor shade from the light. But they always plead, at the same time, their helplessness as to a remedy: they *must* go with the fashion. Well, here I find only a fresh fortification for my position. The poor dear creature confesses herself the slave of a thing utterly foolish and contemptible. She owns that she has not the moral courage to put an inch of needful silk between her nose and the sun, unless the thing be countenanced by the multitude. If her milliner tells her that soup-draggling sleeves are the fashion, she declares she can be the martyr to bear, but not the martyr to resist. Could there be a more expressive or affecting proof of that beautiful defect which gives the gentle being such a fascinating power over us! A man, to whom it was proposed that he should always have something flapping here, and some other thing sticking out there, troubling and inconveniencing him at every moment of his life, without being of any use or benefit whatever, would kick the impertinence away from him in a moment, probably with a few of those cursory remarks which such things are apt to draw from the rational sex. But 'the creature that does not reason, and who pokes the fire from the top,' submits to everything of the kind which you may impose upon her. Sweet weakness, charming *étourderie*, amiable patience! Never can we hope to rival it.

There is another point in which female inferiority is very strong, and this is—in time. Woman has no right sense of time, and is never punctual, except by chance. Were there only women acting in the world, there would be no such thing as a railway time-table. Bradshaw would vanish from the horizon of actual existences. Trains would start at any hour at which they could be got ready, and the collisions would be so numerous and fatal that it would put the ladies to their speed to keep up the proper amount of population in the country. Clocks and watches would become mere appearances, for no woman can keep a horological machine in order. To prove all this to be something more than fancy, I only ask you, sir, to call to mind any occasion on which your wife was correct to an appointment, or spared you the vexation of waiting for her when you were about to walk abroad or drive to a dinner-party. I would ask for an authentic instance of a lady who was in the habit of winding up her watch regularly at night, as men are. The fact is, a woman does not care for a watch for the sake of its legitimate function of a time-indicator. In that respect, perhaps, she feels it to be rather an impertinence. She desires a handsome gold one to hang at her girdle as an ornament; but as for its works or hands, why, it may want these things altogether for anything she cares, and only have a mock dial-piece eternally indicating twenty minutes past nine. The *eidolon* or image of a watch is sufficient for her. Now, all this is very charming. She is really strong here. We feel that there is a kind of innocence in this unconsciousness of time. It looks like an unconsciousness of existence itself, with all its sins and shortcomings.

It is in this way that the non-reasoning character of woman generally has such an immense charm for us. Reason is a hard, stern, disagreeably real thing, very useful for men no doubt, and ultimately essential to the interests of humanity, but it never adds to the grace of any character. Now, see how woman, being happily devoid of this attribute, delights us with its opposite! Tell her of something she does not like to admit, the dear creature does not think of reasoning against it. She contradicts, and is content. Point out anything wrong in a household, and she silently answers by letting you feel the opposite thing in its extreme form of inconvenience. Try to reform her faults, and she disarms you with her tears. Speak to Ellen of the empty-headedness of that long-legged ensign whom she worships, and her heart pleads against the decree by a

reference to his nice blue eyes. Warn Sarah of the manifest bad temper of her *fiancé* Charles, and she replies to it all, that it would break her heart to want him. In a woman's inductions, one instance is quite enough. Her thought is as good as a fact, and an inference from a supposition tells with her irresistibly, provided only the feelings are pleased. Enchanting, unreasoning creature, sad are the scrapes you sometimes fall into from want of our reflection, and vexing occasionally are your arguments with no argument and conclusions without and in despite of data! But who could wish you to be otherwise than you are?—the most puzzling, incalculable, thoughtless, delightful of all creatures.

#### ARTESIAN WELLS FOR LONDON.

WHILE water is to be had by simply turning the tap in the kitchen or wash-house, few persons give themselves the trouble to think of the vast apparatus, the powerful machinery, and the great expense required to produce so convenient a result. The precious fluid 'comes on' as a matter of course, until an accident in the pipes, or a severe frost, such as we had in January, or some other casualty stops the supplies, and then we begin to appreciate both the benefit and the privation. The means taken to furnish water to our large towns, though in many instances less perfect than they ought to be, are yet of high importance to our social and commercial advancement, to cleanliness and health. Who does not remember the stir and talk provoked by sanitary inquiries within the past few years? and how strenuously an abundant supply of water was insisted on as a remedy against many of the evils incident to town-life. Quality, too, was as much to be considered as quantity—water must be good, or else beware of the consequences! What was it that 44,000,000 gallons were pumped every day into London, if the water was not fit to drink when distributed? And then it was shewn, that wherever the worst water flowed, there the cholera was most destructive.

Thereupon many schemes were propounded for remedying a state of things truly disgraceful to the metropolis of the British Empire. One was for deriving a supply of water from the Thames where it flows clear and sparkling by the pleasant chalk-hills of Oxfordshire; while others were for laying minor streams to the north, east, and south under contribution. A large 'gathering ground' at Bagshot was talked about, part of the waste and wild region enlivened by the encampment of 1853, which, being sandy, formed an excellent filter for the rain that fell on its surface. One daring projector suggested an aqueduct all the way from Bala Lake, in North Wales, noted for the purity of its waters; and others thought that the best source would be found by sinking wells in different parts of the metropolis deeper than ever wells had been sunk before. Most of these schemes promised a daily supply of from 100,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons—a quantity ample enough for the thorough flushing of all the sewers, as well as for the public service on the most liberal scale. Not one of the projects has yet been adopted: meanwhile, the companies have improved the quality of the water they distribute; but the grand desideratum—water of the best possible quality in unlimited and constant supply—has not yet been achieved.

Such is a general view of the facts, from which, turning to particular considerations, we find the subject to possess a remarkable scientific interest. Artesian wells, as the very deep sinkings are called, carry us into the domain of geology, where, unless the geologist come to our aid, guess-work will usurp the place of science. As he alone can direct the miner where to dig with the certainty of finding coal, so to him must we look to tell us where, far down beneath



the surface, repose the water-bearing strata, vast reservoirs formed by nature, which need but to be tapped to yield up their contents in copious and perennial jets—the old earth, as it were, opening its veins for the sustenance of its inhabitants.

Were this the place, we might institute a comparison between these aqueous treasures and certain mineral ones much sought after; but our present purpose is more practical than moral—we have to shew what science has to say on the question of tapping the reservoirs. That it can say something is demonstrated by Mr Prestwich, a well-known geologist, in a volume\* that merits more than a passing notice, and we can promise that the time spent in a brief survey of his facts and reasonings will not be thrown away.

Every one knows what a basin is: it may be shallow or deep, according to circumstances. But the basin we have to talk about is one to be measured by miles, not by inches. Let any one stand on the highest part of Hampstead Heath, and look southwards to 'Surrey's pleasant hills,' and he will overlook what is called the London Basin—some ten or twelve miles of visible diameter. There is, however, much more than meets the eye, for the curving strata which form the vast hollow, crop out at such distances in the surrounding counties as to comprise an area of some thousands of square miles. It is, as it were, a series of basins placed one within the other, the largest of course lowermost. The upper one is composed of clay—London clay, as geologists call it—in some places 400 or 500 feet thick, and filled with beds of sand and gravel. Below this lies the chalk-basin, which, there is reason to believe, varies from 700 to 1000 feet in thickness, as though made proportionately stronger to bear the greater superincumbent weight. Between the clay and the chalk is a stratum about 80 feet thick of the lower tertiary sands and clays; and below the chalk lie the Upper and Lower Greensands, with a thickness of from 10 to 600 feet; and these we have to consider as the bottom of our basin, the formations lying still deeper not being included in the question.

Each of these basins contains more or less of water supplied by the rainfall on the surface, the clay, the chalk, the Greensands, the quantity increasing as we descend. One year with another, the amount of water derived from rain and melting snow varies but slightly, though exceptions do at times occur, and of this amount, part escapes in evaporation, part in brooks and rivers, part is absorbed by vegetation, and part sinks into the ground, more or less rapidly, according to the nature of the soil and underlying strata. Where these are porous and easily permeable, there the water soon disappears, sinking until it meets with some obstacle, such as dense clay or crystalline rock, which prevents further subsidence. The water naturally follows the curve or inclination of the strata in its descent, and collects at last at the lowest point, as in a natural reservoir, from which, if an orifice be made, it will rise to the surface, in obedience to a natural law.

Nature, it will thus be seen, provides a supply of water for the metropolis, and for other places similarly situated, by a very simple process: the question is, how to make it available? We shall come to this point presently; for the moment, we have to consider what are the resources at our disposal. The clay-basin being nearest the surface, was for a time the only one drawn upon by the Londoners; but the increase of population increased the demand not only for water but for beer, in all the variety so fondly appreciated by dwellers within sight of St Paul's; and if we are to believe the brewers and some other manufacturers, well-water only will answer their purpose. So, the

clay-basin yield being insufficient, down went the seekers some 500 or 600 feet further, with an energy scarcely equalled by nugget-grubbers, till they came to the chalk-basin, where the supply was inexhaustible; and in this way, by repeated borings in different places, a number of Artesian wells have been formed, which, under ordinary circumstances, may be regarded as perennial.

The chalk stratum extends from Kent and Surrey under the valley of the Thames to the hills of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and neighbouring counties—an area of about 3800 square miles, on which the mean fall of rain is estimated at from 3800 to 3900 million of gallons every day—a quantity which may well be exhaustless. The water finds its way downwards through the numerous fissures which abound in chalk, until it comes to the lower portions of the stratum, where crevices are few, and there it makes its way along the line of stratification, which is indicated by the imbedded flints. Those who are experienced in such matters, know that ample sources of water may always be looked for immediately beneath the flint layers; it is into these that most of the London wells are sunk; and the supply obtained is said to be from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 gallons daily—an amount perhaps somewhat overstated. Here, however, we see why such amazing supplies have been derived from the chalk. In the Tring cutting of the North-western Railway, the yield was 1,000,000 gallons per day; at Brighton, a well gives 231,840 gallons in twelve hours; 1,800,000 gallons per day were obtained from an experimental well sunk in the Bushey Meadows; and a calculation has been made, that, with efficient borings and drift-ways at Watford, 8,000,000 per day might be derived from that locality.

Quantities so immense might be thought sufficient for ordinary purposes; but Mr Prestwich shews them to be trifling compared with the supplies to be obtained by going lower and piercing the Greensands. That such is not only possible, but actually the fact, will be seen on a little reflection. The area of the Greensands far exceeds that of the chalk; it reaches from Cambridgeshire in the north, to the sea in the south; from Devizes in the west, to Folkestone in the east; and wherever within this region the Greensands crop out on the surface, there the rain is greedily sucked in as it falls. It may surprise some readers to hear that places so distant should be regarded as sources of water-supply for London; such, however, is the fact, for as the water in sinking follows the dip of the strata, it gradually descends to the bottom of the basin, where it is most wanted. The Greensands thus serve the double purpose of filter and reservoir; and as they rest on a thick and impervious deposit of Weald and Kimmeridge clays, there can be no escape of water in a downward direction. There it remains stored up, a fountain of the great deep, until released by human enterprise and ingenuity.

The mean annual rainfall in England is from 26½ to 28 inches, according to latitude, of which one-half, more or less, sinks into the ground; the greatest amount of infiltration of course taking place in the rainiest months. Some deposits are much more permeable than others; but on comparison, the superiority of the Greensands in this particular becomes strikingly manifest: Mr Prestwich estimates their steady undiminished yield at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours. Such a quantity would constitute a valuable supplement to the supply now furnished to London; the more so, as the water appears to be of excellent quality. Judging from the wells sunk at a few miles from the city, the water is remarkably pure, soft, and limpid; and the nature of the Greensands is such as to insure a better quality of water from them than from some other strata. We

\* *A Geological Inquiry Respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water-supply of the Metropolis, &c.* By Joseph Prestwich, Jun. London:

that the Report of the Board of Health, published in 1850, deprecates the drinking of London well-water on account of the 'bad consequences' that follow its use, and the conclusive instances brought forward in proof of the hygienic benefits resulting from the use of soft water.

It is satisfactory to know, that the consideration here involved presents no difficulty; for chemical analysis has shewn, that clay possesses a surprising power of absorbing soluble salts, and, consequently, while the waters are traversing loose sandy strata mixed with clay, the filtration would appear to be perfect, as cleansing and absorption go on at the same time. 'When it is considered,' says Mr Prestwich, 'that the waters have to pass through many miles of the Lower Greensand, in some places entirely silicious, and at other places partially argillaceous, it really becomes a question whether the water may not be, to a very great extent, freed from extraneous matter, and rendered by this means only, so far as regards the alkaline and earthy salts, comparatively soft and pure.' This, however, is a question which actual experiment can only determine. We should be glad to see it tried for the reasons already stated, as well as others not less obvious. It might be well worth considering, whether to fetch water from a distance of many miles, or from 1000 feet beneath the surface, be the preferable method. In the one case, the water has fallen from the clouds, far away in the pleasant country, where no smoke and few atmospheric impurities are present to contaminate it, and makes its way underground, through a natural filter, to the great central reservoir; in the other, it must flow through pipes or an uncovered channel. There is no risk of a barren result, for the quantity of water available every twenty-four hours would still be the same as above mentioned, even if no rain fell for a whole year. 'Let it be borne in mind,' pursues Mr Prestwich, 'that the effective permeable beds of the Lower Greensand are 200 feet thick—that they occupy an area above and below ground of 4600 square miles—that a mass of only one mile square and one foot thick will hold more than 60,000,000 gallons of water—and some idea may be then formed of the magnitude of such an underground reservoir. A fall of one foot in the water-level throughout the whole area of outcrop, would give more than the quantity of water required for a year's consumption of London.' The temperature would be, according to depth, from 63 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Another consideration is, how deep must we go for these abundant supplies of water?—a point on which our knowledge of the chalk-formation enables us to speak with little chance of error; and on careful calculation, it appears that a boring 1040 feet deep would be necessary to pierce the Lower Greensands. Great as this depth may appear, it presents no difficulty insurmountable by mechanical genius. Then with respect to the height to which the water will rise, Mr Prestwich argues, that the conditions being nearly the same as those of the well of Grenelle, near Paris, the result will be similar; and he assumes that in a well sunk in London, the water would rise from the Greensands to a height of from 120 to 130 feet above the surface. This at once gives a distributing power independent of machinery, and would be sufficient for most practical purposes.

An Artesian well may be called a natural spring artificially produced: its analogy to a spring, by which nature liberates her hidden watery treasures, is at once apparent. Like the spring, too, though somewhat turbid on first bursting out, it in a short time flows perfectly pure, and at the same time its chemical character will be improved by the action of the ceaseless stream on the salts with which the strata may be impregnated. This is an important fact, for a well might be condemned when first sunk, which, a few months later, would yield most excellent water.

In France, where Artesian wells are comparatively numerous, the water is used for all domestic purposes, and as a 'moving power for mills, factories, and hydraulic machines; for warming large buildings, for public wash-sheds, for irrigation on a large scale, for fish-ponds; in plantations of water-cress, paper-making, and the weathering of flax.' For purposes in which a uniform temperature is required, the water is peculiarly serviceable.

We think that Mr Prestwich has made out his case, and we regard his volume as a valuable aid towards that branch of progress which comprises sanitation, with commercial, physical, and moral economy. With these facts and views before them, no corporation or commission would be justified in deciding on a mode of water-supply without first giving them due consideration. The question of cost may be simplified by referring to what has already been done: the well for the Blackwall Railway cost L.8000; another, L.4444, on the premises of Truman, Hanbury, & Co., the brewers; and others for lower sums, down to L.20; but it should be borne in mind, that good part of the expense of the great London wells is for the machinery which must be always employed to pump up the water. This would be entirely saved by boring down to the Greensands, as the water would, as we have shewn, rise of itself to more than 100 feet above the surface. Mr Prestwich estimates L.1800 to L.2500 as the cost of boring down to the Upper Greensand; and to the Lower Greensand, L.1000 more. When we remember that the supply is perennial, the item of cost falls low in comparison. The Wells of Solomon, which have been flowing abundantly for ages in the parched Arabian desert, afford the most valuable and enduring evidence of the capabilities of Artesian wells.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A CONSPIRACY.

WE dispute the correctness of Claudia's opinions touching the levelling power of death. Never are the social distinctions so punctiliously observed as when the late living and breathing man lies prone on his back, a statue of senseless clay; never are the vanities of caste and the pride of rank so strong, as when the vault or the grave receives its new inhabitant, and dust is rendered to dust, and ashes to ashes. If the wax-like figure which is the object of the solemn show has worn a coronet when in life; if it has exercised high command over its fellow-men; or, arrayed in satins and gems, looked down with scorn upon its fellow-women—the atmosphere of pride in which it lived, moved, and had its being still surrounds it in the coffin, and the spectators, who would pass lightly a score of meaner funerals, hold their breath with awe.

The obsequies of the late Lord Luxton were performed with a pomp that would have been extravagant even in the case of some great public character: but no one thought of asking how he had earned the distinction; no one called to mind that, when living, he had been only an old, fat, good-natured man, who would have been desperately vulgar had he not chanced to be brought up as a nobleman. It was a great funeral, that was what was thought and said—what mattered it whether the defunct had been in life a great man? The bell tolled, the procession swept slowly on, the plumes waved in the heavy air, the priest proclaimed the resurrection and the life, the black vault swallowed up its prize; and then the world went on as before, with its old pride, its old

vanities, its old ambitions—with no difference whatever, except that there was a new lord both in the mausoleum and the castle.

Claudia had much to do in those days: many punctilios to arrange, many precedents of rank to consider, many questions of heraldry to discuss; and it is likely that she was very soon roused from her feeling of desolation. However this may be, she found time occasionally to converse with our old friend Miss Heavystoke, and not always on the subject of that lady's young charge.

'When I lived at Wearyfoot Common,' said the governess one day—

'You at Wearyfoot Common!—Oh, I remember; you seemed acquainted with Mrs Seacole, and that is the locality of the family seat. Did you teach in her house?'

'No, at the house of Captain Semple.'

'At the house of Captain Semple!'

'Yes: my pupil was his niece Sara, a very charming girl, and acknowledged to be the beauty of the district.' Claudia mused.

'I have heard of Captain Semple,' said she—'probably from Mrs Seacole. He had a sister as well as a niece?'

'But too old to teach. Indeed Miss Semple fancied that she had an aptitude for teaching grown persons herself!'

'Any more in the family?' said Claudia, suppressing an inclination to yawn.

'Not any more.'

'I imagined I had been told of a son.'

'That must have been a mistake, for the captain was never married. Your informant must have alluded to Mr Oaklands, who was at school during the greater part of my residence.'

'Oh, a nephew, no doubt.'

'No; a foundling brought up and educated by the captain.'

'Upon my word!—you are coming to a romance. A foundling, brought up in the same house with his patron's beautiful niece—there could be but one result!'

'In a novel, I allow. But Robert and Sara hardly knew that they were not brother and sister till the captain's affairs went wrong, and the young man was taken home from school. Shortly after, the whole establishment was broken up, and young Oaklands went adrift upon the world.'

'Was there no scandal on the subject of the boy?' asked Claudia, musing again. 'I think I have been told that the captain's conduct towards him was supposed to be influenced by some stronger feeling than mere humanity.'

'If so, that must have been before my time, and the scandal had died out. The good captain is not a man to be suspected of irregularity of any kind, except in the matter of whiskers. Such a Black Forest of hair I never saw before on a human face!'

'Black?'

'Iron-gray; but now, alas! I am told, almost white.' Claudia looked strangely at Miss Heavystoke, who could hardly bear what she had herself described as the condensed lightning of her gaze.

'Where are they now?' demanded the young lady suddenly.

'In London.'

'Ah, I thought so! I have seen just such a head as you describe, placed, too, on *ci-devant* military shoulders; and with your half-pay captain a young person remarkable for the classical style of her beauty—like what you might suppose of a Helen without sin and without remorse, or rather of a Chryseis, the "spotless fair," amid the truculent heroes of the *Iliad*.'

'That is Sara!' said Miss Heavystoke.—'It is just

what Mr Oaklands said of her, and he has now turned an artist, and should know something of beauty. How they used to dance, that young pair, till it was far on in the night, and my fingers ached with playing—and with no partners in the quadrille but the chair and Molly!'

'Dangerous amusement,' remarked Claudia, 'for a young painter to dance till midnight, in a lonely country-house, with a heroine of Homer, and for a heroine of Homer to have for her habitual partner'—

'A young painter!' kindly suggested Miss Heavystoke, for Claudia stopped abruptly. 'But Miss Sara was by that time almost betrothed, at least it was the belief of us all that the attentions of—of—the gentleman would end in proposals.'

'Of what gentleman?'

'One of the neighbours,' replied Miss Heavystoke, in some embarrassment.

'His name?' The question was not put offensively—quite otherwise; but evasion was impossible when Claudia willed.

'Seacole,' replied Miss Heavystoke.

'So! And what occurred to break off the affair?'

'The gentleman's visit to Luxton Castle,' said Miss Heavystoke, turning suddenly to bay; 'and his falling under the more powerful enchantments of Miss Falcontower!' Claudia received this announcement simply as information: the manner was a matter of indifference to her, and she did not think it necessary to make a single remark upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the part she herself played in the Wearyfoot novel, may have struck her as being a little curious. Perhaps she thought it odd that she should have been the means of breaking off the young lady's engagement, and throwing her upon the friendship of Robert Oaklands. Perhaps the scene on the stair of the theatre presented itself from a new point of view, and she saw two heroines instead of one: the one permanent and principal, the other temporary and secondary; the one destined for the dénouement, the other playing her part of a moment with smiles, and looks, and meeting hands, and then passing away for ever! Such may have been her reverie, for there is a dearth of resources in the country. It was, at all events, a condescension for the woman of rank and fashion, the daughter of a baron, the high-bred, the beautiful, the accomplished Claudia Falcontower, to suffer her mind to be occupied, even for an instant, with the obscure fortunes of a country girl and a foundling—at the best.

But the instant was extended to minutes—hours—days, we cannot tell how many; and still Claudia dreamed, or seemed to do so, before circumstances occurred to give her mind again to the world. The circumstances were grave enough even to curtail the ceremonial of absolute retirement during the first period of mourning; for the ministry had, from some mismanagement or some mishap, got into an awkward plight, and their fortunes hung trembling in the balance. Having hitherto avoided purposely political details, we shall not now suffer ourselves to be betrayed into explaining the position of Lord Luxton with regard to the government; but certain it is, that he watched the turn of affairs from his present distance with intense anxiety, and that at length neither the post nor the telegraph, though both were busily at work in his service, could quiet his impatience.

'I must be upon the spot!' said he one day suddenly; 'This is a crisis at which I cannot longer be merely a distant looker-on. You, Claudia, can represent the family here, and take care, with your usual watchfulness, that the solemnity of the occasion is kept up during the proper interval.'

'No, papa,' replied Claudia, quietly; 'you will want me in town—we shall both be wanted at such a time—and as I shall neither be seen nor heard of, so far as the world is concerned, there will be no breach of decorum.'

'Are you sure of that? You are usually a greater stickler than I.'

'I stickle as far as policy demands—not an inch further. There are circumstances in which ordinary rules must be disregarded, in which it is true policy to defy them. Conventionalism is the slave of the prudent, not the master. To sit for ever crouching under the eye of the world befits only a timid spirit, ignorant that the world's applause always waits on brave and noble action, when justified by the emergency and the magnitude of the stake.'

'Of what are you talking, Claudia?' said her father. 'Surely you wander from the subject, and are losing yourself in your own thoughts?'

'It may be so,' she replied, with the fixed look which in other women would have been attended with a contraction of the brows: 'association plays us strange tricks sometimes, but you will find me as practical as ever for all that. When do we set out?'

'Then you are going?'

'I am.'

'Do you arrange the time, then; let it be to-morrow, or if that is impracticable, the next day—not an hour later. What time do you say?'

'This evening.'

'This evening!—that is being practical with a vengeance. However, so be it; and Lord Luxton seemed much relieved when the affair was settled, for owing to long habits of dependence upon the masculine mind of his daughter, she had become a necessity, and he dreaded engaging in any serious business alone.'

When the hour of departure approached, Claudia bade good-by to Miss Heavystoke in a condescending and even kindly manner, saying as she was turning away—

'And suppose I meet Mrs Seacole, shall I say anything from you?'

'If you would take the trouble of presenting my respectful remembrance, I should be obliged.'

'And your other Wearyfoot friends?'

'There is no chance of your meeting them. They are strangers in town, and in quite a different circle of society from the one you move in: although Miss Sara would be looked upon with consideration even there, being a born gentlewoman as she is, and with a naturalness of beauty that is even more attractive in artificial society than elsewhere.'

'I have seen her. She is beautiful: but is she anything more?—I don't mean amiable, for all young ladies are that, so far as public observation goes. But what does she do? What is her *métier* in the world? Is it crochet, cookery, painting, religion, dancing, music—what is it?'

'It is all of these,' replied Miss Heavystoke—'yet none in particular. She is distinguished by—I do not know how to define it, but I would say—thought, combined with feeling, and applied to everything that presents itself to her mind and her senses. She reads; she is literary; it was her advice that young Oaklands should become an author—and I really think (for I am told he does not apply himself to painting alone) it had more influence upon him than mine: although that, you will admit, was the more wise and practical—to turn an usher in a school.'

'So! Literary!—Yes, Miss Heavystoke, yours was the better counsel; but your mention of his name recalls to my remembrance something I heard and had forgotten. It relates to the scandal we talked of: the mother—so the story goes—was a servant in the family, she is now a sort of washerwoman in London, and her son resides openly with her.'

'All that,' said Miss Heavystoke warmly, 'I can undertake to say is untrue, and it must have been invented by one who is either an enemy of Mr Oaklands, or who is altogether unacquainted with his character. The idea of his being the son of Margery

the cook, I, who resided in the house for a considerable time, know to be unfounded; and as for his living as one of the family of a menial who served where he was brought up as a gentleman, and where he acquired all the sensibilities of one, the notion is utterly preposterous.'

'You think it would not suit his gentility?' but the flash that accompanied this remark only roused the good lady the more.

'I think it would suit his gentility,' said she, 'to live, if necessary, in a garret at a shilling a week, provided he could there live—and starve—unnoticed and alone!'

'Then, you think it is an invention that he resides with this person?'

'I think, at least, that if otherwise all the rest must be true!'

'Well, Miss Heavystoke, as time presses, I have only another question to ask, and that, as you know I am a *fanatica* in such matters, you must excuse my thinking of a little more importance than the subject we have discussed:—does your young pupil begin to appreciate the difference between German and Italian music?'

This being answered satisfactorily, Claudia bade good-by, and having joined her father, was speedily on the road to London.

During the interval of her absence from town, no change of any importance had taken place in the position of the Semple family. Their stay was prolonged from day to day, they hardly knew how or why; but it seemed to them that each day generated the necessity for another day in town. This was doubtless owing in part to the attentions of Adolphus and his friend Fancourt, who played admirably well the part of Ciceroni, and who would take no refusal of their services. Sara was at first distant and reserved; but when she found that her rejected lover, even when they were alone, made not the most distant attempt to renew his suit, she became reconciled to their presence, and interested in the places to which they led the strangers. Of the two she preferred Fancourt, a thoroughbred man of the world, full of racy remark, although that was often caustic and satirical, generally true, and always amusing. Such men are never otherwise than attractive to young women brought up in seclusion; and in Fancourt the worldly incrustation, just as in Claudia, was clear enough to shew numerous good points in the original character. What might be the nature of his assiduities to a country girl who was to vanish in a little while from his sight probably for ever, it might be difficult to guess, if we did not remember that he was an idle man about town, and Sara, independently of qualities that Fancourt could appreciate very well, a singularly lovely person in whose society it was a distinction to be seen. He may have had deeper motives for aught we know. He may have intended to wait till his friend Adolphus was in a position to propose seriously, and to receive the rejection he saw at a glance would follow, and then to ask himself, Sedley Fancourt, whether there was any absolute necessity for his remaining for life a monk of the Albany.

Robert at first made one of the party in their excursions; but when he saw his place so ably filled, he withdrew gradually, and only called occasionally at a late hour in the evening, when he knew the family would be alone. Not that he found himself disagreeably situated with the gentlemen. Fancourt and he were mutually pleased with each other; and as for Adolphus, he hardly felt his presence at all, one way or other. His anxieties for Sara were at an end, so far as the young master of the Hall was concerned, for Sara was no longer subject to the illusions of girlhood; and he was rather satisfied than otherwise—for this the stern rule he had prescribed for himself required—that her time and thoughts should be taken up with interesting objects and agreeable society. In their personal

intercommunications, there was now nothing that could have been remarked by a stranger. They had both schooled themselves too severely for that; yet at times a word, a look, unnoticed by those around them, would call up, like a spirit, some old memory, some buried hope; and the pale brow of Robert would flush, and the heart of Sara seemed to die within her.

Sara's greatest annoyance at first was in finding the round eyes of Molly constantly fixed upon her in inquiry and astonishment, and often filling with tears; but after a time the demonstrative affection of the poor girl was rather soothing than otherwise, since a complete revulsion appeared to take place in her feelings towards Robert. Molly, in fact, was in the habit of gossiping with Miss Bloomley; and that young lady had told her of the manly avowal made in Driftwood's studio, and had even confided to her as an inviolable secret, that if poor Robert had but a trade of the slightest gentility to depend upon, she would not hesitate to reward his nobleness of spirit with her own fair hand. All this Molly made no scruple of confiding to her young mistress—for doing so was the same, as she said herself, as not telling it to nobody at all—and Sara, although but little affected on hearing of the non-existence of the expectations, was moved to tears by the nobleness. Robert's prospects of rank and fortune had never seemed to her to be anything more than a dream or a misconception; but even admitting their reality, she was absolutely certain that they would not influence in any way whatever his feelings or his conduct.

The time at length came when the Simpletons—for so Fancourt audaciously styled them to his friend—were to return to their Lodge. The day was fixed; and Sara, who had some business of a private nature to transact, was deep in confidential intercommunications with Molly. These two young women were more frequently alone with each other than usual, and the bedroom of the former was generally the place of meeting. Sara grew obviously nervous, and Molly flitted about the house like a spirit with a bad conscience. Not, however, that she desired to relieve her mind to some horrified listener: on the contrary, she was rather afraid of being tempted to do so, and for that reason avoided Miss Bloomley instead of haunting her, and, when they did meet, gazed at her so like somebody drawing Priam's curtains at the dead of night, that the young lady was alarmed. The plan of operations, however, was at length settled; the minute was at hand; and the two conspirators, with an awful look at one another, retired towards their several quarters to prepare for action.

But Sara was called back to the parlour by the captain, and she returned like a detected culprit in a flutter of alarm.

'Sara,' said he, 'this business cannot be delayed longer. Since we can hit upon no better scheme, the money shall go to him through the post in a blank letter, addressed in a printed hand. He will be sure to think it comes from Miss Falcontower'—Sara started—'or at least from some of the relatives, who take this underhand way of assisting one whose claims they know to be just, although they have not the manliness to acknowledge them openly. It is a good idea, isn't it? Bless you, darling, he will never think of me, knowing what an old selfish fool I was when Miss Heavystoke wanted me to sell the Lodge, and being well aware that I have no other means of raising the wind. Why, he'd as soon think of you, whose money is locked up, every penny, so as to bring you in just enough to support you as a nice, little, quiet, fine-hearted, economical gentlewoman that makes her own frocks! To-morrow morning, before our chicheronians come, or what do you call 'em, I'll just bowl down in a cab to these Lincoln's Inn lawyers of yours and mine, and put the thing in train to be finished out of hand.'

'No, dear uncle,' said Sara, 'you must not do that. I have heard, through Molly, enough to shew that Robert's prospects have all melted away, although his fear of vexing you has prevented him from saying anything himself. To whom, then, in all the wide world could he trace the money but you? We must go more cunningly to work. Even some little delay on your part may be necessary—and such matters, as you said yourself, may be managed as well at Wearyfoot as here. Trust to me a little while longer!' To this the veteran demurred a good deal. He said he could not think of leaving Bob in such a position as his, and with a countenance so stern and made up. He put him in mind, for all the world, of a man in his company who went upon a forlorn-hope because—no, not exactly because he hadn't money enough to marry his sweetheart, but—no, not altogether because some Miss Falcontower had jilted him—but, in point of fact, because he was condemned to six dozen, and had no other way of getting off. However, the end of it was, that the matter was left for awhile longer in Sara's hands.

This occurred one evening when the party had returned from a fatiguing excursion. The two gentlemen had taken leave at the door. Elizabeth had retired to her own room to rest for an hour; and Sara told her uncle that she too would be invisible till it was time for the supper-tray. On reaching her quarters, she found Molly already there, cloaked, bonneted, and nervous—in what she herself called a fit of frustration. It was with no steady hands that Sara prepared herself in like manner for a late promenade; and then the two watched at the door of the room—they knew not for what, for in reality their going out would have attracted no attention—and at length Sara grasping her companion by the arm, they sallied forth, glided quickly along the hall, and went out into the street.

They hurried out of Great Russell Street, by its eastern outlet, as if they thought they were pursued. When they had crossed Bloomsbury Square, and reached Southampton Row, by turning a little way to the left they might have obtained a cab; but not being aware of this, they struck down by King Street into Holborn. Along this main stream they had only to float eastward till they came to one of the avenues into Lincoln's Inn Fields; and after the first sensation of fatigue wore off, they were hardly sorry that no cab presented itself till they were too near their destination to make it worth while to employ it. Although early in the evening, it was already dark, so far as nature was concerned; but the abundance of artificial light made the street as clear, and, together with the orderliness of the passers-by, gave the two country girls as much confidence as if it had been noonday. On reaching Great Turnstile, they easily recognised it, as they had been there several times before; and through this narrow avenue they glided into the immense wooded square of Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the left of this expanse was the place they sought—a small square of hard pavement, hard walls, hard heads, and—so they say—hard hearts.

They ascended to the first floor of one of these cold hard buildings, and Sara, pushing open a door slowly and nervously, looked in. What she had heard was true. It being full term-time the lawyers were still at work, and her errand was not in vain. But the passage was so cold, so long, so breathlessly silent, so dark—although lighted by two dim sepulchral lamps, one just within the door, and the other at the further end. She thought for a moment of breaking her resolution, and taking Molly in with her; but her courage triumphed. Molly should be innocent of all knowledge of what she was about to do; and thus when questions came to be asked hereafter, it would be impossible to wrest anything from her simplicity or her truthfulness.

'Stay here, Molly,' whispered she; 'I may be many minutes—I may be half an hour, so do not be impatient; only take care not to leave the stair.' She went into the passage, and shut the door. Molly listened intently to hear her go in by the door at the further end, but in vain. These doors closed like the claws of a cat; they had no more voice than a coffin-lid.

Molly waited in the darkness and silence till she was weary as well as afraid. She then stole down the stairs step by step, and felt some relief in looking out even upon the cold hard stones. Presently she heard the noise of a vehicle driving in. The stones received the wheels with a cold, hard, yet hilarious sound of welcome, each stone announcing the arrival to the rest, till the news diffused a kind of flinty mirth, a hard, dry, rattling, caustic laugh over the whole area. It was an elegant private equipage, with two footmen behind in deep mourning. A lady with a thick black veil, and wrapped in a black cloak, with the hood hanging upon her shoulders, alighted.

'Take back the carriage,' said she, in a singularly clear voice; 'my lord will want it immediately to go out to dinner. Let a cab be in waiting here for me;' and raising her veil, and fixing upon Molly as she passed her a glance that went 'through and through,' she stepped lightly up the steps, and vanished in the darkness of the stairs.

As the new-comer opened the door of the passage, Sara emerged from the one at the further end. They met in the dim middle, and both paused involuntarily for an instant to exchange looks. Sara, sick and faint, yet willing to believe her thought an illusion, hardly knew how she reached the door; but when there, in spite of herself, she turned her head before going out. The other had done the same, and the light of the two lamps, falling dimly on their faces, and leaving the rest of their persons in shadow, made them shew like spectres to each other for an instant before they disappeared.

#### WHAT IS A CONGREVE ROCKET?

WHOEVER has stood upon a fortification near a cannon when fired, will have noticed the recoil, or backward movement of the piece on its wheels. More feelingly the force of the recoil will manifest itself to the rook-shooter, who, firing skyward many times in succession, often gets punished for his wanton destruction of corvine-life, by a bruised shoulder, or occasionally even a broken collar-bone.

Now, in all ordinary cases, it is the object of the gunmaker—understanding the term gun in its generic sense, including cannon as well as small-arms—to deaden or diminish this force of recoil. As concerns small fire-arms, more especially rifles and pistols, any considerable recoil is most injurious, as it throws the barrel out of the due line of aim; and this is the chief reason why so great a weight of metal is put into such barrels. In the case of pieces of ordnance, it will be found that the force of recoil, when it goes beyond a certain extent, not only disarranges the aim, but renders the piece unmanageable, more especially on board ship.

Let us suppose, now that the cannon on the fortification is charged—is discharged—and recoils. The explosion, however, being instantaneous, the recoil soon comes to an end. If the explosion were susceptible of prolongation, and if the mouth of the cannon could be maintained by some device in its original position, then the best way of attacking an enemy, supposing the expense of a cannon to be no object, would be to turn the breech of the gun towards him, and allowing it to take flight through the air like any other projectile.

This notion may cause a smile; but we do not know in what manner the general theory of Rockets could be rendered so intelligible, as by commencing where we have commenced—with the recoil of a gun. A rocket, in point of fact, may be described as a gun charged with a slow-burning combustible, so that when discharged, or rather ignited, it recoils, first a little, then a little more, and so more and more, until the force of recoil imparts to the mass a power proportionate to its weight multiplied by its velocity. Most people have seen a sky-rocket; many have examined it, perhaps; still more have traced the fiery course of the beautiful pyrotechnic ornament as it mounted aloft with arrow-like velocity, then watched its graceful bend and final distribution of variegated stars. Lastly, most persons are cognizant, we presume, of the fact, that each rocket is furnished with a stick, serving the purpose of a rudder, or a tail. Now, the sky-rocket is propelled in consequence of its own recoil. Were we to retain the idea with which we commenced our description, we should say repelled, in consequence of this recoil; but inasmuch as recoil becomes in the rocket the primary or chief force, we had better, from this period to the end of the paper, turn our ideas of recoil upside down. As for the stick-tail, or rudder—the reader may denominate it as he pleases—its use is to keep the mouth or aperture of the rocket, from which the flame escapes, continually downwards. It is tied laterally to the rocket. If it admitted of being affixed centrally, then the flight of the rocket would be more direct, instead of having a general tendency to lateral flight. Considering the rocket as an ornamental fire-work, this directness of flight would be rather prejudicial than otherwise, its curvilinear path being exceedingly beautiful. Were it desired, however, to metamorphose the sky-rocket into a warlike projectile, then, in proportion to its directness of flight, would be its advantages.

Step by step, we are now approaching the construction of a Congreve or war rocket, which, as at present made, chiefly differs from a sky-rocket in the two particulars, of having a sheet-iron instead of a paper cone, and of being supplied with a central instead of a lateral stick. The first Congreve rockets did not possess the latter advantage. They had sticks laterally attached, like those of ordinary sky-rockets, as may be seen in the Rotunda or Military Museum at Woolwich. Of this kind were the rockets employed by our troops at the battle of Leipzig; and so desolating were their effects, that some French troops against which they were fired immediately laid down their arms. The war-rocket is so intimately associated with the name of Sir William Congreve, that by over-zealous advocates he is assumed to be their inventor, although he himself disclaims the honour. In his book on the rocket-practice, he states that rockets, considered as projectile weapons, were of great antiquity in India and China, and claims to be only the improver of the weapon. Indeed, we have met with undoubted testimony, that the projectile force of the rocket used as a military weapon was known in Europe before the latter part of the sixteenth century: in the year 1598 appeared the collection of *Traites Militaires*, by Hanzelot, in which book there exists not only a full description of the manner of using rockets as military weapons, but a rude wood-cut, shewing the method of firing them.

Some years ago, we remember to have seen in the



London Adelaide Gallery certain Chinese war-rockets. They were captured by our troops at the siege of Amoy, and brought to the British metropolis. To all intents and purposes, they were sky-rockets, with the sole addition to each of a barbed arrowhead affixed laterally in the line of the stick, and projecting beyond the head of the rocket. Compared with even the smallest Congreve rockets employed in our service, they were insignificant affairs. Their flight would be altogether irregular, their power of penetrating comparatively weak. Nevertheless, one of them would undoubtedly have killed a man at the distance of 200 yards: consequently, these Chinese weapons admit of being regarded as a variety of small firearm; while even the smallest Congreve rocket may be compared with artillery. So much, then, concerning the history of the war-rocket up to the time of Congreve. He was the first who employed an iron instead of a paper case. He was also the first who applied the central stick; and succeeded in making rockets of one denomination so equal in weight, that the elements of the flight of one being known, data were afforded for the discharge of others.

The war-rocket is a very terrible instrument of destruction, possessing certain advantages which other projectiles do not. Thus, for example, the discharge of rockets, as a consequence of their very nature, is attended with no recoil against a solid body. That which corresponds with recoil in an ordinary gun, is, as we have seen, the propulsive force of the rocket, and the counterpart of this propulsive force is exerted against the air. Owing to this absence of practical recoil, rockets may be fired from boats just large enough to carry them; whereas shells of equal weight, if employed in naval warfare, can be fired only from very strong ships. Rockets carrying within themselves their own propulsive power, require neither guns nor mortars to project them; consequently, they may be fired from places altogether inaccessible to artillery, and they may be constructed of much larger dimensions than any available shot or shell. Gun-founders are now pretty well agreed, that no piece of ordnance can be cast without flaws if much larger than a 13-inch mortar; and the weight of the latter is 5 tons, although the charged 13-inch shell scarcely weighs 200 pounds. The French tried the experiment of increasing the size of a mortar preparatory to the siege of Antwerp. The experiment was unsuccessful, their monster-mortar bursting after having been only a few times discharged. 'The rocket,' to use the words of Congreve, 'brings into operation the power of artillery everywhere, and is nowhere embarrassed by the circumstances limiting the application of artillery.' It imparts to infantry and cavalry the force of artillery, in addition to the power of their own respective arms. Thus, a foot-soldier might, on particular occasions, carry several 12-pound rockets, each having the propulsive and penetrating effect of a 12-pound cannon-shot, without the embarrassment of the 12-pounder gun. The rocket, as we shall hereafter discover, may be discharged on many occasions without the aid of any apparatus—but even the corresponding rocket tube, by means of which its accuracy of flight is promoted, weighs only 20 pounds, whereas the weight of a 12-pounder gun is no less than 18 hundredweights. In addition to this advantage, the flight of a rocket is visible; whereas the flight of ordinary warlike projectiles is invisible, and superadded to the power of penetration, the rocket has that of scattering the devastation of fire. These properties of the war-rocket being considered, the reader will be at no loss to understand some of the advantages possessed by the missile.

Nevertheless, the employment of the war-rocket is not attended with those universal advantages over shot and shell claimed for it by Congreve. Amidst its good qualities there lurks the very bad one of

not being comparable with that of a cannon-ball or shell. Rockets can be advantageously fired neither against a wind nor across the direction of a wind, and for reasons which a little consideration will render obvious. The long wooden stick affords a powerful lever for the wind to act upon, the iron rocket itself being at the same time unequally affected; hence ultimate deflection takes place. The striking of a casual object in the course of a rocket's flight is another ordinary cause of deflection; and to such an extent is deflection occasionally produced from this cause, that rockets have sometimes come back, like boomerangs, to the spot whence they were fired. Something of this kind once occurred at Woolwich during a military exhibition got up for the gratification of Marshal Soult. The veteran, amongst other displays, was shewn what our war-rockets could accomplish; when one of these erratic missiles striking against a stone or something of that sort, immediately departed from its normal course, bounded high aloft, and finally rushing down, plunged deep into a bank near where the marshal was posted. It was on account of this erratic propensity to which rockets are somewhat given, that they were never great favourites with the Duke of Wellington. Some of the newly invented projectiles having been forwarded to the Peninsula, the Duke took an early opportunity of trying their range and effects. The British outposts were on one side of a marsh; the enemy's outposts on the other. The distance was convenient: the rockets were pointed, lighted, and discharged. The result was anything but satisfactory. Either because the wind was unfavourable, or because the rockets had not been long enough in the field to know friend from foe, or for some other reason, they with common consent turned tail to the enemy, and came back to their friends! The Duke entertained a prejudice against them from that day forthwith. Nevertheless, they are acknowledged to have saved a brigade of Guards during the passage of the Adour; and subsequently, at Waterloo, they made sad havoc amongst the enemy.

The original ideas of Sir William Congreve relative to the best manner of arming troops with the war-rocket have never been carried out. He advocated the distribution of the missile to every branch of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He objected to the formation of a special rocket service: however, in this matter, his opinions have been overruled. Congreve suggested three methods of firing his rockets: 1. From a tube, and singly; 2. In a volley from many tubes, mounted on one carriage; 3. In a volley from the ground. Two only of these methods are now retained—namely, the first and the third. The rocket tube is a pipe or cylinder of metal corresponding in size with the diameter of the rocket intended to pass through it, and its business, to give a correct line of flight. In the earlier days of Congreve-rocket practice, there were no tubes, deeply grooved surfaces being used instead. The rocket tube is so contrived that it can be placed at any angle of elevation, and be thus pointed in the manner of a gun. The proper line of aim having been secured, the rocket is thrust into the tube, and ignited, when, after deliberating for an instant, it rushes through and pursues its destructive course. Having thus made evident the construction and use of a rocket tube, the reader will readily understand the intention of a compound-tube arrangement. Let him imagine twenty or thirty of such tubes mounted on one carriage, each tube discharging its own rocket—and a correct notion of what is understood by the tube-volley will be acquired. This apparatus is no longer retained in our service, the ground-volley of rockets being employed instead. In the ground-volley, the rockets are merely placed on the ground (which must be moderately smooth), with their heads toward the enemy, when they are ignited, and speed away. For the first hundred

regularity, seldom rising above the height of a man's head; ultimately, however, their flight becomes exceedingly irregular, darting about in all directions. This, in certain cases, is not disadvantageous, but the reverse. So impossible is it to predict where one of these rockets run wild will go, that it is in vain for anybody to think of getting out of its way.

A great many endeavours have been made to avoid the necessity of employing a rocket-stick. Congreve never could succeed in this attempt, but Mr Hale has been more fortunate. We do not exactly know the principle on which his rockets are made, but we believe he causes them to assume a rotatory or rifled motion, and thus provides for their regularity of flight. Mr Hale has, moreover, introduced other improvements in the manufacture of rockets. He does not fill them by ramming in the composition, but by the more equable force of hydrostatic pressure, by which means a larger amount of composition is introduced than can be effected by the ordinary method. Nor must we forget to mention the very ingenious device of this gentleman for restraining the rocket during the first moments of its propulsive endeavours. Although the power of a rocket, when in full flight, is tremendous, yet its initial effort is very trifling; so much so, that one of considerable dimensions may be held back by a very small restraining force. Now, it happens that, in the ordinary course of firing, a Congreve rocket is apt to droop as it first leaves the tube, thus losing much of the accuracy of flight it would otherwise have possessed. This drooping is in consequence of the paucity of the force it has as yet acquired—for rockets, in point of fact, like young people, go astray sometimes from the circumstance of beginning their career too soon: so it occurred to Mr Hale, that he would hold back his projectiles—not by the tail, for they are devoid of that ornament—but hold them back by a sort of springs, from which they cannot free themselves until they have acquired a certain definite initial pressure.

We will now conclude these remarks on Congreve rockets, by stating the chief occasions on which they have been employed. The first was in October 1806, when rockets of very large calibre were brought into requisition for the bombardment of Boulogne. In less than half an hour after the first commencement of attack, the town was observed to be on fire in many places, and the damage effected was doubtless very great, although its exact extent was never known, the French taking such effectual means to guard the secret, that our ambassador, Lord Lauderdale, whilst passing through Boulogne shortly after the attack, was vigilantly watched, lest he might observe the extent of the ravage. In 1807, Copenhagen was bombarded with very heavy rockets; and again with great effect, they were subsequently used against Acre. These are the chief occasions in which Congreve rockets have been used at sea. In the land-service, their employment dates from the battle of Leipsic, where they were employed with terrible effect. Their history during the Peninsular war has already been given—also at Waterloo. The Congreve rocket is no longer a secret in our keeping. Various continental nations now make and employ them very effectually. The Austrian rockets are said to be particularly good. One of the most curious applications of the Congreve rocket was in the slaughter of spermaceti whales. We have now lying before us a 6-pounder whaling-rocket, precisely similar to the military prototype in every respect, save that of being furnished with a harpoon-head. The idea of using the Congreve rocket for this purpose was ingenious enough. The inventor intended that the missile, when discharged, should penetrate into the very centre of the whale; then bursting, fill the huge animal with such an amount of gas, that swim he must, whether he chose to do so or not—all very pretty in theory, no doubt, but entirely false in practice. Congreve whaling-

rockets did not come into general use; nevertheless, they must have been made in very large numbers. We remember, on one occasion, to have seen a stock of many thousands lying idle in the store-rooms of a large whaling establishment. And now, in conclusion, let us state, that the largest Congreve rockets ever made weigh about 300 pounds, are eight or ten feet high, and have sticks in proportion. Very pretty visitors these to come hissing into the midst of a town!

#### THE WHITE LADY OF BRANDENBURG.

DURING the eighteenth century, the house of Brandenburg, like nearly all the other royal houses of Germany, experienced numerous vicissitudes; but, worst of all, was constantly divided against itself, and agitated by domestic tragedies, which may be said to have shed a gloom on its fortunes for ever. From time immemorial, the superstitious belief had prevailed in the family, that, as a prelude to each successive catastrophe, a female spectre, habited in dazzling white, appeared in some dreary place, and at some gloomy hour, to the principal sufferer. With this tradition, every one of the princes and princesses was familiar. They regarded it as part of their destiny, and looked forward to the advent of the apparition almost as a matter of course.

The young Prince Frederic, and his eldest sister Wilhelmina, entertained a strong mutual affection, which induced them to communicate their thoughts freely to each other. This, under other circumstances, would have been a source of happiness to them. But in the palace of Berlin, happiness was a thing not to be thought of, for their father, Frederic-William, appeared to exert all his power and ingenuity to render its presence impossible. Every day, he loaded his wife and children with imprecations, threatened them with imprisonment and death, spat in the delicate dishes after he himself had been served, that they might not eat of them; attempted occasionally to commit suicide, and then took refuge in brutal drunkenness, which only rendered him still more furious and dangerous.

Frederic, afterwards, by the adulation of mankind, called the Great, was naturally driven by such paternal indulgences to seek for consolation in friendship. It may easily be supposed that he was not led by his experience to put his trust in princes. He looked for an intimate among the middle ranks of society, and the person he selected to be his Pylades was a young officer rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kat. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deceived by sounds. However unpoetical may have been his family designation, he was in himself a person of noble soul, equal to the duties of any situation, brave, romantic, generous, ready at all times to sacrifice himself for the good of others. The choice of such a friend was honourable to Frederic's judgment, and had fate permitted their attachment to become as lasting as it was strong and enthusiastic, the reputation of the philosopher of Sans Souci might have escaped many of those stains which now lower and deform it.

As the Prussian monarch, through unaccountable caprice, or the desire to wound as much as possible the feelings of his children, occasionally forbade the prince and princess to see each other, Kat was often, at such times, intrusted with messages from the brother to the sister. Misfortune almost invariably disposes people to think kindly of those who sympathise with them, no matter what may be their rank or station. Wilhelmina

beheld in Kat only her brother's friend, and as, besides being handsome, he was gentle and winning in his manners, it is not very surprising that, seeing few other men, and none that shewed any deference for her, she should have experienced a secret preference for this young officer. Sometimes, when circumstances permitted, they all three met together in friendly enjoyment. Fearing to be free with others, they on such occasions made up for their general reserve by indulging in the most unbounded confidence, passing in review the whole court, from the king and queen to the meanest gentleman in waiting.

It soon became evident to Frederic that Kat loved his sister, who, without the slightest regard to royal conventionalities, returned the feeling. An ordinary prince would have resented this; but he was not an ordinary prince, and therefore regarded not merely with approbation, but with delight, the mutual attachment of the individuals he loved best in the world. The intelligence came to him with disgust that plans, meanwhile, were in agitation at court for disposing, in the common way, both of his sister's hand and his own. Contemplating marriage from an extremely unfortunate point of view—that is, in connection with his own father and mother—it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that it should have inspired him with disgust. His French studies, also, and the practice of Germany, where nearly all princes contract what they call left-handed alliances, tended to produce the same effect. When his father, therefore, set on foot any scheme for bartering away himself or his sister, in exchange for political influence, he exerted his utmost ingenuity in thwarting him. Kat likewise, it may well be believed, made the best use of his power over the mind of Wilhelmina to deter her from entering into an engagement which would have been fatal to his happiness. These facts the Prussian king could not exactly know, though his suspicions were awakened. He had recourse, therefore, to his system of espionage. Courtiers of both sexes were instructed to keep watch over the movements and communications of the trio, who, being young and ardent, were not much upon their guard; and at length the conviction became rooted in his mind, that their singular friendship obstructed the development of his policy.

Wilhelmina had very few thoughts or feelings which she did not frankly communicate to her brother, but she had some, and among these was the strong love she felt for his young friend. He could not, indeed, fail to know that some attachment existed between them, but she shrank from confessing the extent of it, and often arranged, clandestinely, interviews with her lover. One morning, when she had just promised to meet Kat at dusk in the long elm-walk at the extremity of the royal gardens, her father sent for her into his apartments. He was suffering from gout, and sat in a great arm-chair, against which two heavy crutches, by the assistance of which he walked at times, leaned ominously. The queen stood trembling at his side, afraid to speak, but casting deprecating and imploring looks at her daughter. Wilhelmina shuddered and turned pale.

'I see,' exclaimed the king, 'that you are sinking under the weight of a guilty conscience. You know you are deceiving me, in conjunction with your mother and brother.' Wilhelmina thought of her assignation with Kat. 'I say, you are deceiving me, or at least attempting to do so. But there are more eyes upon you than you imagine. You should remember the old saying: "that walls have ears;" and that when children enter into plots, to bring trouble and disgrace upon their parents, it behoves them to display more prudence than you and your rebellious brother exhibit. But I have discovered all your schemes, and know how to punish you.'

The poor princess almost dropped to the floor. Her

father, she saw, was in a paroxysm of anger, almost approaching to madness. He turned now and then fierce and threatening glances towards the queen, who looked aside to conceal her tears, and was only restrained by terror from throwing herself into her daughter's arms. He bade Wilhelmina draw near, but she was overwhelmed with fear, and could not prevail on herself to approach him. He then attempted to rise, in order to seize her, as he had often done, by the hair of her head, but a sharp twinge of the gout supervening, he fell back in the chair writhing with agony; in the midst of which he seized one of the crutches, and hurling it with all his might at his daughter, would certainly have brought her days to a sudden conclusion, but that, bending down her head, she suffered the missile to fly unimpeded towards the window, through which it made its way with a crash into the court below. This was the signal for flight; and both queen and princess ran shrieking into their own rooms, followed as far as they could hear by the most frightful imprecations and anathemas.

As ill-luck would have it, Frederic soon after came to pay his respects to his father, whom he found entirely alone, all his ministers, courtiers, and even servants contriving not to hear his vociferations. If we had not the most unimpeachable testimony for the scene that followed, we should regard it as an extravagant fiction. When the prince entered, his father, fixing upon him a demoniacal look, accused him of entertaining some monstrous designs, which had never entered the poor young man's imagination, even in his dreams. He, therefore, repelled respectfully the charges made against him. This was too much. Anger, amounting to absolute rage, overcame the sense of pain. The king sprang from his chair, and seizing his son by the throat, dragged him with all his force towards the window, where, with the strong cords of the blinds, he attempted to strangle him. He was a large, powerful man; the son, weak and delicate; and the parricide was nearly accomplished before any of the courtiers would venture in to preserve their master from the commission of a crime which would have cast a blight over his whole life. Frederic, however, was nearly black in the face when disentangled from the cords and borne fainting out of the apartment.

An unintermitted system of persecution was now pursued by Frederic-William against his queen and his two eldest children, whose lives were thus rendered nothing but one tissue of gloom and wretchedness. His majesty's matrimonial schemes, however, suffered no interruption. As if he had been the best of fathers, he exerted himself vigorously to obtain a wife for his son, and a husband for his daughter, which he persuaded himself was all that could be desired to render them perfectly happy. His own experience of wedlock had doubtless led him as well as his queen to this conclusion! But their children remained steadfast in their unbelief, and looked upon the marriage-ring with little less horror than a compact with the Evil One. This was more especially the case with Frederic, who, in an unlucky hour, came at length to the determination to put an end to his own misery by flying into France. This resolution he communicated to Wilhelmina, with the strictest injunctions to keep the secret from her mother, who, through a mistaken sense of duty, would probably have betrayed his design. All the necessary preparations were undertaken by Kat, who, in the devotion of his friendship, braved, with his eyes open, the danger that impended over him. The slightest accident might shipwreck their project, and he knew the old king too well not to foresee that he would take a terrible revenge.

It boots not now to inquire into the means by which they raised the necessary funds for defraying the expenses of their journey, how they procured passports, and succeeded in lulling to sleep the suspicions of the

monarch and his courtiers. Kat contrived, an hour or two before his departure, to obtain an interview with the Princess Wilhelmina, who received him in her own apartment, though trembling all the while with anxiety and terror. Every footstep that moved through the corridor, every voice in the courtyard below, every whisper of the wind through crevice or cranny, represented to her in fancy the approach of her terrible father. In fact, before the young officer could make his escape from her room, the queen came rushing in to say that she was inquired for. Kat hid himself behind a screen, and when the mother and daughter had departed, stepped forth into the corridor, descended a narrow staircase with which he was familiar, and hurrying along the streets of Berlin, joined the young prince in a small grove beyond the walls, where, without companions or attendants, Frederic awaited his coming with two horses. These they mounted, and, making the best of their way towards the frontier, indulged in the flattering hope, that in a few days they should be beyond the reach of Frederic-William's pursuit or vengeance.

The Prussians even then had been drilled into tameness and submission; otherwise, as several gentlemen whom they encountered on the road knew the young prince perfectly well, they might have offered him an asylum, or aided him in effecting his escape. The utmost they did was to allow him and his companion to pass on without obstruction. This they were enabled to do during two days; but the great trial they knew would be on the third, when they should have to pass of necessity through a fortified town on the banks of a river which they could not traverse by swimming. It was with sinking spirits and the most gloomy forebodings, that they approached the gates, and beheld the walls and turrets rising like sepulchral edifices in the evening air. Frederic from time to time clasped the handle of his sword, and once inquired of his companion whether, in case of discovery, it would not be the most advisable course to imitate the ancient Romans, and put an end to their embarrassments by suicide. At the moment, he would have thought even this preferable to being dragged back to Berlin, and delivered as a prisoner into the hands of his father. As they drew near the gates, they instinctively slackened their pace, and all the philosophy of which they were masters could not prevent them from regarding each other with an expression of extreme alarm. But no choice was left but to demand admittance or to turn back. Of course, they resolved on the former; and to their surprise, the sentinels at the gate suffered them to pass without the slightest inquiry. Overjoyed at this piece of good-fortune, they resolved to make the best use of it, and pushed on to the further gate, leading over a long bridge into the open country. No one stopped them in the streets, or appeared in any way to regard them. They therefore entered the *corps-de-garde*, through which lay the approach to the gate, with reviving confidence, but in an instant were surrounded by a body of soldiers, who, before they could even think of resistance, had disarmed and made them prisoners. Frederic, almost frantic with excitement and disappointment, demanded of the officer who regulated these proceedings by whose authority he was thus arrested.

'By your father's, prince,' replied the major. 'An hour ago, you might have travelled the frontier unmolested; but a courier has just arrived from Berlin, commanding me, on pain of death, to detain your royal highness and your companion. Having myself served in the royal guards, I was well acquainted with your person, as well as with that of M. Kat, who was for some years my companion in arms.'

To this, Frederic made no reply, but requested to be conducted to the dungeon assigned for him. He was perfectly right: it was indeed a dungeon; but at first Kat was allowed to be his companion. Prussian despot-

ism, however, did not disdain to have recourse to those arts and contrivances which the princes of the house of Hapsburg have since practised with so much skill and credit against state-prisoners. By means of a small cell constructed in the thickness of the wall communicating through a narrow aperture with the dungeon, the conversation of Frederic and his companion was overheard, and carefully entered in notes, which were immediately transmitted to the king. Considering their position and their disappointment, it was no matter of wonder that they expressed themselves intemperately. Frederic did not spare his father, and Kat, unmindful of the reverence which Germany inculcates for crowned heads, indulged likewise in very strong language. When their first burst of indignation was over, they appeared to derive hope even from despair, and resolved to devote all their resources of mind and body to deliver themselves from the power of a sovereign whom they now designated as a cruel, crafty, merciless despot.

With the Princess Wilhelmina, matters were, meanwhile, little better than with them. She was under no necessity of feigning illness, for, having lost at the same time both her beloved brother and her lover, her agitation, fear, and grief threw her into a fever, during which she fell more than once into a dangerous delirium: we say dangerous, because, under its influence, her tongue lost its guidance, and syllabled perpetually the names of Kat and Frederic. In one of the intervals between one of these paroxysms, when, as it appeared to her, she was wide awake, the White Lady of Brandenburg, with a very dignified air and attitude, approached her bedside. The candles had burnt low, her only attendant was fast asleep, the wind roared fiercely in the chimney, and the hootings of the screech-owl from a neighbouring turret mingled terribly with the night-blasts. She attempted to address the spectre, which leaned compassionately over her; but no words passed between them. In a few seconds, the White Lady turned away her face, and appeared with one hand to be shrouding her eyes from some appalling spectacle, while the other was pressed closely against her bosom. Wilhelmina, in agony and trembling, watched its movements with intense earnestness. Presently, the tapers threw up a bright glare, then sank, flickered for a moment, and the chamber was wrapped in total darkness. Sleep then came to her relief; and when late, on the following morning, she again opened her eyes, the rain was beating against the casements, and her beloved friend and governess, almost in the very attitude of the White Lady, leaning over her, and wiping the perspiration from her brow.

In the course of the day, her unhappy mother, bending beneath the weight of her affliction, came by stealth into her chamber, and throwing herself into a *fountain*, hid her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed long and bitterly. With her habitual imprudence, she disclosed to Wilhelmina the fate of Frederic and his companion, and by so doing brought on a fresh attack of fever, which nearly put a period to her daughter's life. When she saw the mischief she had caused, her regret and sorrow knew no bounds. Under the force of maternal instincts, the natural weakness of her character disappeared, and, setting her tyrannical husband at defiance with the courage of a heroine, she remained day and night by her daughter's bedside, regardless of his menaces, and for the time making light of death and life.

To describe the state of mind into which the king was thrown by his son's act of disobedience, would exceed the powers of language. It cannot be doubted that for the time at least he was mad. Encouraged by his flagitious minister, Grumeon, he resolved upon the exhibition of an awful tragedy, which should inspire all Christendom with horror. Nothing less than the blood of his son would appease his paternal resentment; and openly, in the face of day, he published his determination, and made preparations for his execution. It is

believed that the Austrian ambassador, Seckendorf, a man of the most profligate principles, likewise favoured secretly this infamous design, though all the sovereigns of Germany, as well as the king of England, exerted their utmost influence to deter the Prussian monarch from the perpetration of the crime he meditated. The greater their exertions, however, the more obstinate he became, as he appeared to regard it in the light of a victory over all the powers of Europe to put his only son to death, that he might establish universally the conviction, that he could do in Berlin whatever he thought proper, in spite of Germany and the world.

Into the political negotiations connected with this affair, our limits will not permit us to enter. We return, therefore, to the prince and his companion, who, having been removed to the fortress at which they were made prisoners, were thrown into separate dungeons in a small obscure city in the heart of Prussia. It seemed to be the object of the father to subdue the courage and constancy of his son, as well as in other respects to degrade his character, since all manner of devices were made use of to induce him to betray his friend; but to the honour of Frederic be it said, all the snares laid for him were unavailing. He persisted in his original declaration, that the plan of flight was his own, and that Kat only consented to accompany him at his earnest desire and entreaty, and after having exhausted all his efforts in the endeavour to divert him from his purpose. In this way he hoped to concentrate his father's vengeance upon himself, and save the life of his friend. Had Frederic always acted thus, no prince whose name is recorded in modern history would have better deserved to command the admiration of mankind. Kat, on his part, surpassed, if possible, the prince himself in disinterestedness and heroism. He persisted uniformly in affirming that Frederic was innocent—that neither of them, indeed, had intended serious disobedience to the royal commands—but that, in a moment of youthful frivolity, he had persuaded the young prince to accompany him on a secret visit to the French capital, where they meditated only a short stay, after which it was their intention to return to Berlin, even before their absence should be discovered.

Everything in Prussia was then conducted through military agency, chiefly because men connected with the martial profession were supposed to be less accessible than others to the weaknesses of friendship or affection. The hope of promotion, moreover, was expected to quiet any scruples which might arise in the mind respecting the humanity or justice of any transaction. Accordingly, an officer was sent to Frederic, who, having first examined Kat, came into the prince's apartment with mock humility, but with real insolence, to interrogate him respecting his views past and present—to utter the most atrocious accusations against his friend, and to extort from him, if possible, a confession of some rebellious project, which would appear, at least, to justify his father in taking away his life.

Through this ordeal, Frederic passed with great intrepidity and success. He repelled, with scorn and indignation, the calumnies attempted to be fastened on Kat, and maintained unflinchingly that the error of that gallant young officer arose solely through mistaken friendship and affection for him. The spy, who had evidently been drilled at court, now adroitly threw out certain hints respecting the feelings of Wilhelmina, which so incensed Frederic, that he instinctively moved his hand towards where his sword had used to be, and would unquestionably have run his interrogator through the body had the trusty weapon been still within his reach. Recollecting himself suddenly, he turned a look of intense scorn upon the military inquisitor, and said: 'If my father forgets himself, you would feel it to be your duty, were you a gentleman, to spare the honour of his daughter. The Princess Wilhelmina stands far beyond the reach of vulgar suspicion and calumny.

She is my sister, sir; and the time may yet come when it will be in my power to chastise all those persons who dare to cast aspersions upon her. For myself, you are welcome to heap on me every insult suggested by low and base natures. As a son and a prince, I shall submit, because it is my father's will. But let the vicissitudes which constantly take place in the affairs of this world suggest to you the prudence of remaining within the limit I prescribe to you; for, be assured, I have a memory which will treasure up whatever may be now submitted to it, whether for good or evil.'

The officer professed, and no doubt with truth, his willingness to be convinced by this reasoning. He also protested that he was acting strictly under orders, and said he would faithfully represent to his majesty the respectful and obedient state of mind in which he found the prince. Immediately afterwards he took his leave, and during the remainder of the day Frederic was not disturbed by the entrance of a single individual; even his food was forgotten to be brought to him, so that he became the victim of physical as well as mental depression. Not a footstep was heard in the neighbouring chambers, no sound of a sentinel in the court, and as he looked forth through the iron bars, he could behold nothing but a few withered leaves blown hither and thither by the wind. The sun shone faintly on the dusky walls, and a faintness came over him as the sense of absolute silence and stillness fell upon his heart. He had no books from which he might have sought some relief; his chamber was bare, containing nothing save an iron bedstead and a wooden seat, on which from time to time he threw himself in despair. The hours wore away, the shades of evening came on, and by degrees thickened into absolute darkness, and yet no attendant appeared either to bring him light or a morsel of bread. Being of a feeble constitution, this long abstinence affected him so much that in the course of the night he fainted on his bed, and remained plunged in a sort of stupor till morning.

When he came to himself, his mind was in a state of indescribable depression; stillness and silence continued to prevail throughout the fortress, where nothing but himself seemed to be endowed with life. Long he lay motionless on his hard pallet; but his feelings growing more and more painful every moment, he sprang on his feet and approached the window. Did his eyes deceive him, or was he plunged in some horrible dream? Concentrating all his soul in the sense of sight, he looked forth into the court with frantic terror. Darkness pervaded earth and air; yet through the gloom he could discern one object but too distinctly: it was the body of his gallant and intrepid friend dangling from a low gallows, which had been erected during the night, exactly opposite his window! He fell senseless on the floor, where he was found some hours afterwards by a common soldier, who, it is said, without orders, had sought the apartment out of pure compassion. For some time he supposed the prince to be dead; at length, however, he revived, though not to the same life he had lived before. The whole economy of his thoughts and the constitution of his mind were changed. He uttered no lamentations or threats, but one fixed purpose seemed to have taken possession of his soul—life and death appeared to have become indifferent to him. He refused to utter one single syllable when an officer entered to interrogate him, and the food which they at length bethought them of offering to him, he motioned away with a wave of the hand. Like his sister, he found relief in sickness, and the death with which his father had threatened him appeared for many days to be coming of its own accord.

In due time Frederic recovered, and in the course of years he became king of Prussia. He then remembered the murderers of Kat. The chief murderer was, he knew, beyond his reach; and so, when he came to make inquiries, were the others, for, bearing in mind that he

possessed a memory, they had vanished from the kingdom of Prussia, and sought refuge in other parts of Germany. Wilhelmina, whom, to the latest hour of his life, he loved tenderly, never forgot her attachment for Kat, and in the midst of war and political excitement, and the cravings of literary and philosophical ambition, Frederic often devoted whole hours to conversation with her. They then recalled the happy days they spent together with this only friend, whose memory they both cherished to the last. If it was Kat's ambition, therefore, to be loved, he succeeded, since he left in the minds of the two individuals he valued most, the deepest possible remembrance of his unexampled affection and fidelity.

### THE MONTH:

#### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

##### THE LIBRARY.

THE Russian and Turkish books which are the natural consequences of the present state of eastern and northern affairs, are, upon the average, of a mediocre quality—got up for the market, and a great proportion of them bearing evident marks of barefaced manufacture. Only one or two works have appeared shewing traces of their authors having been actually on the field, and eye-witness to the exploits of Omar Pacha. The London morning journals, however, with their usual enterprise, have sent special correspondents to the Danube and to the Asiatic side of the Euxine. Several of these gentlemen have gone out with the regiments, and we are already receiving from them letters marked no less by intelligence than graphic power of description. The French government are despatching, under the wing of their military and naval forces, able military recorders, marine and battle painters, with that most useful class of artists—photographers. We understand that General Raglan means to convey to the scene of action one chronicler, one painter, and one 'sun artist.' Happily, many of the officers are both artists and authors, by land and sea, and we may expect a copious crop of productions in both departments, which will have the great advantage of actual authenticity, and graphic description and illustration. The Baltic, we observe, as well as the Euxine, is also beginning to call forth its describers and chroniclers. We already have travellers who either indite from the fortified towns and rocky channels of the north, or hasten to put upon paper the reminiscences of former journeyings through the Sound or the Great Belt—with perhaps a summer excursion as far as Cronstadt. At all events, there is no doubt that the history—military, civil, topographical, and illustrated—of the war east and north, will be written and portrayed in far more detail than were the great contests of the Republic, of the Empire, and of the Peninsula, in their meagre gazettes and apocryphal war-journals touted round the streets by vociferous postmen.

Turning from the literature, present and to be expected, of the war, we proceed to notice a few of the most remarkable books of the past month, and amongst these we may class M. Guizot's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles I. to the Death of Oliver Cromwell*. Bentley.—This is an important work, full of new information of every species, from contemporary memoirs, from the state-archives both of France and England, and from histories of the era published down to the latest date. The style of M. Guizot is at once dignified, picturesque, and vigorous. The subject, indeed, demands this, and he at the same time throws the illumination of a calm and clear philosophy on the agitated state of the nation at the time, the ferocity and fanaticism of the Puritans, the fierce and vigorously

urged policy of the Protector, the great events which that produced, the dissolution of the Long Parliament, the Scotch and the Irish battles and victories. Nor are the effects of Cromwell's foreign policy neglected. On the contrary, the chapters touching them form both the most interesting and the most novel portion of the work. The execution of the king, the rapid career of success of the Puritan party, their marvellously soon acquired domination over the three kingdoms, the all but total subversion of the national church, and the enthronisation of the great leader, not in Westminster Abbey, but in Westminster Hall, where he was girt with a sword of state, clad in a robe of purple, presented with a rich Bible, and styled, if not His Majesty, at least His Highness—all these events astonished the entire continent. Once firmly established on his throne—for it was a true throne—he commenced a career of foreign policy of unsurpassed glory. He dictated peace to the United Provinces—avenged the injuries of Christendom on the pirates of the Mediterranean—seized Jamaica—and made himself almost a Puritan pope over the reformed communities of the continent, declaring to the descendant of St Peter, that 'unless mercy was shewn to the people of God, the English guns would be heard in the Vatican!' On all these topics, M. Guizot throws new light, chiefly in letters from Louis XIV. to Cromwell and Fairfax—which are now given to the world for the first time. Altogether, the last work of the French historian and statesman is one tending to diffuse great information and excite great interest in this and other countries. We may add, that M. Guizot has been fortunate in his translator—Mr Andrew R. Scoble—the style of whose English is highly commendable.

*Finland: Notes Collected in 1848, during an Excursion from St Petersburg to Torneo, by Prince Emmanuel Galitzin.* Paris.—We have here a Baltic book of a different calibre from the majority of those which we noticed at the commencement of this paper, matters political being in a very different state in 1848 from what they are in 1854. The topics of the travelling prince embrace only the themes of peace in a copious description of Finland. He descants upon its coasts, its floods, its mountains, its multitudes of lakes, offering great facilities for navigation, many of them communicating with each other—an important circumstance, since the mountain-roads are difficult and dangerous. The soil consists generally of a sandy loam; but it would appear that its fertility has declined since the tyranny of the czars has been exercised on the peasantry, instead of the mild rule of the Swedes, its rightful possessors. Finland abounds in rivers, some rapid, and all clear save one, the Cano, which is obscured with the mud of its channel. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to follow the multitudinous details touching climate, vegetation, minerals, such as lead, iron, slate, and granite, of which great quantities, and of the finest quality, are quarried. Passing, however, from mining, the prince notices the extent of cattle-rearing and fishing: he enters into more statistics of production than we have room for; gives an account of the Russian constitution of this vast province, sketches its towns, harbours, fortifications, and particularly two towns—the former Viborg, one of the most important places in the country, from its situation on sea-beaten rocks, fortified to the highest peak; and the latter, Helsingfors, which possesses the same advantages, but in still greater degree. The prince narrates at much length the varied fortunes of this fortress, which passed alternately from the Swedes to the Russians, and vice versa, until, in 1810, it was betrayed finally to the then ruling czar by the treachery of Admiral Cronstadt. This short *résumé* is intended to convey an idea only of the general character and amount of information garnered in the prince's *Notes Recueillies*. Incidentally, the accounts of the fortified



seaport towns give at this moment to the volume an interest and a value which it is probable the author never dreamed of when engaged upon his lively and comprehensive work.

*The Poetical Works of John Keats, with a Memoir by Richard Monckton Milnes.* Moxon.—Every new edition of Keats is a slap in the dead faces of his traducers. The more the pity that the poet's delicate, tender, and exquisitely poetic mind should have felt so keenly the hostility of the rude, cold, heartless, and lightless intellects which assailed him. But though kind friends supported him, and, what was better, appreciated him, of the two great literary organs of the day, the *Edinburgh* damned the budding poetic blossom with faint praise, and the *Quarterly* trampled it savagely and ignorantly beneath its rude feet. The fact is, that a new light was rising—that the luxurious, aspiring, emblazoned diction of the old poets was beginning to raise, and illumine a band of youthful aspirants, when they were set upon by the Cossacks of criticism—men who paid no reverence to, and had indeed little or no knowledge of Spenser and Chaucer, or of the mighty old dramatists, the pedestals of Shakspeare, or of the delicate subtlety and fine poetic cunning of the poets of the early part of the seventeenth century—such as Donne, or, in lesser degree, Cowley—contenting themselves with the attenuated though elegant, weak though witty, poetry of the time of Anne. These were the men who, not appreciating Keats and several of his contemporaries, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and even Lamb, indulged themselves in criticism, which present reviewers would shrink from, and as Shelley well said, 'hooted Keats from life.' The present edition has nothing of novelty, but Mr Scarf's illustrations are very beautiful.

#### THE STUDIO.

Since the last 'Month,' two exhibitions have been opened—that of the National Institution of Fine Arts in the Portland Gallery, at the top of Regent Street; and that of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

The former, which comprehends among its contributors not a few mediocrities, attains, nevertheless, to a greater degree of merit than it did last year. The worst of it is, that it is flooded with landscapes, most of them—particularly those of the Williams family, one of whom alone contributes fifteen works—being of a more or less monotonous character: Welsh landscapes, moonlight effects in forests, or brooks, heaths with sheep, glens, mists, harvest-homes, English lanes, and so forth, all treated in much the same manner. No. 48, by Arthur Gilbert, is the gem of the collection, *A Calm Evening*—a beautiful effect of setting sun over a placid river, rushes, and water-plants; on the right bank, which is in shadow, but still discernible, trees magnificently depicted; in clumps on the left, with the sinking rays of the sun upon a third of their higher branches, the lower and the trunks in shade. The water is painted with vivid truth; and, altogether, this is the landscape of the exhibition. One of the best *genre* painters is Frederick Underhill. His subjects are generally rustic children, in vigorously painted bits of landscape. E. J. Cobbet is another pleasant boy and girl painter. Mr J. E. Lauder contributes several ambitious works, among them *The Ten Virgins*. Here the grouping is good; the wise and foolish virgins are flung, the wise in the light, and the foolish in the dark, telling the story. John Surtees, besides several sweet landscape bits, gives *Blooming Heather*; the heather, deer's foot, and heath, well painted; and a capital couple of young moorlanders, boy and girl, coming merrily along with bundles of furze upon their backs. Samuel D. O. Swarbrick has a remarkably clever Chester gallery, with all its quaint perspectives, its lights and shades, falling on characteristic living life and still life. Alfred Provis contributes a most delicately

painted Breton interior, and several other pieces of the same class. Mr Glass, who has produced so many characteristic cavaliers and moss-troopers, disappointed us in his *Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven*. The royal fugitive sits with an unexpressive countenance on a stiffly galloping horse; while Douglas rides beside her and looks behind. The water of the midnight brook, through which they are plunging, is by no means well painted; and, altogether, the work is inferior to *The Raid*, or *The Guide*. With the mention of these few works, we have indicated the best specimens in the Gallery.

The Society of British Artists does not seem to be by any means keeping up its character. Its fault is a want of elevated subject. As in the National Institution, there is an overflow of landscape, so monotonous that the eye wearies under the tameness. Of historic subjects there are remarkably few compared with the number of works, 555; and of sacred subjects still fewer. Pictures of *genre* certainly abound, and of still life many highly finished specimens may be observed: *mais que valaient ils?*

To Mr Hurlstone, the president, we always look for Spanish subjects, done, as much as possible, after Murillo and Velasquez; but out of nine, six are portraits, and the remaining three are Moorish, and of these we must do them the justice to say, that they are well drawn, richly and harmoniously painted, and full of the national expression. The best of the landscapes are those by Mr Boddington, who contributes nine, all superior works, of mountain, river, and lake scenery; and those by Mr Clint, who has a stormy sea-scene off Scarborough, which shews fine feeling for marine, and rock, and gloomy sky scenery. After a charmingly painted cabinet picture, struck off to the life—the bustle of a French port—the rest of his contributions are mountain and river landscapes. Mr Pyne sends Italian landscapes; and Mr Zeiller—whose works are generally Norwegian landscapes, and sledges in snow-storms, chamois-hunters and shepherds—this year changes his quarters to Walachian mountains and mountaineers, which he paints with the same vivid snow effects, and well-drawn men and horses. There are a multiplicity of other landscapes, the general character of which we have indicated. And as *genre* cabinets, we may mention, in conclusion, Mr C. Baxter's graceful treatment of *La Pansa*; and another work of the same class, Mr Collins's *Juliet*, which is full of sweetness and tenderness of expression. Still another graceful head is that of Mr Havell's, the subject Adeleine, from Tennyson. *The Gleaner*, by Mr A. Fussell, is a small work, but of much promise.

A few days ago the Royal Panopticon was opened. This building, situated in Leicester Square, is perfectly unique of its kind: it is the only specimen of pure Saracen architecture in England—the representation, in fact, with some necessary alterations, of the most perfect hall existing in the Alhambra; the Saracen style being preserved to the minutest detail, from the horseshoe arch of the gate, to the tessellated glass of the fountain, the Moorish lamps, and the Moorish cyphers and emblazonments. Inside, the blaze of adornment is startling. The general form of the hall is round: the three galleries which run along the walls are supported by fourteen pillars. These pillars are diversely ornamented with beautiful Moorish arabesque, in various styles, and lead up to the dome, which is a blaze of decoration disposed in broad belts, each differing from the rest, and rising on a circle of horseshoe arches—a circular light in the extreme height of the roof, which is 97 feet, the diameter of the hall being the same. The building is intended to be devoted to science and to the manufacture of the most elegant of household articles, in a great variety of departments; as yet, the rule being that everything sold upon the establishment is to be made within its walls.

We only refrain now from a more extended description, because an article treating the subject at a length which would be inadmissible here, has been prepared, and will presently appear.

We looked the other day into the studio of Mr John Jones, to view the plaster casts of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, which Mr Jones had recently presented for inspection at Buckingham Palace. This is the first bust ever modelled of Her Majesty with the lips closed, and we fear we can hardly style it an improvement to the face; but tastes differ, and we shall certainly not discuss so delicate a point: at all events, both busts are exceedingly like the royal sitters. In the studio, are a similar pair of casts of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie, also by Mr J. Jones. Of the former we can speak: it is strongly characteristic. The empress too, particularly in her exquisite profile, is a close resemblance.

There is on exhibition in Marlborough House a very curious collection in terra cotta—and one or two in wax—of model statuettes principally executed as designs for great works by Michael Angelo, and a single specimen by Raphael. Only six or seven out of fifty are of real value. A wax model of a skeleton, by Michael Angelo, is a wonderful piece of art; and a magnificently moulded hand grasping a bowl, has been vainly attempted by hundreds of imitators. A monumental recumbent figure, for a tomb of the Medici in a church in Florence, is very striking; and a group of Hercules and Cacus, although much injured, is a most vigorous piece of struggle. The Raphael is called a Jonah, representing that personage as a prophet. The attitude is an outstretched one, shewing all the limbs, of which the modelling is the most exquisite thing that can be imagined. The collection is stated to have remained long hidden in a house in Florence. It has been successively offered in vain to the Austrian and French governments, and it is now here to tempt the English. The Jonah, we understand, is valued by several high authorities at L.1500; if so, how much for the Michael Angelos?

#### THE GREAT STEAM-SHIP.

The ways for laying down the projected immense screw and paddle steamer for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company are in the course of completion at the yard of Mr Scott Russell at Millwall. Many hundreds of tons of iron for her keel are ready to be put together, and the contracts have been signed for the completion and launching of the ship within two years. The extreme length on main-deck will be 700 feet, being 430 feet longer than the *Himalaya* steamer; extreme length of keel, 680 feet; extreme breadth of beam, 83 feet; depth of hold (forming four decks), 58 feet; length of principal saloon, 80 feet; height of ditto, 15 feet; tonnage, 10,000, or builder's measurement, 22,000 tons; stowage for coal, 10,000 tons; stowage for cargo, 5000 tons; 500 first-class cabins, with ample space for second and third class passengers, besides troops, &c.; while her screw and paddle engines will be of the aggregate nominal power of 2800 horse. She will also carry an immense quantity of sail. The principle of construction, as designed by Mr Brunel, will be similar to that of the tube of the Britannia Bridge. Her bottom, decks, and sides are to be double, and of a cellular form, with 2 feet 6 inches between. She will have fourteen water-tight compartments, also two divisional bulkheads running her whole length, so that it would appear as if the principle of the T girder, as we suggested, only in this case doubled, were comprised in the new principles of construction. The great length of the ship, it is contended, according to all present experience, will enable her to pass through the water at a greater velocity, with a similar power in proportion to her tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots an hour, and that speed is, in fact, another result of great size. The immense proportions will admit of carrying sufficient fuel to accomplish a voyage round the world.—*Builder*.

#### THE UNIVERSAL.

BY W. STEDMAN.

Is there an eye that looks around,  
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and ocean,  
And sees no gentle things abound,  
To stir the soul to sweet commotion?  
No voiceless song of harmonies?  
No music sounded through the eyes?

Is there a soul that dwells within  
An eye of hazel, brown, or blue,  
That sees not, 'mid the clash and din  
Of changing worlds, a beauty too?  
Serenest sunbeams resting lightly  
O'er the volcano, burning brightly.

In every ray that falls on earth,  
And from that earth reflected rises,  
There is a joy, a gentle mirth,  
That soon the captive soul surprises;  
Sweet glimpses of the lost ideal,  
Flashing about the transient real.

The pretty flower that decks the lea,  
Each day its bosom opening wider,  
Yields choicest honey to the bee,  
But poison to the bloated spider.  
And are there hearts and eyes that see  
This difference of philosophy?

As with the part, so with it all;  
As with the flower, so with creation,  
And there's for hate, as bitter gall,  
As honey sweet for adoration.  
Ah! honey sweet, a busy bee,  
Let's work in thy philosophy.

#### PRESTIGE OF SPECTACLES.

I descended to the Kulhait river, on my route back to Dorjiling, visiting my very hospitable tipping friend the Kajee of Lingcham on the way down. He humbly begged me to get him a pair of spectacles, for no other object than to look wise, as he had the eyes of a hawk. He told me that mine drew down universal respect in Sikkim, and that I had been drawn with them on in the temple at Changachelling, and that a pair would not only wonderfully become him, but afford him the most pleasing recollections of myself. Happily, I had the means of gratifying him, and have since been told that he wears them on state occasions.—*Hooker's Himalayan Journals*.

#### THE WIDOW'S ERRATUM.

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *HERR*, and substituted *NA* in their place, thus altering the sentence from, 'and he shall be thy Lord' (*Herr*), to, 'and he shall be thy Fool' (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum, and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

**CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS.**—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY OF TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will satisfy, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Nine volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

Part XIX. just issued, price 5d.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Art.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 18.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOCIAL POLARISATION.

THE death of the amiable Judge Talfourd at the moment when deploring, as a cause of demoralisation and crime, the separation of classes in English society and the want of sympathy between them, has lately brought those sad social facts again prominently under notice. For a few years, they have been kept comparatively out of view, in consequence, apparently, of the great changes flowing from the general liberation of industry; but, like nature, however they may be expelled, they will be sure to recur and draw attention, so long as they continue to have any existence.

It becomes a profoundly interesting question, Can this separation of classes and consequent division of sympathies and interests be remedied? With a great indisposition to consider this question unhelpfully, we must confess that, notwithstanding such partial efforts in the right direction as entertainments by masters to men, gentlemen coming forward as popular lecturers, societies for improving the dwelling-houses of the working-classes, and the interest taken by gentlefolks generally in the getting-up of schools, we see a powerful tendency to a continually widening separation—a tendency which seems inseparable from that very freedom we possess of pursuing each his own worldly interests, on which the activity of our industrial system so much depends, and against which no one will listen to a single word.

It is allowable to put this matter to the proof of a personal appeal, and we would therefore ask the best inclined master and mistress, of the middle classes, if they feel it to be possible to come to more familiar terms with their servants. We would ask any candid individual, accustomed to live independently of trade, and tuned to the proud refinements which a superiority to drudging industry produces, if he thinks the time can ever come when he will condescend to be on visiting terms with any of his *trades-people*. The responses are only too well known before they are uttered. On the continent, as we well know, there is less fastidiousness, because, less advanced in industrial organisation, the circumstances of individuals have not yet arrived there at so great a discrepancy. It is here we read a solution to the riddle, that England is voted as at once the most mercantile and aristocratic of countries. It is a thing, unfortunately, which acts and reacts, for, as the withdrawal of the high goes on, the low, from want of the influence of their superiors, are thrown lower, and, thus becoming the more repulsive to that class, tend to be further separated from them. The process may be described in a word, by borrowing an idea from one of the physical sciences: it is social polarisation.

It has revealed itself in many prominent facts of the last hundred years. We see it in the constantly increasing disposition of the more comfortable classes in large towns to draw off into *west ends* or other detached districts, leaving their inferiors to herd in large masses, free from their leavening influence. In our own city of Edinburgh, for example, high and low once lived in literally the same houses, though in different floors, and many kindly charities must then have been exercised between the rich and poor, since the one class came daily before the eyes of the other. Now, the one class lives in the *new town*, and the other in the *old*, with no connection between them beyond what may be kept up by missionaries and the agents of benevolent societies. So also in old times, when farmers were plain, drudging men, they were content to live in the same apartment with their engaged assistants. Their own sons and daughters, if they had a superfluity of them, being liable to go out and act as servants to others, they never thought of any degradation or even condescension attending this practice; and, according to all accounts, while the farmer and his family were perhaps less exalted as moral beings than they are now, the servants (if it be just to call them by such a name) were not less remarkably superior to the occupants of the *bothies* of our days. The present farmer, working a good capital in his business, and enjoying many of the refinements of life, cannot live with his servants—can still less allow his children to live with them: the servants, therefore, must needs herd with each other, without any of that benefit which they formerly derived from the moral influences, such as they were, which were exerted by their masters in their daily intercourse. In like manner, the small manufacturer of the early part of the last century had all his apprentices, and many of his other hands, as inmates of his house, where, of course, they must have been somewhat tempered by any moral force that might reside in himself. The large manufacturer of our day stands hopelessly separated, in domestic respects, from his work-people. These must needs live amongst themselves, with no spark of a sustaining or elevating social influence among them, except the comparatively abstract and weak one which the zealous clergyman may attempt to bring into play, he being at best but a visitor, not an associate or a neighbour. It is refinement that does all this. It is refinement that shuts us up in our handsome houses, that forbids us to address our servants kindly and confidentially. Such, really, is the paradox of our civilisation. Raising society at one end, it depresses it at the other. We are, in a word, *polarised*.

We have, then, great systems of industry, tending to concentrate and economise means, and to increase

wealth, but just as clearly tending to widen social distinctions, and so create great and painful problems in another direction.

But, it is said, the worker gets his fair share of the proceeds of this new style of industry: he has far higher wages than he formerly had. Quite true. From the cheapness, too, effected by the concentrated industry, the workman of our time, even though he had still only the same nominal wages, could now command a far larger share of the luxuries of life than he ever could before. As it is admitted that the working-class are in a less satisfied, as well as satisfactory state, than they were long ago, the necessary inference is, that they make a worse use of their advantages than they might and ought to do. Well, this is in a great measure true also. It has even been found that crime rises and falls amongst them in attendance on rise and fall of wages—Judge Talfourd stated this in his last speech—and it is a common observation among masters, that, as a rule, the higher paid workmen conduct themselves least respectably, and bring up their families worst. It is a fact to the same purport, though not generally seen, that we never heard till these days of large operative gains, of there being so much to find fault with in the dwellings of the working-class. Undoubtedly, were their now larger incomes managed as well as their formerly low wages were, houses would be provided for them on the ordinary principles of trade, instead of being left to the partial and inadequate efforts of employers and benevolent associations. But how comes it that the higher gains tell so ill for the benefit of the class? We have pondered much on this question, and for years found no sort of rest in it. We have turned it in all sorts of lights, and viewed it in every relation we could think of. One point we have latterly concluded upon as quite clear—namely, that for so broad and constant a result, only some large, pervading, and tremendous cause could account. There must be some terrible tendency, or some terrible deficiency, in the state of the lower labouring world, under our new industrial dynasty. Well, is it not just the widened distinction which has taken place between employer and employed?—the increased hopelessness of passing from the one condition to the other, in consequence of the comparatively large capital now required for mastership?—and not merely the larger comparative capital, but the larger comparative skill, will, self-denial, moral force of all kinds. It is notorious that the well-paid artisan, with an employed family, will realise more income than many a working clergyman or schoolmaster, while it is ten to one that he even makes the attempt to use it equally well. To lay up any part of it does not occur to one in a score, or if it occurs is set aside, with, 'What is the use of my saving? I cannot sensibly increase my income by it—it would perish at the first exigency.' There is, in short, an absence of some needful self-working principle in his case—something analogous to the cheap defence of nations—that would save us this continual distressing, worrying crusade for the elevation of the labouring masses, by making them elevate themselves. Is it not simply that the motive power of Hope—that power which causes the merchant and trader to continually strain to make the little more—is wanting in the workers, placed as they now are in a system where wealth always creates wealth in an increasing ratio, and the destruction of the poor is peculiarly their—poverty, we were going to say, but it is more just to say, a degree of means larger absolutely, but smaller relatively, and so far as its power of accomplishing progress for the holder is concerned, than formerly fell to their lot?

The fact undoubtedly is that some men rise from the condition of operatives into that of masters, for some of our greatest manufacturers are known to have been originally working-men. It is a possibility for some sin-

gularly constituted and happily circumstanced men thus to rise; but it is not sufficiently easy to do so, and the examples do not tell upon the multitude. Once a man has fairly got into the capitalised and employing position, he obtains the benefit of that gale of antagonism, which continually works to the making the master's little more, and if he possess real prudence and self-command, he probably ends in wealth. But below that point, there is continually blowing an equally powerful gale in the contrary direction. The ultimate divarication is startling. We contemplate at this moment a family of clever prudent men who have risen from a lowly sphere to enormous wealth, and are now planting themselves in the superb halls and broad estates of the ancient gentry, while the armies of their workmen are generally so devoid of any tendency to make an economical use of their gains, that it is thought to be a real, though negative benefit to them, to be called upon to purchase the necessities of life from stores established by their masters—establishments which in themselves yield the masters a handsome income. It is not merely a separation of conditions and sympathies which we have to deplore, but a constantly widening distinction in intellect, force of character, and morals. The masters, merely as human beings, become colossi; the men are dwarfed. And how is it to be wondered at, when the former see every day how additional capital and additional character are the means of improving fortune, while the latter have neither any immediate use for saved money, nor any reason to think that their morals will in the smallest degree affect their prospects?

Society may wail over this spectacle; but we more than fear that, in the circumstances, the antagonism is unavoidable and irresistible. It is a principle deep founded in the constitution of the world, and which we see working in every moral scene. It may be a strange consideration, but it is a true one, that beyond a certain point, even virtue reacts unfavourably on society. The *very good* are the cause why there are others *very bad*. It is because very good people necessarily abhor vice and error of all kinds—throw it off from them, fly from it, leave its victims hopelessly condemned, and therefore liable to become worse and worse. The moderately good, not viewing it with such repugnance, retaining still some sympathies for their erring brethren or sisters, give them, it may be said, a chance. By keeping them in their own congregation, they may even exercise some good influence in recovering them. It has often been wondered at that certain out-cast classes are so much more wretched in this country than in others; but it is simply because good society is so much more fastidiously moral here. We claim—and in all sincerity think we are acting very right in claiming, the privilege of 'cutting' this person and casting off that, of denouncing this man's guilt and that woman's sin, and resolving to have no more to say or do with this person and that person; never once reflecting what is to be their next move after our withdrawal, although we see in numberless instances that it is a downward one. In a less high-strained society, there is no such casting out, and while the best are but tolerably good, there are none so very bad.

It is a very natural idea to occur—it is no worse to you that I am much richer, more refined, more virtuous than you, and why should you complain or be envious? But there is, we see, a ground of complaint after all in these discrepancies. Great means in a few hands do most undoubtedly crush the commercial efforts of small men, although perhaps redounding to the good of the entire community. Extreme refinement keeps common breeding at a distance, and allows it no chance of improvement. Exquisite morality directly tends to produce the too well named 'abandoned.' All these things we see at work in this advanced society of ours, and blossoming abundantly in heart-burnings and

strikes among the workers, and a *lues populi*, such as nobody dreamt of when the phrase was first used. Are there any remedies to be had? No nostrums, we suspect, though facilities for small joint-stock concerns among operatives may be admitted to be a hopeful means of somewhat correcting that reckless frame of mind in which so much of the evil subsists. The thing, to all appearance, will go on, on, on, perhaps with some occasional checking and correction, but on the whole stretching the paradox wider and wider, till either it cracks in terrific confusion, or some great prophet arises to give mankind a new direction and a better destiny.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### TRAVELS OF DISCOVERY.

THE dinner-carriages had disappeared. So had the cabs bound for the theatres. The omnibuses were few and far between; and more than an hour ago those persons who patronised neither cab nor omnibus, but walked home from business, had reached their suburban dwellings and six o'clock tea. The visible population of London had changed its character, both in respect to numbers and appearance. The females had an air of directness, as if they had chosen the hour for business; the men wore generally that solitary look which betrays the want of a family fireside; the policemen mustered strong, having sallied forth to take their promenade uninterrupted by the crowd, or to make the agreeable to Polly, who had come up from the hot kitchen, when the dinner was fairly off her hands, to breathe the fresh air on the area-steps. London was mostly within doors. Some of the inhabitants were at dinner—these were the aristocrats; some had already dined, and were chatting over their wine—these were the upper middle classes; some were at tea—these were the lower middle classes; some had left tea more than two hours behind, and were longing for supper—these were the small shopkeepers and hand-workers. The guest-rooms of most of the houses were full; so were the theatres; so were the exhibitions; so were the popular churches where evening-service was performed; and in a proportionate degree the streets were empty. But it was not a gloomy void that was thus presented; for the shop-windows blazed, and the long lines of gas-lamps sparkled like stars in the blackness of the evening.

In approaching the suburbs, the glare was gradually left behind, the shops and lamps becoming fewer, and the former sometimes disappearing altogether. The aspect of the scene, early as the hour was, became decidedly solitary; and this character was aided even by the few lights, occurring at regular but distant intervals. The road leading towards the Bayswater suburb, so busy and so gay a few hours ago, might almost be described as dreary; the country-like expanse of Hyde Park being left behind, and only the blank wall of Kensington Gardens lining one side of the way. When a solitary cab was seen to stop here at one of the turnings, the few *piétons* passing regarded it as a relief, and looked with languid curiosity at the descent of the single person it contained. Those who did so turned to look again; for although the individual was shrouded from head to foot in a black cloak and veil, with the hood drooping far over her bonnet, there was an unmistakable air of distinction in her

walk and carriage. She moved quietly along, however, up the turning, and the spectators passed on their way.

The lady walked slowly and collectedly up the street, as if she was going to her own or a neighbour's house; but when she had gained the end, she paused and hesitated. Streets were on all sides—before, behind, and on either hand. She chose the left, and thus proceeded further to the west. At the end of that street there was another pause, another self-consultation, and she turned to the right. Then came a longer pause: the evening was dark, the lamps few, the wilderness of brick and stucco seemingly interminable. Occasionally somebody passed her, and turned round to look: this made her quicken her steps. Once or twice a policeman turned the bull's eye of his lantern upon her veiled face, and then wheeling about, followed her; but gradually his pace became slower, and then he altogether abandoned the pursuit. This is an ordinary ruse of the Force, who calculate on the individual followed, if conscious of having been at any unlawful work, betraying his delinquency by taking to flight; but in the present case the veiled lady did not run, but glide at what appeared to be her usual rate of speed.

She at length seemed to regret her reserve or timidity, and looked round as if in search of some one to direct her. A servant-girl at the moment came out of one of the houses, and she addressed her.

'Kensington Gravel Pits?' said the girl. 'Oh, you must take that street opposite, and go on a good step. You are from the Tyburn way?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you see you have come out of your road. Hartwell Place? I don't know that; you must ask again when you get nearer it.' The lady bowed and glided on, and the girl stood staring after her till the black figure was lost in the black darkness.

Soon after this, while the solitary wayfarer was passing a house of some pretensions, the door suddenly opened, and from the brilliantly lighted hall several young men, who had apparently been too familiar with the wine-decanter, issued forth in boisterous merriment. One of them, struck with the nun-like figure that was gliding past, followed her, while his laughing companions incited him to the chase with a view-hollo that made the street ring. The lady quickened her gliding pace—quicker—quicker—till the gentleman fairly ran, and at his highest speed. She distanced him for a time, turning several corners, and darting across several streets, till at length he was sensibly gaining upon her, and would perhaps have ultimately won the race, had not his foot been caught by a large stone, which brought him down with a heavy fall. Two policemen turning the nearest corner at the moment, witnessed the accident, and seeing a female in the act of flight, one of them pursued her, while the other went to the assistance of the gentleman, who lay stunned upon the street.

The policeman was a still more dangerous enemy than the gentleman, for he sprang his rattle as he ran, and presently the terrifying sound was heard taken up at several points, some distant, some nearer, as if by echoes. When turning the next corner, the fugitive was intercepted and caught roughly by the arm, while the glare of a bull's eye was turned upon her face. Still she spoke no word; and when the pursuer came up, the two were about to lead her back to where the supposed offence had been committed, when the footsteps of the other policeman were heard thundering along the street, and his voice exclaiming: 'All's right—Let her alone!' When he approached, he explained that the gentleman had fallen by accident, and that the lady ran only because he had frightened her: even before he had finished she had moved away in silence as before, and was already at some distance.

'Are you sure you are right?' said one of the trio. 'Isn't it odd, that if frightened, she didn't cry out? I don't like that silence!'

'Don't the gentleman know best anyhow?' replied P. 47. 'If he don't charge, we can't take her; and sure a woman's boulding her tongue is no offence!'

When the silent lady reached a certain distance, she slackened her pace, panting like a hunted deer. But there was something resolute even in her quick-drawn breaths, and her figure was still erect and her nerves strung. She had not given in. She would carry out her project, whatever it was, in spite of fortune. But, owing to her ignorance of the locality, rendered practically darker by the darkness of the evening, she had made a mistake. She had left the cab too soon: it might have taken her far nearer the scene of action, without the slightest risk of its awakening observation. Her intrepidity was not of so common a kind as might be supposed; for until now she had never in her life been in the case of an unprotected female. She had hitherto moved through the world like a queen in a play, surrounded by domestics, court, army, and preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets. To find herself alone and on foot, wandering in the dark, and through unknown paths, stared at like a spectre by the passers-by, and hunted like a criminal by policemen—this was a situation so absolutely at variance with her rôle, that the courage which sustained her must have been something truly heroic.

But Claudia was determined, *coute qui coute*, to ascertain a certain fact; and a few words with Mr Poringer, spoken apparently at random, had shewn her that this would be easy, if she could only reach the place unobserved. She would be fooled by nobody. She would believe nothing but what was revealed to her by her own eyes. She would distrust Adolphus; she would distrust his lackey; she would distrust Miss Heavystoke; she would distrust Oaklands; she would distrust her own father. She would see, learn, know everything herself. Her visit to the family lawyer, which was on ordinary business, might have been paid at any other time, or she might have sent, more characteristically, for him to wait upon her; but she chose to go, and at an unusual hour, that her father might be from home during her absence, and that she might have an excuse for making use of a conveyance not driven or accompanied by the servants of the family. Her meeting there with Sara, and the nature of this young person's business, which she had extracted from the lawyer, gave her a sensation so new and strange that she could not analyse it. It served to fix her resolve, however, still more firmly; it elevated her courage, it gave speed to her steps, and made her feel as if every moment was precious, as if she had already lost time, as if her fate depended upon her object being attained that evening.

The adventures she encountered had been quite unforeseen; but her habitual presence of mind had been equal to the exigency. To summon the aid of the police, to complain, to utter even a word that might seem to require explanation, would have been to run the risk of public inquiry. Even to ask her way frequently, appeared to her to be dangerous to her scheme; and it was, therefore, chiefly by dint of patient prowling, that she at length succeeded in reaching the opening of Hartwell Place, the name of which she read by the light of a dull lamp at the corner. It was at this hour a singularly gloomy-looking avenue; the gardens forming one side of the way being a mass of impenetrable shadow, while the only light in the street beyond the corner where she stood was a kind of luminous haze, thrown forth apparently from a window at the further end. This shewed her that the information she had received concerning the locality was correct; and with the same deliberate and noiseless pace with which she had been accustomed to float up the long

vista of her own drawing-room, she glided on along the solitary street. The object of her journey of discovery being simply to look in for a moment at the window, we will now give the reader a peep of the interior: but in doing this, we must be permitted to proceed in our own deliberate way.

Robert Oaklands had not been idle during the long intervals of his visits to his Wearyfoot friends. A portion of the day he gave up to writing for the weekly and monthly periodicals, for he could not afford now to wait the slow movements of a quarterly; and the rest of his time he spent in inquiry and reflection on a plan he had hitherto kept to himself. His resolution, however, had that very day been taken; and in the evening, when Mr Driftwood called, he did not scruple to mention to him and Mrs Margery what he was about to do.

'You may remember, Mr Driftwood,' said he, 'that when I came to London first, in reply to your question as to how I proposed to live, I gave you a long list of my accomplishments, and you seemed to think that even a small portion of the number would suffice.'

'I think so still,' replied the artist: 'what you want is steadiness—you won't stick to a thing when you begin it. If you had followed the painting, you might have been near me by this time; and, at any rate, if you had joined me in business, as I proposed, you might have rattled off the portraits as your share of the work, while I executed gallery-pictures that would have been a fortune to us both one day.'

'Even the portraits, I fear,' said Robert, smiling, 'would have wanted the Grecianizing hand of the master!'

'So they would—I would have touched them all over after you. Come, you shall have a chance yet: take back your word, and come to Jernyn Street to-morrow.' Robert shook his head.

'Then what are you to be after? You took to the cabinet-making, not so genteel a thing as painting to be sure, but still you would have done well enough there if you had only stuck to it. But some new crotchet came in the way, and no human being could tell what you were about for ever so long. You may have been a billiard-marker for aught I know; and even that would have been more rational than hunting about, as Margery's idea was, here, there, and everywhere, after grand relations you never saw or heard tell of in your life.'

'That is all true—sit quiet, Margery, and don't mind him—but cabinet-making, you know, would never have brought me more than journeyman's wages, and I had, and have, a strong fancy for something more. Still my projects have all failed—I admit that, and it is necessary to try something new. Now, you may remember my capabilities were not bounded by painting, cabinet-making, and authorship.'

'Oh, you could do fifty other things, I know, and I saw you myself do half of them. You are a house-painter, a glazier, a carpenter, a bricklayer, a slater, and so on—but what is the use of that? Would you be more than a journeyman for the number of your trades? You could carry a hod, too, ever so high. Stuff!—If you could get up a pole one-third of the length, and stand on your head on the top of it, it would be more to the purpose.'

'Perhaps I could do even that: I shouldn't mind trying if it came to the push. But the truth is, I think it a pity that such accomplishments as these should be lost, and lost they are in an old country where all of them are separate and crowded trades. I am going to try a new field, Driftwood; yes, Margery, and one where it will go hard with me if I cannot find a lump of gold the size of an egg at least, to send home to you. This announcement excited a great commotion in the room. The artist took it upon him to be exceedingly angry with his imprudent young friend; and Mrs



Margery, so rudely awakened from her favourite dream, could hardly find voice for remonstrance.

'And just when it was all coming out,' said she, 'exactly as I told from the first! It's a flying in the face of Providence to interfere with fate, that's what it is! See if you will get as comfortable a room in these outlandish places, or as nice a bit of victuals as any lord in the land has on his plate, or a shirt more spotless than you will find in the first drawing-room in England! And see if you will get anybody to mind your little comforts—and rise before daylight to get your breakfast the first thing, so that you may not work on an empty stomach—and think nothing of anything, but thank you for it all—and feel so proud, and so happy—happy!'—and poor Margery lifted up her voice and wept.

'What he will get,' said Driftwood, sententially, 'is cold and rage, with the damp ground to lie upon; starvation if he finds no gold, and a pickaxe through his skull if he does.'

'Don't mind him, Margery,' said Robert, soothingly—'that picture is quite in the out-of-doors-style: I shall never, it is true, either abroad or at home, meet with the comfort and kindness I enjoy here; but I can rough it as well as most people, and I can work and live where men of higher talent and higher rearing would sit down and perish. As for the pickaxe, I am not sure that I shall put myself in the way of it at all—I rather think I shall not. The mines are a lottery in which there are only a few prizes to a thousand blanks; but in the midst of a population, one-half of which is an idiot, and the other half will not work at ordinary trades, there must be numerous fields of industry and ingenuity for such as I.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by a single knock at the door, and Doshy presently ushered in a female visitor, handsomely dressed in walking-costume. It was Molly; and the two Wearyfoot friends were in one another's arms in an instant, Mrs Margery weeping on her friend's bosom, and her friend, who was never behind hand on such occasions, weeping with her, and taking the cause of sorrow upon trust. Molly, after this preliminary business was over, curtsied to Robert with some awkwardness, for, like other sensitive ladies, Molly was the victim of conventionalism. She knew that it would be improper to be so familiar with a gentleman of his figure and manners, but she longed to tell him at once how sorry she was for her late ill-humour. To sit down with him like an equal was out of the question, but there was no other room in the house with a fire, which the weather rendered indispensable; so the matter was compromised by her and Doshy getting well into a corner, while Mrs Margery occupied an intermediate place between them and the gentlemen. Molly was too much astonished at the news that was speedily communicated to her in whispers by Doshy to be able quite to comprehend it at first; but she was assisted in this by recollecting the fact she had come herself to announce, that the captain and his retainers were to set out the next day on their return home. There seemed to her to be something strangely sympathetic in the two movements—the one to Australia, the other to Wearyfoot; and she took the liberty of thinking, that, for all Mrs Margery's experience, there was as much genuine fate in the one denouement as in the other. Robert received the intelligence without apparent emotion; for he got up presently, as if to fetch a book from the shelf at the further end of the room. But he did not find what he wanted; for he returned, and then went back again, and so kept wandering up and down the floor, as if he had lost himself on the Common.

'It is very easy,' said Driftwood at last—for he, too, had been in a reverie—'it is very easy to talk of going here and there—but how is it to be done? You will want money, Oaklands, money to get you an outfit, to

take you to the antipodes, to enable you to travel from the coast to the mines, and to keep you alive till your earnings begin to come in. For my own part, you see, these confounded guineas are very slow, and my gallery-pictures have not yet been found out by the connoisseurs. In another year or so I should be able to give you a cheque for a thousand easily enough, and that would insure your success; but at present, why'—

'For the present,' interrupted Robert, 'I cordially accept your good wishes instead. A smaller sum than you mention would indeed make the adventure easy, and expedite my return, perhaps by many years; but talking of that is of no use—I see my way towards raising by and by what is actually necessary, and hard work, perseverance, and time must do the rest. Come, instead of a thousand pounds, you shall give me a couple of your spare brushes, Driftwood; and I will take as much care of them as I did of the cake Molly made for me at my first exodus from the Lodge. I kept that cake, Molly, for months, and it did me more good than any cake I ever ate before or since.' This made Molly burst into a nervous laugh that ended in a gush of tears—with which she half-drowned a little girl who had the mishap to enter the room at the moment.

This little girl was followed by two little boys. They were the children of a poor widow who lived in the upper part of the house, and were in the frequent habit of receiving lessons in reading from Robert in the evening when he was at home, besides a good hunch of bread and butter from Mrs Margery. The little creatures were very poorly dressed, but clean and tidy, and had been so kindly treated by their hosts that they felt and behaved as if they were members of the family. Robert had already one of the boys by his knee, with the lesson-book open on the table; another was climbing into Mrs Margery's lap; and the girl was struggling to get away from Molly, whose intentions she was not altogether sure of—when that young lady let her go suddenly, head over heels upon the floor, and gave a loud scream.

Margery flew to her friend, and Robert and Driftwood likewise rose hastily. Molly, however, answered not a word to their questions, but sat staring at the window, with her round eyes dilated even beyond their usual size, and absolutely blazing with astonishment. There was nothing at the window to account for her scream. If the evening had not been so dark, it might have been supposed that the waving of the trees in the gardens opposite had excited her imagination; for Mrs Margery had been in the habit at Wearyfoot of dispensing with shutters, the kitchen windows opening into the garden, and her present abode being the last house in the row, and there being no passage beyond, she still kept up the custom.

'What ever is the matter with you, Molly?' said Mrs Margery; 'have you lost your senses since you came to London?' At the moment a carriage chanced to pass the end of the street.

'There—there!' cried Molly; 'I knew I could not be mistaken! It's a face nobody could mistake who had once seen it, and it was lighted with two eyes that were like gas jets looking in at the window!'

'Is it a spirit you fancy you have seen?' asked Driftwood.

'O no, sir; I know better than that—a spirit doesn't go off in a carriage, but in a flash of brimstone! Though it was like a spirit too; for its black mourning-dress seemed only a piece of the black night; its black hood was raised over its brow that it might stare in upon us the better, and so the lighted face looked as if it was floating in the air.'

'Molly,' said Robert, earnestly, 'of whom are you talking?'

'Of Miss Falcontower.

'The girl's crazy,' cried Driftwood, indignant at having been betrayed into excitement by so palpable an absurdity.

'Did you ever see the lady,' said Robert with much vexation, 'you have so thoughtlessly named?'

'Oh, I saw her come out of her carriage, and I was told who she was.'

'That accounts for your illusion. Her face being a very remarkable one, has dwelt in your imagination; and that dark window with the panes glittering in the fitful light of the candle and the fire, has supplied you with materials for a picture.'

'Oh, that's all very well for you, Master Robert,' said Molly, somewhat sullenly; 'but for my part, I can't see nothing but what's before me; and if this was my last moment, I'm ready to make oath that what I did see was neither ghost nor picture, but Lord Luxton's daughter.'

Robert was much struck with the earnestness of this declaration. There was obviously no intentional deception on Molly's part, and the chance of her being under a delusion herself seemed at least to diminish. But how to account for the presence of that unfathomable Claudia? Could it be that the wild notions of Margery—for he now understood how these had been confounded with his apparently more tangible expectations—had reached the ears of the Falcontowers? Could it be that he himself was suspected of being at the bottom of the fraud, and that Claudia's was a visit of espial, intended to ascertain from external appearances his real position in the world? But this idea merely flitted across his mind for a moment; for how could she have known of Margery's custom—a very uncommon one in London—with regard to the window; and, ignorant of this, could it have been her intention to inquire from door to door into his circumstances? More than all, how was it possible to suppose that one with so many dependents at her command would undertake in her own person so singular a task?

To reason on the subject, however, was vain; and, taking up his hat, he proposed, as he sometimes did, to accompany Driftwood, who was now preparing to go, to the end of the street. It was arranged that the artist should have the felicity of escorting Molly home; but that young lady, saying that she would join him presently, lingered behind to bid a confidential good-by to Mrs Margery. Her friend had by this time dried her tears, or else the triumphant smiles that broke on her good-looking face had absorbed them naturally. As soon as the gentlemen were gone, she whirled Molly to a corner of the room, out of view of the window, and laying her two hands on her shoulders, and putting her mouth to her ear, said in an eager whisper—

'Don't you see, girl? Isn't it all coming out, just as I told you from the first? And isn't the denouement hastening on as fast as ever it can?'

'What's coming out?' said Molly in astonishment, 'when Master Robert is going to the other world, and Miss Sara to Wearyfoot?'

'Hush, not a word! You don't know anything about it: you are as blind as a mole, for all your great eyes. What would Miss Falcontower be doing here this blessed night, unless it was a-coming? How should you have seen her yourself prowling about, and flattening her nose, I dare be sworn, against our window, like my cousin Driftwood, as round as a crown-piece? I tell you, girl, it is as sure as fate itself—and that is seldom put out of its way, except by foolish people who don't understand it. And you will be married, Molly, out of hand; and a comfortable match you will make of it, now that the young baker has succeeded to his father; and your first girl will come up here as soon as she is old enough, and join me in the business, and have it all to herself when I am dead and gone. See if that doesn't come out too!' Mrs Margery, in the triumph of her art, would perhaps have gone on arranging, in the most

satisfactory manner, the destinies of numerous generations, but Molly was not in the vein to listen. The spectral face of Claudia was before her imagination still; and it affrighted her so much that she would fain have taken refuge in ignorance from the preternatural illumination of her friend, just as when a child she had been accustomed, from similar feelings, to hide her head in the bed-clothes.

The two ladies, however, took a loving farewell of each other, uncertain whether they were ever to meet again in this world; and Molly, with wandering steps and slow, pursued her solitary way down the dark street to join her convoy.

## SLAVERY, CANDLES, AND WAR.

A STRANGE grouping of words this! War and slavery may act and react on each other; each may produce the other; and both are bad, let them be produced how they may. But how candles can be materially affected either by slavery or war, or could act as a moving agent against those evils, is not so apparent. Nevertheless, there is an intelligible link of connection; and this connection may perchance become more intimate than it has hitherto been. The reciprocal action of war and slavery, without an intermediate agent, we will at once dismiss—it is too political a subject for these pages; but we can promise the reader that there is much that is interesting and instructive in the answers to these two questions: How may war affect candles?—and how may candles affect slavery?

How may war affect candles? By a very simple commercial operation—raising the price of tallow. We must not talk about recent news, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer will search for the penny-stamp on the corner of this sheet; but it is not venturing too boldly to state, that we are now at war with Russia. Now, Russia is our great storehouse for tallow. We kill 'beeves and muttuns' in large numbers, and these beeves and muttuns are richly supplied with fat. But still we cannot satisfy the wants of the tallow-melter: our meat-fat is good, and much of it finds its way to the spit, the oven, and the saucepan; and even if this were not the case, the manufacturing requirements for soap and candles could not thus be met. We make something like 200,000,000 lbs. of soap annually, besides a quantity of candles, the amount of which is not known, because no Excise duty is paid upon them. The home supply of fat and tallow is quite inadequate to this demand; we are beginning to receive cargoes from Australia, and we receive cargoes from countries nearer home; but those from Russia far outweigh all others. The tallow of home produce is prepared by persons called renderers; the fat and suet received from the slaughterers and butchers are chopped into pieces and boiled in water; the greater part of the fat melts out of the membranes, floats to the top, and is skimmed; another portion is squeezed out by powerful presses; and, finally, the dried and pressed membrane, under the name of 'graves,' is used as a fattening food for poultry. In Russia, the processes are analogous in principle, though differing in details. The cattle which roam over the vast steppes of Southern Russia, are driven to the *salgans*, or tallow-factories, where they are fattened for slaughter—the fat for tallow, and not the meat for food, being the main object in view. When slaughtered, a little of the offal is removed, and the rest of the carcass is cut up into pieces; these are thrown into boilers, each of which is of such monstrous size as to contain the substance of twelve or fifteen oxen. The boiling, and the skimming, and the pressing produce three or four kinds or qualities of tallow, which are packed in barrels, and sent to market. Now, of the 250,000,000 lbs. said to be annually sold by Russia to other countries, England takes so large a quantity, that any interruption

to the trade between the two countries will be seriously felt by the cattle-owners and tallow-factors of Southern Russia. We have imported in the last six years no less than 7,654,908 hundredweights of tallow from Russia, giving a yearly average of 1,275,818 hundredweights, or more than 140,000,000 lbs. If the import becomes impeded by the operations of war, we shall suffer by paying higher for our tallow, and consequently for our candles and soap; and if the impediment becomes still greater, the sellers will be nearly ruined, for they will lose for a time their best customer. It is thus that war may affect candles, by raising the price of the raw material out of which they are made.

How may candles affect slavery? This is a far more interesting question, both morally and commercially, than the one which we have just considered. In order rightly to understand it, it may be well to notice a few facts in the chemistry of candle-making.

Until within the last few years, ordinary candles were made wholly of tallow; those of better quality and higher price being made of wax and spermaceti. The tallow was melted just as it came out of the casks, and the candles were dipped or moulded with this hot material. M. Chevreul, however, an eminent French chemist, bethought him that it might be worth while to inquire a little into the chemistry of tallow, to ascertain whether the whole substance is combustible, or whether it contains anything which, by being incombustible, retards rather than assists the burning of the candle. He began his labours in 1811. In 1813, he succeeded in separating a substance which he called margaric acid, from tallow; he next separated another, the oleic acid; in 1814, he discovered a third, which he called stearic acid, or stearine. Now, he found that all these three acids, one liquid and two solid, are combustible; but that they are combined in tallow with a fourth substance, which he named glycerine, and which is incombustible. Hence came a question: whether candles would not burn better if the glycerine of the tallow were removed? Some years afterwards, Gay-Lussac proposed to Chevreul the establishment of a company, or industrial association, for the manufacture of margaric and stearic candles. Chevreul consented, and the two distinguished chemists set to work with the patent which they obtained; but chemistry and commerce are not always equally well understood by the same persons; and the company, whose formation was proposed in 1825, proved abortive. What failed to the chemists, however, bore fruit to others: M. Bonnet made 'bougies stéariques Rue de Buffon;' and MM. Milly and Motard made 'bougies de l'Etoile;' both kinds being improvements on the old tallow-candles. By 1833, the sale of the 'bougies de l'Etoile' had risen to 25,000 kilogrammes (about twenty-five tons) annually.

Here, then, was a satisfactory point attained: candles could be made with the noncombustible materials left out; and in respect to guttering, and smoking and snuffing, they were a vast improvement on the old tallow-candles. But at what price had the improvement been obtained? Ay, 'there's the rub.' It was found that five pounds of tallow were required to produce two pounds of the purified material, which raised the price of the candles to eighteen or twenty pence per pound. This would never do for general consumption. Something must be done; some new fatty substance must be discovered or thought of as a substitute for tallow. *Palm-oil* was hit upon for this purpose. Dr Hempel and Mr Blundell took out a patent, and Messrs Blundell and Spence introduced palm-oil candles—which, however, being dark in colour, never came into general use. Meanwhile, Mr Soames had taken out a patent for cocoa-nut oil candles; this patent was sold to Messrs Wilson and Lancaster, and became the groundwork of the celebrated Vauxhall establishment,

'Price's Patent Candle Company's Works.' These cocoa-nut candles required snuffing; but it was now discovered that a mixture of cocoa-nut stearine with palm-oil stearine produced a material for candles, and which yield a beautiful light, require no snuffing, and could be sold for 1s. per pound. Thus matters went on; a powerful company was formed; numerous patents were taken out by the company, and others purchased by them from other inventors; and at length matters arrived at the enormous scale on which they are now conducted at Vauxhall.

There may seem to be only little progress made yet in arriving at a solution to our question: How may candles affect slavery? But we are approaching it by very legitimate steps. The largest candle-factory in England, and probably in the world, uses *scarcely an atom of tallow*. This is a great fact. Vegetable fat is used instead of animal fat. The Vauxhall fraternity are vegetarians, in this sense. Their vegetable provender consists chiefly of cocoa-nut oil and palm-oil. These oils are very interesting in their nature, source, and mode of procuring. In Ceylon and other parts of the East, there are extensive forests and plantations of the cocoa-nut palm-tree; the trees take about ten years to arrive at maturity, and they then yield about 100 nuts yearly on an average for nearly a century. The kernel of the nut contains oil; it is first dried, after being gathered, then crushed under edge-stones, and then pressed both hot and cold; the resulting liquid is cocoa-nut oil. The other substance named above, palm-oil, differs from cocoa-nut oil in this—that while one is obtained from a kernel within the fruit, the other is obtained from a soft rind external to the fruit. The fruit is about the size of a pigeon's egg, with a golden-coloured exterior pulpy envelope. This pulp is bruised and boiled in water; a yellowish oil separates, rises to the top, and cools to the consistence of butter. The natives of Guinea collect the oil in calabashes or large gourds, and bring it down to the British factories or warehouses on the coast; they bring it as they make it, even if it be but a single pound, and barter it for articles of English manufacture.

The company's works at Vauxhall are not unknown, by reputation at least, to the readers of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. In No. 446 of the Second Series, under the title of *Lights for the Night*, an account was given of the admirable schools established by the company, chiefly through the energy of Mr J. P. Wilson, for the boys and girls employed by them. These schools have become quite famous, as shewing what may be done if a commercial company will throw a little heart as well as head into their work. We notice the works now in this place, only for the sake of saying a few words concerning the employment of palm-oil and cocoa-nut oil for candles. These oils, together or separate, undergo many chemical and mechanical processes, until they present the form of pure solid stearine, or 'composite,' or 'Belmont sperm,' or one among many varieties which are adopted for different purposes. The candles are then made in moulds, none of them being 'dips' or 'store' candles. The company require thousands of tons of palm-oil annually; and as for cocoa-nut oil, they have purchased a thousand acres of cocoa-nut plantation in Ceylon, that they may be certain of a supply of material.

The subject, then, has approached this stage—that beautiful candles are now made of solid stearic acid, which burn better than those made of unpurified tallow; that palm-oil yields this stearic acid at a lower price than tallow; and that palm-oil is obtained from the very part of Africa which yields the unfortunate victims of the detestable slave-trade. Now, it has occurred to many persons that the cultivation and extension of the palm-oil trade may be made a means of lessening the slave-trade. Barbarous tribes sell their neighbours

into slavery because they can obtain a good price for them. But what if they could obtain a good price for palm-oil instead? They will then need the men at home to make the palm-oil, and will of course give up selling them into slavery.

Mr G. F. Wilson, managing director of Price's Patent Candle Company, gave a lecture before the Society of Arts in 1852 on the stearic candle manufacture, in which he drew attention to this very important question. A committee of the House of Commons examined the subject a few years ago, and obtained evidence, among other persons, from Mr Hutton, whose firm had been engaged in the African trade for more than forty years. He stated that the palm-oil trade is carried on in British vessels; that it is a barter-trade, the palm-oil being almost entirely paid for in the manufactures of Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow; that the trade might be very much increased gradually, but not suddenly; that it employs a very large proportion of the population of the districts where it, the oil palm-tree, is grown, in gathering, preparing, and bringing the oil down to the British factories; and that he considered it an indisputable fact, that the legitimate trade and produce of Africa are, in every respect, the most desirable means that can be applied to the suppression of the slave-trade.

Another witness examined was Mr William Jackson, well acquainted with African trade, but still better known as the chief among the energetic founders of Birkenhead. He stated that palm-oil is a produce that may be indefinitely multiplied, and that we are only in the infancy of our trade with the west coast of Africa. He states his opinion, that whatever be the demand, the supply would rise to meet it, although there may be delay in certain seasons. It appears that, until 1826, the English merchants sent out such articles as beads, small looking-glasses, and other trifles, which attracted the simple curiosity of the natives; but new tastes were acquired, and the blacks sought to obtain utilities in exchange for their palm-oil. On one occasion, Mr Jackson's firm sent out a portable house worth L.1000, to King Eaman of Old Calabar, to be paid for in palm-oil.

Captain Forbes, in his *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, written since the evidence was collected by the above committee, says that 'the inhabitants of a vast extent of coast have been led to give up the slave-trade, because they have been taught the immense increase of the value of the palm-oil trade over that in slaves;' that 'the taste for British goods runs high, and if these could not be purchased with slaves, palm-oil would be manufactured to obtain them;' that 'one-third at least of the extent of the slave-coast has been already conquered by civilisation and legal traffic, and it requires perseverance alone to reduce the remainder. All the high-roads to Central Africa, the Delta of the Niger, in which I include the Benin, the Cameroons, the Calabars, &c., have submitted to the laws of civilisation, and the inhabitants scout with disgust the idea of selling their fellow-men.'

It is said that no less than 20,000 tons of Liverpool shipping are engaged in the palm-oil trade alone. The trade has indeed become very large. In the five years, 1849 to 1853, the imports varied from 448,589 hundred-weights to 636,628 hundred-weights, being already a very important relative percentage to the imports of tallow. The African region over which the tree grows whence this palm-oil is obtained, is wide-spreading; but Dr Kehoe, an official gentleman stationed at Sierra Leone, recommends the point at which a junction is formed by the Niger and the Tchadda, as the best place for a British trading-station with the whole region, commanding, as it does, the whole internal system of water-communication. The Shea butter—a vegetable fat of rather more solid consistence than palm-oil—is produced from a tree growing in nearly the same

localities as the oil-palm; and it is conceived that the same commercial establishments which would open a trade in the one would do so in respect to the other.

After dwelling on the commercial aspects of the question, and the importance of England freeing herself somewhat from dependence on Russia for tallow, Dr Kehoe proceeds to say: 'But it is the Africans who will be chiefly benefited by our trade; and we have every rational reason to expect that, in the course of time, it will greatly check or destroy the foreign slave-trade. . . . Though it is absurd to suppose that commerce can work miracles at once, or at once stop the slave-trade, yet its tendency unquestionably is to humanise and civilise; it gives men new ideas and new wants, and causes them to exert themselves to gratify them by their own industrial efforts; we may therefore fairly hope to see, under its influence, all classes of Africans gradually improve.'

These hopes may possibly be too sanguine; but they will shew how, in many minds, there is just now a chain of connection between Russia and War, and Candles and Palm-oil and Slavery.

## PIERRE DUPONT AND HIS POETRY.

UNKNOWN and unnoticed by us, a new poet has arisen among our Parisian neighbours, who has, in seven years, attained a high degree of popularity. His name is Pierre Dupont. The advent of any writer whose words penetrate to the hearts of his countrymen, is an event worthy of attention. His utterance, though in a foreign tongue, must not pass by unheeded, for song is the common property of the world, and the true singer should be universally welcomed.

The songs of Pierre Dupont are peculiarly deserving of observation; not for their intrinsic merit, which is, however, considerable, but on account of the public feeling they embody—the political and moral sentiments they evidence, and of which Pierre Dupont is the echo.

The French nation degenerated morally under Louis-Philippe. Peace, with its economical blessings, brought many vices; and during the latter years of the monarchy, a merciless spirit of avarice pervaded all ranks of society. Head triumphed over heart, and the maxim, *enrichissez-vous*, excluded, by not including, the principles of justice. Oppression and revolution were the result. Avarice is all selfish; for, although riches may stand as a guarantee of respectability and order, there must be an end of high feeling when they are held up to a nation as the sole aim of individual exertion. At this juncture, when impulse and poetry languished, some fresh, pure, nature-loving chansons were heard for the first time at certain public and private concerts in Paris; and a volume of graceful pastoral lyrics found its way to the pianos of the *bourgeoisie*. With this volume commenced the Parisian life of Pierre Dupont.

The infancy and youth of the poet resembled that of most men who have raised themselves to celebrity. They record little incident, yet suffice to interpret the life they preceded. Domestic affections, early love, restraint, and the spirit of resistance, combined to make a poet. He was born at Lyon, the city of French industry, on the 23d of April 1821. His family were artisans; and the spectacle of constant work, of order, of the daily creation of wealth, had its effect in forming the mind of the youth. At four years of age he lost his mother, and being adopted by an aged priest, a relative, was sent, for the purpose of education, to the

religious seminary of Largentière. On leaving this establishment, he was placed in a banking-house; but his taste revolted from the dull routine of business, from the accounts, the books, the punctuality, and he shortly threw up the situation in disgust. He now first began to turn his attention to literature, and wrote his book, entitled *Les Deux Ages*.

At Provins resided a grandfather of Pierre Dupont, whom he frequently visited, and there he had the good-fortune first to meet M. Pierre Lebrun of the Academy. Through the kindness of this gentleman, a subscription was raised to defray the expenses of publication; and *Les Deux Ages* was about to be given into the hands of the printer, when the poet was drawn in the conscription, and compelled to join a regiment of hussars. Fortunately, the yet unemployed subscription remained in the hands of M. Lebrun; the fund was devoted to the purchase of a substitute; Dupont was released; and his public life, earned by the first effort of his pen, began in earnest.

A second subscription was raised, and the book published. Faulty, incomplete, undeveloped as it was, this volume obtained the prize at the Academy, and the writer received his first literary employment as an assistant in the formation of a dictionary. Dry as these labours must undoubtedly have proved, there can be no question as to their utility in establishing and augmenting his taste for rhetoric. He learned to appreciate the full meaning and value of words—to weigh the lightest shades of expression, to distinguish the brief, the true, and the comprehensive. All this is evident in his poetry. His tones have the ring of the true metal. He is neither diffuse, artificial, nor forced; he uses no long words. His lines are idiomatic, earnest, tender, brimful of straightforward feeling. His gaiety is as bright as the spring sunshine; his tears well up from the overflowings of a beating, passionate human heart. He puts the best word in the right place; and here we think he owes not a little to the drudgery of the dictionary, to the stormy Academical discussions on grammar and rhetoric, and to the lively disputes of M. Cousin with M. Victor Hugo. But soon Pierre Dupont found the Academy almost as wearisome as the banking-house. He felt that to be happy he must be entirely free, and he longed to live alone. He withdrew entirely from the employment of this institution, preserving, nevertheless, his friendship and gratitude for M. Lebrun.

His exquisite collection of songs *Les Paysans, chants rustiques*, next appeared—an elegant edition, illustrated with graceful lithographs, and clad in an appropriate cover. This venture was destined to meet with a complete success: the circles of Paris were grateful to the poet for having introduced an element of truth and nature among the frothy and artificial strains of their musical soirées. Even the fastidious *habitué* of the Italian Opera listened with unaccustomed pleasure to the mingled and various emotions which found a voice in these rustic pages; and the least enthusiastic were moved by the simple melancholy and the innocent joy of some, as well as by the hardy accents of the labouring peasantry, which were forcibly presented in others of the series. Meanwhile, advancing upon the path which seemed peculiarly to belong to his genius, Pierre Dupont wrote and composed a song which may well be deemed one of the most remarkable productions of the age, and deeply significant of the times in which it was produced. We allude to the *Chant des Ouvriers*, published in 1846. Appearing on the eve of a great revolution, conceived at a crisis most eventful in the history of nations, this song is worthy of more than ordinary consideration. It awoke an echo in the breasts of thousands; its melancholy truth, and the fitful gaiety of the refrain, more sad even than the rest, vibrated instantaneously upon the hearts of the inhabitants of a great city. At a period when the merciless greed of the few was purchased by the sufferings of the many—when the ruler

of the state, intent solely upon the aggrandisement of his own power, built higher and higher the unstable fabric which was soon to be his destruction—when the cries of suffering were changing, unheeded, into the distant murmurings of revolt, a song like this *Chant des Ouvriers* attained a superior value; it became a political omen, the type of a new thought; and the people spoke from the mouth of the poet.

The state of trade, and the condition of the French operatives six years ago, could not fail to touch the impressionable heart of a poet like Pierre Dupont. All at once, that ill-paid and unhappy multitude who were daily breathing the poisonous effluvia of mercury, white-lead, phosphorus, and other chemical ingredients—sleeping amid vermin, toiling in ateliers, and inhabiting the wretchedest quarters amongst thieves and chiffonniers—all at once this neglected class received an advocate and a poet in Pierre Dupont. His song was speedily in every mouth. Would it be too much to say, that perchance this very song may have aided to hasten the great outburst of popular feeling that ensued, and so have contributed to the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty?

Whatever may have been the results of this lyric, it has certainly obtained an immense popularity in Paris; and few persons, especially those who have been so fortunate as to hear M. Dupont himself sing those memorable verses, will readily forget the first impression thereby produced upon them. It is with extreme diffidence we venture to subjoin the following version of a poem that must unavoidably lose so much of its original fire in the process of translation as this:—

## SONG OF THE WORKMEN.

We light our lamps before the dawn of day,  
And wake from sleep at Chanticleer's first warning;  
We rise, and toiling for our scanty pay,  
Return and seek the anvil before-morning.  
Our hands, our arms, our feet for bread are sold;  
We with our bodies labour on in sorrow;  
And yet, against the pangs of wintry cold,  
Or coming age, we cannot shield to-morrow!  
Then let us love, nor pause to think,  
While still we pass the can!  
Though the cannon's sound may thunder round,  
Drink, drink—  
The liberty of Man!

'Tis our unresting arms that from the earth  
And jealous ocean wrest those hidden treasures  
Which feed with pomp the idle pride of birth,  
Rich meats and clothing, and all selfish pleasures.  
Gems, metals, diamonds, pearls from the deep,  
Fruits from the hill, corn from the level plain,  
We win for kings. We are the hapless sheep . . .  
What mantles from our wool the masters gain!  
Then let us love, &c.

And with what fruit does industry endow  
The back that bends beneath such labour mean?  
Whence rise the dews that bathe the workman's brow?  
Alas! the workman is but a machine!  
Our Babels rise to Heaven—from us her trade,  
Her wealth, her wonders, doth the world derive;  
But when the golden honey-store is made,  
The master burns the bee within the hive!  
Then let us love, &c.

Our women, placing their own babes aside,  
Take to their breasts the offspring of another;  
And he, in time, taught by ancestral pride,  
Disdains to sit beside his foster-mother.  
From day to day, as groaning France can tell,  
The master's hand weighs heavier upon her:  
Law is despotic; and our daughters sell  
To midnight revellers their tarnished honour.  
Then let us love, &c.

Arrayed in rags, and dwelling out of sight,  
Down in the cellars, up beneath the eaves,  
We live with owls and bats that love the night,  
Or crouch in gloomy holes amid the thieves.  
Meanwhile the ruddy blood leaps in our veins  
Impetuously warm, and every one  
Would fain be out upon the woody plains,  
Or basking 'neath the oak-leaves in the sun!  
Then let us love, &c.

Each time the rushing torrents of our veins  
Have flooded trembling Paris, we have bled  
To crush our tyrants and to burst our chains;  
And ne'er in vain that bloody dew was shed.  
Then mark the future—never glance behind—  
Stronger than War is Love! With song and mirth,  
Let us await the rising of that wind  
Which wafts the clemency of Heaven to earth!  
Then let us love, &c.

From this time the destiny of Dupont was decided: he had nothing to do but to press forward. To sing the joys, the griefs, the dangers of every class, to investigate all the aspects of humanity, to lighten the horizon of suffering, and to give encouragement to labour by the administration of a gentle and consoling philosophy—such were the duties that fell to the province of his muse, and these he yet continues to fulfil. The revolution of February 1848 burst upon Paris, and all the hopes and misfortunes of that movement found an echo in the poetry of Pierre Dupont. *Le Chant des Soldats*, *Le Chant des Etudiants*, and *Les Deux Compagnons du Devoir*, rang like a war-trumpet amid the ranks of the army, rousing the *ouvrier* in his workshop, and the student amid the seclusion of the schools. Still, the more tender and simple accents of rural poetry had not lost their attractions for the popular lyrist; and every now and then, in the pauses of his political labours, some rustic ballads found their way to the public ear, as refreshing amid the clang and tumult of war as the murmur of a mountain-waterfall. Among these, *Les Boeufs*, *Ma Vigne*, and *Le Noël des Paysans* may be especially indicated.

The works of Dupont divide themselves obviously into three parts—pastoral, political, and philosophical songs. The last, the most significant, perhaps, of the poet's own individuality, are enveloped in a pensive obscurity, which may be deemed either a defect or an additional charm. The secret of Dupont's philosophy is love. His intense worshipping of nature, his frank reliance upon the innate virtue of the human heart, his belief in love and truth through all the darkness of suffering and want, his trust, and his sympathy, form the great inner charm of his writings. Love is, according to his creed, the universal panacea; and even in his war-songs this gentleness and forbearance are peculiarly apparent. For instance, he has said:—

Le glaive brisera le glaive,  
Et du combat naîtra l'amour!

On reading these chansons, we find in them one all-pervading under-current of meaning, which, though not always expressed in words, is universally apparent—that chain, connecting song to song and heart to heart, is the love of humanity. We believe this principle to be a new element in French poetry; and we hail the advent of Pierre Dupont as a bright omen for the destinies of his countrymen. Already others are following in his footsteps—already a portion of his task is achieved.

Poetry is a divine and beautiful thing; and when, in a pure and noble guise, she finds her way to the workshop, the attic, the hospital, or the dungeon, who can say how blessed a revolution she may not there effect?

We will conclude with a translation of one more song, which celebrates the day set apart by the Roman

Catholic Church for prayers for the dead, under the mournful title of—

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.\*  
(LE JOUR DES MORTS).

Wifeless and childless now for thirty years  
I've dwelt alone, my home's surviving member;  
I deck my hat with cypress, wet with tears,  
When dawns the second morning of November.  
Then through the misty field and marshy dell  
I faltering walk, and never once look back,  
Pursuing to the church the tolling bell,  
Where door and shrine are draped with black.

*De profundis!*

O God, with mercy-loving hand  
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,  
And take the dead of every land  
Unto your holy Paradise!

More crowded than on Sundays, until late  
With kneeling suppliants filled, the church appears  
A widowed bride in mourning for her mate,  
Clad all in sable, gemmed with silver tears.  
Now rolling like the tempest far away,  
The organ swells, then thunders through the gloom  
Loud as the trumpet of the judgment-day. . . .  
I feel my heart oppressed as in a tomb!

*De profundis!*

O God, with mercy-loving hand  
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,  
And take the dead of every land  
Unto your holy Paradise!

Next in the grave-yard I kneel down to pray  
Upon the grass beneath the elder-trees;  
And so I pass the rest of this sad day  
With body bent—with wet and aching knees.  
Yet colder far in winter frost and snow  
Are those who lie beneath in weary beds!  
In spring 'tis better, for above them grow  
Sweet violets, and grass waves o'er their heads.

*De profundis!*

O God, with mercy-loving hand  
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,  
And take the dead of every land  
Unto your holy Paradise!

My cypress branch, keep green until the spring,  
And be not planted o'er this grave in vain—  
Keep green till blossoms grow and linnets sing!  
Farewell, my dead!—I homeward turn again.  
Now, going back, I think of glories fled;  
Of comrades long forgotten, battles won.  
They tell me now those gallant hearts are dead,  
And cold the greatest far—Napoleon!

*De profundis!*

O God, with mercy-loving hand  
Conduct my dear ones to the skies,  
And take the dead of every land,  
My friends who formed that gallant band,  
Unto your holy Paradise!

But if this hero, whom all hearts regret,  
Lies buried in fair Paris, as they say,  
I will go there when blooms the violet,  
And on his grave one parting garland lay.  
Yes, I will go before I seek that bed  
Where emperor and shepherd equal lie;  
For I, like others, must rejoin my dead,  
Since I have earned by grief the right to die!

\* A charming edition of the chants and chansons of Pierre Dupont is now publishing in Paris, at fifteen and twenty centimes the number. Each *livraison* contains an exquisite steel-engraving after Tony Johannot, Andrieux, and others, and is accompanied by a page of music giving the melody of each song, whereof Dupont is the composer.



*De profundis!*

O God, conduct with loving hand  
My wife and children to the skies,  
And take the dead of every land,  
Mine ancient friends, that gallant band,  
Unto your holy Paradise.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

OHIO—CINCINNATI.

A HUNDRED and more years ago, when the French still possessed so large a portion of America that the English were sometimes not quite sure of being able to keep their ground against them, there stood on the sloping and woody frontier of Michigan, a pretty little French village of wooden houses, forming a post for carrying on trade with the Indians, and called Detroit, from its situation on a narrow part of the river which flows from Lake St Clair. In these quiet old French times, an occasional canoe laden with peltry was perhaps the only craft which made its appearance at the landing-place. Now, in the hands of the Anglo-Americans, we see on the spot a series of substantial quays, at which a long line of sailing and steam vessels are drawn up, and when we land in this far-inland mart of commerce, we feel very much as if amidst the bustle of a seaport.

Walking into the city, everything is indicative of change. In two or three places, you may notice dingy wooden buildings of antique construction, with verandas, in which, in the days of yore, Frenchmen in queues smoked their long pipes, and Frenchwomen knitted the family stockings—relics of the old village now all but gone, and swallowed up by tall and handsome edifices of stone and brick. The streets and avenues, broad and ornamented with trees, are thronged with business; and banks, stores, and hotels meet the eye at every turning. The situation seems to be adapted for carrying on an extensive traffic with the lakes, and being near the terminus of the Great Western Railway of Canada, it cannot fail to become an important centre of intercommunication. By taking this railway at the Falls of Niagara, passengers will run across Canada to Michigan, not only in a much shorter time than they could pursue the line along the southern shore of Lake Erie, but they will in every respect enjoy greater comfort in the transit. The Erie Railway has become notorious for disorderly conduct, and interruptions take place at different points by a change of gauge; likewise, at Cleveland, a badly-regulated ferry requires to be crossed. Already, the citizens of Detroit have expressed a wish that the mails for Michigan may be sent by the Canadian route.

At Detroit, the traveller perceives that he is on the threshold of that great west, which is now only opening up for settlement, and he can scarcely avoid hearing accounts of the marvellously rapid progress which is making in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Probably, the most surprising instance of this kind is that of Chicago, a city of Illinois, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, which was begun in 1831, and already numbers 60,000 inhabitants. A gentleman mentioned to me that, forty years ago, he could have purchased the whole ground on which the city stands for 500 dollars; now, as large a sum as 10,000 dollars for the site of a single store would not be considered extravagant. Boundless, however, as is the field for settlement in Illinois, Michigan, and other western states,

I should recommend emigrants from Europe not to attempt going beyond Canada or Ohio; either of these being sufficiently far distant, and having the advantage of being readily accessible from the Atlantic cities. The west may be best settled by American pioneers, with constitutions and habits adapted to the new regions beyond the lakes.

As the boundary between Canada and the States, the river St Clair, or Detroit, is not seen without a certain interest. From the city of Detroit, we look across to the British shore, half a mile distant, and observe that behind the frontage of wharfs forming the railway terminus, there extends the village of Windsor, with a number of pretty villas scattered about its outskirts. It will be recollected that the river at this and other points, is that eagerly sought-for line of separation, to which fugitive slaves from the south direct their flight. Having succeeded in gaining the Canadian shore, and being therefore safe from pursuit, the refugees disperse to offer their services as waiters in hotels or steamboats, or to settle down as cultivators of the soil. At a spot called Dawn, a short way within the frontier, they have established themselves in considerable numbers, and are said to be in a thriving condition.

Down the beautiful river Detroit to Lake Erie, I proceeded in one of the splendid lake-steamers, bound for Sandusky in Ohio, which was reached after a voyage of six hours. The vessel wound its way among various islands at the head of the lake; but these, level, and generally covered with trees, possessed no strikingly picturesque features. The shores of Lake Erie are for the most part of the same character; though fertile, and blessed with a fine climate, the country is tame in outline, and all that usually meets the eye is a fringe of trees overhanging the low and muddy banks. On one of the islands in the lake, a vineyard is successfully cultivated.

Sandusky, situated at the bottom of a bay on the southern shore of the lake, is another of the old French villages, expanded and modernised into an American city. From this place, I proceeded by the railway-cars to Cleveland, the line pursuing the lake-shore nearly the whole way, sometimes going across inlets, on posts sunk in the water, and at other times darting through masses of forest, amidst which were occasionally seen the log-huts and clearings of settlers. The land seemed rich, apparently a heavy alluvial deposit, fit for any kind of grain crops.

Beside me in the car there sat an aged personage of lanky appearance, with thin clean-shaved cheeks, and a broad-brimmed white hat, rather the worse for wear. He spoke continually, either in ejaculatory remarks, or in inquiries about everything. The car had just got under-way, and all had settled in their places with the ordinary gravity of American travellers, when my neighbour began in a pretty high key, addressing nobody in particular, and pausing about a minute at the close of every sentence:—

'Well, here we are all safe, I hope . . . It's a pleasant thing to know you are going home . . . O yes! . . . Not so cold as yesterday; no . . . The train seems to be running across the lake . . . We have nothing but water on both sides . . . O, I see I was mistaken; there is a pile of lumber . . . Great lumbering trade hereabouts, I guess . . . I have been as far as Milwaukee, to see my daughter, who is settled there—she is very comfortable . . . I am going home to Boston . . . A long way that . . . But there's a fine sunset, at anyrate' . . . (Looking at me)—'How far do you go, stranger?'

'I am going to Cleveland, and then to Cincinnati.'

'O, you're travelling that way, are you? Perhaps in the dry-goods line?'

'No. I am not travelling for business; only making an excursion to see some of the more interesting places in America.'

'Why, sure! You are from the old country, I guess.'

Well, now, that is strange. What part of England are you from?' 'I am from Scotland.'

'Are you? Well, we've no want of Scotch in the States; they're a 'cute set of chaps—well posted up on most things. I suppose you're married . . . You might be at anyrate' . . . (Here he again began to maunder, speaking straightforward to the atmosphere.) 'Well, well, marriage is a proper thing; no doubt . . . I have seen a good deal in my time . . . Just before leaving home, I received a letter from a niece in New York, inviting me to her wedding . . . I sent word, that I wished her and her proposed husband much happiness; and the only advice I could give them, was to mind themselves, and take charge of their own babies . . . Yes, yes, a strange world this . . . Many people think they have nothing else to do, but make a present of children to uncles and grandfathers, as if they had not had enough to do looking after their own. . . Won't do, no how, for me, *that*' . . . (Conductor goes through the car.) 'I say, conductor, are we in the right track? . . . This the way to Cleveland? . . . When do we change? . . . O ay, yes, yes, all right; I thought so . . . A man can't help being anxious . . . I am going home . . . Ah, it's a long way . . . But I can sleep in the cars . . . Of course I can . . . I always carry a cap in the crown of my hat . . . Nothing like taking little luggage . . . And so you are from the old country? . . . Yes, yes, you have plenty to see . . . I declare it's getting quite dark . . . Well, I daresay we'll get to Cleveland in good time.' And so on he went with little intermission to the end of the journey. 'I see,' said he, 'they're slowing the train . . . There's the engineer's bell . . . We shall stop in a minute.'

And true enough, the train drew up. The passengers hurried out, and walking down an inclined platform, reached the bank of a river, and placed themselves upon what seemed a raft, without railing or guard of any kind along the sides. As it was exceedingly dark, I cannot venture on a description of this extraordinary ferry-boat, which crossed the Cuyahoga river with the passengers and their baggage in a manner by no means pleasant. Several times, in passing under the mooring-lines of steam-vessels, we were told to duck down our heads, to avoid being swept from the unprotected deck; and at these times, while there was a general prostration, might be heard the eccentric Bostonian speaking to himself aloud: 'Ay, ay, one does meet sometimes with curious things . . . I hope the rope won't take off my hat . . . I felt it graze on my back just now . . . I am glad we are now near the other side . . . There's a man with a lantern . . . I think I see the omnibus . . . Well, I'm thankful it's all over.' 'And so am I,' said another of the passengers. 'It's the last time in my mortal existence they catch me on them tracks any more.'

Amidst these audible mutterings, the ferry-boat touched the quay; and in the scramble which ensued, I saw and heard no more of my loquacious fellow-traveller—the only person, by the way, of an inquisitive and prattling turn of mind whom it was my fortune to encounter, and probably one of the few survivors of that by-gone class of characters supposed to be peculiar to America. In the present day, so far as I could see, the people of the United States have too much to do to mind anybody or anything further than what concerns themselves; and so far from troubling you with questions, they are absolutely indifferent as to who or what you are, and let you go your way in peace.

In arriving at Cleveland, I had come upon the great thoroughfare of emigrants between New York and the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi—the point where they turn off from the lake-shore road towards Cincinnati. On getting to the railway-station, a scene of prodigious confusion presented itself. Some hundreds of Germans and Irish of both sexes were seen bivouacked

beside vast piles of trunks and bags. Some had lost sight of their baggage, and ran frantically about looking for it everywhere, at the risk of being run over by locomotives. In proportion as the cars filled, the hubbub gradually lessened; and at length, after securing my seat, the train set off with its immense freight of passengers, most of whom were in quest of a home in the New World. The journey occupied about twelve hours, and was latterly through one of the finest parts of the state of Ohio—namely, the valley of the Miami, which, with rich sloping fields, and bounded by picturesque woody hills, presents a variety of landscapes, such as are seen in the more beautiful parts of England. Falling into the Ohio, the Miami River, in its descent of 150 miles, affords valuable water-power for numerous manufactures; while the valley through which it flows admits of a canal being carried from the Ohio to Lake Erie; and thus the district is the great channel of communication for traffic between the lake countries and the Southern States.

It was about nine o'clock on a bright sunny morning, that, coming down the valley of the Miami in the cars, I first saw the Ohio, a river of large volume, but, from a long-continued drought, much smaller now than usual, and with steep sloping muddy banks on both sides, surmounted by green hills, here and there dotted with the white mansions of a settled and thriving population. Turning down the valley of the Ohio, close under the high grounds, Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, was revealed in all her beauty, seated on terraces amidst picturesque knolls on the right bank of the Ohio, and looking complacently across the broad river towards the garden-like lands of Kentucky. Settled for a few days at the Burnet House, one of the largest and best-conducted hotels in the United States—and more like a palace than a house of public entertainment—I had time to make myself acquainted with some of the more remarkable features of this extraordinary city and its neighbourhood, as well as to hear something of Ohio and its adaptation for emigrant settlers.

When speaking of the rapid advance of civilisation westwards, Cincinnati is usually referred to as affording the most striking instance of progressive increase, not only as regards population, but manufactures, commerce, and every attribute of refinement. The mind can hardly realise the fact, that till 1788, or just sixty-six years ago, there was not an Anglo-American settlement in Ohio; and that the only whites were a handful of French fur-traders on the borders of Lake Erie. What is now the population of this magnificent state? Upwards of 2,000,000! Its metropolis, Cincinnati, was in 1800 only a village of 750 inhabitants—in 1850, its population was 115,000; and many thousands of fresh settlers are added every year. We do not, however, observe any rawness in the appearance of the place. Fronting the Ohio, there is a long quay lined with substantial though not very regular buildings, and from this exterior quarter, thronged with shipping, streets ascend to the higher grounds, and are intersected by others at right angles. The houses are, for the most part, built of a reddish-coloured sandstone, tall, massive, and crowded with stores and business offices—every floor, in some instances, to the height of six stories, being a different concern. Several streets are lined in the American fashion with trees; and at intervals we come upon churches of tasteful architecture, with spires shooting up above the tallest buildings. One peculiar feature is everywhere observable—the number of sign-boards in German. This language is seen inscribed on doorways, and so frequently heard spoken, that one almost feels as if he were in Hamburg. Of the entire population, 51,000 are foreigners, of whom 30,000 are Germans, 13,000 Irish, and 3600 English. The number of Scotch is singularly small, being only 771. This scarcity of an element generally

found wherever there is any prospect of well-doing, is probably to be accounted for by the absorption of Scotch emigrants in Canada, and the states immediately west of it. While Ohio has been strangely neglected by settlers from Great Britain, it has become a land of promise to Germans, who, fleeing from the dull despotisms of central Europe, find here a boundless scope for their genius and persevering industry. They find, likewise, a region resembling that of their own dear Rhine—a country of corn and grapes, rich in every valuable product, and possessing those genial seasonal influences which clothe the earth in flowers.

Placed on the Ohio, 1600 miles from the ocean, steamers are seen at the quay of Cincinnati, taking on board freight and passengers for New Orleans, and all other places of importance on the Mississippi, and its larger tributaries. Vessels of less burden proceed up the Ohio to Wheeling and Pittsburg, whence there is now a communication by railway with Philadelphia and Baltimore; and keeping in recollection the ready access by railway and canal to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, it will be seen that Cincinnati is the centre of a circle which bears on the Atlantic in the east, the vast prairies on the west, the lake countries on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. It is only by a perception of this wide and comprehensive radius, with its enormous and ever-accumulating demand for products of mechanical industry, that we can understand the character of those manufacturing establishments which are making Cincinnati one of the wonders of the new world—and which, after all, are nothing to what they must ultimately become when the population of the great West is consolidated.

When one thinks of a carpenter's shop, he has probably in his mind two or three rude-looking apartments, with at the most a dozen men in paper-caps working at benches with planes and chisels, or leaning over a plank with a hand-saw; or with experience a little more extended, he may perhaps get the length of fancying a cabinet-making establishment with fifty picked hands, turning out several handsome pieces of furniture daily. The idea of a factory as large as a Lancashire cotton-mill for making chairs, tables, or bedsteads by machinery, would hardly present itself to his imagination. Yet, it is on this factory-mill system that we find house-furniture produced in Cincinnati. Curious to see such places, I spent a day in rambling about the outskirts of the city, where manufactories of various kinds are conducted upon a scale that went very far beyond my previous notions of what can be done by machinery.

The first establishment I visited was the furniture-factory of Mitchell and Rammelsberg—a huge brick building, five stories in height, with a long frontage at the corner of two streets, and in which 250 hands are employed in different departments. Many of these are occupied merely in guiding and superintending machines moved by shafts and belts from a large steam-engine on the ground-floor. Every article receives its shape in the rough, by means of saws; and these move with such rapidity, that their teeth are invisible to the eye. The articles are next planed, or turned, and morticed, in the same inconceivably rapid manner. In the planing operations, some surprising effects are produced. A rough deal, or other piece of wood, being arranged on a bench under the action of a plane which revolved horizontally, was in a few instants smoothed as if by the finest hand-labour. Chairs of a common class, but neatly turned and painted, were the principal article of manufacture. The number produced almost goes beyond belief. I was informed that the average quantity was 200 dozen every week, or at the rate of 124,800 chairs per annum, worth from five to twenty-four dollars per dozen. Among these, a large number are rockers. The machinery for scooping out and shaping the seats was exceedingly ingenious. The

next article in importance is chests of drawers, of which 2000 are manufactured annually. Baby-cribs are another important item; but the number of them produced could not be definitely stated. Much of the lighter kinds of work, such as painting and varnishing, is done by boys, who make from four to eight dollars each in weekly wages. Many of the workmen—all being on piece-work—realise twelve dollars per week; but some have even higher wages. My attention was called towards the process of ornamental hand-turning, chiefly executed by Germans. One of these clever mechanics went through his work with astonishing speed and precision; his keen eye never being for one instant raised from the whirling lathe before him. This person, I was told, made eighteen dollars per week, and being a sober, well-behaved man, he had already realised property to the value of 5000 dollars (L.1000 sterling). Many other workmen in the establishment were spoken of as having accumulated property by their industry and economical mode of living. The most steady hands were stated to be native Americans or Germans. 'English and Scotch were good workmen, but not usually well educated, or of sober habits.' I heard the same thing said elsewhere.

The next establishment I looked in upon was Mudge's bedstead-factory, in which similarly improved machinery was employed to cut out and finish various parts of the articles required. As many as 1000 bedsteads are turned out every week, valued at from four to twenty-four dollars each. Some other works were visited, but it is undesirable to enter on details respecting their products. In the fabrication of iron stoves, locks, and hinges, window-frames, ornamental cabinet-ware, upholstery, firearms, hats, boots and shoes, machinery, axes and other edge-tools, carriages and numerous other things—the operations were on a similarly gigantic scale. In one of the boot-and-shoe factories, there are wrought up annually 10,000 sides of sole-leather, 40,000 sides of upper leather, 20,000 sheep-skins, 2500 calf-skins, 5000 poundweights of boot-nails, and 600 bushels of shoe-pegs. The wages paid away in this establishment amount to 60,000 dollars per annum. On hearing facts of this kind, the question continually occurs: Where do all these manufactures go? Of course the explanation is found in the perpetual demand over the vast regions of which, as has been said, Cincinnati is the centre. Every day, thousands of fresh families are making a settlement in the wilderness, and each needs bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles of domestic use. On the quay at Cincinnati, therefore, you see vast piles of new furniture, iron stoves, tinware, cases of boots and shoes, and everything else needed by settlers, preparing to be despatched a thousand miles by steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries. One manufacturer of cabinet-work told me he had received an order to make the whole furniture of a hotel in California!

Like all travellers from England who visit the factories of the United States, I was struck with the originality of many of the mechanical contrivances which came under my notice in Cincinnati. Under the enlightenment of universal education, and the impulse of a great and growing demand, the American mind would seem to be ever on the rack of invention to discover fresh applications of inanimate power. Almost everywhere may be seen something new in the arts. As regards carpentry-machinery, one of the heads of an establishment said, with some confidence, that the Americans were fifty years in advance of Great Britain. Possibly, this was too bold an assertion; but it must be admitted that all kinds of American cutting-tools are of a superior description, and it is very desirable that they should be examined in a candid spirit by English manufacturers. In mill-machinery, the Americans have effected some surprising improvements. At the machine-manufactory of Messrs Burrows, of Cincinnati,

is shewn an article to which I may draw the attention of English country-gentlemen. It is a portable flour-mill, occupying a cube of only four feet, and yet, by means of various adaptations, capable of grinding, with a power of three horses, from fourteen to sixteen bushels per hour; the flour produced being of so superior a quality, that it has carried off various prizes at the agricultural shows. With a mill of this kind, attached to the ordinary thrashing-machines, any farmer could probably grind his own wheat, and be able to send it to market as finely dressed as if it came from a professed miller. As many as 500 of these portable and cheap mills are disposed of every year by the Messrs Burrows; and they are seen at work all over the southern and western states. Surely it would be worth while for English agricultural societies to procure specimens of these mills, as well as of farm-implements generally, from America—a little of the money usually devoted to the over-fattening of oxen would not, I think, be ill employed for such a purpose.

In some of the wholesale stores of Cincinnati, articles of English manufacture are kept; and the imports of foreign liquors and luxuries of the table seemed to be considerable. On the whole, however, it was pretty evident here, as at other places, that the Americans aim at independence in every branch of trade; and indeed they can scarcely avoid doing so; for the drawing of supplies of so vast a nature as they require from distant nations is totally out of the question. Besides, here is every raw material on the spot. Iron, wood, and coal, and other grand necessities of manufacture, are at hand in inexhaustible abundance. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania, on which are based the prosperous iron-foundries and engineering establishments of Pittsburg, are, from their extent, a kind of geological marvel, and render this great country independent of the pits of Durham and Northumberland.

The most curious thing of all about Cincinnati, is its system of pig-killing and pork-pickling. The place is known as the principal hog-market in the United States. The hogs are reared in the country around on the refuse of the corn-fields after harvest, and among the extensive forests, where they pick up food at little or no cost to their owners. Brought in steamers from a great distance, they are seen marching and grunting in large herds through the streets to the slaughtering establishments in the neighbourhood. The season in which they begin to make their appearance is the fall, when they are in prime condition, and when, from the state of the temperature, their carcasses can soon be cooled by the air, and rendered fit for pickling. The greater number of the hog slaughter-houses are behind the town, on the road towards the higher grounds, and are generally wooden structures of a very plain description. Each is provided with a series of pens, whence the animals walk in single file along an enclosed gallery towards the apartment where they meet their doom.

When a pig is killed in England, the sufferer usually takes care to let the whole neighbourhood hear of the transaction. On such occasions, it is the prescriptive right of the pig to squeak, and he is allowed to squeak accordingly. In Cincinnati, there is no time for this. Impelled along the passage from the exterior pen, each hog on entering the chamber of death receives a blow with a mallet on the forehead, which deprives him of consciousness and motion. The next instant he is bled to death; and by means of an extensive system of caldrons and other requisites, the carcass is speedily cleaned, dressed, and hung up to undergo the proper cooling, previous to being cut in pieces and pickled. The largest of these establishments is situated in Covington, on the opposite side of the Ohio, and consists of a series of brick buildings, which cover nearly two acres. Here an inclined plane leads from the ground to the top of a house four stories high, and along this the hogs are driven to an upper floor to be

slaughtered, and where as many as 4000 can be accommodated at a time. The processes of cleansing, making lard, and so forth, need no description. In most cases, the business of curing pork is separate from that of slaughtering; but here they are united; and the arrangements for cutting up, pickling, barrelling, and branding, are all on a vast scale. An idea of the work gone through is obtained from the single fact, that the pickling takes place by steeping in nine brick-built tanks, each of which holds 400 barrels of pork. Upwards of 12,000 hogs and 8000 oxen are killed, pickled, and packed here in a season. Altogether, about half a million of hogs are so disposed of per annum in Cincinnati; but the number varies according to circumstances; and questions as to the extent of the 'hog crop,' are as gravely discussed as the crop of wheat or Indian corn. Much of the export of pork is to the European markets.

Something more may be said of the Queen City of the West—what concerns her literary and educational establishments not having yet been touched on—but this may be left for the commencement of next chapter. W. C.

### SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE AURORA.

To say that attempts have long and often been made to explain the cause of the aurora, is not new; but it will be new to many readers to hear that progress has been made in reasoning about this interesting phenomenon, as well as in the demonstration of facts less difficult of proof. According to theorists, the cause was to be found in certain effects of refraction, or antagonisms of cloud strata, or the presence of metal in a gaseous form in the atmosphere, or to cold, or to electricity; while others regarded it as cosmical—belonging to remote space. Among so many explanations, which was the true one? This was a question not easy to decide, and so savans have gone on experimenting and speculating with praiseworthy diligence and curiosity, for the one as well as the other is essential to the progress of science.

Professor de la Rive, of Geneva, is one of the few who have made the aurora a special object of study. Nearly twenty years ago, he suggested that to one and the same cause was due the origin of hail, of electricity, of the variations of the magnetic needle, and of the aurora; and he now finds himself in a position to state, that the view then put forth has been confirmed by all subsequent observations. As chroniclers of the advance of science, we think we may worthily offer a brief outline of his theory, as developed by him in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*.

Let us premise that an aurora borealis is always preceded by the formation of a sort of vaporous veil on the horizon, which rises slowly to a height of from 4 to 10 degrees. Presently, that portion of the sky which is in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation, begins to darken with a brownish hue passing into violet, and embracing the segment of a circle. The edge of this segment is bordered by a luminous arc of brilliant white light, that sometimes quivers and dances, and appears in a strange kind of effervescence for hours together. A play of colours, through every tint, from the darkest to the lightest, with bewildering rapidity, long streamers flash upwards to the zenith, and a sea of flame, traversed by dark rays, floods the northern sky. Then at that spot to which the magnetic needle points, the rays curve together, and form what is called the crown of the aurora. This result is, however, rare: when it does take place, it always announces the conclusion of the phenomenon. The vivid colours and undulations disappear, and soon nothing but a few pale ashen gray clouds are seen in the heavens.

These appearances, which are familiar to many

persons, are attended by certain remarkable phenomena: a crepitating noise, for example, not unlike the rapid flutter of a distant sail, which has been popularly described as the noise made by the petticoats of the merry dancers; and this sound is accompanied by a peculiar sulphurous odour. Positive electricity, too, has at such times been found in the air; the direction of the magnetic needle undergoes perturbations more or less intense, and so unfailingly, that M. Arago, when pursuing his researches in the lower vaults of the observatory at Paris, could always announce the appearance of the aurora in our hemisphere from the movements of his needles. During an aurora in November 1848, the instruments of the electric-telegraph between Florence and Pisa were as strongly magnetised as though the batteries—which was not the case—had been in action. The compasses of ships at sea have been at times so disturbed by the aurora, that the vessels steered a false route; and the error was only detected after the phenomenon passed away.

We thus see a very intimate relation between the aurora and certain magnetic or electrical effects; and now we may proceed to M. de la Rive's theory. The atmosphere, he says, in its normal state is constantly charged with a considerable quantity of positive electricity, which increases in proportion to the height; while the earth, on the contrary, is charged with negative electricity. Between these two, a process of recombination or neutralisation takes place; most frequently by the humidity of the air; at times, by the fall of rain or snow; and less frequently by thunder-storms and water-spouts, which, in a very-energetic form, exhibit the tendency of these two accumulated electricities to unite. The winds serve also to mingle them, wafting the positive to the negative, and the reverse.

It has been proved that the earth is an almost perfect electric conductor, and that it is constantly traversed by electric currents. According to M. de la Rive, these currents are produced by the positive electricity of the atmosphere which enters the earth at either pole, because those points being always covered by condensed vapours, present the best conducting medium. This is the normal process for establishing an equilibrium between the two electricities; the intense electrical discharges which take place, particularly within the tropics, constitute the variable or accidental process.

It is at the poles that the great electrical discharge takes place. 'This discharge,' says M. de la Rive, 'when it has a certain degree of intensity, will be luminous, especially if, as is nearly always the case near the poles, and sometimes in the higher regions of the atmosphere, it meet on its way with those extremely tenuous frozen particles out of which the loftier clouds and mists are formed.' Of the existence of these particles, and in inconceivable numbers, there is no sort of doubt. In the balloon ascent of Barral and Bixio at Paris, in 1850, the aéronauts found themselves on a sudden, although the sky was cloudless, in the midst of a thin transparent haze, which was alone produced by needles of ice so small as to be scarcely visible. Lunar halos, rain and snow, almost invariably precede an aurora; it is to the presence of these needles that the halos are due, and the rain and snow to their condensation of aqueous vapours. They form also the auroral veil, through which, owing to their tenuity, the stars are visible.

From simultaneous observations made by observers forty or fifty miles apart, the parallax of the aurora has been ascertained, and its height above the earth determined. This ranges from six to ten miles; the phenomenon, therefore, takes place within the limits of our atmosphere. With respect to the auroral arch, there is reason to believe it to be a luminous ring, with its centre at the northern magnetic pole, and cutting the magnetic meridians, which converge towards that pole, at right angles. Hence it is that the apparent summit

of the arch always appears to be in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation. The arch, moreover, is supposed to have a sort of rotary movement from west to east, which is precisely what might be predicated from the course of the electrical current.

The nearer we approach the pole, the more frequent are auroræ; and as the appearances take place in all northerly latitudes, it sometimes happens that the observer is surrounded by the auroral matter escaping from the earth, and he then hears the fluttering or rustling noise which has been alluded to. It is only when too distant that the noise is not heard. On this point, M. de la Rive speaks positively. He considers the cause to be 'the action of a powerful magnetic pole on luminous electric jets closely surrounding it;' and by means of an ingenious apparatus, he has succeeded in producing a similar noise with attendant phenomena. The sulphurous odour proceeds, as in thunder-storms, from the conversion of the oxygen of the air into ozone, by the passage of electric discharges. Like the noise, however, the odour can only be perceived by an observer situated in the midst of the auroral matter.

It is well known, that in some of our arctic expeditions which might be considered most favourably situated for observation, no movement of the magnetic needle has been seen to accompany the aurora. The reason is, as M. de la Rive explains, that those high latitudes are inside the circle described by the aurora around the magnetic pole, and are not under the influence of the electric currents which circulate outside of it, but neither below nor above, as demonstrated by observation.

The aurora is of daily occurrence, and sometimes actually takes place while the sun shines; but it is of very variable intensity. May, June, and July are the months of fewest appearances; March, September, and October of the most; the latter because the auroræ are strongest at the equinoxes, especially the autumnal. The number actually observed in a year varies from 200 to 300.

A striking fact remains to be noticed; it is one that appears completely to identify the aurora with other electrical phenomena: the auroral light is not polarised, neither is there any trace of polarisation in the light obtained from electricity by artificial means. No better proof of the identity of the two classes of phenomena could perhaps be furnished.

We have mentioned an ingenious apparatus contrived by M. de la Rive. With this, he brings his theory to the test of experiment, and, as we believe, makes out his case. It consists of a glass globe, in which is inserted an isolated bar of soft iron, bearing a copper ring, which communicates by a wire with the conductor of an electrical-machine. On exhausting the air within the globe, and exciting the electricity, all the luminous phenomena of the natural aurora are produced around the ring and the bar.

#### A SIGHT OF PAUL JONES.

After dinner, walked out with Captains Jones and Landais, to see Jones's marines, dressed in the English uniform, red and white; a number of very active and clever sergeants and corporals are employed to teach them the exercise, and manœuvres, and marches, &c.; after which, Jones came on board our ship. This is the most ambitious and intriguing officer in the American navy. Jones has art and secrecy, and aspires very high. You see the character of the man in his uniform, and that of his officers and marines, variant from the uniforms established by Congress—golden buttonholes for himself, two epaulettes—marines in red and white, instead of green. Eccentricities and irregularities are to be expected from him. They are in his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft, and still, and small; his eye has keenness, and wildness, and softness in it.—*President Adams.*

## BURYING-PLACES OF POETS.

Chancer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555: Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St Saviour's, Southwark; Dr Donne, in Old St Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson, in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St Andrew's Church at Chichester; Gray, in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, 'with all ocean for his grave'; Churchill, in the church-yard of St Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, 'beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome'; and Keats beside him, 'under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius.'—*Barker's Wensleydale*.

## NIGHT-SCENE.

The night was closing in apace; even the hum of busy insect life was dying away. Long streaks of orange and purple shewed where the sun was sinking into his glorious repose; while the topmost branches of the forest-trees were still surrounded with a halo of light, against which the dark bed of foliage stood forth in relief as in a golden frame; the ripple of the burn, as it murmured amongst the pebbles, appeared to grow louder with the stillness of evening; the good-night of each peasant rung on the air like heartfelt blessings; it seemed that the flowers exhaled a richer perfume; that the night-breeze was more soothing than in the daytime. It is said of the blind, that deeper and keener perceptions are bestowed upon them to compensate to them for deprivation of sight, so on the night doth it seem that nature sheds sweeter and gentler blessings of repose and stillness, to compensate it for the absence of the glorious light.—*Cochrane's Florence the Beautiful*.

## HOW INDIA-RUBBER SHOES ARE MADE.

Contrary to the general impression, India-rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay-moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out. The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white-lead and sulphur, to give it body or firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond-figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of

holding about 2000 pair, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the 'vulcanising' process, by which the rubber is hardened. A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are remelted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling pasteboard, to form the inner sole. The profits of this business have been somewhat curtailed of late by the prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a year from twenty to sixty cents per pound. The demand, however, is very large. A species of rubber-shoe lined with flannel, is extensively used in some parts of the country as a substitute for the leathern-shoe.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

## SCENERY OF THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.

I forbear giving way to descriptions that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns; and behind them all the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly shifting play of colours. Here, unless a perfectly serene day, such as April seldom offers, secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change. A dense mist concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision; until a sun-glance rends the ashen veil, and a shining beam, like a golden magic-wand, charms into sight a world of beauty; and wood, hill, and glacier are gleaming in new splendour around.—*Bodenstedt's Thunesen and One Days in the Morning Land*.

## SYRIAN NOTIONS OF MEDICAL SKILL.

A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a *mid-disant* doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Belian. He was much given to administering emetics, and having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day, the doctor was astonished to learn, on inquiry, that his patient was dead, and evinced his concern in his face. 'Never mind,' said the brother; 'it was so fated; but, *Mashallah*! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it couldn't cure him, nothing earthly could.'—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria*.

## PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The prisoners are allowed to be seen by no one, but some of the cells are exhibited. One of these I particularly noticed, the walls of which were really beautifully painted by a man who had been in prison for five years before he came here. He stayed and decorated his cell here for another five years, and when discharged he commenced stealing again, and in less than two months was condemned to two years in another prison. He decorated the walls of that cell in a most elaborate manner, and is now in Baltimore Jail for another theft, and has begun his old pursuit, which, as he has some ten years to stay, will result in some grand master-piece in the fresco style. This odd talented creature is a German, and extracts his colours from the yarns given out to him for weaving.—*Transatlantic Rambles*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## CHRISTMAS-DAY ON THE NILE.

THE voyage up the Nile from Alexandria or Cairo to the Cataracts has now become as common as the Rhine-trip was some years ago. The regularity and dryness of the climate have induced many London physicians to send patients there who suffer from chest complaints: the number of such travellers in pursuit of health is, accordingly, becoming greater every year. The East India Company allow their officers on leave of absence to remain on full pay while they are in Egypt; so, many of the heroes of Scinde and the Sutlej, of Cabool and Afghanistan, taking advantage of the permission, meet friends from England, and enjoy a three months' holiday on the Nile. A supply of antiquaries is never wanting, where every mound conceals a buried town, and every hillside is excavated by tombs filled with the remains of the past. Many enthusiastic clergy also are yearly found treading in the track of Moses and the Israelites. Many a sportsman takes a Nile boat, in order to try his rifle and his skill on a crocodile. Many an artist may be found undertaking the same journey, to sketch the various costumes of the people, the scenes on the river, the busy streets of Cairo, the mosque and the minaret, the majestic columns of Karnac, and the mud-hut of the peasant surrounded by its palm-grove: past and present alike suit his purpose. Then we have the author in various shapes, from the lady who writes letters not intended for the post-office, but honestly directed to her publisher, and the gentleman whose notes are never intended for publication, but are brought to light at the earnest solicitation of too partial friends, to the diligent investigator of the secrets of history or the marvels of ancient art; such as Lepsius and Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Nor are lady-travellers wanting. In one boat may be seen the fair blue-eyed daughter of a remote Scotch village, who has followed her husband from Calcutta to the Indus, who has lived the life of camps, but not lost an iota of her feminine gentleness, and now supports the feeble steps of him whose strength has fallen before the climate which the slender girl has withstood. In another, a widow is alone with her only son, hoping to obtain for him the health everybody but herself can see will never return. Further on, are the daughters of an English noble, who have left the many enjoyments of home-life without a sigh, to tend a sick mother and an aged father; not only enduring what are privations with cheerfulness, but even finding in them in so good a cause—the kind friends and successful rivals of the artist and the author—the consolation of all that is graceful in manner and intent. This is no fancy picture. Many

who not long ago passed a winter on the Nile will remember for many a day the harmonious voice which gave additional charm to a conversation where the object of each was the pleasure of making others happy. They will remember the cheerful affability, the natural, unforced politeness, and the frank kindness of some who perchance may read this paper, and be reminded by it of Christmas on the Nile.

When the incentives to travel are so numerous, and it is known that security to person and property is as effectually secured from the Mediterranean to the confines of Abyssinia, as from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, no one will wonder when we state that every winter about sixty boats are hired from Cairo and Alexandria, by English travellers only, for the Nile-trip. On a certain day towards the close of December, fifteen of these boats were assembled at Thebes; most of them were lying close to the village of Luxor, but two or three were on the opposite side near Gournou. It was agreed, however, on Christmas-eve, that all should meet next morning, and spend the day and dine together as best they could, in memory of Old England. The assemblage was a peculiar one. Some were on their way towards the Cataracts, others returning. Messrs Brown, Jones, and Robinson, having hired a boat together, had hurried up to the second cataract without waiting to see anything on their way, intending to visit the lions on returning; but they had been delayed by contrary winds, were tired of each other, and bored by the whole affair. They were now hurrying back to get letters; and although Brown thought he might be laughed at in England if he had not seen Karnac, after going so far to do so, and had therefore smoked a cigar among the ruins, yet he would not go to the Tombs of the Kings; and Jones and Robinson, hearing that there were plenty of snipe in a marsh near Medinet Habou, went off with their guns, and returned in great glee with a contribution of twenty couple of birds to the Christmas-dinner, far better satisfied with themselves than if they had been 'dawdling about old walls.'

Mr Spooner, and a German doctor who was travelling with him, went off with a gentleman in green spectacles, who measured the height, length, and breadth of all the largest stones; while the doctor instructed the lady in the language of the Egyptians, and made sketches of her seated on her donkey, with the most charming little rows of lace round the frilled edges of the inexpressibles which ladies who ride donkeys in Egypt do well to wear. The Rev. Thomas Grindler, who was coaching three pale and hopeful youths for their 'little go,' and farmed them for the trip, rode about expounding the wonders of nature and art to his half-starved pedestrian pupils. Sir Charles Gaunt, a gay old beau about town,

was travelling that he might have something to talk about at London dinners from April to August, and was improving his time by flirting most desperately with the smiling young wife of an old, sour East Indian, who had lost his liver in some Bengal jungle. A handsome young naval officer, in the last stage of consumption, whose mother, with all the beautiful hopefulness of a mother's love, had left husband and home to tend and comfort her son in his search after health, had just received news of his promotion, and, while the flush of death sat on his cheek, was busy with hopes and plans of still further advancement in his noble service.

We need not portray our Nile party further than to state, that all the above, with sundry others in shooting-jackets and wide-awakes—some with a turban round a straw-hat, others with an umbrella—a small proportion of ladies in cloaks and hoods—a number of sketch-books—a photographic machine—a whole herd of donkeys and their drivers, with guides and interpreters, formed an assemblage which would have mightily astonished Pharaoh, had he risen up among the ruins of his palace. It was indeed a curious sight. Among the vast remains of the stupendous works destroyed 3000 years ago, and after 3000 years of ruin and successive spoliation still remaining the grandest monuments of ancient art in the world, wandered the sons and daughters of the island whose power and dominion is greater and more extended than ever was that of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. Here, upon the fallen fragment of the colossal statue of an Egyptian king, sat an English girl, shading her fair face from the sun with a parasol made in London, sketching the remains of the once proud sovereign, for the edification of her maiden aunts as they sat over their tea in Little Pedlington; there, astride upon a sphinx, dreaming of some 'capital run' in Leicestershire, sat Brown, quietly basking in the sun, and perfuming the air with his Havannah; a little further on, a half-naked Arab was uncorking a bottle of Bass's Pale Ale, which our friend the Indian was taking instead of an antibilious pill; then followed a merry party on donkeys, trotting off to the Colossi. The English newspapers up to the 12th of November, just arrived from Cairo, took more than their share of attention from the hieroglyphics. Sheshonk led into captivity with his Hebrew subjects, sunk into insignificance beside the last accounts of the Mannings; and the efforts of the Protectionist party excited almost as much interest as the struggles of Miss Snowdrop to free herself from her fallen donkey.

The day was spent in sight-seeing; and a glorious day it was for the purpose—a bright sun, a clear sky, and a fresh breeze—perhaps a trifle too warm in the sun, and rather too cool in the shade for the invalid or the fastidious, but thoroughly enjoyable, and in most striking contrast with the frost and snow which make an English fireside the type of all comfort at Christmas.

There was far too much to see for one day. A volume might easily be written about what the different members of the English party who met that day at dinner had seen in their morning rambles. The said dinner was a rare one. None of the boats was large enough to hold the whole party, so an extempore tent was fitted up on the bank, near the water's edge. A number of oars were driven into the sandy soil, and to them the sails of the boats were attached. A lofty pole in the centre supported the canvas roof. Tables were joined together—chairs contributed from different boats—table-cloths, knives and forks, glasses, &c., were collected in the same manner; and the service, if not uniform, was tolerably complete. There were one or two little mishaps. Some of the cooks had quarrelled; and one, according to the custom of the country, had nearly succeeded in strangling another by twisting his turban round his neck. A tin case of turtle-soup, which Sir

Charles brought from his stores for the express purpose of delighting Mrs Jamieson, when opened and served up, proved to be more odoriferous than palatable. For the first time, Sir Charles thought Mrs Jamieson's smile unpleasant. Some English roast-beef, also in tin cases, was a failure; but the mutton and fowls of the country, the mock-turtle, made of pigeons by an Arab cook, the omelettes and the mishmish (or apricots and rice), to say nothing of the plum-pudding, were all perfect in their way, and formed as good a dinner as any epicure could desire. The conversation was an odd mixture of Old England and Ancient Egypt, toasts to absent friends, and compliments to new acquaintances. One was full of his morning-visit to the Tombs of the Kings, enraged at the depredations of Lepsius, who had carried off twelve shiploads of sculptured stones, and damaged ten times the quantity he could not carry away. One friend discoursed in most poetical style upon the narrow gorge or deep valley, the 'valley of the shadow of death,' in the rocky sides of which these sepulchral galleries are excavated. The long low entrance-galleries, the descending staircases, and the great halls with the painted walls and the huge sarcophagi, were all subjects for declamation. The painted figures of the different races of people known to the Egyptians, the endless processions, the figures of men and women engaged in all the concerns of daily life, from birth to death, as fresh in colour and distinct in outline as when painted more than 3000 years ago, brought before us the manners and customs of the people who built the temples and palaces we had been visiting—the concerns of indoor-life, the pursuits of agriculture, the ceremonies of the court and the altar, the offerings to the king and to the gods, the chase and the amusements, the rewards and punishments, the birth, marriage, and death, and the judgment of the soul after death, forming a pictorial history of Egypt which 'he who runs may read.'

A large party had also been the round on the western bank, from the temple-palace at Gournou to that at Medinet Habou, including the Memnonium and the two seated colossi of the plain. There is little to see at Gournou, beyond the portico of the temple-palace, which is a long row of simple columns in the form of stalks of water-plants tied together near the top, and a central hall sixty feet in length, supported by six columns. The whole building, indeed nearly all the buildings about Thebes, are of a sort of freestone very much like our Bath-stone. A walk of about a mile along the edge between the desert and the cultivated land, brings us to the Memnonium or Remeseum, one of the most beautiful monuments of Egyptian art. There still remains a central hall 100 feet by 133, with twelve massive columns, 21 feet in circumference, along its centre, and eighteen on either side, 18 feet in circumference—making forty-eight columns supporting a flat solid roof, studded with stars, on a ground which still preserves its blue colour. The walls are covered with sculpture of curious battle-scenes—the chariots and the horsemen, the suppliant and the captive, the siege and the retreat, all being so graphically represented that they might serve for illustrations to a new Egyptian Iliad.

The colossal statue of Rhamses is overthrown, and many parts are destroyed. It was the largest in Egypt, and is computed to have weighed 887 tons. Very near, sit the two colossal statues of the plain—the vocal Memnon and his companion. Some of our English friends visited them at sunrise, to satisfy themselves whether any sound could be heard from this wonder of the ancients. The height of these statues is 60 feet. The pedestal of that of Memnon is covered with inscriptions in Greek and Latin of those who heard the sound at sunrise; among others, that of the Emperor Hadrian. Various explanations have been given of this sound, and there can be no doubt that it

was some natural phenomenon, which ceased when the statue, which had been overthrown by Cambyse, was repaired by Septimius Severus. It was heard before the mutilation as well as after it, as is fully proved by many ancient authors, but no authentic instance can be found after the repair.

We might talk for hours of the great temple at Medinet Habou, and the battle-scenes on its walls, of the statues, obelisk, and temple at Luxor, and of the far-famed Hall of Columns at Karnac, 170 feet by 829. This is the great sight of Egypt, and with its central avenue of twelve columns, 66 feet high and 12 in diameter, with one hundred and twenty-two, 42 feet high and 9 in diameter, is grand beyond description. When it is known that all these columns are covered with painted sculptures, that the outer surrounding walls are also filled with hieroglyphic inscriptions and sculptured battle-pieces, our readers may be inclined to think that Brown, who spent Christmas-day smoking his cigar among them, spent it better than Jones and Robinson, who preferred snipe-shooting. Those who ate the snipe, however, did not think so at the time, and gave the sportsmen a parting cheer, as their boat was swept towards Old England by the downward stream and a light breeze, soon after the dinner-party had separated to their respective boats. Some who read this paper will well remember that day; and amid the festivities of the London season this year, will think of the deep-blue starry sky, and the clear fresh air of Egypt—will hear again the monotonous chant of the boatmen—will remember the palm-grove and the watch-fire, the filling sail and the ripple of the stream, and will shed a tear over the memory of some now gone, with whom they spent their first and last Christmas-day on the Nile.

#### THE SICK-NURSE AND THE SICK-ROOM.

WERE we to take a census of the female population of England, which should include all individuals between the ages of fifteen years and fifty who considered themselves entitled to be reckoned amongst the genteel classes of society, and from that census were to arrange in two columns, on the one hand the names of all who could play tolerably well on some instrument, and had a fair knowledge of French, German, or Italian; who could dance, dress tastefully, and were competent to take a share in the entertainment of an evening-party; and on the other were to place the names of those who well understood the humbler arts of managing a household; directing the conduct of their servants; controlling family expenditure; and last, though by no means least, that important duty of nursing and comforting the sick, and shedding sunlight over the chamber of the invalid—how lamentably small would be the number of those whose place was in this latter column in comparison with those who made a good figure in the former!

It is not that we would by any means discourage our countrywomen from the pursuit of those branches of study we have named, or from that of any others which would conduce to the cultivation of their minds and talents, or give them pleasant occupation for a leisure hour. We do not desire to see the daughters of our land return to the habits of ancient days, when to superintend the labours of the still-room, the kitchen, and the embroidery-frame, alternated with repeating *Aves* and *Credos*, and dressing the wounds of captive knights—nor would we have them like the modern Berezovian women of whom we are told in that amusing work, *Revelations of Siberia by a Banished Lady*: “The culinary art constitutes the principal branch of

education among the fair sex, and far from blushing when detected in this employment, they pride themselves on their proficiency in it as the highest of female accomplishments.’ This would certainly a little exceed our wishes; but we do not perceive why an art so very important to household comfort should be wholly neglected. It would be amusing to observe what would be the effects of a law enforcing ‘that no lady under the grade of the titled aristocracy should be permitted to enter into the matrimonial state until she had creditably passed such an examination as should satisfy competent authorities that she possessed a sufficient degree of knowledge in all points connected with household economy, to entitle her to a certificate of her capability “of discreetly conducting a family, and directing its management in the parlour, the kitchen, and the nursery.”’ Under such a regulation, how busy would the young ladies be in studying the art of cookery; and if, in addition, the following Berezovian rule were adopted in our land, how eagerly would their fair hands dabble amongst flour and butter, preserves and pickles! The rule to which we allude is, that ‘every young bride on her arrival at her husband’s house must invite guests to a dinner *prepared by her own hands*, and this repast is considered as a test of the education she has received at her parents’ house. Shame and disgrace are the consequences should she be found deficient on such an occasion, and shame also to the parents who did not attend to that essential branch of her education.’ But this is not what we desire. We would not thus occupy the whole of a woman’s time; but we would have every female well consider whether in making a good knowledge of modern languages, or a skilful performance on the harp or piano, the first object, or even the second in her children’s education, she is doing her duty: whether she is leading them to fulfil the object of family relationships and social bonds.

It is no new remark amongst thinking people, that to attach an undue value to the elegances of education is an error at present but too prevalent in all classes of society; and it is a fact which daily presses itself on our notice, that the young females in most families, however competent they may be to amuse a gay circle by their well-cultivated talents and highly-informed minds, are sadly deficient in the details of common life: needle-work is neglected, a knowledge of housekeeping undervalued, whilst even the humblest degree of insight into the practice of cookery is absolutely scouted. As to the art of nursing the sick, it is one so absolutely unknown to young ladies, that though the loving daughter or sister may evidently desire to take the charge of her suffering relatives’ comfort, she sorrowfully feels that none of her early instructions or habits have tended to prepare her for this, the dearest task of women; and she withdraws from the effort, seeing that the hired nurse, or the lowest servant in the household, performs those coveted duties more quietly and satisfactorily to the poor sufferers than herself, inexperienced and untaught as she is.

There are more qualifications requisite to the formation of the character of a good nurse than would at first sight be supposed. Patience, firmness, self-denial, all are important graces for her to possess who would fill that office well; but there are several other requisites. Sound judgment and delicate tact are most valuable adjuncts, and a quiet, cheerful spirit is inestimable both to the patient and the nurse herself.

Everything about a sick-room should wear an air of cheerful repose. In what degree the appearance of cheerfulness should prevail must depend on the nature of the patient's case; but that bright fairy should always be there, and ready to display herself when permitted; for although the acuteness of disease may be such as to require that an extreme of quietude and stillness should reign throughout the apartment and over all around it, yet lugubrious faces and dismal tones are never welcome to a sick person, and are more likely to distress and injure him than even an undue amount of gaiety. With a view to this most desirable end, 'cheerful repose,' be very careful that the chamber over which you, in your capacity of nurse, are to rule, shall always present as much as is possible of a pleasant and comfortable aspect. Never allow any cups, basins, or other relics of meals, to remain in the chamber. A sick-room, littered with such utensils, with an unswept hearth, and a couch or bed disarranged and untidy, is an unpleasant spectacle to every one, and tends to anything but cheerfulness.

How different is our feeling on entering a room where, if in winter, we see a clear bright fire burning in the grate; or in summer, an open window and a vase of fresh flowers, a table with a little work, and a few books, together with clean linen on the bed, and unsullied purity around, all indicating that a watchful eye and a friendly hand has been there—from that which we experience when dirty cups and jugs, a dusty hearth, and an array of medicine-bottles and powder-papers meet our eye, and tell of nothing but sickness and neglect. We have spoken of flowers in the sick-chamber, and it is well that they should be there; for nothing gives so cheerful and lifelike an aspect to a room as a glass of bright and well-arranged flowers; but it must be only during the day they should be suffered there. By day, flowers are wholesome and cheering friends, but at night they are deadly enemies; and for this reason: during the hours in which light prevails, all vegetables throw out that gas so highly important to animal life—oxygen, and absorb that of which an undue amount is most deleterious—carbonic acid. Under these circumstances, they are friends; but in the hours when darkness reigns, then they reverse the order they have before observed, and absorb from the atmosphere the oxygen, returning to it the carbon. For this reason, no flowers or growing-plants should ever be kept in a sleeping-room at night, but more especially in one where an invalid reposes. No very lusciously scented blossoms, however, should at any time be allowed a place in the sick-chamber. Jasmines, lilies, heliotropes, and others, which exhale a heavy and rich fragrance, must, alas! be excluded; but carnations, geraniums, a rose or two, mignonette, and other aromatic scented flowers, will afford a safe enjoyment, and acting as a reminder of God's beautiful creation in the garden and the field, will supply to the poor sufferer a fund of wholesome and refreshing thought. But they should be daily renewed, and not even allowed to stand long in the same water, as—especially in hot weather—the stems are apt to induce putridity and an offensive smell, which must of course be injurious.

A constant systematic attention to the management of light, temperature, ventilation, sound, and motion, are all important to the comfort and wellbeing of your charge. As much light as the patient can bear without a feeling of distress, should always be admitted into a sick-room. Doubtless, when the eye or the brain is affected, this will be but little: in such cases, the medical attendant will of course dictate; but in ordinary cases, light is beneficial, not only as adding to the cheerful appearance of the room, but as a chemical agent in purifying the atmosphere, and restoring it to a healthy state. Care should, nevertheless, be taken that no overbright light, either reflected or otherwise, should

be allowed to fall either on the eyes of the patient, or on any lustrous object within his sight, as that is sure to annoy. A candle inadvertently set down so that its rays may be reflected by a mirror or any other shining object within his range of vision, will be as likely to disturb a sick person as the sight of the candle itself. A similar degree of precaution should be used lest flickering lights from the fire should harass him.

A careful watch should be kept also over the temperature and the ventilation of a sick-chamber. An overheated room, or one in which the air has been allowed to become stagnant and loaded, is more injurious to the sensitive invalid than can well be conceived. Sixty degrees of Fahrenheit seems the highest standard of heat suitable for most invalids. There should always be either a fire or an open window or door, so that the air may be frequently changed in the room; yet great care should be taken that the patient is not exposed to draughts of cold air. A little management will easily effect this in most chambers; but if the weather or other cause should render it undesirable to keep either door or window open for any length of time together, one or other of them may be set a little ajar for a few minutes once in two or three hours, which will effect your purpose.

With regard to sound, you can scarcely be too careful—we do not mean that unbroken silence and stillness should be observed: this may be needful in some cases, but ordinarily it would be undesirable, and would prove oppressive to the patient. A nurse who possesses the charm of a serene and mild countenance, a cheering smile, and a soft clear voice, is always the most welcome in a sick-room. You should never whisper either to the patient or to any one in the room; but always draw near to the person you are addressing, so as to be easily heard, and speak in a distinct and audible, though low-toned voice; and having asked a question, give your full attention to the reply, so that you may catch the meaning at once, and then act, if possible, without further interlocation.

Avoid all irritating noises, and especially eschew silk gowns which rustle, and shoes which creak or tap the ground in walking: we have known a person ill with fever rendered delirious by the former cause, and rave of nothing but his nurse's silk gown for hours. Never make a bustle in the room. If you have occasion to call on an attendant to arrange any matters in the apartment, always give your directions out of hearing of its inmate, and then guide your assistant in performing your wishes by signs and single words rather than prolonged directions. Nothing worries more than the shaking of curtains, and knocking about of pans and brushes, that sometimes accompany a 'putting to rights.' If you take charge at night, or if your patient is nervous and sensitive of sound, have a cloth on your table, so that no clatter of putting down scissors, snuffers, or other articles, may assail his ears or break his slumbers. But one of the greatest triumphs of a skillful nurse is to manage her fire noiselessly, so as to supply it with fuel and keep it alive and bright. It is quite possible to do this, and to maintain a good fire throughout the night without making any sound that would awake the lightest sleeper—we have ourselves often achieved this feat, and consider it one that reflects more credit on us than most things in which we have been concerned. But to compass this end, a lady must stoop very low indeed! even so low as to condescend to lift every bit of the coal with her own delicate fingers, and with them to push the jetty lumps into the place in the fire where their presence is most needed. She may put on gloves if she pleases—and certainly she will be wise to do so; but if she wishes to be successful in keeping in her fire quietly, she must utterly ignore the existence of those noisy implements, the tongs and shovel. But how is she to stir the fire? how to clear the lower bar from the

ashes? Easily enough: the poker must share the banishment of its confrères, the tongs and shovel, and a stiff stick become its substitute. With this, and a good supply of patience, she will do very well. Insert the said stick slowly and softly into the best place for lifting your fire, then very, very gently, and very, very slowly insinuate it further, and press it further down, and so by slow degrees raise the fuel, and give it the necessary movement. After a time repeat the process in another part; but all must be done with as much caution as an Indian bheel would use in carrying off a booty which lay under his sleeping master's pillow. So to manage matters may take you perhaps a quarter of an hour, whilst one good emphatic stir would do the work in a second of time; yet you may account your quarter of an hour well spent if it avails to preserve to you that precious friend and companion a fire, without subjecting your charge to a rude and hasty awakening. You should scatter some ashes on the hearth and inner bed of the fender, so that cinders and ashes which may fall may make no noise to disturb the sleeper; and whilst speaking of the management of this important functionary, the fire, a recipe for keeping it alive during a long night, when none is watching over it, may not be ill-placed. Get a clear, bright bit of fire in your grate, not more than half filling it; on the top of this lay some small lumps of coal in a moderately thick layer, and thereon place a layer of equal thickness of damp deal saw-dust; above this, a few bits of stick, and bank up the whole at the top with a thickish layer of damp small coal. The fire will penetrate the lumps, and stop and smoulder in the saw-dust. The sticks are not expected to burn during the night, but to get dry and hot, and be in a state for speedy ignition when pushed in between the bars in the morning. A fire thus managed will keep in for twelve hours or more without overheating the room or expending fuel, and afford, at the last, sufficient materials for making a good fire in an instant. If you are preparing to keep watch at night, be careful to have everything you are likely to want brought on a tray at once, and placed within your reach, so that you may be able readily to supply any little nourishment or medicine to your patient comfortably and without noise.

Your movements in a sick-chamber must be in a great degree regulated by the character of the illness of the person over whom you are watching. There are, no doubt, occasions where a stealthy step, and slow, cautious movement are essential; but unless in cases of emergency, a free and natural action is in general better—care, of course, being taken that no sudden or impetuous movements should startle and annoy a sensitive invalid. It would seem a reasonable and common-sense rule, that the less a sick person is reminded, by external circumstances, of his state, the more hope there will be of his mind and spirits being kept in a healthy condition; and therefore it is better to keep off everything that is found to annoy, so far as it may be practicable to do so, and to preserve in his rooms as much as possible a *natural* tone and aspect.

The guardians of the sick should at all times be very cautious not unnecessarily to instil into their patient's mind any thoughts of an anxious or an alarming character. Never repeat any sad stories or startling reports, nor induce suspicious or uneasy thoughts relative to the conduct of any of the servants, children, or other members of the family. Be at all times careful, both in conversation and in selecting subjects for reading, not to bring forward anything of a too exciting nature, avoiding all harrowing tales and terrifying newspaper statements. Be watchful, also, never to fatigue your patient's mind by exercising it on too argumentative or difficult subjects. You must not gauge the mind of an invalid by its measure when the body was in a more healthy state; for the mind that is

when depressed by sickness, as incapable of it as the lowered and attenuated body of a sick man is of using the athletic exercises in which, in a state of greater vigour, he may have excelled; and, on the same principle, never dispute with a sick person any point which it is possible, with propriety, to yield, for the spirits—perhaps the temper—become irritable from indisposition.

The clear and practical knowledge of some of the simpler branches of the art of cookery which we have before advocated, is essential for a good nurse. We have seen food presented to the sick such as it was impossible for them to eat, and which was of course rejected with disgust, when neither patient nor nurse was aware that its disagreeable appearance or smell was merely an accident arising from bad cookery, and not an essential feature in the article itself.

And now let us say a few words that may aid in regulating the conduct of an ardent young nurse, and pilot her away from those rocks on which she will be but too likely—as we ourselves, alas! have done—needlessly to make shipwreck of her own health. It will seem strange to some if we say that a very refined sort of selfishness is at the root of much of the excess in nursing which we sometimes see injuring the health and paling the countenance of the loving wife or child who has the charge of nursing an invalid during a time of severe and prolonged illness. She cannot bear the pain of feeling that she is missed, and still less does she like that another should take her place, and perform for the beloved one those little offices which it is her delight to consider as peculiarly her own; and therefore, in despite of remonstrances, in defiance of warnings given her in the form of exhaustion of mind and body, she persists in standing at her post by the sick-bed, taking too much on her, declining rest when, without injury to her patient, she might properly take it; refusing to take a sufficient degree of nourishment, and perhaps pressing on in her self-imposed labours many hours together without any food, and also secluding herself wholly from air and exercise, which she needs, and ought to obtain; and thus she goes on sometimes for weeks and months together, obtaining praise for self-sacrifice, when, in fact, she is rather guilty of self-indulgence. And what is the end of all this? In all probability, a sudden failure of strength arises, illness overtakes her, and she is at once withdrawn altogether from the cherished task, which, but for her wilful over-exertions, she might have retained to the last; and her illness forms a heavy additional call on the energies of an overtasked household, and a painful source of anxiety and distress to the precious object of her affections in whose service she has been working. Every nurse ought, as a matter of duty—not only to herself, but to her patient and the family of which she forms a part—carefully to guard against such want of moderation as we have named. If she sits up at night, she should seek some hours of rest during the day, *whether she likes it or not*; she should daily go into the open air, for half an hour at least; and in respect of food, as well as in every other way, should sedulously guard the health which is so highly important to the household. It is a sort of common family treasure of which she is the guardian, and if she suffers it to decay or be lost unnecessarily, she is guilty of a moral delinquency, and her family should exclude her from the post she covets until she becomes amenable to the laws of common sense and sound judgment.

Of course we are aware that there are cases in which this extreme of effort which we have been condemning is really necessary. In such, let the young nurse go forward and trust in God to preserve her, and to bless her in her work; but let her be true-hearted and faithful in deciding whether such exertions are really necessary, or whether they do not arise from some

that, although she may stand the brunt of such an unnatural state of life on one, or even more occasions, she will surely in the end be worsted if she does not listen to reason and take care, remembering that the better part of valour is discretion.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A DOUBLE SEPARATION.

A LADY of our acquaintance used to express her surprise that it was considered indelicate or unpolite to say to anybody—more especially to one of her own sex—How old are you? and that the person so questioned should be unwilling to give a straightforward truthful reply. If I am asked, said she, how long I have resided in such a place, I do not think of evading the question, but mention the time as well as I am able; and when the inquiry relates to the number of years I may have been a denizen of this world of comings and goings, why should I feel or speak otherwise? The fair reasoner might have gone further in her philosophy of common-place. She might have said: Since this earth is but a stage on a journey taken by us all, why do we mourn when a friend reaches the goal before us? and whence is our desolateness of heart when a separation takes place for a probably shorter space, and when even in this world we have the prospect of meeting again?

Such reasonings do very well to exercise the judgment; but we question whether they have the slightest effect upon the heart. No one, for example, was better aware than Robert of the transitory nature of this mundane scene, or less inclined to wish that it were indeed an abiding-place and a continuing city; and yet the leave-taking that was before him the next morning seemed to his imagination like the rending asunder of soul and body. On his long walk to Bloomsbury his feet seemed to cling to the ground, his head hung upon his breast, and the usually vigorous and energetic young man presented a complete picture of desolation.

But the parting itself was not so bad as the anticipation, at least in its external phenomena. It never is. The very effort to conceal the feelings divides them, and the heart is shared between grief and pride, desolation and triumph.

'Well, Bob,' said the captain, when he went into the room—'you are off, I hear, for the other side of the world? I don't blame you—I did something like it myself; and you will have a better chance of getting on there than in a place like this, where people can't stir their elbows for the crowd. But as you are not going for some time yet, you will run down to Wearyfoot to bid good-by? Yes you will?' Robert shook his head. 'No? I thought so. Perhaps you are right—it's of no use. But I am not like you, full of strong young life, and I can't help feeling down in the mouth a little. I am getting an old fellow, Bob; I noticed in the glass this morning that my hair is almost white; and if it had been so ordered that you were to have been with us down yonder for a few years, till you helped to carry me quietly—and I am sure you would do it lovingly—to that lonely little Wearyfoot churchyard, where the grass grows so trimly among the white stones, and where the weary foot is indeed at rest, why?—'

'Darling uncle!' cried Sara, throwing her arms round the veteran's neck in a passion of tears. Some large

drops rolled, one after another, down the waxen cheeks of Elizabeth. Robert alone seemed unmoved; but when he spoke, his voice was constrained and husky.

'The grass in Wearyfoot church-yard,' said he, 'will, I trust, be many times alternately green and withered before you, my beloved benefactor, are carried thither. But when that does take place, my consolation will be to know, that your last moments were soothed by the cares of those you loved, and your kind true heart laid in the grave by tender hands.'

'And you, Robert?' said Elizabeth—'will not the wanderer be with us even at the end of many years?'

'The wanderer,' replied Robert, 'may by that time have found a grave himself.'

'But if not?' said Sara, almost inaudibly. Robert paused before answering, and a struggle of some kind appeared to take place in his mind. When at length he spoke, his cheek was slightly pale:

'This side of the ocean,' said he, 'I have not found fortunate—not from my very birth. Why, then, should I wish to return? I will not even suffer myself to think of the ordinary changes brought by time—of new ties, new feelings, new graves; the things and persons of the present will remain with me as they are for ever; and so I shall be able to defy the evil fortune before which I have hitherto succumbed.'

'All this means,' cried the captain, 'that you are not coming back! You are a fine fellow, Bob, and a good fellow; but I don't understand you: I never did, even when you were a boy—even when I was teaching you to fence, and when Sara was teaching you to dance. I can understand your going—that's all very right; but why not come back?—and when you know, too, that not one of us will have any pleasure in life till you do. Why, your letters from London filled up our time and our thoughts from one letter to another. Even Margery's pothooks were precious, and they did Sara so much good, that poor Molly wouldn't open them herself. Isn't it true, Sara?' Sarah did not reply; she was shaking from head to foot, and Robert determined to cut short the painful scene. A double knock at the street-door afforded him an excuse.

'There are your friends,' said he; 'I saw them pass the window. They are doubtless coming to escort you to the railway, and that will enable me to attend to some pressing business of my own. I had a thousand things to say, but they will be better said by letter—we shall have time for quite a long correspondence before my departure. Farewell!'—and he clasped the veteran's hand and covered it with fervent kisses—'may God requite you for all your goodness to the beggar and outcast!' The captain strained him in his arms for a moment, coughing savagely away some desperate sobs, and then Elizabeth threw herself upon his bosom, and wept helplessly. Sara was just vanishing at the door of the inner room; but Robert followed her, and as the visitors were at the moment announced, he shut the door after him.

'Do not part, Sara,' said he, 'without shaking hands! If you only knew the cost of this self-sacrifice!—'

'I know nothing,' said she, turning quickly round—'speak!' and she fixed her eyes eagerly on his. Another struggle seemed to take place in his mind, and this time of so terrible a nature that large drops of sweat rolled down his brow.

'I dare not,' said he at length—'Farewell!' and he released her hand. She walked silently away; and presently, the hardly audible sound of the opening and shutting of the door informed her that Robert was gone.

Robert was strong in his consciousness of rectitude. With the exception of the conflict of the last parting moment, the only temptation that had assailed him that morning was suggested by Sara's question as to his return. They were both young. Would not a few years have a fair chance of enriching him in



country where wealth is sometimes collected in a few days? This thought darted like lightning through his brain, but like lightning it vanished. To set Sara's life-long happiness at stake on the mere chance of his success—to buoy her up with a hope which was as likely to be illusive as otherwise—and lead her on from year to year in a dream, in the course of which both her cheek and heart might wither, was not to be thought of. Let the prospect be closed at once; and if love still survived, why, then, who could tell what might happen after the lapse of years?

Robert had another scene to get through that forenoon; and the one that had just closed, instead of weakening his energies, nerved him for what was to come. It was with inexpressible bitterness of spirit he took his way to Lord Luxton's house. The evening before, there were no stars visible in the heavens to consult; but he had taken counsel of the void darkness, and did not return till that began to be edged with the cold gray light of the dawn. It seemed clear to him now that the Falcontowers had been in error as to his family position; that they had considered this, however comparatively obscure, not to be such as would reflect disgrace upon them; and that, detecting the falsehood of the report that had reached them regarding his noble birth, they had determined to observe with their own eyes the true nature of his social status. From his knowledge of Claudia, he was not at all surprised that she should leave her father in the carriage at the end of the street, and come alone to the window; and perhaps, under other circumstances, it might have given him even amusement, to imagine the feelings with which the high-born and haughty slave of conventionalism must have beheld the unaccustomed scene that was then presented to her eyes. But the same meanness which could induce them to defraud the man of low birth of the fairly earned reward of the successful writer, would afflict upon him—whose interest seemed alone to be interested in the affair—the stigma of suborning others to bolster him up by means of fraud and falsehood. This he would not submit to. Instead of sending for his papers, and allowing the unfortunate connection to drop in silence, as had been his intention, he was now on his way to the house in person, to force upon Lord Luxton such explanation as he might find necessary.

The new peer and his daughter were in the library, according to their ordinary custom, conversing on their affairs. The father was sometimes a good deal puzzled by the manner of the young lady, which, always decisive, was this morning what in a man would be called stern. Her words were few, abrupt, uncompromising. She looked older. The lines of time, whose appearance she had hitherto contrived to repress, were now visible in the unusual paleness of her countenance; and her eyes, in general so lustrous, looked heavy, yet feverish, as if they had not been recently closed in sleep. Lord Luxton, who was ignorant of her evening expedition, and of the adventures which had doubtless disturbed her equanimity, supposed that Claudia permitted her mind to dwell too earnestly on the turn taken by public affairs, and he was kinder in manner than was his wont. The young lady, however, was not in the vein for anything like either pity or affection, and received such demonstrations with a coldness allied to scorn. The conversation, therefore, was not agreeable, for the subject was perplexing; the ministerial crisis becoming more critical every hour, and Lord Luxton in corresponding difficulty as to his line of action. In the midst of it the door opened, and Robert Oaklands walked into the room.

His admission was quite accidental, and yet natural. The porter, in whose capacious mind rested the fate of visitors, like other dignified functionaries was late of coming to his post—at so early an hour of the forenoon, his countenance would have been thrown away; and

the door, therefore, was opened by one of the footmen who knew Robert merely as one who was admitted as a matter of course, and allowed to find his way unannounced to the library. Both Claudia and her father had recognised his straightforward, resolute knock, to which perhaps on the present occasion his feelings added unwonted sternness. The peer made no remark, his orders, he thought, having rendered him safe from unpleasant intrusion; but the quicker ear of Claudia had caught the visitor's step, light as it was, as he approached the room, and without looking towards the door till he entered, she drew herself up, pale, cold, rigid, impassive.

A slight bend of the head received the visitor, and Lord Luxton motioned to a chair. Robert, however, remained standing behind it.

'I have called, my lord,' said he, 'in consequence of a circumstance which occurred yesterday evening, and which compels me to suppose that you labour under some mistake as to my real character. A report, I understand, reached your ears before you left town that some mystery attached to my social position, and that I was entitled to occupy much higher ground than I did. Is this the case?'

'It is.'

'It is clear, then, from the circumstance I have alluded to, and from your not putting direct questions to me upon a subject in which you appear to have felt so condescending an interest, that you supposed me to be a party in what seemed to you a fraud—probably the chief party concerned, the suborner of the false testimony you received.'

'Having made no accusation, Mr Oaklands, either direct or implied,' said the peer with dignity, 'I feel myself under no necessity of replying to the remark; more especially as it is put in a tone which gives it the form of accusation rather than defence.'

'Defence! I mean no defence, my lord, whatever. All I have to say is, that the idea, if you entertained it, is erroneous, and betrays a very mean capacity for the appreciation of character. The report originated in the enthusiasm of, I may say, natural affection, and may have received some apparent confirmation from a misconception with regard to it under which I laboured myself; for I believed the hints that were dropped respecting my approaching elevation referred to the expectations you yourself had held out to me for a very considerable time.'

'I understood, sir,' said Lord Luxton, 'that you were aware of the importance, even as regarded your own interest, of concealing those expectations till I permitted you to speak?'

'You are right; and I cannot tax myself with having betrayed them. The equivocal was caused by my supposing it to be just possible that in some moment of domestic musing an unguarded word may have dropped from me which was caught at by the ignorant affection I have referred to, and made to harmonise with its own idiosyncrasy.'

'Very well. With regard to the expectations themselves, it is necessary to be frank. Independently of the difficulties of the ministry'—

'Pardon me, my lord, I will not hear a word on that subject. I came here to place my own character in a proper point of view—I have nothing to do with yours. Having now accomplished my purpose, I will, with your permission, collect my papers, and bid you good-morning.' Robert then walked with quiet dignity into the inner-room, the scene of his long and thankless labours.

Claudia had taken no part in this conversation. She did not move; she hardly seemed to breathe; she looked like a statue, only with living eyes that were fixed upon Robert with an intensity in their gaze, which did not appear to stop at the features, but to penetrate to the very soul. When he withdrew, she

turned slowly, as if on a pivot, those strange eyes following his firm but noiseless step, and watching his calm proud bearing, till he disappeared in the study.

'I am glad we have done with him,' said her father in an under-tone; 'he is an insolent young fellow, and wants to be taken down. Don't you think so?' Claudia did not hear: she was still looking towards the study, and listening to the movements within.

'His refusing to hear my explanation is quite enough, even without the ministerial crisis: what do you say?' She said nothing—she was probably deliberating within herself as to what she should say to him. Presently he reappeared; and, with a slight bow to the two, was just leaving the library.

'Stay, Mr Oaklands,' said Claudia suddenly; 'having claimed the liberty of explanation for yourself, you have no right to deny it to others. Lord Luxton was about to explain to you, when you interrupted him, that a ministerial crisis, which occurred during our absence from town, would render it difficult, if not impossible, for him to exercise his influence in your favour to the extent he desired. But that is not all. Whatever your ideas may be on the subject, we who live in the world are obliged to conform to its laws and customs; and his lordship cannot, as an individual, even if his own wishes tended thereto, overturn the order and reasonable gradations of society. For a man of obscure family to rise gradually to distinction is nothing new in this country; but to do so suddenly, his family must be either literally obscure, kept entirely in the background, or their obscurity must be merely that of poverty, from which they may be able to rise gracefully with the man himself.'

'I quite understand,' said Robert, with a cold, half-contemptuous smile: 'his lordship fancied that connected with me there were some small faded remnants of gentility, attenuated merely through famine, which would be no great drawback to my success in life, and he therefore promised to put me in the way of fortune—for a consideration. He now finds that there is no gentility at all in the case; and although he has received the consideration, and knows that I was completely ignorant of his mental reservation, he withdraws from his promise.'

'The statement is not complete,' said Claudia, quite unmoved; 'there is unfortunately not merely no gentility, as you phrase it, but something quite the reverse—in the case of one like you, appallingly so; and this obliges him to break his promise so far, simply by destroying his freedom of action.'

'In the case of one like me! Why so, if I may presume so far?'

'Because you are not a man of society; because your family is a part of yourself; because they must rise with you, if you rise, side by side; because you would flaunt their vulgarity and ignorance in the eyes of the public; because you would endeavour to extort for them the same respect to which you were entitled yourself; and because the attempt would cover with ridicule not only you, but your supporters and everybody connected with you.'

'You speak truly,' said Robert, 'so far as mere vulgarity and ignorance are concerned; but my case is worse than you suppose.'

'Worse! Were your parents ever married?'

'Probably not.'

'Was not your mother a menial servant?'

'Worse!'

'Do not your brothers and sisters wear on their very brows the ineffaceable stamp of poverty and low nurture?'

'Worse! worse!'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that my origin is far lower than you imagine.'

'What, then, were your parents?'

'Vagrants—beggars—probably thieves. If I have brothers and sisters, the stamp they bear may be the stamp of Cain.'

'If? Then you do not know? You have shrunk with loathing and contempt from the contamination they would have brought?'

'I did not shrink; I do not loathe or condemn. What right have I to do so? I was born one of them, and we shared alike, doubtless, in those qualities that are a part of the gift of life. In me, when we were separated by circumstances I did not seek, these qualities were developed and grew healthily; in them, they either withered in embryo or sprang up into poisonous weeds. Me this education of circumstances introduced into the library of—a right honourable; them it conducted, too probably, to the workhouse or the hulks. I may loathe and despise their crimes, but I cannot do otherwise than love the criminals; and with regard to myself, I can only reflect with gratitude and awe on the accident, so to call it—as mere an accident, madam, as that of birth!—which has enabled me, to a certain extent, to control the circumstances by which I am surrounded, and has thus raised me to the dignity and freedom of a man.'

Robert looked proudly into those wild eyes he had so often controlled before; but the blaze they now encountered was as powerful as the one it met, because sharing in its own nature. Claudia's pale cheek was overspread with a glow which entirely obliterated the faint lines of time, and restored all its radiant beauty to her countenance.

'Then you are truly,' said she, 'as I have heard, the foundling—the waif—of Wearyfoot Common! You are free to pursue your fortune in the world—to dare—to combat—to conquer it! You are alone, are you not?—alone, I say—alone!' and her figure seemed to expand, her nostrils dilated, her eyes lightened, and she looked with an aspiring and defiant gaze, as if at some object in the far distance.

'I am alone,' replied Robert, catching no inspiration from the tone—'alone! I have no blood relation that I know of on the earth; and even between the strangers to whom I owe everything and the homeless vagrant they educated into a man, there will soon roll—as soon as I can accomplish it—many thousand miles of ocean.' He spoke low and despondingly, for he felt as if the faint lone star of the Common was at the moment vanishing in the heavens; and the unequal breathing of Claudia was heard distinctly in the silence which his words seemed to mark rather than interrupt.

'But do not think,' said he, recovering—'do not think that the avowal demands your pity any more than your scorn. The world has in our day entered into a new cycle; and the weak prejudices that still linger among us owe such shadowy vitality as they possess to little more than the mean traditions and abject imitations of the novelists. The light of knowledge, which has resolved the nebulae into stars, has established the individuality of men. No longer crouching behind our ancestors, and concealing our insignificance under coats of arms, we stand forward, each according to his own lights, and look the heavens in the face. And even so are we judged by public opinion; and even so by the loftier, nobler spirits of the small fraction of the people to which such as you belong. Worth, talent, energy, are now more valuable than a whole gallery of family portraits—which serve only to afford a means of comparison. In most cases a humiliating one, between the feeble descendant and the strong ancestor. Look at us both, my lord, at this instant, and say which has the more cause for pride—I who have kept my engagement, or you who have forfeited yours?—I, who give you my time and labour as an alms, or you who pretended to purchase them?—I, the individual man destined to carve out my own fortune, or you, swathed as helplessly

and hopelessly in by-gone generations as a mummy in its folds of perfumed linen?

'As for you, Miss Falcontower, I can only lament the blindness which darkens a fine spirit, and withdraws to mean and trivial objects those noble powers that if properly directed would achieve greatness and renown. To you I owe more than the interesting study you have yourself presented: I owe the materials for large and enlightened views of a section of life which is hidden from the vulgar in myths and symbols; I owe those revealings of the social world which one like me could acquire only through the teaching of an accomplished and high-bred woman. This debt I shall probably never be able to repay; but it may chance that I shall one day make such use of what I have learned as will give you the satisfaction of knowing that your kindness and generosity have not been in vain.' Robert bowed deferentially as he concluded and withdrew.

'Insufferable insolence!' cried Lord Luxton—'Claudia'—

'Hush! hush!'

'How is it possible to do anything for this man?'

'Hush, I say, hush!' She was looking towards the door, and threw back her hair impetuously from her ears to listen the more intently. An expression of doubt, wavering, terror was in her face, as she seemed to count the receding footfalls that would have been inaudible to ears not abnormally excited. Presently this expression changed, rapidly but not instantaneously, into courage, confidence, resolve. Then a single expiration of the breath seemed to burst the chains of years, and give her impatient spirit to life and freedom; a joyful and dazzling illumination overspread her face; she bounded with the elasticity of a girl to the door, flung it wide open, tossed up her curved arms laterally to give her lungs play, and as she threw forward her chest, gave forth her magnificent voice in a long, wild, exulting cry—

'Mr Oaklands!' The house rang with the sound, which quivered with a thrill between pain and pleasure in the ears that heard it.

But it was lost to him for whom it was intended in the loud shutting of the street-door, and after a terrible moment of suspense, her high-wrought feelings collapsed, and Claudia for the first time in her life fainted, and fell senseless upon the floor.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

We have always thought flagellation, as ordered by a judge, a most unjust mode of punishment, simply because there is no making sure beforehand of how severe or how light the specified number of stripes may be. An executioner of Edinburgh, in the time of George II., hit what we mean when, in answer to an inquiry on this point, he said: 'I lay on the lash according to my conscience.' Think of so much being left to the arbitrament of an executioner! The school authorities of Harrow appear to have never considered the matter in this light, for they have deputed to one set of the boys, called 'monitors,' a title to flagellate the rest, whenever they may think it necessary. In a quarrel between a monitor and another boy, the monitor has the pleasant advantage of 'whopping' his antagonist, to within an inch of the boy's life if he pleases, under colour of law, and in perfect safety from retaliation. The public, we need scarcely remark, have become aware of this curious peculiarity of the discipline of Harrow, in consequence of an instance of the use of the privilege by a certain Master Platt, in reference to a Master Stewart, who had to submit to thirty-one blows of a cane on his naked back, for

merely having had some altercation on the playground with Master Platt (in which it appears he was in the right), and whose back was consequently left in a state which called for medical care, and drew the attention of a justly indignant parent. A medical man thus described the suffering part: 'I found the whole of the back across the shoulders, from the border of the left armpit to the top of the right shoulder, *one entire mass of bruises*, the colour varying from a bright red to a deep black. There was one deeply blackened spot on the upper and broad part of the shoulder, covering a space of very nearly four inches square by measurement.' It is tolerably evident from this in what a state the 'conscience' of the flagellator had been at the time of the infliction. As to its condition afterwards, we are left in little doubt, for the young gentleman, so far from expressing any compunction, has justified himself by representing that he has known severer punishments inflicted by monitors for less offences—that is to say, Master Stewart has, after all, got less than his deserts. What a testimony to the humanity of the Harrow School discipline! And what a specimen of the sense of justice inspired into its pupils! It is to be feared that Master Platt's sentiments of conscientiousness in matters where his own interests and passions are concerned have, under such discipline, been raised to a painful pitch of intensity; and were we connected with him in any authoritative relation, we should be deeply concerned to watch over him in future years, lest this probity towards himself should lead him into more serious scrapes than the present.

Harrow is an ancient and eminent school, and such dignified establishments are usually not very open to advice. Yet it is a fact which might be worthy of the regard of Harrow, that there are other schools, and passably successful schools too, which, so far from multiplying the lashing-power in this extraordinary way, have almost abolished or dispensed with it even in the masters. It is a world of change, and, many think, of progress; and among its changes is a gradual doing away with the law of force, and a promotion of that of gentleness. It is rapidly becoming a prevalent opinion as to schools, that the necessity of force is simply in proportion to the incompetency of the teacher, and the inadequacy of the moral superintendence. The public, generally, have been startled at the barbarism—for so they term it—of the idea of allowing one set of boys to subject the rest to a cruel and degrading punishment. They feel even an injustice in the case of Platt, who is first allowed, or rather trained to, the gratification of his revengeful feelings, and then marked with a stigma for gratifying them somewhat in excess. Let Harrow lay this to heart, were it only for its own interests as a school. Assuredly, its having a few conscientious young executioners like the one now under notice, might be felt by many rational, not to say kind-hearted parents, as something of an objection to contributing fresh pupils to the establishment.

### UNITED ASSURANCE AND GUARANTEE.

In conducting life-assurance business, it is always important to hold out the prospect of additions, or bonuses, from accumulating surplus of funds, as it feeds hope, and thus proves an inducement to the virtuous act of insuring upon life. In the cognate business of probity-assurance, or *public guarantee*, it is, we understand, felt as a discouragement, that the

annual premiums are wholly, as it were, lost money. A clerk who may have paid five pounds a year to guarantee his intrusions to his employers to the amount of £1,000, feels at the end of fifteen years that he is minus not much less, perhaps, than a year's income, with nothing to shew for it. On this account, the security of friends and relatives is still clung to by many in preference, though there can be no doubt that it is a great hardship to individuals to be subjected to such risk, when a public company can satisfy the needs of the case equally well. To obviate this objection, Mr James Knight has suggested and advocated a plan for absorbing guarantee in a connection with life-assurance; and a company of respectable means, and under excellent auspices, has been started for carrying the idea into effect. As an original conception aiming at a social improvement, we deem it worthy of notice. For a sum just about the same as that commonly exacted in many old life-assurance offices, £500 will be insured upon the life, and half that sum as guarantee for fidelity in trust—this for the first five years; after which a lower sum is demanded, being that solely required for the life-policy, it being considered that the value of the life-policy is then sufficient for the guarantee, the more particularly as it is covenanted that, in the event of infidelity to trust, the life-policy is forfeited. At the same time, the holder of the policy, if he remains so a sufficient time, becomes entitled to share in the 'profits'—that is, surpluses—of the concern. Seeing that the taking of a life-assurance policy is in itself so laudable and proper a step for nearly all sorts of persons, the effecting of guarantee, with *that* in addition, can only be considered as so much the better, even without regard to any special advantages in the point of economy, or in any other respect. When these advantages, however, are also held in view, we think there can be little doubt that Mr Knight has done a valuable service to the public in suggesting and realising the plan.

#### IMPROVED LIFE IN THE NEW DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

Dr Southwood Smith has published some striking statistics, shewing 'the power of good sanitary conditions to secure to the working-man and his offspring the like measure of health and life as is possessed by the wealthier classes.' Some years ago, a philanthropic company prepared several sets or blocks of dwellings for operative families in London, all of them arranged and constructed in such a manner as to give advantages too often denied to that class of inhabitants. In the first place, the site was thoroughly drained; secondly, there was free admission of air and light to every apartment. Water was furnished to every house, and each had its own system of drainage. The speculation has been satisfactorily successful in point of return for the money laid out, and the sanitary results have been most remarkable. Out of a population of 1343, the mortality in a year has been 10, or 7 in the 1000, while in the whole of London it has been at the rate of 22 in the 1000. Amongst children under ten years of age, 490 in number, the mortality has been 5, or say 10 per 1000, while in the whole of London the mortality in the same class has been at the rate of 46 in the 1000. After allowing something for the selected character of the inhabitants of these dwellings, we can scarcely doubt, with such results, that the good sanitary conditions have had a very great effect. Such a fact ought to be an encouragement to further efforts for the rearing of an improved kind of working-men's dwellings; and what ought further to stimulate the process, is the fact presented in a late intelligent pamphlet by Mr Cheyne Brady,\* that, out of a multitude of such speculations

in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and other large cities, not one has as yet failed to yield a fair, while some have actually afforded a very handsome percentage.

#### MAY-FLOWERS.

MAY is come, and all nature seems to be awakened from her winter's sleep. As a fair young maiden, who has arisen at dawn from her couch, and, refreshed by an early bath, goes forth in her morning-robe, looking more lovely in that light and simple attire than when at night she moves amidst a courtly throng, decked in rich silks and glittering jewels—so does May appear. She is not dressed in the gorgeous hues of summer: most of the flowers which form her fairest decoration are of delicate tints; and the green mantle, which she seems to have thrown on in haste, is of the most light and tender hues; and yet is she, thus clad, more welcome to us, and more lovely in our eyes, than June with her glowing roses, or July with her 'streaked gillyflower' and many-tinted exotics.

But what are the flowers that give her charms to May? There is the sweet, sweet cowslip, the airy cradle of that most exquisite conception of the poet's brain, Ariel:

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
There I couch when owls do fly.

And what did our fay see around him in his cowslip-bell, ere the breeze had rocked him into slumber? He must have seen, as he glanced around, that above him rose a long pale yellow tube, in the centre of which was a globe of green, from which hung a long green pendant, terminated by another and smaller sphere, also of tender green, all beset with little glittering gem-like processes, like a chandelier in a regal hall. On the sides of this tube, and a little above the chandelier, he would discern five grooved and moulded ornaments, all powdered over with gold-dust, as it might seem, and depending from five pointed stems wrought out of the substance of the wall of his tubular ceiling. This tubular ceiling he would perceive widened out around him into an alcove formed of five arched divisions, each cleft half-way up, and all of a brilliant golden hue. On each of these divisions rested a bright orange-red mark. These red marks Puck explains to us—

Those be rubies, fairy favours;  
In those freckles lie their savours.

But we doubt this fact: we should rather say that these 'savours' exhale from the sweet honey-like coating which lines the inside of the tube, and hangs in a luscious-looking crop at its summit—that which tempts the bee and butterfly to invade Ariel's home, and rifle it of its sweets. Now, we cannot doubt that our fay, when not lying in the cowslip's bell, would have sometimes been swinging on its fragile stem, and climbing its stalks, and nestling among its leaves; so we may as well describe what he saw there also.

The cowslip is of the natural order *Primulaceae*. The leaf is much like that of the primrose, but never so large. The leafy expansion, when it has reached about half-way down the fleshy midrib, narrows into a mere margin: it is of smoother texture than that of the primrose, less downy and less wrinkled. These leaves are all radial, and grow in thickset tufts, with many blossoms arising from amongst them.

The heads of flowers in fine specimens often contain from twelve to twenty separate corollas, each of which is furnished with one pistil and five stamens (the chandelier and ornaments of our fairy's cell). The calyx is tubular, and, like the petal, ten-cleft. The blossoms are disposed umbel-wise on the summit of a common stalk, which is hairy, and often tinged with red. Few people

\* London: Edward Stanford. 1854.

are aware that the primrose is also an umbellate flower. Trace one of the flower-stalks to the earth, or a little below it, and you will find that it is connected with several others of what appear to be separate flowers—the only difference in its structure from the cowslip being, that in the one, the greatest length of the stem lies between the corolla and the junction with the common stalk, and in the other, between the root and the junction of the stalk and flower-stems. The oxlip is a link between the two, the junction in that flower occurring at about midway between the corolla and the root.

In moist hedgerows, amongst mosses, and generally near some brook—or in shaded woods, basking among the dried leaves round the trunks of old trees, or even sometimes growing on them, we find another of the gems which adorn the coronal of May. This is the pretty little wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), called by old Gerard, and the people of his day, Alleluya, or Cuckoo's Meate; 'because,' he says, 'either the cuckoo feedeth thereon, or by reason when it springeth forth and floweth, the cuckoo singeth most, at which time Alleluya was wont to be sung in the churches.' He describes it as 'a three-leaved grasse, a lowe, base herbe, without stalk, the leaves immediately rising from the root on short stems—at their first coming forth folded together; but often they do spread abroad, and are of a fair light-green colour. Amongst these leaves come up small and weak tender stems, such as the leaves do grow upon, which bear small starlike flowers of a white colour, with some brightness of carnation dashed over the same. The flower consisteth of five small leaves, after which come little round knops or huskes, full of yellowish seed.' It is a most lovely and delicate little plant. Its trefoil leaves are of a brilliant emerald hue, tinted with crimson beneath; its stem and root of that transparent carmine tint which adorns the red-stalked rhubarb, and the stalks of both flowers and leaves are of an extremely slight and fragile character. In some states of the atmosphere, the leaves close together, and form a sort of triangular-peaked canopy; and the blossoms, except when under the influence of a full sunbeam, are closed up, and hang on their stalks like drops of congealed dew. The seed-vessel, when ripe, bends downwards, so as to be completely hidden by the leaves, whence the wood-sorrel is usually considered to bear little or no seed. This peculiarity of structure is noticed by a poet:—

Wood-sorrel hangs her cups,  
Ere their frail form and streaky veins decay,  
O'er her pale verdure; but parental care  
Inclines the shortening stems, and to the shade  
Of closing leaves her infant race withdraws.

The whole plant is strongly acid, and from its leaves the poison oxalic acid is drawn. This is done by soaking them in water; and in the sediment they deposit in their decay may be found small crystals, which are the oxalic acid. There is a species of this genus which grows only in the south and south-western parts of England, and is very rare—*Oxalis corniculata*. This bears yellow flowers and long horn-like seed-vessels, and is altogether of a much larger growth.

In the meadows where the floods have but lately retired, or perhaps even yet linger, we find wealth of flowers. There grows the large marsh-marigold (*Caltha palustris*) which

In green and gold refulgent towers,  
And isles of splendour shine, whose radiance throws  
A glory o'er the scene.

There, too, is that noble plant the corn-flag (*Iris pseudacorus*), throwing up its finely formed sword-like leaves in dense forests from the swampy ground, and displaying its bright yellow blossoms; and the many coloured milk-wort (*Polygala vulgaris*), and the rich purple orchises, and the lovely blue hyacinth (*Hyacin-*

*thus nonscriptus*), cluster on every bank, and begem every copse in richest luxuriance, abundantly mixed with the pretty white stitch-wort (*Stellaria media*). This common little flower, which grows everywhere, is one which ought to receive more notice than usually falls to its share. It is a plant of great beauty, from the clean firm growth of its leaves, the very delicate and peculiar tint of the green which they exhibit, and the fine spring of its shoots, buds, and calyxes: the little star-shaped corolla, though pretty, is the least of its beauties. It is also interesting from the circumstance of its having been from this little plant that Linnaeus first obtained his idea of what he calls the *sleep* of plants. In the evening, the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to enclose between their upper surfaces the tender buds of the plant; the pair of leaves next below the upper pair have longer petioles than the others, so that they can close over the terminating leaves, and thus protect the end of the branch. The flowers are only open for three hours in the day—namely, from nine till twelve o'clock—they do not unfold even at this time, except in sunshine, keeping erect when open, but drooping when folded. After heavy rains, they often remain closed for days together.

But fair as are the meadows in May, the woods and coppices outrival them. What are any of the plants we have named in comparison with the hawthorn, that sweet flower, which so especially belongs to this month, that it even derives its most common name, May, from it? Well may Chaucer eulogise the 'white hawthorn, which so sweet doth smell;' well may every shepherd choose to—

Tell his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Shakspeare, too, fails not to praise the hawthorn; and Burns, that sweetest of nature's minstrels, can find no dearer name for her he loved than that of this plant, and says—

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;  
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

Truly, 'the May-flowered hedges scenting every breeze,' are most lovely and attractive objects; and he who has no appreciation of their beauty, must be wanting in some essential qualification for enjoyment. With the hawthorn, we may see the white guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*), or, as the Germans call it, the 'snow-ball tree,' beginning to shew its white blossoms, which will, in due time, be followed by those clusters of semi-transparent coral-berries which so beautify the woods in autumn; and there also are the tassels of snowy cherry blossom, and the fine carmine-tinted wild-apple bloom, glowing in their pure beauty, and affording a feast to the 'sedulous bees' humming among the branches. The birds now carol from every spray—the lark, aloft in mid-air, pours out her song of praise; whilst every here and there we see the pretty 'orange-tip butterfly,' or some of the broader winged sulphur coloured, or others of more varied hues, skim along in the air, or pitch among the flower-laden branches; whilst huge dragon-flies hawk about over the brook, in search of their prey of little insects, their gossamer wings glittering like jewels in the sunlight.

But of all the scented gems which 'flowery May' throws prodigally from her lap, which can exceed in sweetness the pearly lilies of the vale? Old Gerard calls them emphatically 'May lilies;' and in that sweet month they may be found hanging their pure white bells beneath the broad shadow of their tent-like green leaves, and scattering odours of unrivalled sweetness throughout the more sheltered and secluded spots in the deepest woodland glades. This fair flower has at all times been considered as the type of that lovely and heaven-born grace—humility.

We all know the value of the lily as an ornament to a lady's parterre, or a set off to her drawing-room table, and we all know how frequently this delicately formed plant has been selected as a model for the sculptor, the painter, and the worker in silver or mosaic, but we may not all be so cognizant of the virtues which our old herbalist Gerard ascribes to it. First of all, he states that 'the flowres of the valley lily distilled with wine, and drunke, the quantity of a spoonful restoreth speech unto those that have the dum palseie,' &c.; adding, 'and comforteth the heart'; secondly, he affirms that 'the water aforesaid doth strengthen the memory that is weakened and diminished;' and thirdly, 'the flowres of May lilies put into a glass, and set in a hill of antes close stopped for the space of a moneth, and then taken out, therein you shall find a liquor that appeaseth the pain and griefe of the gout.' This flower boasts the botanical name of *Convallaria majalis*. The Germans call it *Mayen Blumen*.

No month will furnish so rich a plateau or vase of wild-flowers as this most lovely May. You may cluster together the exquisitely delicate green of the young oak, just started into leaf, and with it the light catkins, which are just being developed, and the carmine-tinted bunches of oak-apples, which in some years cluster so thickly on its young twigs as to make you almost fancy, that instead of being a mere blight, theirs must be a pleasant fruit; and then mix with this tender green the blue of the hyacinth, the rich purple of the various tinted orchises, the snowy anemone, and the blushing wild-apple blossom, and you have such a varied and brilliant ornament for your table, as can never be culled save from the hedges and meads in early spring. Or if you prefer a high vase, where will you find such perfect grace as in the drooping tassels of the different carices and rushes, the irises and sedges, and the abounding variety of form and colouring which are supplied you by the different species of meadow-grasses? Oh, May is a lovely month! The nightingale tells you so as she thrills her rich notes in the moonlighted glade; the thrush and black-bird, and all the thousand choristers of hill and dale, tell you so as they greet the first glances of the sun; the lark tells you so, as she mounts on high through the liquid ether, raising her clear notes of praise; and above them all we may hear the voices of young lovers rejoicing in the spring of life, the May of human existence, and telling you that this season of returning warmth, and light, and beauty, is but a transcript of the warmth, and light, and joy which irradiate hearts where faithful love and well-grounded confidence have taken up their abode, and which are already cemented by ties which no chilling blasts of the future shall ever have power to dis sever, because God himself has bound them to each other and to himself.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### CINCINNATI TO NEW YORK.

'The life of a Mississippi steamer is five years,' said a gentleman with whom we were conversing on the subject of river-navigation; and he added, that there was so constant a demand for new vessels, that about thirty were built every year in Cincinnati. I went on board several of these splendid but short-lived steam-boats, as they lay on the banks of the Ohio, and would have gladly descended to New Orleans in one of them, if not warned to keep at a respectful distance from the lower Mississippi, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever.

From the centre of the long quay where the steamers draw up at Cincinnati, a large and commodious ferry-boat crosses the Ohio at short intervals to Covington, a town still in a rudimental state, but becoming a place

of residence for persons whose business connects them with Cincinnati. There are a few manufactories in the place, but with these exceptions, Covington does not shew any marked signs of activity, and the contrast with the bustle of business on the Ohio side is somewhat striking. The comparative dulness is ascribed to the disinclination of free emigrants and workmen to settle in Kentucky, where they would be brought in contact with slavery.

To say nothing of slavery abstractedly, anything calculated to retard the development of industrial occupation in this fine part of the country is much to be lamented. The Americans themselves are scarcely aware of the productive powers of the sunny banks and fertile and far-spreading valleys adjoining the Ohio. The grape, which is grown with advantage in various parts of the States, here attains that peculiar perfection which adapts it for the manufacture of wine. Several enthusiasts in horticulture, among whom may be mentioned Mr Longworth, have, for the last twenty years, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, devoted much attention to the grape; and now, within a circle of twenty miles, there are upwards of 800 vineyards, which lately produced in one year 120,000 gallons of wine. I had the curiosity to taste two of the best kinds of this native product, made from the Catawba grape: one resembled a dry hock, and the other was an effervescing champagne, light and agreeable to the palate. So popular have these become, that at no distant day foreign wines of a similar class will cease to be imported. I found, likewise, that under the encouraging auspices of a horticultural society, the strawberry is brought to great perfection on the banks of the Ohio, and that, during the season, as many as 200 bushels of this fruit are brought every day into the market of Cincinnati. Not satisfied, however, with this large local sale, the producers, I was told, are opening a trade with New Orleans, to which the strawberries are sent packed in ice. Sixteen hundred miles seemed to me rather a long way to send strawberries to market; but when did an American think of distance?

Public education being enjoined, and liberally provided for, by the laws of Ohio, the stranger who takes any interest in such matters will find in Cincinnati numerous schools worthy of his notice, in which instruction of the best quality is imparted without charge to all pupils indiscriminately. Where free education exists in England, it is a charity: here, it is a right. The natural fruit of a system so exceedingly bounteous, is an educated population, possessing tastes and aspirations which seek a solacement in literature from the materialities of everyday life. I do not know that I ever saw a town of its size so well provided as Cincinnati with publishers, libraries, and reading-rooms. The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association has a most imposing suite of apartments fitted up as a library and reading-room—the number of books amounting to 14,000 volumes, and the reading-room shewing a display of desks on which are placed nearly a hundred newspapers. Cincinnati is, I believe, also favourably known for its cultivation of the fine arts; and its exhibitions of pictures at any rate shew that its inhabitants do not employ all their time in mere money-making. In the cathedral of St Peter, there are some valuable paintings by European artists; one, by Murillo, having been a gift from Cardinal Fesch.

My return from this interesting city of the West was made by means of the railway to the flourishing city of Cleveland, whence I proceeded by a continuation of the line to Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie. In quitting Ohio, where so many indications of advancement present themselves, I would take leave to remind intending emigrants, that for fertility of soil and geniality of climate, they will find few places within a moderate distance which can match this exceedingly fine state.



For its crops of Indian corn and wheat, its wool, beef, and pork, it enjoys a wide celebrity; and, as has been seen, its southern and picturesque frontier, with an Italian climate, yields a much-admired variety of wines. In the more cleared parts of the state, land, of course, sells at a comparatively high price—say, at from thirty to fifty dollars per acre; and therefore this is not a district for the settlement of a humble class of emigrants, who look to the immediate acquisition of property.

In travelling through the state of Ohio, some of the land is seen to be still under forest; and in numerous places, to accommodate the line of railway, a passage has been cleared through the dense growth of trees. Here and there we pass small towns of neatly painted houses—the germs, it may be, of great cities; and wherever the cars stop, there is a considerable traffic in the exchange of passengers. The train that carried me from Cincinnati consisted of six cars, including among the passengers a number of pedlars, who, with basket in hand, went from car to car, while the train was in motion, offering books and newspapers for sale. One of these travelling merchants went to work in a methodical manner. First, in making his rounds, he left with each passenger a circular descriptive and recommendatory of a particular book, and in due time returned for orders, which he executed on the spot. On some of the lines of railway, peddling in this and other forms has become so offensive, that it is now forbidden. Besides visits from the traffickers in books and newspapers, the passengers in the train were waited on every hour by a negro boy, supplying glasses of water. With a tin watering-pot in one hand, and a tumbler in the other, he respectfully addressed each person in turn. The providing of water in this manner, seems to be part of the railway system in the United States. I, at least, saw few trains without a supply of water for passengers. Sometimes a vase and drinking-glass occupy a spare corner in the car, and every one is left to take care of himself; but more frequently the water is carried round for general accommodation. As vases of water are likewise exposed for public use in many of the hotel-lobbies, one is impressed with the belief that the Americans are the greatest water-drinkers in the world—whether as a matter of taste or necessity I am not able to say.

It is an unfortunate peculiarity in American railways, that certain states have adopted different gauges, so that a break necessarily takes place in passing from one to another. In the journey I was now performing, I had occasion to leave the state of Ohio; pass through about twenty miles of the state of Pennsylvania; and finish in the state of New York. In each of these states, the tracks were of a different width, and the shifting was anything but agreeable. One of the changes took place at the town of Erie, which, as may be known by scraps of intelligence in the English newspapers, has lately gained a most unenviable notoriety for unlawful outrages. The cause of this disreputable procedure is singular. The proprietors of the line being desirous to extend the New York gauge through the adjoining part of Pennsylvania, and so make one break less in the length of railway, the people of Erie became alarmed at the prospect of trains passing through their town without stopping; and to prevent this calamity, they tear up the rails as fast as they are laid down. I believe that in attempting a uniformity of gauge at the spot, so as to avoid breaking bulk, the railway is transgressing some pre-arrangement with the parties interested; but into the actual merits of the quarrel I do not go. What is to be lamented, is the continuance of a series of outrages for months, to the derangement of traffic and the great scandal of the American people; for foreigners who hear of these strange doings, naturally impute them to a disregard for law, and a culpable negligence or weakness on the

part of the executive power. Assuming that the inhabitants of Erie should ultimately and legally enforce the stoppage of trains and breaking of bulk within their city, it will be interesting to note what the country to the west will do under the circumstances. Meanwhile, it is not the least curious and incomprehensible thing about the Erie outrages, that they are promoted by the mayor of the city, and are sympathised in by the governor of the state of Pennsylvania!\*

Arriving at Buffalo, where I spent a little time, I found another remarkable example of the sudden growth of a populous city; for, although it was laid out so lately as 1801, and burnt to the ground during the miserably conducted war of 1812–18, it now numbers 60,000 inhabitants, and is a substantially-built and most respectable-looking town. Considering its situation, Buffalo could not have failed to expand into importance. It stands at the foot of Lake Erie, at the opening of the canal to the Hudson; and besides having a large traffic from this cause, it is now a central point for several railways, the latest of its advantages in this respect being its connection with the Brantford and Goderich line, now opened through Canada. The town has a fine prospect over the lake and the Canadian shore, to which large ferry-boats are constantly plying. The building of steam and other vessels for the lakes is carried on to a large extent, and to all appearance, I should say, Buffalo is one of the most thriving marts of trade and commerce in the United States.

After seeing so much of the bustle of business in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Buffalo, it was a grateful relief to make a leisurely journey through that charmingly retired part of the state of New York, in which lie several small lakes, celebrated for the picturesque and rural beauty of their environs. My way was by the small town of Batavia, from which to Canandaigua, situated on a lake of the same name, the country was of a very pleasing character. Instead of being a dead and monotonous level, the surface became diversified with hill and dale; white villages and churches occurred at proper intervals; the ground was generally cleared and under good farming; and only so much forest was left as served to ornament the landscape. For a tract of forty or fifty miles along this route, with Canandaigua as its centre, the country, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, is one of the most pleasing parts of America. Western New York, however, is nearly all a choice district; and as it has now been settled for a long period, it shews numerous tokens of an advanced condition. We see fields in which there are no stumps—always a sure sign of antiquity; and one fancies from the look of the villages, that he might find in them as many as three generations of inhabitants.

Although prepared by these appearances of maturity, which greatly reminded me of home, I was, notwithstanding, surprised by the staid, and—I must use the word—genteel, aspect of Canandaigua. Excepting that many of the houses were of wood, there was little to suggest the idea that we were out of England. Imagine a pretty piece of country, with hills of

\* On Monday, the railway across Sycamore Street, in Erie, was torn up at about noon, in obedience to the orders of the mayor. The reason alleged for this renewed attack upon the railway company is, that certain cars, containing freight from Cleveland for Buffalo, were sent through direct, instead of being stopped at Erie, and the property there snatched. The sheriff of the borough was promptly on the ground, and did everything in his power to prevent the track from being removed, making an earnest appeal to those who were present to aid him in enforcing the laws, and in preventing any infringement of the rights of the company. The spectators, however, stood regardless of the appeal, and permitted the employés of the mayor to proceed with their work. It is proper to add, that this fresh outburst of Erie indignation will not interrupt nor retard the travel between Buffalo and the West. The break extends only a few feet, and is simply made, as we are informed, as a means of preventing freight-cars from passing Erie without breaking bulk.—*New York Tribune*, March 17, 1864.

moderate height clothed in woods of brightly variegated foliage—a beautiful sheet of water, fourteen miles long and from one to two miles in breadth, glittering like a gem amidst these picturesque elevations—and on a broad slope rising from the northern extremity of the lake, a town, consisting for the greater part of detached villas, the abode of a retired and tranquil population. Such is Canandaigua; a place of repose—an anomaly in a land of everlasting bustle—a Cheltenham without racket. Extending upward from the margin of the lake, the main street is fully a mile long, and as broad as a fashionable square in London; and, as is usual in America, it is lined on each side with a row of trees, which offer an agreeable shade in summer. At the centre, this spacious thoroughfare is crossed at right angles by another street, along which the railway has been laid, so as to make the terminus exactly in the middle of the town. Adjoining this central point, we find a hotel of the ordinary gigantic dimensions, which I can recommend for its good management. With all suitable conveniences, in the way of stores, educational establishments, libraries, and churches, according to taste, and with society of quite a select class, this town of villas, and gardens, and rows of trees, and green paddocks for sleek horses and cows, and stylish equipages driving about making calls, and a lake for boating and fishing, is really the beau-ideal of a place where one would like to spend the quiet evening of life.

Here, at anyrate, I passed two or three days with no common satisfaction in the mansion of a kind friend, who had been long resident in the country, and I was glad to have an opportunity for making some inquiries respecting the price of land and other subjects of importance to emigrants. I have already mentioned that the western part of the state of New York is, from geniality of climate, fertility of soil, and other advantages, exceedingly eligible for the settlement of agriculturists. At Canandaigua, cleared farms of various kinds may be heard of for sale, but at prices corresponding to the advanced value of property; and if uncleared or partially cleared lands are wanted, they also can be had without trouble, and at a very moderate cost.\*

Any one looking at a map of the States, will observe that in this part of the country there is a number of lakes, besides that of Canandaigua, the whole stretching in the same direction parallel with each other. All are beautiful, with pretty towns in their vicinity—Geneva, at the head of Seneca Lake, being one of the largest of the group. According to geologists, the several valleys embracing these sheets of water were at one time—but who can tell how long ago?—the channels of outlet of Lake Ontario, which thus found its way to the Hudson. No one can travel by the line of railway which pursues its course along the heads of the different lakes to Syracuse and Utica, without seeing evidences of the action of rushing water on the face of rocky steeps, and being, accordingly, impressed with the belief that great changes must have taken place in this interesting district.

The railway from Canandaigua, which is an extension of that from Rochester, passes successively through a number of towns rapidly growing in size, and attaining considerable importance as seats of manufactures. The principal town of this kind is Syracuse, celebrated for its extensive manufacture of salt from brine-springs. The water is pumped from deep wells, and the salt is made, according to quality, either by solar evaporation, or by boiling. There are now about 200 manufactories of this article, and as much as 5,000,000 of bushels are

produced annually. The land in which the wells are sunk being public property, the state, as I understand, receives as duty a cent per bushel. As Syracuse is situated on the Erie Canal, and communicates by railway in different directions, it has many facilities for trade: it is a well-built and rapidly growing city.

Southwards from Syracuse, the railway gets into the valley of the Mohawk, and after passing the flourishing town of Utica, much fine scenery is disclosed. At Little Falls, a small but busy town situated among rocky protuberances and overhanging cliffs, with the river dashing and leaping over its rugged channel, the draughtsman would find numerous subjects for his pencil, equal in picturesque beauty to some of the best points in Swiss landscape. When we consider that only seventy years have elapsed since pretty nearly the whole of the district through which we are passing was a wilderness possessed by tribes of Indians, its present condition as an apparently old-settled country, with thriving cities, elegant mansions, and improved farm-establishments, seems quite marvellous. A gentleman at Canandaigua told me that, about forty years ago, he could not reach Albany in less than a week, the journey being one of great toil on horseback. Now, the distance is performed by railway in ten hours.

My previous visit to Albany having been very brief, I now remained some time in the place, to see its State-house, public libraries, and normal-school establishment. The State-house, situated on the top of the rising-ground on which the city has been built, is a conspicuous and elegant structure, devoted to the meetings of the legislature of the state of New York. In connection with it, I was shewn a library of 30,000 volumes, for the use of members, and open to the public. A considerable number of the books are of the best English editions, no expense being spared to procure works of the highest class in general literature. Adjoining is an extensive law-library. Among the more interesting works shewn to strangers, is a series of large volumes, embracing the printed legislative proceedings since the English organisation of the colony. It is interesting to observe in the series, how, at the Revolution, the British royal arms and styles of expression are quietly dropped, and followed by the republican forms, as if no break had taken place in the course of procedure. One of the volumes during the colonial régime purports to be printed by Franklin. There are likewise shewn some old colonial charters from the king of England—dingy sheets of vellum, kept as curiosities in glass-cases, along with mummies from Thebes, and other instructive antiquities. It is pitiable to see 'George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,' as he is styled in these old writs, reduced to this condition; but at the same time, it must be allowed that if George and his advisers had possessed a little more discretion, his charters and those of his descendants might have been living utilities, instead of obsolete curiosities.

At the time of my visit, a new building for a state-library was fitting up at an expense of 80,000 dollars. On the opposite side of the square stands the State-hall, containing the administrative offices of the state; and near it is the City-hall. Both are of white marble, and have a fine architectural effect. In these several establishments I received every desired information; and on my departure, I carried with me not only the grateful recollection of much undeserved kindness, but presents of state-papers and reports on a most munificent scale. Of all the states in the Union, that of New York has excelled in the grandeur of its public documents. Numerous statistical, historical, and scientific investigations have been issued at the expense of the state, in a series of large and splendidly illustrated volumes; and these are imparted in a manner so liberal and considerate as to command universal respect.

Originally a Dutch settlement, Albany in the present

\* Larger or smaller quantities of land, of excellent quality, may be purchased at the office of J. Greig, Esq., Canandaigua. The person in charge of the office is a gentleman from Edinburgh, who will afford all proper information, and in whom every confidence may be placed.

day is a substantial city of thoroughly American appearance, with about 60,000 inhabitants; and its situation near the head of the navigation of the Hudson, renders it a flourishing emporium of commerce. Steam-vessels daily descend the Hudson to New York, making a voyage of 125 miles; and the return-voyage upwards is considered to be one of the most agreeable trips in river-navigation. The time of departure of the boats not being quite convenient for me, I descended, not by steamer, but by railway—the line, in many parts of its course, being erected on piles within the edge of the water, and at other places keeping within sight of the finer parts of the river. After so much has been written by travellers of the scenery of the Hudson from New York to Albany, it will not be expected that I should describe its varied beauties. For about twenty miles, midway, it goes through a picturesque mountainous district, known as the Highlands of the Hudson; and here it may be said to resemble the Rhine without its ruined castles. Instead of these, we have several forts—among others, West Point, of historical interest—many pretty villages and mansions, and here and there islands of the rarest beauty. In the vicinity of this mountain-tract, we have the town of Poughkeepsie, on the left or northern bank. For sundry reasons—one of them the desire to see an old friend, and another to visit a venerable American writer who lives in the neighbourhood—I stopped at Poughkeepsie for a couple of days. A more delightful little town can hardly be imagined. Not so retired as Canandaigua, it has yet a good deal of its character. Lying basking in the sun on the sloping banks of the Hudson, its long streets lined with trees, and its neighbourhood dotted over with detached villas—some of them in a fine Elizabethan style of architecture—and situated within an hour and a half by railway of New York, it is doubtless one of the most pleasant places of residence for those who do not choose to be in the world, and yet not quite out of it. Poughkeepsie has several large manufactories, and a considerable trade with the adjacent parts of the country; and with a population of 14,000, I was assured it does not own a single public-house—a phenomenon worth mentioning.

One of the days during my stay was devoted to an excursion to the residence of Mr Paulding, situated a few miles from the town, on a rising-ground commanding a view of the Hudson and Catskill Mountains beyond. The visit to the spot, with its literary and other associations, is an incident long to be remembered with pleasure. A ride by railway carried me speedily from Poughkeepsie to New York—a place far too important to be noticed at the end of this rambling account of my journey eastwards. W. C.

#### VISIT TO A TURKISH CASTLE.

WE started at ten o'clock, one fine morning, a small party of four, for a stroll through the woods to the castle of Pacha Shemie, a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose acquaintance we had previously made, and who had promised to shew us his farm when next we honoured him with a visit. We provided ourselves with sundry bottles of Tenedos wine, one of cogniac, some kid-pies, reindeer-tongues, &c., and we took our guns and servants, intending to bivouac under the shade of the tall trees during the heat of the day.

We shot a fine hare, several head of game, and a brown bird very much resembling a bird of paradise, here called a *poo poo*, which was stuffed on our return to our ship. But shooting is thirsty work, and we looked in vain for a stream of water to cool our wine in; so we thought it our best plan to proceed at once to the pacha's castle, and ask for a jar of water—the exigency of the case being a fair excuse for breaking the noonday repose of the inhabitants. On arriving

there, we knocked and shouted very unceremoniously, considering it was at the castle-gate of one of the nobles of the land; but Englishmen do strange things in strange countries. At length the pacha himself answered our summons. Instead of the rich and picturesque vestments in which we had formerly seen him, he now descended in a morning-dress of white linen, and demanded in a surly tone the cause of our intrusion. It was evident that he did not at first recognise me in my shooting-jacket and broad-brimmed sombrero, but he recovered his composure on being reminded of our former visit, his own hospitality, and the portrait we had sketched of himself and his pretty little daughter Fatima. He then disappeared, and, to our great surprise, returned speedily in full costume—a gorgeous silk dress, with a scarlet sash, a splendid diamond ring, &c. Going through the ceremonies of a courteous reception, he invited us to go in and see the 'castillio.' In we went, accordingly, and all over it he took us. No sign of life was in it at all. He took us into one room full of magnificent Turkish saddlery, and then into another in which he kept his arms. There were some beautiful Turkish scimitars, in silver scabbards, with such razor-like blades that I felt as if my head was off while looking at them. There were also some pistols of rich and curious workmanship, and before the doors, in each room, hung a verse of the Koran. We ascended by a dark and narrow staircase to the top of the castle, which commanded a fine view of the Dardanelles, and the forts of Sestos and Abydos, so famous in classic story. Upon examination, we saw that we were in a stronghold, a sort of Blue Beard's castle, which idea was rather increased by the report of one of the servants who had been sent down a trap-door to draw water out of the well, which was in the centre of the building—that 'it smelt as if half-a-dozen dead bodies were down there!' And there was a strange, distrustful tone about the whole place. There were iron doors to some of the rooms, into which our host did not introduce us, and these, we concluded, were the doors of the harem. The entrance-door was in the centre of the building, some twenty feet from the ground, and the only way to reach it was by passing over a narrow bridge. When this was cut off, the place was inaccessible, for all the windows were small, and iron bars crossed them in every direction.

Having obtained a supply of water and a vessel for cooling our wine, we proposed adjourning to the fields to discuss our provisions. We asked our friend the pacha to accompany us, and he promised to join us as soon as we had finished our meal. Under the shade of a broad spreading oak-tree, we arranged our feast, the bread-bags in which we had brought it serving for table-cloth. As we were reclining upon the grass, the pacha's two wives, closely veiled, and his two children, passed before us, attended by several black slaves, in a sort of procession. They were either going to or returning from the bath. Shortly after, we saw the old pacha himself, with his son, a fine boy of about eight years of age, his little daughter Fatima on a donkey, and a retinue of blackies, crossing the fields and coming towards us.

He joined our little party, and sat cross-legged by my side with the little Fatima and his son. Fatima was a lovely creature: she was not in the least shy; she only smiled, and looked inquiringly at me with her large fawn-like eyes when I took her little hand in mine to examine the colouring of *henna*, with which, according to the custom of her country, her fingers were deeply stained. Her eyebrows were made to meet with something that had very much the appearance of burned cork. She had been decorated for the occasion with a turban, in addition to her usual costume. The little boy was clad in richly embroidered silk; and altogether, I think we must have formed a

very picturesque group, with our background of peak-like trees and woodland slopes.

We offered wine to our guest, which he smelt, and then, shaking his head, said, with evident disgust: 'Sensatemi, signore, the Prophet has denied it; the Mussulman may not taste of the juice of the grape.' But when we offered him brandy, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed off about half a tumbler of it raw, although we recommended water with it; and then he took another, and then another and another pull at the same generous liquor, until he ended by finishing the bottle—a feat he accomplished before he had been cross-legged an hour and a half. Of course he became very 'royal' and very amusing. In a short time, the stateliness of the old Turk had quite departed. He sang and danced; slapped me repeatedly on the thigh, which he made to sound again, and which seemed a favourite amusement with him; then, all at once, making a dash at me, he would have bestowed on me a most affectionate kiss, had I not cried out for help, exclaiming: 'Take him off! take him off!' upon which he turned his polite attention to another of our party, who, however, pulled the old pacha's beard so hard, that he at length desisted. The old Turk had been a soldier in his youth; and military glory, 'the ruling passion strong in grog,' returning upon him, he seized a loaded gun which lay beside us, and began to figure away with it. But when he came to the word 'Present,' I made a rush and dispossessed it of its cap, and then I did not care, but 'fell in' with him, with my stick shouldered; and we marched up and down together, calling out our different words of command, to the great amusement of our friends.

But the sun began to get low in the sky, and little Fatima grew tired, and cried to go home; so I took hold of one of the old pacha's arms, my friend seized the other, and between us we almost carried the old ruffian home, for walk he could not. He would have inflicted on me another drunken kiss, but being a little man, could not reach me, and I was easily able to ward off his polite intentions in that way. Arrived at the castle-gate, he shouted loudly, and out came slaves, black and white, and children too, and much they marvelled to see the old Turk drag us all after him into the old den again—Turcomans being very tenacious of admitting Giaours under the same roof with their wives. The Giaours were wicked enough to wish to see these said wives, and presently, while the pacha was grinding away on the stairs upon a broken-winded old hand-organ of singular construction, with an attempt at a song, two very pretty heads were thrust out at the iron door we had before noticed. Very young and very beautiful were they, but they quickly disappeared; and when the youngest and most indiscreet of our party, with boy-like curiosity, tried to peep through the keyhole, in order to get another glimpse of the fair inmates of the iron-doored chamber, the little Mussulman, who, as I said before, was a fine boy of about eight years old, placed himself before it, and shook his fist most vehemently; nor would he move away from the place he had taken upon himself to protect. As Mrs Blue Beard and Sister Anne appeared no more, and their drunken lord did not seem inclined to introduce us to the ladies, we at length beat our retreat amidst his repeated shouts of 'Bravo! bravo! Inglesi; bravo! bravo!'

#### MENDELSSOHN.

There was this inexpressible comfort in all intercourse with Mendelssohn, that he made no secret of his likings and dislikings. Few men so distinguished have been so simple, so cordial, so considerate; but few have been so innocent of courtiership, positive or negative. One might be sure that a welcome from him was a welcome indeed. I thought then, as I do now, his face one of the most beautiful which has ever been seen. No portrait extant does it justice. A

Titian would have generalised, and, out of its many expressions, made up one which, in some sort, should reflect the many characteristics and humours of the Poet: his earnest seriousness—his childlike truthfulness—his clear, cultivated intellect—his impulsive vivacity. The German painters could only invest a theatrical, thoughtful-looking man with that serious cloak which plays so important a part on the stage, and in the portraits of their country; and conceive the task accomplished, when it was not so much as begun. None of them has perpetuated the face with which Mendelssohn listened to the music in which he delighted, or the face with which he would crave to be told again some merry story, though he knew it already by heart. I felt in that first half-hour, that in him there was no stilted sentiment, no affected heartiness; that he was no sayer of deep things, no searcher for witty ones; but one of a pure, sincere intelligence—bright, eager, and happy, even when most imaginative.—Perhaps there was no contemporary at once strong, simple, and subtle enough to paint such a man with such a countenance.—*Chorley's Modern German Music.*

#### A CHILD'S SMILE.

'For I say unto you—That in heaven thy angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'

A CHILD's smile—nothing more;  
Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen;  
Like summer lightning o'er,  
Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,  
Thine angel, who did weep to see how far  
Thy childhood is removed  
From sports that dear to other children are,

On this pale cheek has thrown  
The brightness of his countenance, and made  
A peace most like his own,  
A beauty that we look on, half afraid:

Marvelling, will it stay  
To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,  
On some yet unknown day,  
Take the child-smile, and leave the wrinkle Care.

Nay, fear not. As is given  
To thee the father's look, fond watching o'er:  
Thine angel, up in heaven  
Beholds Our Father's face for evermore.

Ah, may He help thee bear  
Thy burden, as thy father helps thee now:  
That thou mayst come to wear  
That soft child-smile upon an old man's brow!

#### SLEEP OF PLANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Mr Seemann, the naturalist of Kellett's arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favoured climes. 'If man,' observes Mr Seemann, 'should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north.'—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## CROSS-THINKERS.

For what end it may have been designed, we cannot tell; but the fact is certain that, in all questions, great and small, public and private, there is a class of minds which are sure to embrace the side of weakest argument. For a palpable and certain truth such persons have no relish. A great broad principle, which recommends itself to the common sense of the bulk of mankind, is, in their eyes, an impertinence. In a doctrine everywhere prevalent and popular, they see only vulgarity. A deduction irresistibly logical only excites in them the suspicion of some profounder error. If, on the other hand, you tell them something extremely hard to believe, they will make a manful struggle to swallow it, and probably will succeed. As Milton's Satan says: 'Evil, be thou my good,' so they cry: 'Sophism, be thou our reason!'

The pious Jesuit who said: 'I believe it because it is impossible,' was a type of this class. Any one can believe the possible—there is no merit in that; but to accept in unshrinking faith something utterly incongruous with experience and common sense, is to do that which few can do, and to do it is, accordingly, great glory. There is some vanity in the matter, after all. If I go with the multitude, my voice is lost in it. I may be right, but I attract no attention. But if I stand up by myself, or with some small party or sect, and declare my attachment to some strangely heteroclitic ideas, I at least do not pass notelessly. The mass feel a little troubled by my dissent, and perhaps even think it worth while to take some pains to bring me over to their way of thinking. One becomes somebody in these circumstances.

It is also observable of this class of thinkers, that, even when they concur with the majority in any profession of faith, they quite disregard all the leading and important points of the system, and fasten exclusively upon some merely external or accidental peculiarities. A fundamental doctrine which most men feel goes down into the profoundest depths of their moral being, has no attraction for them; but they are careful to see the upholstery and millinery of the system preserved in all their ancient integrity. Just because a thing looks of no consequence, they think it important. Were it really to become of consequence, they would desert it.

In any new political attitude of the nation, our friends are always seen, like Harry Wynd in the Scotch story, fighting for their own hand. While the country at large concurs in thinking the war with Russia necessary and just, however much to be deplored, Mr Urquhart stands out, a solitary dervish,

proclaiming that, in the secret reality of the case, it is a conspiracy of the British ministers with the Czar against Turkey! According to him, we are to have a terrific war merely to mask an ulterior design totally opposite to what appears! Cross-thinkers never hesitate as to the amount of wickedness of which they believe human nature to be capable. To make out some favourite improbability, they would not hesitate to consider it possible, regarding a public man, that he would coolly order the sacrifice of two millions of fellow-creatures for the gratification of a whim; but they are sure to relieve from such charges all the real villains of the play, and to attach the possible guilt only to some individual noted for his philanthropy and good intentions.

An almost superhuman suspiciousness is a constant feature of the Cross-thinker. In his headlong tendency to suspect, he produces the most curious medley of ideas. He will proclaim, of some noted demagogue who has not a particle of religion in his constitution, that he is an emissary of the pope. He considers Mr Cobden as secretly in the pay of the Czar. The Jesuits are figures in most of his plots; and the less they are seen in anything, he deems their presence there the more certain. According to him, an author is not the author of his own books. There is always some person behind backs who writes them for him. He may write some other body's books, but not his own. When the Cross-thinker sees a political opponent taking a course which shews a remarkable degree of moral courage, and obviously exposes him to damage in his worldly affairs, he feels assured there is some transcendental selfishness at the bottom of it. When the 3000 English clergy withdrew from their charges, rather than submit to the Act of Uniformity, he would have been quite clear that they had good grounds for expecting to better their incomes by what they were doing. A very martyr burning at the stake would scarcely get credit for sincerity with our Cross-thinker. There would be great reason to suspect that he had been all along acting a part, and at the last moment had expected to be reprieved.

In considering by what means any great result has been brought about, our friends overlook all the prominent and great causes, and seldom fail, with an air of mysterious sagacity, to draw our attention to certain others so small as to appear almost indifferent, or which possibly you are more inclined to rank as obstructions. For example, they would never think of attributing the best points of the general character of the gentlemen of England to either the inherent qualities of the stock, or what may be sound and good in the education to which they are subjected. They

would profess to see some vast influence for good in the fagging-system of the public schools—that system by which a boy of fourteen is entitled to tyrannise over a boy of ten, and make a menial of him, as if it could be good for any one to be either oppressed or an oppressor. With a perverse ingenuity which would be amusing if it were not so sadly out of harmony with truth, our friends will argue for a virtue in that which is in reality a vice. They will give to a base old bad thing, which only has not succeeded in preventing real intellectual and moral advancement, the credit of all the good which has been accomplished. The fact is, a true cause is a vulgar stupid thing, which anybody can appreciate. If you wish to make anything for yourself out of the case, you must strive to establish some no-cause as a cause—always the more merit the less tenable your propositions. Let no one be afraid of wanting support for his conclusions in favour of such improbabilities. Just in proportion to the untenableness of his doctrines, he will be the more certain to have a party rallying round him, to proclaim his amazing profoundness of view, his irresistible logic, his almost supernatural sagacity.

Cross-thinking has of course a literature of its own, and also a system of criticism. One Corypheus of the set writes a huge history, in which everything is traced to the least operative causes, and the lessons of all the principal events are duly misread. Another is the oracle of a journal, which for a long course of years has done all it can to resist whatever is calculated for the good of the community. In Cross-thinking criticism, you find all the swans of the great public described as geese, and all the geese as swans. Such was the case with Horace Walpole, of whom it is remarked that, all through his correspondence, he speaks favourably of only the second-rate geniuses. From his whimsical, jealous, and illiberal mind, it clearly appears that a manly appreciation of the true wits was not to be expected. The Cross-thinkers, however, are not always themselves of mean account in literature. It is rather a sad reflection, that some of the men of most brilliant literary powers rank among those who devote themselves on all occasions to make the worse appear the better reason. Unfortunately, to possess eloquence is not necessarily to possess also the inclination to use it solely for good ends. Crotchet and vanity take the direction of but too much of it. The very fact that it is much easier to make a stir with eccentric opinions, than with those which have the support of truth and general approbation, is the cause why an immense proportion of the talent which arises is from the first perverted, and ever afterwards misused. And we hardly know a more sad spectacle than that of a man of brilliant gifts being thus led into false relations to his species, and condemned at the end to look back upon efforts of which the best that can be said is only this, that they have not been sufficiently powerful to extinguish truth, or obstruct the course of civilisation.

Cross-thinking has a great charm for young minds. It is quaint and striking, often droll—looks like something to which the Few are privileged—is free from that vulgarity which is so apt to beset any great cause in which the sympathies and interests of multitudes are concerned. Hence young men of talent are extremely liable to fall into the habit, and so to get into connection with professions and parties from which they cannot afterwards shake themselves free. It is for them a great misfortune, for generally it tends to frustrate the benefits of what talent and education they may possess. Powers and accomplishments that might have advanced good objects for the public, are then spent in a necessarily futile attempt to obstruct them. Some false glory may result. In other words, a foolish few will applaud, while the majority look on with wonder and pity. But in the long-run, all is found to have been barren, and wanting of true savour. The

world will at the utmost accord the meed of talents misapplied. Even from those who have all along been applauding, there will only be found that kind of support which the reckless get from their friends, and the vicious from the companions of their iniquity. The final sentence is—'Here lies a man who chose to live in vain.'

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### DOUGHTY DEEDS.

'WHAT! only at breakfast, Fancourt?' said Adolphus, as he entered the hermit's cell; 'you are usually livelier in the morning than that.'

'I have already breakfasted,' replied his friend—'I think I have. O yes, long ago; but I fancy I have been dreaming awake, probably visiting some of my châteaux en Espagne. You know we have nothing to do this morning. Isn't it odd how habit steals over one? I fancy every now and then that I want to go and dawdle away the forenoon with the Simpletons; and they are just now at Wearyfoot Common, with their day half over, and Sara, perhaps, lounging on the garden-seat she told me of, overhung with—no, not with shadowy foliage at this season, but with spring-buds—and thinking, thinking—I wonder what she is thinking of!—London, I shouldn't wonder, the Picture Exhibition, the beasts and beastesses in the Park Gardens, the Whispering Gallery'—

'What is all that to you?' said Adolphus impatiently—'you are in a dream still, and don't know what you are saying!'

'How should I know, when we are all at sea in this way? It's a horrid bore to have to think of how to pass one's day. If those people had only had the sense to stay where they were, I could have cut out work for them that would have lasted the whole spring and summer through. I have a good mind to take that hairy captain's invitation, and go down by and by to run upon the Common, as he says. How the donkeys would scamper before us! and how Rosy-apple's cheeks would glow with the exercise, her bonnet falling back upon her shoulders, and her veil streaming upon the wind!'

'I tell you what, Fancourt,' said Adolphus surlily, 'I have more to do this morning than to listen to such stuff. I have to go to hear my doom from Claudia; and I came to the Albany just to steady my nerves by having some talk beforehand with a man of the world. I know it is absurd to feel put out by such a business. You would ask the question as calmly as if it were only to ascertain whether she were disengaged for a quadrille; and when refused, you would express mildly your desolation, and your good wishes for her happiness with another, look interestingly sad at her through your eye-glass, then inquiringly at the window to see whether it rained, settle your kids upon your wrist, pick up your hat from the floor, and saunter bowingly out of the room. Now I can't come it in that line—I'm not up to it; and Claudia has such a way of looking at one—she sees into your very marrow! I wish I hadn't been such a fool as to ask an interview; a letter would have answered the same purpose. You will at least walk with me to the door, and wait till I come out?'

'Yes, and I will give you a few hints as we go along.' 'What I want you specially to tell me is how to bring her to the scratch if she wants to fight off, with the excuse of her uncle's death, and so on. I must have the thing settled this morning, that I may run down to the Hall by to-night's mail-train. That beggarly vagrant, it seems, is to be off presently for Australia,



so that my last lingering doubts in that quarter are at an end, and the field is fairly open. I thought Sara looked sorry when we parted—didn't you?

'Yes,' said Fancourt musing—'come along.'

Lord Luxton and his daughter were at the time in consultation as usual, though on an unusual subject. It was far on in the forenoon before the young lady was visible; her father had had time to go out to hear the news, and he had made several business visits, and been to his club, before he returned. When he did return, however, Claudia was at her post. The tempest of the preceding day had swept away, and left her as calm and sunny as ever. More sunny: the light of her eyes, which yesterday morning was hot and feverish, was now a steady and exulting blaze. Her cheek, too, was a shade warmer than usual; and her father's anxieties respecting her were dispersed at the first glance. Still, he made no allusion to the scene that had taken place: he, in fact, was never at perfect ease with his daughter; there seemed to be something between their souls which rendered impossible the ordinary familiarity of such near relationship as existed between them.

'The crisis, Claudia,' said he suddenly, after the glance that reassured him, 'is more rapid than we supposed—all will be at an end to-night!'

'To-night!' and she flushed scarlet.

'Yes; the minds of ministers are made up. They will be beaten on a question not necessarily a vital one, and, in order to escape a worse overthrow, will take the opportunity of going out—in the confidence of being reelected ere long by a new parliament.'

'To-night!'

'This arrangement is secret. Everything will happen accidentally; up to the last moment they will be supposed to be as secure as a rock for some time to come.'

'That is well!' and her breath came freely. 'Then there is yet time: do you not know what is to be done?—you have to redeem your promise to Mr Oaklands! The appointment, although respectable, is only a stepping-stone, and a government in the position you describe will have no delicacy in filling it. But there is not a moment to lose; your claim, which, you know, they are prepared to allow, must be in the proper hands before five o'clock. Come!—and she hastily placed writing-materials before her father, and stood by his chair with her eyes rivetted on his.

'Upon my word, Claudia,' said the peer, 'I think you are too precipitate in this matter. The young man was extremely insolent to me yesterday.'

'To us, if you call it insolence. But his remarks were applied to the conduct of which he supposed us guilty, and would you give them force by making them true? Write at once—there is not a moment to lose!'

'I really do not know what conduct you allude to,' said the peer, with vexation: 'fellows in the position of Oaklands are more frequently than otherwise kept dangling for many years before being placed in independence for life. What is your interest in this young man? Why should I hamper government for him at a time like this, and by the very fact bind myself to their fortunes in opposition?'

'You hamper nobody, for you have received the promise of government, and they expect you to claim it; and as the reward is for service already performed, if it binds anybody at all, it is Mr Oaklands himself, and more to you than to them.'

Here a servant came in with a visiting-card: Mr Seacole was in the drawing-room.

'What do you mean to do here?' said Lord Luxton, when the man had withdrawn, and in a tone that shewed he was not sorry for the diversion—'the question is of more importance than the one we are discussing. Mr Seacole is far beneath the match to which

your station, personal appearance, and talents entitle you; but'—

'But, nevertheless, you would be content to see your daughter the wife of a small country squire, mean in abilities, undistinguished in person and in mind. You would have her chained down to a rank from which it would be impossible for her husband to rise, and where the noblest use to which she could put the talents you give her credit for would be

To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer!'

'You are bitter this morning, Claudia: but how is it that your humour passes over Mr Oaklands so indulgently? Does mere genius make up for everything in the world to which you have been accustomed? Do you consider his station or that of Mr Seacole the higher?' The peer spoke with asperity; but Claudia answered calmly.

'I consider his station,' said she, 'if he were once placed on a vantage-ground from which flight would be possible, to have no definite limit at all. The one is a country gentleman, and never can be more; the other may be anything to which ambition may impel, to which courage and resolve may lead, to which genius may soar. If I were his wife'—The peer started almost from his seat. 'Do not be alarmed, papa,' continued Claudia, with one of her most brilliant smile-flashes, 'we are talking, you know, only hypothetically. If I were his wife, I should not be satisfied with being the mistress of a little country mansion, and, if Heaven so willed, the grateful mother of a booby to inherit it! My husband's name would be heard in more than the divisions; his voice, though soft and melodious, would ring through the House, and be listened to like a trumpet by the nation; he would not follow his fortune, but make it what he willed—and what she willed, papa, who whispered in his ear, not counsels, but suggestions to receive the stamp of fate from his intellect; or who sat silent at his feet, and looked up—up—up to her husband as to a god!' Claudia did look up with her idolatrous eyes, and there was a nobleness in her expression at the moment which almost touched even the cold hard man of the world.

Can it be true that it is really woman's nature and destiny, as the Eastern apothegm asserts, to look up to somebody? If so, it might be easy to solve the mystery of Claudia's character, for till now she had never fallen in with a spirit at once stronger and purer than her own. She was too much behind the scenes in fashionable and political life, the only life she had ever known, to be deceived by its glitter and assumption. She had seen the actors off the stage, disrobed of that tinsel finery, and that rouge rubbed from their sickly cheeks, which had given them so much grandeur and beauty in the glare of the footlights. In Robert Oaklands she had beheld, for the first time in her life, intellectual power united with lofty principle; and not in contact—for here, alas, was the grand distinction!—with the low materialities of office and station.

'But come,' said she starting, 'let us turn for the present to the real and practical, for there is not a moment to lose. You must keep your word—you have now no excuse for breaking it, to say nothing of the dishonour; and the unexpected fulfilment even of a direct promise, will acquire a character of generosity sufficient to bind for ever to your interests an ally worth all the country squires in the kingdom.' It was with a very bad grace Lord Luxton consented; but his daughter had acquired a mastery over him which he could not resist, and he at length commenced the missive.

Claudia, in the meantime, proceeded to her interview with Adolphus, as if it had been part of the ordinary business of the day. Perhaps she was a little more abrupt than in ordinary business, for she could not trust implicitly to her father; and even while listening

to a proposal of marriage, her ears were engaged in the additional task of watching lest any unauthorised footsteps should pass down the stairs. The peer, however, proved to be a man of his word, for he knew whom he had to deal with; and he was all the more likely to be honest on this occasion from the circumstance of Claudia cutting the little affair she had on hand so short, that although it terminated in the way Adolphus wished, it was with a flushed face and an imprecation at the tip of his tongue he rejoined his friend in the street.

The note written by Lord Luxton was in the proper form; but when Claudia was determined to do a thing, she did it thoroughly, and in this case she added one from herself of a more private nature, and enclosed it in the same envelope. She then rung for Mr Slopper, whom she in some sort honoured with her confidence, as he was her ordinary attendant with the carriage, and committing the letter to his charge, gave him strict injunctions to deliver it immediately into the hands of him to whom it was addressed.

'Stay,' added she, 'there is still abundance of time; but if you choose to ride, there is money. Only take care for your life that no accident delays the delivery of this letter beyond five o'clock!' Claudia then bade her father good-by till dinner.

When Lord Luxton was alone, he brooded with growing vexation upon the circumstances in which he was placed. The conduct of Claudia seemed to him to border upon insanity; and so new was the idea of her forming an attachment entirely irrespective of interest and ambition, that he almost conceived it to be some morbid illusion dependent upon the state of her bodily health. But what if the young man—this young man who treats me with so much insolent contempt—does attain to the position from which she fancies he may arrive at greatness!—the idea that suggested itself here was so wild, that the peer started from his chair in terror. I will delay that letter, thought he, at all hazards, if it be still possible. Let five o'clock strike before it is delivered, and I am safe. Claudia herself, when she recovers, will thank me; and if she does not, she can hardly find much fault with so natural an accident. He rung.

'Send Slopper here.'

'He has gone out on an errand, my lord.'

'The other, then: I want to send after him.'

'He has gone out with the carriage, my lord.' The peer gave a growl of vexation. 'I think Mr Poring, my lord,' added the man, 'knows where Slopper has gone to.'

'Who is Mr Poring?'

'I beg pardon, my lord—Poring, Mr Seacole's man. He brought a note from Mrs Seacole, which he was to deliver immediately into Miss Falcontower's hand, and I heard him tell Slopper on the steps that he would follow and walk down with him.'

'Send him here.' The very man! thought Lord Luxton: he is the enemy of Oaklands—so Claudia said of his master, and, judging by the falsehoods respecting the fellow's origin, so say I of the man.

'You could overtake Slopper?' said he, when Mr Poring entered.

'I think I could, my lord.'

'He is carrying a letter to the Home Office, which, on second thoughts, I wish delayed a little. Perhaps I may speak to you on the subject again, for I want to make some further inquiry respecting Mr Oaklands before altogether committing myself in his favour. The letter must be delayed till past five o'clock. If you can manage this without mentioning my name to Slopper, so much the better, for all servants have not your discretion: but mention or not mention, the letter must be delayed. You may want to take some refreshment together—there is money.'

'Soh!' thought Mr Poring, as he strode more

rapidly than usual, but as noiselessly, down the stairs—'a sovereign from Lord Luxton!'—then the service is of consequence. And no names mentioned!—then it is confidential between me and him. And that Boy is to be kept out of the Home Office—that Boy as found me on the Common—and made an image of me in wood—and set Mrs Margery against me—and carried it on to this day, till she has refused to be the landlady of a house where the lower classes is not admitted, and kept by Mr Joshua Poring, in gold letters a foot long and more, with the mister left out. If Mr Slopper don't do as I would have him, I'll know the reason why!

Mr Poring walked with great strides, that answered to the running of an ordinary man, to the Chequers, in the immediate neighbourhood, but conveniently situated round a corner. The parlour was a good-sized room, with oblong tables parallel with the walls, of rich mahogany French polished. Each table was furnished with several circular slides for the beer-pots, also of rich mahogany French polished, and below, on the floor, an equal number of spittoons to match. The room was throughout clean, bright-looking, uniform, and to Mr Poring's thinking the very moral of a parlour where the lower classes is not admitted; but on the present occasion, indulging in only a single sweeping glance, he went up to the mantle-piece, and took the trouble to put back the clock a considerable portion of an hour. On turning round he found that he was not alone. An individual was sitting in a corner behind the door, dozing over the morning paper, and turning a dreaming unobservant eye upon the operations of Mr Poring.

'Mr Driftwood!' said that gentleman—'glad to have the pleasure of seeing you. We are slow in this house, I think—by me,' and he drew forth, by a handsome mosaic chain that looked as well as gold, a silver watch.

'I don't know,' replied the artist; 'my rascally boy has taken mine to clean, and I could not get hold of him this morning to ascertain where it is. Mr Slopper was asking for you just now.'

'And is he gone?' said Mr Poring, starting.

'No, here he is.' Mr Slopper hereupon entered with a small pewter measure of a colourless liquid, and a single shallow glass.

'That won't do, Mr Slopper,' said Mr Poring; 'it is some days since we have drunk together, and I vote for a couple of regular tumblers of cold without—at my expense.'

'I'm obleeged, Mr Poring,' replied Mr Slopper; 'but I must be at Downing Street before five, and it ain't the thing to walk fast: it don't look well in us who is used to carriage exercise.'

'No more it don't; we must draw a line, as you say; but you see you couldn't spin it out to half-past four, if you was to crawl like a fly in treacle, and I want to talk to you about a house I'm a-thinking of.' Mr Slopper, on turning his eyes to the clock, was surprised to find it so much earlier than he had supposed; and accordingly the little measure was exchanged for two goes of cold without.

But the eyes of Claudia were upon her messenger: they rarely left him indeed till her high behests were accomplished, and on this occasion she had been more emphatic in her orders than usual. He was to beware of accident for his life; these were her words, and although he did not exactly fancy that he ran any risk of a violent death in the event of failure, the penalty seemed to his imagination, from its very shapelessness, to be quite as bad. He accordingly drank his gin and water with great gulps, and got up before Mr Poring, who was in an uncommonly affable and comfortable humour, had half finished his.

'Well, Mr Slopper,' said the latter, when he found that everything else was in vain, 'I think you will sit down and be agreeable, and let me call for another,

when I tell you that I have only been going a little game with you. The fact is, the letter is in favour of that Boy—him they call Oaklands'—

'I know that, Mr Poring; do you think I haven't both eyes and ears for what is going on, more especially when people is in a flurry and speaks like actors on the stage?'

'Well, well, but you see his lordship, on second thoughts, wants to make some more inquiry first; and so he said to me, says he, Mr Poring, if you would be so obliging as to go after Slopper, says he, and stop the letter for an hour or two, till after five, says he, I should take it kind. In course I replied affably, and there's no more about it.'

'Ay, but there is!' said Mr Slopper, settling his hat on his head. 'You don't know nothing, Mr Poring, about the political conundrums of our family—of what we call the balance of power. Lord Luxton! Pooh, pooh! Our miss is worth two of the governor any day; and it was her who told me not to be later than five o'clock for my life!—So if you'll walk, thank ye; if not, I have the honour'—

'You are an ignorant person, Mr Slopper,' said Mr Poring, rising with dignity; 'you can know nothing about the Sally-law, or you would not talk of a gal being worth two of a lord. Since you won't attend to the head of the family what pays you your salary, give me the letter!'

'Give you the letter! Here's a go! My eye! I wouldn't give the letter to his lordship in person without the orders of Miss.'

'Don't put me to taking it from you, Mr Slopper, for I should be sorry to hurt you: but you see, I have promised Lord Luxton, who has a right to order what he pleases about his own letters, and I mean to keep my promise.'

'Come, come, Mr Poring, no nonsense of that kind. Hurt me! Why, I could tie a knot on you any day, for as stiff as you are;' and the two men approached close to each other, Mr Slopper flushed and indignant, and Mr Poring imperturbably calm.

'What does it all mean, I say,' said the former, 'are you a-going to rob me?'

'I'm a-going to punch your head presently, if you have spirit enough for it.'

'I have spirit enough to serve your turn, and a good few to spare. But I won't have no punching of heads—the chest must do the business. I couldn't afford it. Miss likes everything that's handsome; and she wouldn't on no account have me looking at her with an eye that seemed as if blowed up with gunpowder, and a cheek like a monkey's with a couple of walnuts in it.'

'You are right,' said Mr Poring candidly, 'blackened eyes is gone down to the lower classes. You are a thoughtful and respectable man, Mr Slopper; and I'll punch your chest and stomach, and have a try at your collar-bone, and we'll see what comes of it.'

'Gentlemen, gentlemen!' cried the landlord, hurrying into the room—'surely this is not friendly! Would you make a row in my very parlour, and endanger my licence?'

'But it's honour, Mr Jolter—what are we to do?'

'Why, if you must go to work, isn't there the yard? How could I know anything about it if two gentlemen chose to meet promiscuous in the back settlements, and if Jim the potboy picked up one of 'em, and Taproom Tom dandled the other? But go out separate, and turn away your flushed face, Mr Slopper, when you are passing the bar.' The advice was taken instant; and no wonder, for Mr Jolter looked like a stout justice of the peace, and his hat might have covered handsomely any number of thousands a year you could name.

Jim, the potboy, was a little old man, lame, but able-bodied. He had never been anything he could

remember but a potboy at the Chequers, and was regarded as one of the fixtures. Taproom Tom, who presently made his appearance, with a dirty towel under his arm, had been for many years in the situation of a servant out of place. He was dressed in a faded livery, consisting of a green cutaway-coat, reaching below the calves of his legs, with yellow facings, knee-breeches of no colour in particular, and white neckcloth and stockings in a state of chronic dirtiness, that had never been known to change either for better or worse. Tom succeeded about once a year in obtaining a place, but kept it only for a few days, when he was discharged for fighting in the kitchen; upon which he drifted back naturally to the Chequers, where he served in the taproom from taste, and was much liked on account of his quietness and civility. It was tacitly understood that he was to get a plate of victuals now and then from the house, and be permitted to drink as often as the guests invited him; so that, upon the whole, Tom did not lose much by the loss of his place.

But these two were not the only spectators who had assembled. It is surprising how information of an interesting nature percolates. The back-wall of the yard was very soon swarming with coachmen and stablemen from the mews behind; several gentlemen's servants were shewing their heads above the side-walls; and from all a buzz of criticism arose when the combatants stripped, or, in technical language, peeled to the waist. Mr Slopper was a well-coloured man, in comfortable condition, but not flabby. He had some good flesh and blood covering his bones, and looked as if he would take a considerable quantity of mauling before you got well into his ribs. His hands, however—termed by the learned of a former day bunches of fives—were the grand feature. They were immense hands; and when doubled up and wielded by a tall stout individual like Mr Slopper, appeared to be fit to bring down an ox. Mr Poring was a spare, angular man, of a bluish-gray colour. He looked like a porringer you might break but couldn't bruise; and being apparently built, like a Chinese-junk, in compartments—probably square—even if broken, it would be only a local chip, not a general smash. Five to four on Poring, and takers shy.

The battle, although exciting to the critical spectators, would hardly awaken much interest in these pages; and more especially, as it was prolonged interminably by the slowness of Mr Poring. When Mr Slopper came down, which he did several times, he sat only for an instant on the motherly knee of Jim the potboy, and was on his legs again like a good one; but Mr Poring never could be prevailed upon to front him till time was just on the eve of being up. At length that gentleman—who had been chipped in almost all his compartments—received a mighty punch full on the pit of the stomach which, for the first time, brought him down like a steeple: and he sat for a moment, as unconsciously as a baby, on the knee of Taproom Tom, who held him with the tenderness of a wet-nurse. At this moment a church clock struck, and Mr Poring sprang up, with a grin half of pain half of triumph.

'It is five o'clock, Mr Slopper!' said he, 'you may take your letter as soon as you please. I don't want no more of this—do you?'

'I'm obleeged, Mr Poring,' replied Mr Slopper; 'and since you are satisfied, so am I. As for the letter, it is in the proper hands by this time, I have no doubt—per favour of Mr Driftwood!' Mr Poring looked as if he would have sunk again into the arms of Taproom Tom; but collecting himself, he put on his clothes, and walked his aching bones off the field of battle. Mr Jolter, without making any allusion to the scene in the yard, presented the two gentlemen as they went out with a glass of brandy, of which Mr Slopper declared himself much the better; while Mr Poring emptied his glass without uttering a word, and walked

stiffly homewards, looking as if he was discoursing inwardly in the strain of our army in Flanders.

He would have been somewhat comforted, however, had he known of Mr Driftwood's adventures. The unfortunate artist, in his generous eagerness to serve his friend, after walking some distance, became nervous as to time, and called a cab. The horse was slow, the cabman crusty, and to complete the calamity, a Teetotal procession thought fit to block up the street for a considerable time. Driftwood jumped out in despair, dived into the crowd, and like Milton's fiend,

With head, hand, wings, or foot, pursued his way.

He was at length at Charing Cross; he was beyond Whitehall; a clock struck with a deep sonorous tone—Oh, to see the dial of the Horse Guards!—but it was hidden by the projecting parts of the building, and he could only count the strokes, his heart sinking at every clang: one—two—three—four—five!

### COLONIES IN LONDON.

STRANGERS and temporary visitors in London are given to divide the huge Babylon into two great sections, which, under the general denominations of the East End and the West End, are supposed to represent—this, the world of wealth, of aristocratic descent, of high breeding, and of fashion; that, the world of commerce and industry, and of unfashionable struggles for competence and independence, or the bare necessities of life. Such a general division is convenient enough for common purposes; but in both the hemispheres, if such they may be termed, of the great metropolitan world, there are numberless distinct and separate classes and orders settled down among the indiscriminate mass of population, with whom they mingle only to a certain extent, and who are as plainly discernible by the man of observation, as any other of the social phenomena which give its peculiar character to the Great City. These classes and orders, it will suit our present purpose to designate as colonists—and such they may be regarded in several points of view. Most of them have come to town, urged by the same impulse which weekly drives thousands to the diggings of California or Australia. Their object being the same as that of the general army of workers, it would seem strange that they do not become speedily fused in the mass, and undistinguishable from them: such, however, is not the case. From some cause or other, or probably from many causes operating together, there is a sort of clan-like tendency, not always to be accounted for on the principle of mutual interest or mutual support, which congregates the emigrants from specified distant localities, the professors of certain arts, or the workers at certain trades or species of labour, in districts which they, in a manner, appropriate to themselves from one generation to another.

The most remarkable colony in all London is no doubt that of the silk-weavers, who, driven over here by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have monopolised a portion of the area of Spitalfields for a period of 160 years. Their clanship, however, is owing to causes sufficiently obvious, and needs no explanation. Let us glance now at some of the many associated tribes whose circumstances and antecedents afford no such reason for their isolation, more or less complete, from the masses amid which they dwell.

Scattered here and there among the more modest of the approaches to G—Square, will be found a colony of respectable tradesmen, whose foreign names glittering in gold letters over their shops, proclaim their continental origin. Their broken English, lisped in bland whispers, and their extravagant politeness of gesticulation in the presence of an aristocratic customer, there can be little doubt, serve as excellent auxiliaries to

trade. The bulk of their business lies with the upper classes, and they supply well-nigh the entire demands of the household, and likewise no small profusion of luxuries for the table and adornments for the person. Their first floors, during the season, are the abodes of provincial members of parliament, and the younger brothers of the aristocracy—captains in the Guards, and embryo nabobs in course of rustication—fortune-hunting adventurers, polite gamblers, and diners-out of the loftiest grade. Their attics are the studios and sanctums of unknown artists, rising professors, and the neophytes of dental surgery and chiropodal science: and in their garrets lie up in ordinary a whole regiment of valets, couriers, dragomans, butlers, stewards, and gentlemen's gentlemen, with their indispensable collaterals of the *beau sexe*, all from La belle France, Fatherland, the hills of Switzerland, or the plains of sunny Italy—and all waiting, with such patience as dwells in the hearts of exiles, till a new patron shall engage their invaluable services. Who are these respectable housekeepers who exercise such comprehensive hospitality, and thrive so well under the genial smile of Old England's nobility? Shall we be guilty of any breach of etiquette or good faith in revealing a fact which, so far from being a discredit to them, exalts them into an example to others? They are almost to a man the discharged servants of the travelling aristocracy, brought hither by their masters, by means of whose liberal and well-deserved patronage and recommendation, they are on the road to competence. They offer a curious contrast to the retiring English manservant, who, if he invest his savings in business at all, is pretty sure to do so in the purchase of a public-house, but who has too often no savings to invest in anything.

Not far from the above provident colony, but nearer to the supposed boundary-line separating the two worlds of East and West, we come upon a quiet district, where fashion does not disdain to be seen either in equipage or on foot, where dwell in amicable juxtaposition the working, but not the exhibiting, professors of those arts and accomplishments in which fashion must excel or cease to be. To play upon the guitar, to fence, to speak in polyglott, to enunciate bravuras or buffas to a miracle, it is necessary to become the *élève* of Senhor Fernando, of Monsieur Angelo, of Herr Vielsprach, of Signior Sallado. These pilous, pale-faced, and dark-eyed gentlemen are to the intellect of fashion what the milliner and tailor are to its bodily shape; they bedeck and adorn it *a-la-mode*, and render the inner man or woman presentable in select circles. The spirit of rivalry, never so rampant with professors as with men of commerce, seems almost unknown to this order of continental settlers among us. They are invariably friendly with each other—Englishmen of the same class being as invariably estranged, if not hostile—and are often known to refuse a pupil discontented with a brother professor, and to allege as a reason that they cannot themselves boast of superior qualifications.

A different colony of foreigners—for the most part—is that which radiates round a circle, of which the Great Globe in Leicester Square is the centre. It would take ten times the space that we propose to occupy in this paper, to set forth the extraordinary merits of the multi-faced and multi-moustached tribe who have settled down in this neighbourhood, as in a spot affording peculiar facilities for the practice of a species of industry better described in the vocabulary of the swell-mob than in that in common use. Here and whereabouts are to be met with the fugitives who have fled from the police of half Europe—the scum and offscourings of Paris and Berlin; the scamps of Rome and Madrid and Vienna; the 'posted' cheats of Baden-Baden; the swindlers of all nations mingled together with the most dashing desperadoes of our own, who,

assuming the garb and the language of foreigners, swagger in masquerade before the eyes of the myrmidons of justice, and defy detection. They may be compared to a shoal of sharks ravenous for prey, and ready at any moment to rend in pieces any unfortunate voyager silly enough to trust himself to the seductions of the elements in which they move. They were once the recognised and privileged jackals of the numerous hells which skirt the western limits of their lair; but, from some cause or other—probably because there was too little of the jackal, and too much of a roaring lion in their composition—they have been unanimously kicked out of Pandemonium, whose golden gates are now barred against them. That, however, matters little: let but half-a-dozen of them meet together, and there is a hell, with Mammon in the midst, and Moloch not far off. Divested of all that makes humanity human, they trample scornfully upon its tenderest ties and most sacred obligations; they make a mock of ruin, and a jest of death. In their vocabulary, despair, and suicide, and perdition are resolved into slang phrases, provocative of such mirth and such laughter as would make innocent gaiety shrink aghast with horror. The honour that dwells among thieves is banished from their brotherhood: in default of victims from without, they betray and rifle each other, and no man is fool enough to rely upon his fellow. Their career is probably brief enough; but their ranks are supplemented by the victims they sacrifice, who become in their turn the relentless ravagers of fresh prey; and their calling is, moreover, the last refuge of every desperate dare-devil to whom the means of luxurious and sensual indulgence is the breath of life.

Let us turn to another foreign colony of a more pleasing aspect. On various parts of the beaten track in which commerce chiefly runs, are situated the well-known Arcades, the several shrines to which the London children make such constant and such willing pilgrimages. These are mostly inhabited by Germans and French, the former in the greatest number. Marvelous museums they are, especially to infant girls and boys. Every shop is a mountain of wonders, and there is a whole chain of mountains on either side of the way, so that the spectator walks in a literal ravine of toys and knickknacks, and useful and ornamental implements. This colony is the very antithesis of the last described. Here we see ten thousand evidences of patient and unwearied industry, united occasionally with no small amount of artistic talent, employed in the unremitting endeavour to earn the smallest pecuniary guerdon ever bestowed upon labour honestly exerted. Here are the results of the long winter-nights of the peasant-shepherds and cattle-tenders of the Black Forest, visible in elaborate, and often very clever carvings of wild or domestic animals, a whole flock of which may be bought for a trifling sum. Here are musical instruments good enough for the tyro, honestly made and scientifically tuned, to be had for the small sum that lingers in the school-boy's pocket after stuffing at the confectioner's, or for the 6d. or 9d. which the errand-boy saves out of his weekly wages; and besides all that delights and fascinates the eye of childhood, is a long catalogue of articles in hourly use, fashioned in a style that puts our home-manufacturers of such trifles to the blush, and sold at a price at which they cannot yet compete. Lying out of the swarming thoroughfares in retired and covered spots, these repositories of everything useful, amusing, and cheap, have gradually made a reputation for themselves, and would be sought out and encouraged were they to migrate from their present appropriate quarters, and pitch in any part of the city. It may be that but few of this class of colonists sleep among their multitudinous gatherings, and that they have their homes elsewhere; but the Arcades are their colonial settlements.

We need do no more than advert to the German sugar-baking colony which has taken possession of a

part of Whitechapel, where their places of worship have sprung up around them, and where they preserve their language and many of their Fatherland customs in the midst of strangers. The Italian colony of music-grinders and image-boys which congregates amid the slums of Leather Lane and Liqueurpond Street, is also tolerably well known to the observer of London-life, and demands no description at our hands. The Jews, too, who colonise every country under the face of heaven, and who in London principally affect the region of St Mary Axe and the tributaries of Houndsditch, but who are to be found wherever money is to be made—and who, with still greater certainty, are not to be found where nothing is to be got by attendance—may on this occasion be passed over, while we turn our attention for a moment to one or two of the industrial colonies of our own countrymen which may be found worthy of a passing notice.

The first of these that suggests itself is the old brokers' colony of Broker Row, running from Drury Lane towards the Seven Dials. Until within the last few years, such another collection of chairs, tables, beds, bookcases, wardrobes, carpets, floor-cloths, desks, drawers, going clocks and gone pianofortes, was not to be met with in the whole circumference of the metropolis. There are now, however, rival colonies of the kind, though none in all respects so complete or venerable. A passing stranger might imagine that these roomy receptacles were merely shops for the sale of second-hand goods: if, however, he have occasion to explore one of them in search of any commodity coming under the denomination of furniture—and no matter what it is, he will be sure to find it—he will come out with a different notion. It may chance that he will be led through a wilderness of chambers, ranging from cellar to roof, each crammed to the ceiling with every variety of manufacture into which mahogany can be shaped; and he will have carefully to sidle his way towards the desiderated article, which perhaps lies buried ten feet deep under a complication of legs, wings, rungs, and flaps, through which he is politely requested to take a telescopic view of it, 'because it ain't no use my pullin' of it out if so be you don't think o' buyin'.' In one or other of these rooms, perhaps in several, he will find one or more superannuated cabinet-makers' journeymen, themselves much in need of repairs, busy with saw, plane, glue-pot, and French polish, patching up and turning out as new for the fiftieth time articles that were worn out last century. In London, where every hobbyhorse is ridden full gallop, odd tastes and predilections are indulged, such as are scarcely heard of elsewhere; one of these we take to be the passion for second-hand goods. There is a class, a very small minority, it is true, to whom novelty is an abomination, and who will not submit to it, if it is to be avoided. An occasional visit to Broker Row is indispensable to persons of this class, who appear to value their household goods in the ratio of the household labour bestowed upon them. They regard French polish as an imposture, and prefer paying a round price for an article fifty years old because it has had fifty years' elbow-grease to boast of. On our remarking lately to a tradesman in this locality, that he was extravagant in the article of oil-cloth, having laid it down wherever it was possible to find room for it—'Sir,' said he, 'I sell three times this quantity in a year, but I never sell a yard new. I buy it new, and lay it down here for a few months to take the shine off, and sell it at a good profit afterwards.' The brokers' colony is probably a real convenience to the public, who, when in haste to furnish, may do so without the pains of wandering far and wide in search of the materials.

Analogous to the above in some respects is the colony of doers and undoers and dealers in pictures, who, for the last forty years at least, have held almost undisputed

possession of W— Street and its adjacent precincts stretching away beyond Soho. How many times Titian has been skinned, Jordaens pumice-stoned, and Rembrandt baked in this shabby Walhalla, let the officiating ministers declare if they will. They are a remarkably candid and simple-hearted set of men, and exceedingly communicative on matters of art—but fallible sometimes, like ordinary mortals, and liable to make trifling mistakes in the allocation of proper names—so that it may be wise to verify their dicta now and then by corroborative testimony. They are the true and potential Spirit-rappers of the day: the dead-and-gone geniuses of the buried ages wait at their beck and are obedient to their summons. Raphael himself must respond if the W— Street Medium cite him to his bar; nor dares Michael Angelo refuse. Under their talismanic influence, the sepulchred favourites of pope and cardinal astonish the world of to-day with fresh marvels of art, never seen before, yet palpably cracking and crumbling beneath the touch of time, till armed to defy his scythe by applications of modern skill. The world of London, and indeed of all England besides, owes an immense deal to W— Street. But for the considerate ministrations of its disinterested denizens, how many private galleries throughout the country, now rich in specimens of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish masters, had wanted even a single sample of the great schools! Nor are the dead artists themselves less beholden to them, seeing that but for their supernatural powers of multiplication, many a modest genius whose fame might never have extended beyond the confined district that gave him birth—or the pages of Pilkington—now enjoys an English reputation, and hangs in honourable company (if by proxy, what matter?) beneath many a lordly roof. Time was when the colonists of W— Street wanted in wealth, when purvey ignorance, seeking enlightenment in the liberal arts, paid generously for the practical lessons it received—but the glory of the place has been latterly under eclipse; a spirit of vainglorious conceit has got possession of the students and connoisseurs of art, who, affecting now to be as wise as their teachers, disburse but charily for the few hints they condescend to receive. May the colony be restored to an honourable standing, and thrive henceforth as it deserves!

Away to the river-side, shadowed with the hulls and masts of vessels—not to that amphibious colony which, lining both banks, takes in Stepney and Rotherhithe, Wapping and Deptford, where all that greets the eye and the nose 'doth suffer a sea-change'—but for a glance at the colony of coal-whippers, whose history claims a brief notice here. The millions of tons of coal which London periodically consumes, are served out to the public by the agency of the coal-whippers, who have pitched with their wives and families along the margin of the Thames, where the colliers are moored. They are a stout and brawny race, who look upon two hundredweights as a sort of natural knapsack not to be grumbled at. They are from no particular district, but selected, for muscular reasons, for the performance of a species of labour to which every gentleman is not competent. They have stringent laws for the regulation of their industry, which, though it is of a very repulsive description, is more than usually lucrative; and it is rare indeed that a man once fairly entered in this profession ever leaves it willingly, so long as he is capable of doing the work. They are, however, too many of them, fanatics in their devotion to beer; and their zeal in the cause of Sir John Barleycorn betrayed them and their affairs into the power of the publicans, who, for many years, virtually managed their entire concerns, receiving and paying their wages, and engaging or discharging their services as they chose, and, of course, displaying that disinterestedness which is the publican's characteristic. With the priest of the hoghead for a paymaster, and

with wages more than doubly sufficient for a poor man's household to receive, the coal-whipper soon grew into a mere drinking-machine—a walking, staggering conduit for treble X. If, from any cause, his powers of imbibition relaxed, he ran the risk of sudden discharge; a fit of sobriety was an unpardonable act of treachery, and avenged with summary ejectment. Nay, a mere gallon-man, whose puny thirst was slaked with eight pints a day, was hourly in danger of being supplanted by any candidate who was blessed with the capability of swallowing sixteen, and was discharged, too, when the double-gallon man sued for admission to the ranks. The merits of the labourer were measured by the capacity of his throat; and he who could carry coal under the most liquor ranked first in the scale. This truly infernal system was maintained in operation for many years, to the ruin of numbers of its victims, and the misery of their families. The plundered party at length found courage to petition the legislature; and after the customary course of committees and blue-books, an act was passed emancipating them from the oppressive sense of obligation under which they laboured, and leaving them at liberty to pay their vows at their favourite shrine at their own freewill.

We find ourselves in danger of exceeding all reasonable limits by extending our colonial survey—and though there are other town colonies which would repay the trouble of a brief inspection, we can but hint at a few of them, which the reader can explore for himself when the opportunity occurs. There is the publishers' colony in Paternoster Row, of which all the world knows something at least. There is the aristocratic colony of Belgravia, of which the greater part of the world know very little, and where those who want practical information may hire a very comfortable house for a trifle of L.2000 a year, and be in a condition to make observations on the spot. Not far from it there is a thieves' colony in Westminster, where a peripatetic practitioner may find accommodation for a less sum than it costs the Belgravian to keep his knocker clean. There is a colony of clubs in St James's, and a colony of bludgeons in St Giles's and White-chapel. There are several colonies of lawyers in quiet retreats which litigants are perfectly familiar with; and there are various small colonies of students and scholars grouped round hospitals, colleges, and the university. There is the stockbrokers' colony near the Exchange, and the stage colony in Capel Court. There are shipbrokers' colonies along the river's brink, and colonies of outfitters on Tower Hill and all round the docks. There is Mincing Lane colony, and Mark Lane colony, and the Custom-house colony—each characterised by separate and distinct species of the money-getting genus. There is a colony of artists in the region of Newman Street and Rathbone Place, and a colony of jewellers in Clerkenwell. There are trade colonies without number, where birds of the same feather, artisans of the same craft, flock together as to a market for labour; and, lastly, there is an indefinite number of little provincial colonies, assembling only at night in public-houses, where the news from 'home, sweet home,' may be read in the Falmouth local journal or the gazette from Northumberland, and be discussed by the listeners in the long-remembered dialect of their native places. These country inns, if we may so call them, are generally kept by emigrants from the provinces, and serve to keep alive a sort of clannish feeling, and to preserve old associations and friendships among inhabitants of the same place. In this way, nearly every county in England, and most of the large towns both in England and Scotland, are represented in London.

We are not aware that in any other capital in Europe such a remarkable result of the gregarious tendencies of human nature could be found as the metropolitan colonies exhibit. Much of it, no doubt, could be traced to the obstinate class-feeling for which



England is proverbial, and which foreigners, not altogether without reason, regard as a blot upon the national character; but more of it, we are inclined to think, originates in necessity or self-interest, and is the fruit of that experience which has taught the Londoner how he may best minister to both. The phenomenon is one, at anyrate, upon which it is not uninteresting to speculate.

### THE NIGHT OF THE POETS.

POETS are a sort of interpreters of nature, seeing what others see not, and understanding what totally escapes the comprehension of their neighbours. One of their propensities is that of strolling abroad when the rest of the world are at supper or in bed, to watch the singular aspects of the night, which appears to have been originally made for their especial use and pleasure. We mean to interrogate these wanderers in darkness, in order, if possible, to discover what the notions are which they entertain of the ebon goddess. If egotism were permitted to persons writing in prose, we would say that we ourselves have a peculiar theory about her, which it may not be unpleasant to compare with that prevailing among the children of the Muses.

Most persons, whether they acknowledge it or not, experience a sort of uneasy sensation when left alone with the night. The reason is, that nature has not bestowed upon them that particular sort of lamp which, like the cat's eyes, enables a few favoured individuals to stroll perfectly at their ease over the surface of the earth, in the absence of the sun and moon. It is no merit of theirs that they feel no fear in what is darkness to others. For them, the world contains no such thing as darkness; they can always see well enough to discover the soft, placid, meek features of Night, who throws aside her thick veil to amuse them, and, opening her large tranquil eyes, enables them to look at will into the very depths of her soul. Instead of pitying them, therefore, we should rather envy them their profound delight when, taking leave of gas and Price's composite, they roam away with the eldest sister of Chaos into the glimmering fields.

Half the enjoyment we experience on such occasions depends, however, upon two things, which, unhappily, are not always in our power: we mean a balmy atmosphere and wild and romantic scenery. We are almost tempted to add a third condition—rich and musical names, steeped, if possible, in historical associations. There are some syllables so crabbed, so tough, so inflexible, so vulgar, that the whole nine Muses, if they were set about it in concert, would not be able to domiciliate them in the world of poetry. There are others which of themselves, wheresoever and by whomsoever pronounced, make at once a picture upon the mind—Verona, Fiesol, Vallambrosa! Do they not sink in liquid softness upon the ear, and slide, we know not how, into the soul, rippling and overshadowing its surface like the west wind, when perfumed by the breath of violets in spring?

With respect to night-landscapes, it may be predicated generally, that they are infinitely grander than any we behold by day. Even the most common-place city, when its noises have been stilled and its thoroughfares cleared by the darkness, presents a succession of striking pictures to the fancy, as we wander through it. But in the gorges of mountains, in rocky glens, in forests, and among cliffs and precipices, on the seashore—if favoured by the moon streaming upon through rents in the clouds—we see the earth invested with a splendour and magnificence which even poetry, with all its resources, fails adequately to represent.

But let us not murmur because there are things in nature which surpass the imitative powers of art. The poets have done much to give permanence to the

fleeting beauties of the night. Let us accept the offerings which they have poured into the treasury of fancy, and examine them one by one, as chance brings them to our hand. Coleridge, it may be presumed, from the dreaminess of his character, was tolerably well qualified to draw sketches of Nature, when, with starry diadem and mantle of sable, she walks the world in majesty.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;

The night is chilly, but not dark;  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.  
The moon is behind and at the full,  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill—the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

In this passage, there are perhaps more suggestions than pictures. Superstition was a large element in the imagination of Coleridge. He was essentially unclassical. All the poetry of his nature was connected by imperceptible links with the indefinite mythology of the north, and hence, perhaps, the strong hold he possesses over the minds of the English people. He is not content with delineating the external features of heaven or earth, but appears to draw aside a corner of the material veil, and afford us glimpses of the ideas which revolve through the obscurity behind it. Some indications of this are discoverable in almost every passage in which he speaks of the night. Thus in the *Ancient Mariner* :—

We listened, and looked sideways up;  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip.  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

And the coming wind did wax more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan!

Of the *Ancient Mariner*, the informing principle is superstition; but in others of Coleridge's pieces we find descriptions of the night without this accompaniment.

Mild splendour of the various-crested night!  
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!  
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light  
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;  
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud  
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;  
And when thou dardest from the wind-rent cloud  
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.  
Ah, such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!  
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;  
Now hid behind the dragon-winged despair:  
But soon emerging in her radiant might,  
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care  
Sails like a meteor kindling in its flight.

It has, of course, been often remarked, that in nearly all the later poets, whether of Germany, France, or England, there prevails an air of melancholy, which infuses itself into their descriptions of nature, and imparts to them a sadness belonging in no degree to the originals. Into the philosophy of this subject we cannot here enter; but it may be observed by the way, that our civilisation has not hitherto proved either to society or to individuals the cause of so much happiness as seems from the first to have been expected. Profound discontent pervades a large portion of the thinking classes, and this feeling necessarily tinges the whole system of their ideas. Among our ancestors, as well as among nearly all ancient writers, there is far greater vivacity, playfulness, joy, and contentment. Their poetry, consequently, overflows with exhilaration, and puts people in good-humour, as well with things in general as with themselves. Let us, by way of illustration, select a moonlight scene from Shakespeare:—

*Lorenzo.* The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jessica.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismayed away.

*Lorenzo.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jessica.* In such a night  
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lorenzo.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;  
And with an untrifling love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

*Jessica.* And in such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lorenzo.* And in such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Bring your music forth into the air.  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Our great dramatist, as is well known, abounds with exquisite touches, which may suffice to suggest glorious images of the night; but he has nowhere indulged in anything like a finished picture. Where the lines occur, they are often full of beauty; but, separated from the context, and strung pell-mell together, they would scarce appear to do justice to the poet's thoughts. Yet they are always fresh and fragrant, and prolific of suggestions. For example:—

*Lysander.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.  
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the watery glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass  
(A time that lovers' flight doth still conceal),  
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Few poets, whether ancient or modern, have yielded themselves up to the fascinations of night more than Shelley. The too penetrating light of day disclosed to his melancholy eye more of the world's misery than he could bear to contemplate without anguish. He loved above all things, therefore, to steal forth and pursue

his thoughts in darkness. The crimes and irregularities of society were hidden from him then, while multitudes of brilliant and gorgeous fancies swept before him in endless and ever-varied processions:

How beautiful is night! the balmy sigh  
Which vernal Zephyrs breathe in morning's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow:  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam: yon castled steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace—all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness:  
Where silence undisturbed might walk alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

If we could perseveringly follow each poet through all his delineations, we should find in him a peculiar version, so to speak, of the night. Doubtless, every man paints whatever he looks at with the colours of his own idiosyncrasy. Nothing comes to us in its own inherent qualities, but simply as it appears to particular observers. Shelley had lived among the Alps, whose aspects and features he carefully studied, and sought frequently to paint. In *Alastor*, therefore, when we appear to be transported to the wildest solitudes of the Asiatic mountains, we are only placed among the rocks and glaciers, the chasms and waterfalls, the icy pinnacles of the Great St Bernard, Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau:

At midnight  
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs  
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves  
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,  
Rage and resound for ever.

In another poem, our fancy is again turned away to terrific solitudes, haunted by the spectral moon, whose rays are intercepted by exhalations as they struggle towards the earth:—

The dim and horned moon hung low, and poured  
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
That overflowed its mountains—yellow mist  
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank  
Wan moonlight e'en to fulness—not a star  
Shone, not a sound was heard! the very winds—  
Danger's grim playmates on that precipice—  
Slept clasped in his embrace.

No one, perhaps, has attempted with more boldness than Shelley to paint the grandeur of a stormy night, when winds and clouds, and mingled brilliance and gloom, alternate or combine to impress a startling character upon the appearances of nature. The sky at night often seems to be a separate creation. Mountains, towering and dark, nod over immeasurable caverns; waterfalls stream over half the sky; rivers wind and glitter amid pearly banks; while huge animals, of shape more fantastic than the stuff of which our dreams are made, travel calmly over gulfs and abysses, with heads erect and forms enveloped in radiance. From the contemplation of phenomena such as these, Shelley had probably come warm when he threw upon paper the following strange picture:—

Where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
Most delicately, and the ocean green,

Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,  
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread  
On all below; but far on high, between  
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,  
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

For ever, as the war became more fierce  
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,  
That spot grew more serene: blue light did pierce  
The woof of those white clouds which seemed to lie  
Far deep and motionless; while through the sky  
The pallid semicircle of the moon  
Past on in slow and moving majesty;  
The upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon  
But slowly fled like dew beneath the beams of noon.  
I could not choose but gaze; a fascination  
Dwelt in that moon and sky and clouds, which drew  
My fancy thither, and in expectation  
Of what I knew not, I remained: the hue  
Of the white moon, amid that heaven so blue,  
Suddenly stained with shadow, did appear;  
A speck, a cloud, a shape approaching grew,  
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere  
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear.

Keats, with all his richness of fancy, has accomplished comparatively little to illustrate the beauties of the night. He evidently felt its witchery, and occasionally, in his curious and quaint way, commemorates his admiration. But the world upon which he gazed was not the real one. He lived in fairy palaces scooped out in the depths of the earth, or arched over by the imaginations among the green waves of ocean. The moon and stars, and clouds and vapours, such as we usually behold them, were therefore things much too substantial for him. Here, however, is a picture from *Endymion*, which possesses inimitable softness and splendour:—

Methought I lay

Watching the zenith where the Milky-Way  
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;  
And travelling my eye, until the doors  
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,  
I became loath and fearful to alight  
From such high soaring by a downward glance;  
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,  
Spreading imaginary pinions wide—  
When presently the stars began to glide  
And faint away before my eager view;  
At which I sighed that I could not pursue,  
And dropped my vision to the horizon's verge:  
And lo! from opening clouds I saw emerge  
The loveliest moon that ever silvered o'er  
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar  
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul,  
Commingle with her argent spheres, did roll  
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went  
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—  
Whereat methought the lidless-eyed train  
Of planets all were in the blue again.

In roaming through the world of verse, we often find sweet patches, as it were, of description interspersed with thoughts and ideas which in themselves are not far removed from commonplace. In such cases, the best course is to tolerate the old for the sake of the new. Nearly all poets select the same topics around which to weave their fancies. The difference is in the treatment, and the more or less lavish splendour with which they are able to scatter about their imagery. Keats was peculiarly felicitous in this process of pouring vitality into ancient themes. His presence appears, as it moves along, to throw fresh colours on everything it approaches. His woods have a deeper gloom; his winds, a greater softness; his stars, a more jewelled sort of brightness than those of other poets; and this often in spite of very bad rhymes and very awkward phrases: But what is grotesque, we pardon in consideration of

what is tasteful and exquisite. Observe how, in discoursing of Hope, he interweaves delicious prospects of earth and sky:—

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,  
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,  
Should sad despondency my musings fright,  
And frown to drive fair cheerfulness away;  
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,  
And keep that fiend, Despondence, far aloof.

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star  
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,  
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar;  
So when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,  
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,  
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

The several forms which poetry assumes in the minds of different men, are extremely difficult to be characterised or discriminated. When Milton was as young as Keats, he wrote in a style equally imaginative and equally fanciful: both his imagination and his fancy were kept within certain bounds by a severer taste acquired by the study of the Greek. Throughout his life, he seems to have experienced no little trouble in reining in his ideas. Yet so refined was his sense of propriety, that he generally rejected every image, every simile, and every metaphor, not reconcilable with the stern decisions of his poetical philosophy. For this reason, his works often appear too artistic. The exuberances of nature have obviously been pruned away, but what remains when you carefully study it, seems only the more majestic and beautiful for the operation. He is called upon many times to speak of night. But his is not the night of a fluttered and bewildered fancy, but a picture of the vast universe divested of the illusions of the sun. A calm glory breathes over the face of nature; and solemn music, as if descending from the highest heaven, sweeps through the soul as we gaze and listen. Never did language move with a loftier port or grandeur than in the poems of this blind old man, who had familiarised himself with the inmost secrets of versification, until the words in which he clothed his ideas became, to borrow his own expression—

A linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton maze and giddy cunning.

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

But when we enter the mighty creation of the *Paradise Lost*, and seek to detach passages that may represent the beauty and magnificence of the whole, we find it as impossible as to present a suit of chain-armour by taking out and exhibiting a single link. The merit lies in the unity, in the symmetry, in the proportion. Yet we must entreat the Muse of Paradise for leave to transfer a few passages from the immortal volume to our own pages; and first, let us take a glimpse of fairies sporting by moonlight:—

Fairy elves,

Whose midnight revels, by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course: they on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Contrast with this another picture of night, strongly similar, yet how different:—

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad:  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale—  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires; Hesperus that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

It has often been observed, that the great poets of antiquity devote very little of their works to description. With one short glowing word or phrase, they bring out the very soul of a landscape; and having fixed it in your memory for ever, pass on. This is peculiarly the case with Pindar and Sophocles, who invest with luminous ether a few favourite spots in ancient Greece. Homer is sometimes more diffuse; and on one occasion pauses, in a playful mood, to describe a moonlight scene, which latter altogether it would be difficult to rival:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene—  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;  
 O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise;  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light;  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
 And lightning glimmering Xanthus with their rays.  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umbered arms by fits thick flashes send;  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

From this, let us make a transition to Barry Cornwall, who, among many other sweet things, has a delicious little song called *The Nights*. As we honour every one who loves the night, which is the period of inspiration for mortals, we shall reproduce this charming poem entire, that our readers may go, if they have not gone already, to the works of this poet, which are full of the spirit of gentleness and love:—

Oh, the summer night  
 Has a smile of light,  
 And she sits on a sapphire throne;  
 Whilst the sweet winds load her  
 With garlands of odour,  
 From the bud to the rose o'erblown!  
 But the autumn night  
 Has a piercing sight,  
 And a step both strong and free;  
 And a voice for wonder,  
 Like the wrath of the thunder,  
 When he shouts to the stormy sea.  
 And the winter night  
 Is all cold and white,  
 And she singeth a song of pain,  
 Till the wild-bee hummeth,  
 And warm spring cometh,  
 When she dies in a dream of rain!  
 O the night, the night!  
 'Tis a lovely sight,  
 Whatever the clime or time,  
 For sorrow then soareth,  
 And the lover outpoureth  
 His soul in a star-bright rhyme.  
 It bringeth sleep  
 To the forests deep,  
 The forest-bird to its nest;  
 To care, bright hours,  
 And dreams of flowers,  
 And that balm to the weary—rest!

Here, however, we must stop, for Aurora is beginning to purple the east, and admonishes us that we have wandered long enough among the shades of night. When we next take up the poets, it will be to converse with them on a very different subject. Yet we linger on the moonlight hills, and are strangely loath to emerge from this dusky fascination.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VOICE in favour of education is making itself heard from an unusual quarter—the Royal Institution, where seven lectures are to be given on different branches of the all-important subject. The Master of Trinity leads off with a discourse on the moral and mental, to be followed by Faraday, Latham, Daubeny, Tyndall, Paget, and Hodgson, who will each advocate a special branch, all more or less taking the scientific view. Thus, the history of science, language, chemistry, physics, physiology, and economic science will in turn be brought forward, and their value as means of intellectual education be demonstrated. If as much good should result from these lectures as from those given to earnest throngs of working-men at the School of Mines, education will have received a beneficial impulse; one that is much needed, if we may judge from a speech delivered to the 'hands' on strike at Stockport by one of their orators. This teacher of the multitude told them that distress at home is caused by our foreign trade; that the further we send our manufactures, the more is their value reduced, and the greater the injustice to those who produce them. If the 'hands' would but find out that they have heads, such stuff as this would never be listened to.

There is something touching in the petition presented to parliament by 3000 miners of Durham and Northumberland, praying the legislative authority to step in between them and the risks to which they are exposed, and to which they fall victims, at the rate of 1000 a year. What they ask is reasonable enough—that provision shall be made 'for obliging all owners of collieries to provide such quantities of good air in accordance with the number of workmen employed, the character of the mine, and so forth, as will insure a healthy state of the workings for each man, and prevent accumulations of fire-damp in any part of such pits or collieries.' Seeing that mines can be properly ventilated, that the miners ask no more than science or skill can accomplish, we hope some decided means will be taken to remove the dangers and evils which attend their employment. Men are too valuable now—a days for us to go on flinging 1000 a year to destruction.

Hostile politics have not put a stop to emigration: ships are still sailing every week for Australia and North America with their hundreds of passengers. The *Times* correspondent in the East suggests, that instead of betaking themselves to the scorching and sandy shores of the former country, or exposing themselves to the bitter winters of the latter, they should emigrate to Turkey, where, at a comparatively short distance from home, are to be found some of the best natural advantages in the world. The shores are washed by the great central sea, there are rivers, bays, and noble harbours, fertile soil, and productions equal to any. With English industry and perseverance, what would not such a country become? the great trade to the East would again flow in its old channel, and order and security would reign where they have long been strangers. But ere this can take place, the elements of discord must be reduced to reason.

Judging from the fact, that plans for 140 railway bills have been brought before parliament this session, railway enterprise is not yet dispirited. There is talk, moreover, of a line direct to the north for the exclusive

transport of coal and bulky goods, with which the existing lines are too much encumbered, to the prejudice of the passenger-traffic. With all this, there is a constant endeavour towards greater safety in locomotion: the hollow axles for railway-carriages, introduced some time ago, are found, on further trial, to be preferable to those made solid. In weight alone, there is a saving of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hundredweight on each pair of axles—no unimportant item in a thousand carriages. A block, weighing nearly a ton, being let to fall from a height of twelve feet on both kinds of axles, by way of experiment, the solid were invariably seen to give way first. They break across; while the hollow ones, when they fall, open lengthwise only, and thus there is little risk of detachment of the wheels. There is a new method, too, for clearing boiler-tubes of the ashes, cinders, and incrustations which, as is well known, collect within them. The usual process is to push a long ramrod through, which drives everything before it—a task of nearly an hour; but by means of a flexible pipe, fitted with a nozzle, and leading from the steam-chamber, a blast of steam may be blown through every tube, and all the accumulations cleared away in ten minutes. We hear that an attempt has been made on one of the lines between New York and Philadelphia to obviate the noise and uneasy jolting, by laying down sleepers of india-rubber, whereby an easy, elastic motion is given to a passing train. We think it likely that this is an experiment requiring multiplied experience in different temperatures before it can be pronounced successful. The Egyptian railway is so far advanced, that fifty miles of it were used for the transport of one of the last overland mails. The tunnel through the Alps is now to be outdone by one through the Andes—that is, if the projectors who wish to make a railway from Brazil to Chili can accomplish their purpose. We may not inappropriately round off these railway items by mentioning the noble statue of George Stephenson, placed a week or two since in the hall of the Euston Square terminus. It is a fitting site for the marble image of the self-reliant Northumbrian miner, who came from the depths of the earth to teach men how to travel on its surface. He is one of those heroes of whom England has reason to be proud; and while locomotives roll along their iron path, he will not be forgotten.

M. Costa reports to the Académie, that the breeding of salmon by artificial means has gone on successfully: new species from other countries have been introduced into the establishments on the Loire, at Saumur, and in the department of the Ière; and into those in the Vosges a large kind of trout from Switzerland. It is thought that something similar might be attempted on the sea-shore; and at Rochelle a project has been mooted for the 'cultivation' of oysters and prawns. Mr Boccia says that he, and not the two French fishermen, was the originator of pisciculture; and he intends to shew that the process is more simple than has been supposed, the grand elements of success being pure air and pure water. The late earthquake in Calabria has again set geologists speculating: M. Perrey finds reason to believe that the shocks, in some degree, depend on the moon, as they most frequently occur when our satellite passes the meridian.

Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, traces a marked connection between perturbations of the magnet and appearances of aurora; and these perturbations, he believes, frequently indicate the presence of an aurora in a high northern latitude, although invisible to us; and, what is more, he suggests that they are sometimes caused by the passage of aërolites through our atmosphere. According to Boussingault, the rain which falls in towns contains much more ammonia than in remote rural districts, and in greater quantity at the beginning than the end of a shower. He finds, also, that ammonia is always present in dew; and in so

unusual a proportion in some of the November mists, as to exert a noxious influence.

From certain statistical returns which have been laid before the Académie, we gather a few interesting particulars concerning professors of the medical art on the other side of the Channel. It appears that there are in France 11,217 physicians, 7221 officers of health, 5175 druggists; yet, large as this number is, there are 591 communes, each of more than 2000 inhabitants, in which not an individual of the three classes here mentioned is resident. Another return on the subject of births shews, that where 123 children are born between 9 P.M. and 9 A.M., 100 only are born within the other twelve hours. Here is a fact useful to those who know how to employ it: there is a gas talked of, which, directed in a stream against an irritable abscess, is said to allay the torment forthwith—another addition to the value of life.

Now that the science of life is better understood than formerly, facts have come to have a significance too long lost sight of, particularly as relates to the maintenance of a military system. Of the 180,000 young men drafted every year for the army in France, one-third of the strongest and stoutest are made into soldiers; the others, among whom are the stunted, the weakly, and deformed, are sent back to their homes, where they marry and beget children, who inherit their imperfections. In this way the *physique* of the nation is gradually deteriorating, and at a rate that appears rapid when a quarter of a century is brought under review. The drawing away of young men from their ordinary pursuits for military service, is thus an evil of grave import in more senses than one; but, judging from the present aspect of affairs, the true remedy is not likely to be adopted for some time to come. In Prussia, too, similar effects have been noticed: out of the youths of nineteen who were inspected last year throughout that kingdom, not more than half the numbers assembled were sound and stout enough for service, the rural districts being as bad as the large towns. It would seem that, with improving education, the stamina of the people weaken or decay. In Sweden, also, the same result has been observed; but there it is attributed to potato-diet and a habit of much spirit-drinking. Have governments yet to discover a means for preserving the bone and muscle of peoples, or must the people find it for themselves? In respect of education: of the men examined in Berlin, 95 per cent. were found to be fully educated, and 5 per cent. defective. In the provinces, 75 per cent. only had gone through their school course; 20 per cent. were defective, and the remainder altogether uninstructed. The Polish and Wendish provinces were the most backward.

The uneasiness felt a short time since at the growing scarcity of rags is subsiding, for it is now found that good paper can be made from the refuse of the sugar-cane, and from wood-fibre, the latter being L.12 a ton cheaper than that made from rags. The plantain, too, has been tried, and successfully, as was demonstrated by some specimens of plantain-paper exhibited at a meeting of the Horticultural Society. Printers and publishers, and those who deal in penny-periodicals, may therefore take heart: their profit will not be all swallowed up by the cost of the paper, as there was reason to fear.

From a communication made to the Geological Society, we find that the fossils of our Devonian system are more widely spread than would at one time have been thought credible, numerous specimens having been found by the explorers in the polar regions; while in the British Museum may now be seen a collection sent from Kwangsi, in the south of China.

Mr Beecroft, for many years British consul on the western coast of Africa, has at length, after repeated attempts, found the junction of the Benue and Niger rivers. It is a feat worth recording, for his last effort

took six weeks of laborious search among mangrove swamps and slimy creeks. If by this discovery the interior be rendered more accessible, our traders will soon doubtless follow Dr Barth to Timbuctoo.

Chevalier Vande Velde, of Utrecht, known for his travels in the Holy Land and surrounding countries, has addressed a letter to the Archæological Association of Palestine, in which he recommends them not to believe M. de Saulcy's statements about the Cities of the Plain; for that the so-called cities are nothing other than broken masses of a mountain, which the Arabs succeeded in making the too credulous Frenchman believe to be the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah. Colonel Rawlinson sends from Bagdad news of the discovery of more cylinders, at a spot identified as the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, which are of importance in clearing up a difficulty in the annals of Belshazzar. He now considers that monarch to have been a viceroy under his father Nabonidus; and thus these new-found records, as he states, 'furnish us with a key to the explanation of that great historical problem which has hitherto defied solution.' Besides this, the colonel has got a statue of the god Nebo, which was dug up by the party of explorers employed for the British Museum. An inscription on its breast contains the names of Belochus and Sammuramit, or Semiramis. So the great queen comes out of the mists of fable at last; and, disregarding all that has been said about her and Ninus, our persevering countryman makes her out to have been the daughter of a king of Medo-Armenia, who married Phal-lukha, or Belochus, and reigned jointly with him over Assyria in the eighth century before Christ.

#### CUTTING-OUT.

THERE is a certain delicate and desperate species of naval service in which British seamen are peculiarly distinguished as able, and frequently successful, professional operators: it is called *cutting-out*. This very rarely takes place on any extended scale, and it is equally rare for any large force of men to be employed upon it. As a general rule, cutting-out is performed without much premeditation or nice calculation of risks: it is usually planned by some young spirited officer in command of a frigate or small flotilla, and undertaken almost impromptu by himself and other daring naval aspirants, as much from a feverish resolve to distinguish themselves, and earn promotion by 'doing something,' as from any other motive. It is rarely we find veteran officers of high rank engaging in such desperate adventures, unless there is a very important stake to be gained—some object either of extraordinary intrinsic value, or else likely to lead to commensurate advantages. It is a service *sui generis*, requiring particular faculties, distinct and different from those essential in other branches of the service. Young, dashing fellows, of dauntless bravery—

That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight—

who can coolly and skilfully lay down their plans, and daringly execute them in person, are the men to succeed on the occasions in question.

Suppose a frigate chases an enemy, of equal, or superior, or inferior force—no matter which—and that enemy, by dint of shewing a nimble pair of heels, runs into a friendly harbour before he can be overtaken. Here the Don, or Mynheer, or Mounseer, or Moslem, or whatever he may be, shelters himself by mooring stem and stern under the guns of a battery on shore, and grins defiance at his disappointed pursuer. What is to be done? The British frigate sails as closely in as may be prudent or possible, and hovers about till sunset, meanwhile diligently taking note by aid of her glasses—as telescopes are called on shipboard—of the

position of the coveted prize, and the nature of the shore defences, and all other obstacles to her capture; then, ere nightfall, tacks about, shews her stern, and steers directly out to sea, as though sullenly confessing she has no chance. Has the captain given up all hope of doing business?—Not a bit of it. He dives down into his cabin, and, either alone or in consultation with his lieutenants, rapidly plans a cutting-out. The crew are duly mustered, and their commander's intention being promulgated, they give a cheer like true British sailors, and eagerly volunteer for the boat-service. The required number are promptly selected, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and boarding-pikes, and a strip of white ribbon tied round their left arms, to distinguish them in the coming tussle. It is clearly settled what boats are to be despatched, what officers are to command, what seamen and marines are to go in each boat, and in what order the boats are to lead and board, &c. As soon as it is dark enough, the frigate points her head for the shore again, and probably about midnight, after extinguishing or shading every light, brings-to in a position deemed most favourable for her to await the result of the enterprise. Pinnace, cutter, jolly, and gig, are silently lowered; the men take their appointed places; and without a word being spoken, the carefully muffled oars are dropped into the water, and the boats glide noiselessly towards their destination. Of the rowers, it may be truly said that, in the regular man-o'-war fashion,

Bending back, away they pull

With measured strokes most beautiful!

But on these momentous occasions they poise their oars so deftly, feather them so gently and accurately, and dip the edge of their blades with such keenness and precision, that there is no splash in the water, and no rumble from the row-locks; and should the sea be smooth, a musical ripple at the stem, and an undertoned gurgling sound in the runs of the stern, alone betoken the propulsion of the boat. Possibly, they may get close alongside, or even board the enemy's ship ere they are discovered; but in general a better watch is kept, and they will find the sentinels on the alert, and be fired at the moment they come in sight. No matter. As soon as silence and precaution are no longer of use, every boat cheers loudly, and dashes recklessly forward in eager emulation as to which shall be the first to board. Soon they are alongside, the men climbing up the chains, and clambering over the boarding-nettings, despite the fierce thrust of pike and cutlass, or the deadlier resistance of musket and bayonet. All is now desperate hand-to-hand fighting; and whilst it rages, a party of our frigate's men run aloft to loose the topsails, and others cut the cables, so as to get the enemy under-way, and out of the range of the shore-battery as speedily as possible. When resistance is overcome, the crew of the captured vessel are driven headlong below, and secured beneath the hatches, and the gallant cutters-out sheet home the sails, or, if the wind is dead, tow the ship out of harbour with their boats. Ere this time, probably, the battery on shore opens a furious fire, which may kill friend and foe indiscriminately; but British tars are not easily deterred from carrying out a cherished design; and unless the masts and rigging are materially shattered, the vessel is quickly beyond range of the hostile cannon, and, when morning breaks, the triumphant frigate and her prize are mere specks in the offing. Occasionally, however, the result is sadly different. The enemy may be so well prepared, that some of the boats may be sunk ere they can pull alongside, and the men who manage to board may be all slain or taken prisoners.

We have recently searched our naval chronicles, and have conned over a great number of cutting-out affairs, and we now purpose to give some account of two or



three, which appear to us to be the most remarkable and brilliant on record, and cannot fail to impress the reader with a vivid conception of the truly marvellous deeds of naval skill and daring that British men-of-war's men will undertake and perform. One case is an honourable failure; but we will give it the first place, both for the sake of chronology, and because it was planned and attempted to be carried to a successful issue by the justly celebrated Sir Sydney Smith, and led to other incidents of historical note.

In the spring of 1796, Sir Sydney was cruising on the French coast in command of the *Diamond*, 38-gun frigate, when he learned that the *Vengeur*, an armed French lugger—only too well known in the Channel for her numerous captures of English merchantmen, and which had hitherto defied capture herself through her wonderful sailing qualities—was anchored, ready for sailing, in the inner road of Havre. Sir Sydney resolved to cut her out; and accordingly prepared the launch and four other boats of his frigate, in which he embarked fifty-two officers and men, all told, and took the command of the whole himself, because his three lieutenants were, from one cause or other, unavailable for the duty. At 10 p.m. they set off, and after a brief struggle, seized the *Vengeur* without the loss of a man. But the difficulty was, not to win this prize, but to carry her out to the offing. The French crew had cut their cables, and the lugger drifted bodily shoreward, spite every effort of the capturers. By daybreak, the lugger was anchored up the river beyond Havre, and a number of vessels put forth from that town to re-capture the prize, which Sir Sydney, on his part, was resolved to defend to the utmost. He first sent the prisoners ashore, and then prepared for action. In a brief period, a large lugger opened fire on the *Vengeur*, and numbers of small vessels, full of soldiers, surrounded her, and poured in volleys of musketry. There being no wind to fill his sails, the gallant British captain found he had become thoroughly entrapped, and at length surrendered, with a loss of about a dozen killed and wounded. Sir Sydney Smith was removed to Paris, where he suffered a rigorous imprisonment of two years, and was even threatened with death on the pretence that he was a spy. Finally, he effected his escape from the Temple in a characteristically romantic and daring fashion, the details of which are probably well known to the reader.

In the year 1797, a fearful mutiny took place on board the *Hermione*, 38-gun frigate, commanded by Captain Pigot, when cruising off Porto Rico in the West Indies. The excessively cruel and monstrously tyrannical conduct of the captain, appears to have been the sole cause of this affair; but the mutineers were not content with sacrificing that wretched man, for they murdered nine other officers, and then carried the frigate to La Guayra, and traitorously gave her up to the Spaniards; and as a Spanish frigate she subsequently sailed the seas. Many of the mutineers paid the deserved penalty of their crimes. In 1799, this same *Hermione* was reported to be bound from Puerto-Capello to Havanna, having a crew of nearly 400 men, including a number of soldiers, and mounting forty-four guns, or six more than when she was a British frigate. The British admiral at Jamaica ordered the *Surprise*, Captain Hamilton, to go out and try to meet with the *Hermione*. The *Surprise* was a 28-gun frigate, with a complement of less than 200 men, and therefore in all respects very inferior to the vessel she was sent to engage; but sailors in those busy fighting-times did not care to calculate odds very nicely: they were all ready to swear that one Englishman was, any day and in any way, a match, and more than a match, for two Mounseers, or three Dons. However, no such encounter and triumph was destined for the British frigate this time, for after Captain Hamilton had cruised about for weeks without getting a glimpse

of his antagonist, he thought it best to sail to Puerto-Capello, and learn whether the latter had really left that port. Surely enough she had not, for between two enormous batteries at the harbour mouth, the *Hermione* was snugly moored stem and stern. For some days the *Surprise* hovered about, and finally Captain Hamilton informed his assembled crew that he had determined to cut out the *Hermione*—an intimation which they received with three hearty cheers. Six boats were prepared, carrying in all 106 officers and men; and explicit orders were given to every officer individually. Mr James gives a very minute and accurate account in his *Naval History* of this dashing enterprise; and we cannot do better than follow his version, and partially quote his narrative. Captain Hamilton in person commanded the pinnace, and directed the whole operations. The flotilla of boats were discovered when within a mile of the *Hermione*, and two of the enemy's gun-boats opened fire on them. Some of the frigate's boats foolishly engaged with these gun-boats, instead of following their captain straight to the main attack. 'The alarm created by the firing,' says Mr James, 'soon awakened the crew of the *Hermione* to the meditated attack. Lights were seen at every port; and the ship's company were at quarters. On the pinnace crossing the frigate's bows in order to reach her station, a shot was fired from the fore-castle, which crossed over her. . . . As the starboard oars touched the bends of the *Hermione*, Captain Hamilton gave orders to lay in the oars and board, the boat being then under the starboard cat-head and fore-chains, lying stem and stern with the frigate. The crew obeyed the word instantly; and the captain would have been the first on board, but from some mud on the anchor—which was hanging from the cat and shank-painter, and which had been weighed that day—his foot slipped; but he retained his hold on the foremost lanyard of the fore-shrouds, by which he recovered himself, his pistol going off in the struggle. Having succeeded in gaining a footing on the fore-castle, the English freed the foresail ready for bending and hauling out to the yardarms, laying over the forestay; and this served for an excellent screen to these few daring men now on board.' By this time, the Spanish crew, at quarters on the main-deck, were firing away, not yet being aware they were actually boarded; but the Spaniards on the quarter-deck warmly disputed their post, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued, Captain Hamilton himself being wounded severely. At a critical moment, the marines from one of the cutters boarded, and gave a turn to the fight. They fired a volley down the after-hatchway, and then rushed below with fixed bayonets, driving sixty Spaniards into the cabin, and there securing them. The cables now were cut, and with the aid of the foretop-sail and the boats, the *Hermione* was got under-way, and stood out of Puerto-Capello, despite the fire of the formidable batteries, which, however, cut up the rigging, and lodged some balls below the water-line. The boarding commenced at midnight, and by one o'clock all resistance ceased, and in another hour the prize was safely out of gunshot, and in full possession of the daring captors.

Only twelve British seamen were wounded, and none killed; but the Spaniards suffered the amazing loss of 119 killed, and 97 wounded—in all, 216, or above one-half of their entire crew! Even Mr James, who is usually so cool and guarded in expressing his opinions, and who is admitted to have written his great work with the nicest impartiality, cannot help warming when narrating the affair; and he justly and strikingly sums it up by saying, that 'the history of naval warfare, from the earliest time to this date, affords no parallel to this dashing affair: it was no surprise, no creeping on the sleepy unawares; the crew of the frigate were at quarters, standing to their guns, aware of the attack, armed, prepared, in readiness;

and that frigate was captured by the crews of three boats, the first success being gained by sixteen men. . . . The best record of this well-planned, well-executed, daring, gallant enterprise, is to be found in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.' For this exploit, Captain Hamilton was knighted; the House of Assembly at Jamaica voted him a sword worth 300 guineas; and the Common Council of London voted him the freedom of the city. As to the *Hermione*, she was restored to her rank in the British navy, under the significant name of the *Retribution*.

Our next and concluding narrative of cutting-out is more modern in date, and the distinguished hero of it is yet, we are happy to say, living, full of years and honour. Lord Cochrane (since 1831, the Earl of Dundonald) has ever been reckoned unsurpassed for the very remarkable valour and daring skill displayed by him during many of the earlier and happier years of his naval career, prior to 1814, when his professional prospects were destroyed by the lamentable stock-jobbing hoax, in which, there is now every reason to believe, he was a mere dupe of scheming villains, and far more to be pitied than condemned. Up to that period, there was not a more active, skilful, and successful officer in the whole navy; in proof of which it is worth mentioning, that during the ten months he commanded the *Speedy* sloop of fourteen guns, he captured the vast number of thirty-three vessels, mounting in all 128 guns. This by the way. In 1818, he became commander-in-chief of the navy of Chili in South America, and soon afterwards occurred the brilliant affair which is the means of introducing him to the reader of this article. The Chilians, we must premise, were fighting for their independence against the Spaniards. Lord Cochrane anchored with some ships in the outer roadstead of Callao, and at the same time there lay in the inner harbour a large forty-gun Spanish frigate named the *Esmeralda*, and two sloops of war, with fourteen gun-boats, and other defences disposed around them, besides the protection of a formidable range of batteries ashore. The frigate was well prepared for defence; nevertheless Lord Cochrane determined to cut her out. For this purpose, he collected about 240 volunteers from his vessels, and placed them in fourteen boats, which, in two divisions, proceeded to carry out the desperate enterprise, commanded by his lordship in person, on 5th November 1820. The result may be given in the words of Captain Basil Hall:—'At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him, with a pistol at his head, the alternative of "Silence or death!" No reply was made; the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the *Esmeralda's* side, was the first to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired, but was instantly cut down by the cockswain; and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane mid-way on the quarter-deck, and also by Captain Crosby, the after-part of the ship was soon carried, sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the fore-castle, where they made a desperate resistance, till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines, headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made on the main-deck; but before one o'clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole north force of the castle. The *Hyperion*, an English, and the *Macedonian*, an American frigate, which were at anchor close to the scene of action, got under-way when the action commenced; and in order to prevent their being mistaken by the batteries for the *Esmeralda*, shewed distinguished signals; but

Lord Cochrane, who had foreseen and provided even for this minute circumstance, hoisted the same lights as the American and English frigates, and thus rendered it impossible for the batteries to discriminate between the three ships. The *Esmeralda*, in consequence, was very little injured by the shot from the batteries. The Spaniards had upwards of 120 men killed and wounded; the Chilians, eleven killed and thirty wounded.'

#### LIQUID INDIA-RUBBER.

A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from Para, in Brazil, says: 'There is a method in preparing the gum, which has recently been patented, and which differs essentially from the usual curdling. The milk, as drawn from the tree, is put into large glass bottles and demi-johns; a preparation of some chemical nature, which is a secret, is mixed with the milk, and the bottles are securely sealed. In this way the gum is sent to the United States. It curdles twenty-four hours after exposure to the air, and forms a pure, white, solid, and remarkably strong rubber. There is only one house in Para which has the secret of this receipt, as I learn, and a member of the firm gives his personal attention to the preparation of the article, some thousands of miles in the interior of the country.'

#### 'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

20th April 1854.—SIR.—Since the popular acceptance of the motto, 'knowledge is power,' is not deducible from anything Bacon ever uttered, would it not be well to explain how the remark became attributed to him? When I saw you notice it in your very intelligent *Journal* (February 2), I hoped others would have asked you to do this, and spared me the trouble of copying and translating the following extract. Speaking of the sources of heresy and religious error, Bacon has this passage (*Meditationes Sacre de Hæresibus*, p. 747): 'Tertius gradus est eorum qui arctant et restringunt opinionem priorem tantum ad actiones humanas quas participant ex peccato, quas volunt substantive, atque nexa aliquo causarum, ex internâ voluntate et arbitrio humano pendere, statuuntque latiores terminos scientie Dei quam potestatis: vel potius ejus partis potestatis Dei (nam et ipsa scientia potestas est), quâ scit, quam ejus quâ movet et agit; ut præsciat quedam otiose, quas non predestinet et præordinet. Sed quicquid a Deo non pendet, ut auctore et principio, per nexum et gradus subordinatos, id loco Dei erit, et novum principium, et deaster quidam.' 'The third kind is that of those who restrain and confine the former opinion simply to the actions of men which partake of sin, which they will have to depend, directly and without any intervention of causes, upon the internal disposition and will of man, and who consider the limits of God's knowledge as more extensive than those of his power; or rather of that part of God's power—for even knowledge itself is power—with which he takes cognizance, than of that with which he moves and acts; as though God foreknew some things inactively, which he does not predestinate and foreordain. But whatever does not depend upon God, as its author and source, by subordinate links and steps, that will be in God's place, even a new principle and a certain little divinity.' Bacon, then, does say, knowledge is power; but he is speaking of God's knowledge, which he considers not less circumscribed than, and the same with, God's power. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton must have overlooked this passage, or he would hardly have said the aphorism was that of the Index-maker, or have made the remarks he does in the note to Book iv., Chap. xix., of *My Novel*, as well as in Dr Riccabocca's conversation in that chapter.—I am, &c. GEO. H. BRILLINGTON, M.A.

Westbury, Salop.  
[In Bohn's edition of Bacon's Works, 2 vols., 1846, the passage occurs in vol. ii., p. 750.—Ed.]

#### THE BEAM AND WHEEL EXPERIMENT.

With reference to this experiment, alluded to in 'The Month' (*Science and Arts*) for April, a correspondent suggests the following as a solution: 'If a beam is balanced, as stated, upon an upright standard, and any weight, whether wheel or not, is attached to one end, the beam will alter its position according to the weight attached; but mark, if it is a wheel that is attached, and that wheel is made to rotate rapidly, you instantly divide the weight of the wheel into two equal parts—one part going downward, and the other part going (by the velocity) upward; therefore, from this simple cause, while the wheel is in rapid motion the beam will not lose its gravity.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 21.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1864.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE GLORIES OF SYDENHAM PALACE.

WE read of some personage in past days that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Sydenham is somewhat in the same position. Only a few short months ago, it was a quiet suburban village, in which the birds sang, the flowers and trees put forth their blossoms and leaves, the hills were green, the sky was clear, the air was calm and serene. In the neat villas around, the banker's clerk from Lombard Street, the shopkeeper from Cheapside or Fleet Street, the stockbroker from Capel Court, the wharfinger from Tooley Street, might have been found snugly located: men who came up by rail in the morning to the busy haunts of commerce, and went back in the evening to the comforts of a good dinner, and the easy quiet of a domestic fireside. But what is Sydenham now? It is true that there are still birds to sing, flowers to bloom, trees, hills, sky, villas, good dinners, and domestic firesides; but there is something besides all this. Sydenham has become famous; a thing to be talked about. There is not a nation in the world, we may almost venture to say, but to which Sydenham will by and by be familiar by name. Kosma Milokroschetchnoi, who sent some flax from Pudoj, in Russia, to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; Sofialoglou's daughter, who sent embroidered shawls from Constantinople; Christina Johnsdotter, who sent a skein of home-spun thread from some unpronounceable village in Sweden; Heltachi, who provided chamois-horn carvings from the Swiss Oberwyl; Johann Mitterbergen, who sent shoe-tips from a Styrian village—all will know the name of Sydenham in due time, when the newspaper has done its work in its wonted way. Our own private opinion is, that Norwood has been robbed of a fair chance of fame; that there is a *casus belli*, inasmuch as the new Crystal Palace belongs locally rather to Norwood than to Sydenham. Sydenham is in Kent; but Norwood is in Surrey, and so is the Crystal Palace. The Londoners may likewise ask: Why is it not nearer us, on whom it must depend? Why not have pitched it about a penny steam-trip up our beloved river? But it is too late now to object; the die is cast, and Sydenham has a career of renown marked out for it.

This truly wonderful and altogether unprecedented enterprise has already occupied a few of our pages. In two former articles,\* the history and general character of the undertaking were traced, and the structure noticed so far as its most striking features are concerned. But the time has arrived for something more than this. Readers in every corner of the land ought

to know in what way has been carried out the audacious—the grandly audacious—plan of spending a million sterling for shilling visitors. At the present moment, when the talk is of royal visits and inaugural ceremonies, let us endeavour to give a faint idea of the beauty and majesty of this transparent palace—unfinished portions notwithstanding.

From a multitude of hilly districts in Surrey and the surrounding counties, this Sydenham structure can be seen. From the summit of the round tower at Windsor, and from a particular part of the East Terrace when the sun shines at a certain angle; from Hampstead, and Highgate, and Primrose Hill; from Dartford; from Knockholt; from the Dorking Hills—the building can be seen, either in its bold outline or by the glitter from its acres of glass. From some points we see it 'end-on,' as the sailors would say, and then it is only a glittering square mass; from others we see the broad façade straight fronting us, and then the grandeur of the three transepts becomes manifest; but it is the diagonal or angular view which best rewards the spectator; the endless variations in the relation which the curved lines bear to the straight, give to the whole of the ironwork the charms of the most infinitely varied tracery-work; while the sunlight and the blue light of the sky, partly transmitted through and partly reflected from the glass, almost convey the idea of the structure itself being one enormous crystal. There are two or three points on the Croydon Railway whence the palace can be seen grandly projecting itself against the blue sky behind; for it is one of the merits of the scheme, that the building crowns a ridge which gives increased elevation to it, nobly lofty as it is in itself. When the visitor enters by the new-curved portion of railway through the park and grounds, he will do well to notice how new beauties of form develop themselves, as he views the east façade at a gradually varying angle. And those who trudge up the hill from the Anerley Station (Sydenham Station does not reward the wayfarer; for there is a walk of a mile before the palace can be seen at all), having the south-east angle of the building nearest to them, are enabled to appreciate the magnitude as well as the elegance of the structure; for there are houses in the road, the Lilliputian appearance of which as the palace towers above them, is not a little remarkable. Let not any one be frightened by the ugly brick chimney near the south end; this is only a temporary necessity, until the two towers are rebuilt. Those, too, who approach from the west, and who see how the building seems to rise bodily above the trees of Dulwich Wood and Norwood, can appreciate breadth and height better than by the study of yards, and feet, and inches. If, however,

\* Second Series of C. E. J., No. 516, p. 321; No. 517, p. 342.

a calmly mathematical man should wish to test the magnitude of the building by means pleasurable to himself, there is ample opportunity; he will observe that the tiers or stories are about twenty feet high each, and the number of these superincumbent tiers will shew how lofty is the building; he will observe that there is a uniform eight-foot space from column to column, and the number of these spaces will indicate a total length of nearly a third of a mile; he will stand in front of the glorious central transept, and noticing that there are six tiers or stories before the springing of the semi-circular roof commences, he will appreciate the height to which an arch of 120 feet diameter will carry the façade.

But we may safely defy any visitor to think much of feet and inches when he enters the building. He has other subjects for thought. While on the level of the floor, he has within view the lofty circular-headed terminations of the north and south façades, and the circular-headed terminations of the transepts on the east and west sides. The vaulted glassy coverings of these three transepts, and of the whole length of the nave, furnish the curved lines for the tracery, while the hundreds of columns and the thousands of sash-bars furnish the straight lines; and thus a most exquisite picturesque geometry—so to speak—is produced. It is this combination of so many curves with straight lines which gives to the Sydenham Palace one of its points of superiority over the Hyde Park Palace. And when an ascent is made to the higher tiers, this combination becomes still more varied. There are eight or ten staircases of majestic proportions, leading up to the first or grand gallery, which goes entirely round the nave and all the transepts; and there are lightsome spiral staircases leading thence upwards to a height of which nothing in the former building can give us any conception. After mounting about forty stairs or steps, we reach the great gallery just spoken of; thirty-two more bring us to a level, whereon there are galleries only at the ends of the transepts; thirty-two more, and we attain a narrow gallery, making the circuit of the building; thirty-two more—at the central transept—and we reach another partial gallery; thirty-two more, and a gallery is reached which encompasses the main transept, boldly crossing the nave at a dizzy height from the ground—a height measured by about 170 stairs or steps. We do not mention these numbers and heights as a matter of statistics; we refer to them only for the purpose of saying, that at each new elevation, the extraordinary interior of the building presents itself under a new point of view, a new phase of beauty. Every one knows that a circular curve becomes elliptical when viewed obliquely, oblate or prolate, as the case may be; and thus, at different angles and different heights, we have light and delicate lines—horizontal, perpendicular, circular, oblate, prolate—combining to form a skeleton framework of surprising beauty; and as all parts of these lines are coloured in the rich harmonious tints suggested by Mr Owen Jones, the effect is such as no mere description can convey. From one point we appear to have a perfect forest of columns spreading out before us; from another, we look along an arched vista 1600 feet in length; from another, we look upward to a vaulted transept which is in itself a veritable triumph of mechanical construction; while from the highest gallery we look down upon the pleasure-seeking pigmies spread about the acres of flooring below. Nor does the outer world cease to charm, for as the building is all window, the eye ranges over a larger and larger area of country as we ascend higher. On the west, Dulwich and Norwood appear at our feet, green fields and pretty villages occupy the middle distance for miles and miles, while spires and blue hills mark the boundary of a very distant horizon. On the east, there is Sir Joseph Paxton's splendid mark spread out

—a treat for many a summer-day's holiday, even if there were no Crystal Palace at all; the terrace near the building; the parapets and balustrades; the statues and urns; the grand flights of steps; the noble gravel-walks; the delicately arranged Italian garden, with its basins and fountains; the English garden, with its paths and beds, its rich flowers and plants; the grounds beyond the two gardens, with their trees and shrubs; the circular basins and their hundred-jetted fountains; the lake and the islands; the gigantic fossil animals; the geological and mineralogical constructions—all will one day present an extraordinary spectacle, as seen from the 100,000 square feet of window on the eastern façade; and even in their present partially finished state—for much remains to be done both within and without the building—we may travel far indeed before meeting with a parallel.

The pigmies whom, in the pride of elevation, we look down upon from the upper-gallery, are veritable men and women seeking for beauty, and finding it. The beauty which we have been hitherto admiring, is that of the building and its external accompaniments; but the ground-floor of the nave has that to display which is little dreamed of except by the small number of persons who have watched the progress of the works during the last few months.

Let us endeavour to convey an idea of the arrangement of the nave, by comparing it with that of the former Crystal Palace. We all remember—for no one can and no one ought to forget the old building, the child which was 'father to the man'—that in the Hyde Park structure, the centre of the nave was occupied by various large-sized articles of art and manufacture, and that on either side of these were courts and avenues, filled with the products of various nations in different branches of industry. At Sydenham, the nave is—or will be—occupied by ranges of sculptures, for which every corner of Europe has been ransacked. Between, and around, and among these will be basins, and fountains, and flowers—a very galaxy of beauty. On either side of the nave is a range of courts, each a complete architectural work in itself, and finished with a degree of elaboration almost unparalleled in recent times. The courts are about eighteen in number, some on one side, and some on the other of the nave. All the courts in the northern half of the building are architectural and sculpturesque; all those in the southern half—with one exception—are for the reception of industrial products. If we were required to name an average size for all the courts, we might perhaps say forty or fifty feet square each; but this is a question of figures which few persons will care to think about when roaming through these 'dazzling halls.' The courts all present a façade or frontage to the nave, as if they were eighteen distinct buildings, of which these are the exteriors; and the great point of interest is, that each one of these is totally different from all the others: a veritable architectural study in itself. Nearly all of them are complete in their isolation, having four frontages elaborately finished within and without; but the doorways and corridors are so arranged that a visitor can pass readily from one to another—his path, it may be, bordered with the shrubs and flowers which Sir Joseph has been storing up for us. As to the order of the courts, in respect one to another, we suspect that changes of plan have thrown a little discord into the matter. Why the Saracenic Court should intervene between the Assyrian and the Roman, or why the Pompeian should be separated widely from all the others, does not by any means appear. If the Assyrian were placed close to the Egyptian, and the Pompeian close to the Roman, there would be these two points of symmetry—that the various styles of architecture would succeed each other in proper order, northward up the west of the nave, and then southward down the east: and that while the

western courts would be all pagan, or rather, non-Christian, the eastern would be all Christian. This latter effect has been obtained; and if the former has been somewhat disarranged, we must infer that there have been difficulties in the matter which could not be surmounted.

Each of these courts is a book—a book bound in gold and colours. We can read the history of the past in its form and construction, its sculptures, its decorations, its inscriptions and emblems, its mosaics and fountains. It tells us a little of the domestic arrangements of a particular age, and much of the religion. Let the courts tell their story to us.

**THE ASSYRIAN COURT.**—Here the name of Layard comes to one's thoughts in a moment. We remember how the labours of one man in the East have furnished the materials whence this gorgeous court has been constructed; and we cannot fail to acknowledge, that when the directors of the Crystal Palace sought the services of two gentlemen who have written and studied so much on the subject as Dr Layard and Mr Fergusson, they gave a liberal guarantee that the best which could be done would be done. And here we have the result. Recollecting that until Layard ferreted out Nineveh, it was nothing but a mound of earth-covered bricks, we may easily understand that supposition has had much to do with this Nineveh of the Crystal Palace. It is not a model of any particular building; it is a grand fiction, in which an attempt is made to shew how the ancient palaces and temples of Nineveh, Seleucia, and Persepolis, were adorned. The ponderous façade, with its square portals, exhibit to us the great human-headed winged bulls, the strange pillars above, with bull-headed capitals, and the bold cornice of dazzling colours. The interior has several compartments or courts, wonderfully unlike anything European; the pillars, the brilliant ceiling, and the copies from the bassi-relievi now in the Nineveh rooms at the British Museum—all are strange, and significant of the past.

**EGYPT.**—The names of Belzoni and Champollion, and a host of others, here occur to us. The constructors of this court have done much within a space of about 100 feet square. There is a small court with square pillars and lotus pillars. There is a larger court with eight colossal figures, a series of gorgeous pillars perched up on walls, and a multitude of hieroglyphics and paintings of chariots, soldiers, captives, eagle-headed men, birds, sphinxes, implements, tools, machines. There is a larger court, with pillars, and figures, and sphinxes; and a yet larger, with sixty-four columns painted in the most brilliant hues. The whole is, indeed, a sort of summary of different ages of Egyptian art, illustrated by the quadrangle of a temple, a rock-chamber tomb, a shrine of Ammon, a pyramidal gateway, a tomb from Beni-Hassan, a Nubian shrine from Ipsamboul, a cast from the Rosetta Stone. As for the grand avenue of sphinxes in the northern transept, and the two seated figures, seventy feet high, with which this avenue terminates, they must, to use a familiar phrase, 'be seen to be believed.'

**GREECE.**—Art here appeals to us under another guise. It has been said that the expression of Assyrian art is Power; of Egyptian art, Repose; of Greek art, Beauty. The Greek department is represented by three or four courts and galleries, exhibiting the simple and chaste wall-decoration of that cultivated people. Some portions of these have richly painted and gilt ceilings; but the blaze of colours is much less intense than in the Assyrian and Egyptian Courts. The charm of these courts is, however, in the sculpture. Parthenon frieze, *Ægina* frieze, Parthenon pediment, the *Laocöon*, the *Gladiator*, the *Venus de Medici*, the *Discobolus*, the numerous busts ranged around on every side—it is a school of Greek art in itself.

The Roman Courts are richer than the Greek, for art had become more ornate. We have here the arched

entrances, which indicate a change from the square lintel of the Greeks; and the wall-adornments have also undergone a change. As the Roman emperors graced their palaces with the finest Greek sculptures which they could obtain, as relics of earlier days, so do the courts of this Rome at Sydenham possess Greek sculptures as well as Roman ones almost out of number; and exterior to the Greek and Roman Courts in the nave, is a further portion of this rich collection. These compartments are especially beautiful; they are square alcoved chambers, delicately painted, and each having a *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture in the centre—the *Venus Genitrix*, the *Apollo Belvidere*, and the *Diana*.

**POMPEII.**—What a fate was that of Pompeii! A small pleasure-town on the sea-coast, buried in ashes from Vesuvius, left untouched for seventeen centuries, and then disinterred! The Pompeian Court, which Signor Abate (employed by the king of Naples to superintend the excavations at Pompeii) has so skilfully constructed at Sydenham, is believed to be a scrupulously exact representation of a Pompeian gentleman's house; with its porter's cell, its quadrangle with a fountain in the centre, and a square opening in the roof above; its dining-hall, its baths and kitchens; its bed-chambers around the principal quadrangle. More exquisite wall-painting has perhaps never been seen in this country. Every inch of surface is painted in encaustic, with those mythological and fancy subjects which the Romans so much loved. Nothing has been slurred; it was a labour of love to Abate; and every portion of wall is a picture in itself. The fountain and the marble mosaic take us at once in imagination to the sunny clime of Italy.

**THE ALHAMBRA.**—Here Owen Jones is in all his glory. If there be one subject which this artist has studied more than another, it is the Alhambra, the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada; and if there be one thing at Sydenham more gorgeously splendid than another, it is the mimic Alhambra. Words are quite inadequate to convey a notion of the sort of decoration which the luxurious Spanish Moors adopted. The delicate pillars, the bold horseshoe arches, the pendent foliage, the Arabesque beading, the frosted fretwork, the interlacing filigree, the full-toned colours, the admixture of gold with the colours—all have been faithfully reproduced at Sydenham. There is the Hall of the Lions, with its alabaster fountain, its thirty arches supported by slender columns, its fretwork ornamentation, and its arcade all round; and there are other halls, and corridors, and chambers, the elaboration of which is not less striking.

**THE BYZANTINE ART.**—Pass we now over to the Christian side of the nave, so to speak, to see how Mr Digby Wyatt has illustrated Christian architecture. Before the period of what is called the Gothic or pointed style, a strange mixture was observable in Christian churches. The Byzantine style in the Greek or Eastern Empire, the Lombard style in Italy, the Romanesque style in France, the Norman style in England—were all made up of fragments from ancient architecture, mingled with new ideas. Mr Digby Wyatt has sought to illustrate all these curious varieties—not by a copy from any one building, but by casts and reproductions of specimens obtained from every part of Europe. Mosaics and frescoes, martyrs, saints, sauns, masks, centaurs, griffons, chimeras, Ionic volutes, Bunic knots—all are included among the decorations of this transition period. There are a cloister from Rome, a fresco by Giotto, a bass-relief from Chichester Cathedral, a door from Kilpeck church, the Prior's Gate from Ely, bronze doors from Augsburg and Hildesheim, archways with twisted columns, fountains, mosaic pavements, gilt and glass twisted pillars—a very crowd of old-world specimens. They are bewildering at first to a visitor; but when the 'Handbook' appears—there will be separate

handbooks for each and all of the courts—the riches will doubtless be set forth in intelligible order.

MEDIEVAL, GOTHIC, or call it what we may, must ever be noteworthy in a country possessing such noble old cathedrals as England; and Mr Digby Wyatt has done well to construct a Medieval Court wherein to store the vast number of Gothic casts and specimens which he has collected. It is not a reproduction of any building, or any room in any building: it is an arrangement which has enabled him to give a cloister here, an arched entrance there, a Lichfield doorway further on, a tomb from Hereford, a sepulchre from Horton, a doorway from a Rhenish castle, an alto-rilievo from Mayence, an archway from Nürnberg, an extraordinary group of dancing manikins over a portal from Munich, statues from the splendid front of Wells Cathedral, canopies, parapets, kings, saints, nuns, abbots, knights, bishops. It is now fully admitted, after much controversy on the matter, that the architects and sculptors of mediæval times employed brilliant colours very liberally in their works; and Mr Digby Wyatt has fully carried out this principle wherever, by so doing, he could better convey an idea of the original appearance of the things represented.

ITALIAN, REVIVÉ—CLASSICAL, RENAISSANCE, CINQUECENTO—all are names for styles of architecture and decoration which marked and followed the decline of the Gothic. They were a strange mingling of different elements, of which our Elizabethan was one variety, and Palladio's Italian houses were another. Mr Digby Wyatt, in two distinct courts, has sought to illustrate an earlier and a later period of this style. Strange forms of pillars, gilt arabesque ornaments, medallions placed in wreathed borders, flower garlands, are mingled with other specimens in the earlier period. The later is graced by a cast from Ghiberti's wonderful bronze gates from a baptistery at Florence—gates on which he spent twenty of the best years of his life, and in which there are ten panels full of figures illustrative of Scripture narrative. The imitation of bronze in this plaster-cast, and in another from a celebrated doorway by Goujon, at Fontainebleau, is extraordinary for its fidelity; as is likewise that of the oak-panelling and carving of another old doorway. A basso-rilievo by Donatello, a painted ceiling from Perugia, a fountain from Nürnberg, the Visconti Monument, Donatello's David and St John, Michael Angelo's wonderful sculptures from the Medici Chapel at Florence, a corridor by Sansovino, the façade of the Farnese Palace—are among the varied illustrations with which Mr Digby Wyatt has crowded this court.

The reader will at once see how rich is the artistic feast which awaits him in all these courts, any one of which is a study in itself. But this is not all. The directors resolved that industrial art should have its courts as well as fine art; and the plan they adopted was an excellent one. They selected as many architects or artists as there are courts, and gave to each one full scope for developing some one complete idea, distinct from all the others; inasmuch that, while the courts should be suitable for the display of the exhibited goods, each should be a beautiful work of art in itself. The result is most interesting; for we see how the different architects have associated their names with graceful constructions. There is Mr Crace's Stationery Court, with its bold Italian entrances, its inner cornice supported by carved brackets, and its Italian or semi-Lombard exterior. There is Mr Stoker's Sheffield Court, with its panelled walls to a certain height, and its delicate ranges of arched openings above. There is Mr Tite's Birmingham Court, with its magnificent bronze gates forming one side, and its carefully painted walls, in which little Cupids are mining and blowing, founding and forging, and imitating other departments of metallurgic labour. There is Mr Thomas's Musical-instrument Court, with its ranges

of arched openings, its bold alto-rilievo medallions of eminent musical men, its bass-relief tablets of musical instruments, and its rich concave cornice. There is Messrs Banks and Barry's Court for printed fabrics, with its arched entrances, its rich cornice, and its emblematic ornamentation. There is Mr Semper's elaborate Court for woollen goods, a sort of massive Italian in character, but completely unlike everything else in the building.

Of the French Court, of the Modern Sculpture Courts and Galleries and Avenues, of the two beautiful marble basins in the nave, of the plants and flowers which Sir Joseph Paxton intends shall shed their beauty around and among everything else, of the birds, of the stuffed animals, of the life-size figures which are to illustrate the nations of the earth, of the contents of the galleries, of the laying out of the gardens, of the grand system of water-works, of the extraordinary pre-Adamite inhabitants of the islands in the lake—of all these we say nothing. We have two reasons for this: many of the details are even yet only partially worked out; and the space at our disposal is quite exhausted. No pretence is here made to produce anything like a guide-book to the building and its contents; but we have thought that, just about the time when a royal opening ceremonial is in every one's thoughts, our readers might like to know something of the beauty, the grandeur, the artistic delicacy, the glory of the Sydenham Crystal Palace—assuredly the most wonderful attempt ever yet made to provide ennobling pleasure on terms suitable to all the world.

## WEARY FOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE RESULT OF THE LETTER.

In the meantime, he whose interest was at stake, whose fortunes seemed to hang upon the fate of the battle, and to whose rescue the generous artist hastened with the maddening slowness of a man ridden so heavily by the nightmare that he can only crawl when he fain would fly, was profoundly unconscious of every effort made to save or ruin him. Lord Luxton was in an agony of suspense, the very honour of his house, he thought, depending upon the delay of the letter; and yet every now and then he felt a qualm of terror at the part he had himself played, and the change of relations it might occasion between him and his indispensable daughter. Claudia was in a dream, the highest and grandest she had ever in her life indulged; but there were moments when the light forsook her eye and the colour her cheek, as some idea flashed across her brain of the possibility of accident. Robert alone was calm—without hope and without fear. He had seen Sara for the last time: the star of the Common had set forever. He pursued the business that was before him, however, with a dogged resolution. That very day he saw the master of the ship in which he was to sail, to whom it was arranged that he should render certain services in return for his passage. He would not spare himself even for an hour: but there are faculties that are not entirely the slaves of the will; and when going homewards in the evening, he knew it would be vain to summon to the literary task before him those powers of invention and imagination that are obedient only to the practised author—and not always to him. He turned away, therefore, into one of the solitary roads of the outskirts stretching into the country, where even the hum of the mighty city is unheard, and where he could watch unseen the trooping stars taking their places in the sky—no longer for counsel but for doom.



When he reached home, everybody was in bed; and after a few hours of rest, he got up and went forth again, before the other denizens of the house were astir. It was a gray, chill morning, but before he had reached the Docks, the goal of his slow and solitary walk of many miles, the sun had already some power, and the busy population had come out like insects to creep, to toil, to gather, to buzz, to sting.

After his business was finished, he turned his steps westward, and, more from habit than anything else, called at Driftwood's studio in Jermyn Street, where he had been accustomed to receive his letters. He expected no letters now, however; his association with the world was at an end; and on being told that the artist was from home, he was turning listlessly away, when the servant requested him to step in, saying that she would bring him something that had come for him by post. He took the key of the studio mechanically, let himself in, and the girl presently brought him a letter addressed in a hand he was not acquainted with. It was a blank envelope, with an enclosure folded in blank paper; and this enclosure was a Bank-of-England note for one thousand pounds.

Robert imagined for a moment that he was in a dream; then his thoughts flashed rapidly to his generous benefactor, Captain Semple; and he at once set down the gift as coming from him—an idea in which he was confirmed by the very simplicity of the veteran's contrivance. Surely no less guileless human being could suppose it possible for him, who had no other friend in the world, to be deceived by such a stratagem. But to accept a sum, the alienation of which would reduce his only friend to almost absolute poverty in his old age, was not to be thought of; and with a swelling heart he proceeded at once to the lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, not so much to have his conviction confirmed as to the source of the money, as to ascertain how it could be returned in safety to the donor. Being intimately acquainted with the captain's affairs, he knew that it was quite impossible for him to have raised such a sum otherwise than by the sale of the house-property he possessed at the Common. His first question, therefore, had reference to this point, and he was astonished to find everything in statu quo—that the captain's small fortune was untouched.

A burning blush rose into the young man's face as he made this discovery. Sara was out of the question. Her whole property was only just enough to keep her in ordinary comfort; and a wild generosity like this would diminish it by much more than one-half, for in the present state of interest, such a sum could not be realised without a serious sacrifice. It had come, therefore, from the haughty Falcontowers! It was not an acknowledgment of his services, but an alms thrown disdainfully to his poverty. He was too mean and low, as they had told him undisguisedly, for the preferment they had intended for him, and this was the indemnification his taunts had extorted from their pride. Lord Luxton, he knew, was not at that hour at home. He was at his club; and thither Robert bent his steps, with a rigid compression of his lips, and a fierce determination in his eye, which made the more nervous of the pécions shrink aside as he passed. Sending in his card from the anteroom, he determined to wait there, if it should be for hours, till the peer came forth.

But his patience was not tried, for in a few minutes Lord Luxton sauntered into the room, with the newspaper in one hand, and his gold spectacles in the other. He bowed slightly and haughtily, and, without asking his visitor to be seated, said:

'You have come respecting the letter? What is the result?'

'That is the result!' replied Robert, putting the bank-note into his hand. The peer stared.

'Will you explain yourself?' said he. 'If you have

received the appointment I applied for yesterday, well and good. If not, it is no fault of mine that the application is too late, as the ministry were unseated last night by mere accident. What is this?' and he looked at the valuable document with a surprise that could not be mistaken. Robert was confounded. He gazed into his ex-patron's eyes, and saw to the shallow bottom. There was no consciousness there. Lord Luxton obviously knew nothing of the money; and as for the appointment, that was a subject which Robert had dismissed from his mind, and he cared not a straw whether his lordship had spoken the truth respecting it or not.

'I find I have made a mistake,' said he; 'the bank-note I received an hour ago in a blank envelope, and I did you the injustice to suppose that you had taken this insulting mode of requiring the services you would not openly acknowledge. I beg your pardon, my lord—good-morning.' But as he was turning away, a new thought sent the blood once more to his brow. Claudia was generous—at times even noble-minded. Was it improbable—was it not certain—that on calm consideration she had taken a different view of the case from her father, and that she had had recourse to this truly woman-like contrivance to indemnify him, so far, for his disappointment, without betraying her own agency? The idea led him into a train of thought which brought out, and rendered luminous, various individual points in her conduct and manner interesting to his self-esteem, but till now confounded with the general mass; and Robert even fancied at the moment, that as the door shut upon his last memorable leave-taking, he had heard, amid the sound, a calling voice that thrilled through his brain, not so much like a woman's, as resembling the cry of those

—airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wilderness!

Lord Luxton looked keenly at his agitated visitor; and the astute man of the world, instructed by his knowledge of the context of circumstances, read in his expression the new suspicion that had risen within his mind.

'Stay,' said he; 'I think I can assist you in unravelling this matter. A few days ago, when Miss Falcontower was at my law-agent's at Lincoln's Inn, she encountered the daughter, or niece, or something, of the gentleman by whom you were educated; and she was informed by the solicitor, that he had very reluctantly, and not without strong remonstrance, taken orders to sell as much of that young person's little patrimony as would produce one thousand pounds.' Robert sat suddenly down on a chair, for he felt as if about to fall; but when the peer, now at once reassured, stepped forward with real sympathy, he rose again as suddenly, smothering, with a mighty effort, a sob that swelled his chest almost to suffocation.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have already asked your pardon for my unjust suspicion: I now thank you from the bottom of my soul. The information you have given me cancels the debt that was between us—Farewell!' and he left the room with a steady step.

And this for me! said he to his own swelling heart, as he walked rapidly along the street—this for the outcast of the Common! My great, my noble Sara! And to think that the highest stretch of generosity I can make in requital, is to give her the pain of my rejecting her offered sacrifice, and then to desert her for ever! In the midst of his reflections he found himself, he knew not why or how, again at the door of the studio, and again he was told of another post-letter. It ran as follows:—

'DEAR BOB—You will be surprised to hear from me so soon—and perhaps you did not expect to hear from me at all. But I must write what I have to say in few words, as I shall never get through for I am not used

to it, and the pens are not so good now as we had them once on a day. Sara, besides, is not on any account to know of this, and the letter will be taken by myself to the post-office in the village—all on the sly.

'The fact is, you must come down: if you leave England without doing so—if it is only for a day or two—I shall never be able to forgive you—at least, I don't think so. Nobody can make any hand of Sara but you, for Elizabeth and I are not up to her; and she has fallen into such a lucination—I think my sister calls it that—as would astonish you. Sara, you know, has a nice little property of her own, just enough to keep her comfortable, and no more; but although this makes her comparatively rich, for she had nothing to depend upon before but the poor little trifle of pocket-money I could afford, she seems to have all on a sudden taken it into her head, that instead of rising into independence, she has fallen into the depths of poverty. Of course, she knows to the contrary, and talks grandly enough of her little fortune; but I mean, she goes on as if she was desperately poor—and, in short, dearly as I love Sara, I cannot help seeing that riches, instead of opening her views, have made her a sort of miser!

'She is up with daylight, working, working, working, when there is no need for it now. The gowns, and ornaments, and things she bought in London, she has hidden away, or else she changed her mind before leaving town, and sold them again. The new piano she ordered, and was in such a mighty impatience about, insisting upon its being here as soon as ourselves, has never come to hand; and she has taken such an affection for the old one, that used to put Elizabeth, not to talk of Miss Heavystoke, out of temper, that she says she is glad the people have disappointed her. The old gowns she had condemned she is now furbishing up, and piecing and darning; and she has refused an invitation to the vicar's, Elizabeth thinks, to save the wear of her evening-dress—if she has an evening-dress to wear.

'So you see, Bob, you must come down, and take her roundly to task in your own way. The thing is very serious, I assure you; for this sort of lucination grows upon one, and I have heard of people starving themselves to death, when they might have eaten guineas by the hundred. The poor girl, besides, is in indifferent spirits, which I dare say is a symptom; although Mr Seacole, who is here just now, does everything he can to amuse her, and sometimes takes her out to walk with him. Now do come, old fellow, for I am very uneasy. You know it was you who was Sara's master, not Miss Heavystoke; you taught her to think and feel differently from the other girls of the Common; and I am sure she wouldn't displease you in anything you were in earnest about, not for a thousand pound. So no more till we meet from

Your old friend and fencing-master,

NATHANIEL SEMPLE.

'P.S.—I hope I have explained myself; but Sara reminds me in a very remarkable way of a young ensign of ours, who was placed in precisely the same position, and fell into precisely the same lucination. No—he didn't come into a fortune, it is true; indeed he rather, as it were, lost one, and was thus reduced to live on his pay, which he couldn't do, and so was obliged every now and then to dine, as we soldiers say, with a friend in the country—that is, in a turnip-field. But I will tell you the story when you come down to the Common.'

This communication brought the nature of the love-sacrifice still more vividly into view. A sum of money is a very indefinite fact, and is regarded differently by different minds; but here we see stated distinctly the realities of which that is only in a vague and general sense the representative. Sara, by giving up her pecuniary independence, had devoted herself for his

sake to a life of toil, retirement, poverty, and self-denial. She had relinquished the pleasures of society, the triumphs of youth and beauty, the gratifications of taste—content with the secret enjoyment of having done so for him! Robert, when he had finished the letter, allowed it to drop on the table, crushed his hands together as if in an agony of physical pain, and stood trembling from head to foot like a girl. But the will of the man was strong, and his power immense. To accept the sacrifice, and thus set the comfort and happiness of Sara's whole life upon the cast, would be weakness or worse; to refuse it—to trust to the influence of years in calming the regrets of her heart, and in the meantime to fling himself headlong into the mêlée, and strive desperately, frantically, with Fortune for her blessing, even as the patriarch of old strove with the angel of the Lord—was demanded by stern, ruthless, uncompromising principle. This hardness of character, for so it must be termed, was perhaps pardonable in him—the rescued vagrant—the regenerated child of sin, guilt, and infamy—the refined and accomplished gentleman, whose heart was seared from boyhood with recollections that made him recoil with a shudder from the lightest suspicion of dishonour. But we have no intention to defend him. The human heart at the best presents a fearful spectacle; and few suspect the close and sisterly relationship that exists between the genii who govern it—Vice and Virtue.

While he was still in the midst of the agitation of the conflict, the door of the studio suddenly opened, and Mr Driftwood almost tottered in, his face flushed, and his brow streaming with perspiration.

'Where's that boy?' cried he—'never mind!' and he threw himself into the sitter's chair like a subsiding wave. 'Thank goodness!' he muttered—'I could not have done twenty yards more for my life. Oakland, this was unkind: you young fellows never think of your friends. I waited for you at Margery's last night for two hours—I did, upon my honour: I hung on to the last drop of the half-pint. Where you could have been at so untimely an hour it is no business of mine to inquire, but I fear you are not so steady as I could wish you.'

'You see me now,' said Robert, in an absent tone.

'Yes; but I ought by rights to have seen you hours ago, for I went up to Margery's on purpose as soon as it was light enough to find my way. Of course you were off. Your bed had been lain in—I suppose for five minutes, at the time when, as they say in the play, night was at odds with morning which was which; and Margery was sure you would return to breakfast. Of course you didn't; and then the old girl got alarmed, and went wringing her hands through the house as if they were to be clear-starched, and said she was sure you were off to Australia, just to dodge your destiny, escape the denowment, and break her heart. Well, well, I hope the letter will make amends for all,' and he began to search the pockets of his coat seriatim.

'What letter?' demanded Robert.

'Oh, I'll tell you about that;' and he resumed his gossiping attitude. 'You must know I looked into the Chequers yesterday, just to have a glance at the morning paper. Well, there were two individuals there, Mr Poring and Mr Slopper; and I saw the former, while the other was out of the room, fumbling with the clock—putting it back as it turned out. I am of course shy of talking to such persons, a modern master being in quite a different position; but you may guess how I pricked up my ears when I gathered from their conversation, that Mr Slopper was carrying a letter in your favour from the Falcontowers to the Home Office, and that Mr Poring was sent after him by Lord Luxton, without his daughter's knowledge, to prevent its delivery before five o'clock. Upon this point the two individuals quarrelled, and Mr Slopper, if he had not been on duty, would fain have had a tussle with the

enemy. I made a sign to him not to balk his inclination; he understood what I would be at; and, in short, when Mr Poring, with a scornful look of defiance, left the room for the back-yard, he gave me the letter, and I ran with it like a lamplighter. Well, you see, after all I was too late.'

'Too late! Did you not talk of'—

'Hush, hush! I was too late. And so'—

'If you have a letter in reply, give it me instantly!'

'Well, there it is: but don't put me out. It was after five before I reached the Home Office; but seeing a gentleman coming down the steps, I put the dispatch into his hand at a venture. He opened, read it, and looked as if he was inwardly shaking his head and bending his brows; but there was another enclosed—addressed in a lady's hand, I could see—and when he read that, he paused, hesitated, and then walked back into the office, desiring me to follow. In ten minutes I had the answer safe in my breast-pocket, and came off in triumph.' Here the artist paused to observe his friend. Robert had rapidly glanced over the missive, and it was hard to tell at first the nature of the emotion it produced. But gradually the shock assumed the character of joy and exultation, chastened with thankfulness and a kind of awe.

'Then it is all right?' said Driftwood. 'Am I to wish you joy?' Robert could not speak yet, but he grasped the artist's hand, and shook it with a vehemence that made him holla.

'Come, I say,' cried the victim, 'that will do! This is the hand that paints, and if you put it out of order, you will receive no thanks from posterity, I can tell you. But just be quiet, will you? and let me conclude. It was of course proper to see Mr Slopper, to let him know how I had succeeded, before going on the hunt after you. The Chequers, however, was overflowing, and it was some time before I could ascertain that both the champions were off. In the absence of the principals, their seconds, Jim the Potboy and Taproom Tom were the heroes of the day, and every individual who entered the house considered it his bounden duty, somehow, to treat them to drink. Their account of the duel was favourable to both parties, each praising his own man: but, to speak conscientiously, I think it was a drawn battle. However, as the evening went on, the voices of both got more and more spongy and inarticulate. The Potboy, indeed, was able to take out even the late beer, but only as a machine, for by that time he was speechless; and Tom, towards the close, performed the taproom duties pretty much like a man walking in his sleep, till he incautiously sat down and rested his head against the wall, which held him fast till the next morning.'

But the artist rattled on to inattentive ears. Robert was striding up and down the floor, like a caged lion whose every step would have been a bound if space had permitted. The suddenness of the change, in fact, almost unfitted him for serious thought. His joy for a time resembled the exultation of youth, rejoicing it knows not why, in the mere consciousness of existence. But by degrees he was able to comprehend his happiness, and at every examination the more perfect and wonderful it seemed. The official announcement of his appointment did not mention the name of Lord Luxton at all. The post was conferred upon him personally, in acknowledgment of admitted claims; and he was thus saved the contest that would have taken place in a mind constituted like his, as to the propriety of accepting a favour repented of by the patron and intended to be withheld. To whom was he indebted for a delicacy which enhanced so immensely the value of the gift? Robert stopped suddenly, as if transfixed by an arrow in the midst of his headlong strides. A thousand minute circumstances flashed upon his memory which shewed that Claudia, in the midst of all the caprices of her haughty and self-willed nature, had

indulged some gentle and kindly feeling for him; he remembered the transitory character of her flashes of temper, and the womanly and touching submissiveness with which she had on various occasions listened to his serious remonstrance; and again the calling voice at the close of the last interview shrieked in his ears, and without losing the preternatural, assumed more and more of the real. When Robert resumed his walk, it was more slowly, less exultingly.

'Well,' said the artist, who had been watching him attentively, 'have you got it over? Do you see your way?'

'Partly,' replied Robert; 'but there is nothing certain under the sun. I must now go to pay my grateful thanks where they are due; then to make poor Margery the happiest woman alive; and then'—

'Where then? You stop as if you had lost yourself somewhere.'

'Where I was once found. I must go to ascertain whether the mist has really cleared on Wearyfoot Common!'

His first visit—to the mansion of Lord Luxton—had the result he half anticipated. Not at home. A note, however, had been left for him, in anticipation of his call, and it was with profound emotion he read the cold formal words it contained, written as usual by Claudia, and as usual in a calm, clear, flowing, unimpassioned hand. It ran thus: 'Lord Luxton and Miss Falcontower congratulate Mr Oaklands on having obtained his appointment. They regret being unable to do so personally, being on the eve of setting out on a foreign tour.'

Mrs Margery was in reality made the happiest woman alive—and the proudest. The beginning, at least, of the dénouement had arrived, and although this was somewhat different from her prophetic anticipations—what about it? Was there not position, fortune, independence, and what more would you have in the cards? A marriage, of course. That she had known from the very beginning; that would come next as sure as fate; and that would end the dénouement. What a cheerful tea they had, to be sure! and how grand Mrs Margery was, with a cap that was the ne plus ultra of clear-starching, and her best china on the table, not to talk of the thin bread and butter and the hot muffins, with their own delicate taste enriched with the freshest of fresh butter! As Doshy—who was not long out of the secret—looked at Robert, her eyes imitated the astonishment of Molly's; and she would not for the world have sat down in his presence, even in her customary place near the door. After tea, however, he hurried away from his triumphs to the terminus at Euston Square; and in due time was rushing, at a speed more than three times that of the best appointed stage-coach, towards Wearyfoot Common.

'Mr Seacole does everything he can to amuse her, and sometimes takes her out to walk with him.' These words from the captain's letter, Robert kept mechanically repeating. What harm was there in them? He did not know. Sara was in the very midst of her love-sacrifice for him; he knew her nature to be full of truth and nobleness; and yet the words came again and again, like some air one cannot get rid of. As the night wore on, however, and he came nearer and nearer the part of the country where his fate was to be decided, the unreasonable sound was gradually drowned in a sweeter, loftier music. He pictured to himself the beautiful shame of Sara when she found that her secret was discovered—her passionate surprise when her gift was gratefully accepted—and her generous delight, untarnished by a thought of self at the moment, when she knew the rich and honourable fortune that had been showered upon her lover. His reflections were hardly interrupted by the slow pace to which the headlong speed of the train declined as they were arriving at the last station; but he turned his eyes mechanically

towards another train that was just leaving the place on its townward journey. A traveller was at the window gliding slowly past him, and the recognition was mutual. The face of the one was radiant with joy; that of the other was illumined with a glare of rage and mortification. This was the last look that passed between Robert Oaklands and Adolphus Seacole.

### ASPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT.

ONE evening in the spring of 1819, Thomas Moore wrote in his diary as follows:—‘The sunset this evening was glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in the world, and how much my soul feels *capable of*, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there is some better sphere for those who have but begun their race in this.’ The discrepancy between aspiration and achievement here expressed, is a thing which has been frequently lamented: most persons of any sensibility have at some time been troubled with a sense of it; yet notwithstanding all the manifold regrets it has occasioned, nobody appears to be benefited by the contemplation of former failures, but every new adventurer in the pursuits of life repeats the old experience. To a limited apprehension, it would seem as if the greater part of the existence here allotted us were little more than an apprenticeship to the business of living; and that if ever we come to understand our authentic position and relations in the world, and how our time and talents might have been wisely and most effectually employed, it is at a stage of life when the journey is drawing to a close, and hardly an opportunity is left us to turn what we have been learning to account.

Are we to suppose, then, that the life of man is essentially a failure? Were we created but to be baffled in our efforts to accomplish what all our instincts and intuitions urge us so imperatively to attempt? Plainly enough, men everywhere fall short of what they hope for, and what they aim after; it is the universal lamentation that the promise of existence is never realised; but are we, therefore, to conclude that life is utterly a delusion, and that it is impossible to achieve the objects which, as active and discerning beings, we seem destined to pursue? Is it rationally conceivable that we are doomed by an inexorable Necessity to spend our strength in vain, and, in aiming to reach the heights of our desires, must for ever advance only to be prostrated by the force of hostile circumstances?

Life can never have been enforced upon us on such unfair conditions. That which we have been sent into the world to do, we are assuredly competent to perform. The Ideal of our existence undoubtedly admits of being wrought into a practical result, of taking shape and embodiment as a satisfactory realisation. What the Divine Power has proposed as the end of human life, that, in the nature of things, must be actually attainable: for it is held as a fundamental principle, that God has ordained the wellbeing of humanity; and if this be a right conclusion, it must also be admitted that men are endowed with such capacities as are needed for the fulfilment of the divine intention. Without this adaptation of the constitution of human nature to the order and arrangements of the material creation, and to such moral conditions as men are appointed to be conformable, there would be no happiness or wellbeing possible to mankind: men would be as unrelated aliens in the universe, cursed with faculties which they could not exercise, and exposed to an unequal conflict with external powers, which must end only in their own confusion and defeat. Thus their destiny would be one of unmitigable misery: not the welfare, but the everlasting perplexity and despair of

the human race would seem to be decreed; and over the portals of existence might be written, as above the gates of Dante's hell—

Abandon hope, all ye that enter here!

It is our faith, at least, that God has built the world and created man for an end worthy of himself, and that in his wisdom he has not failed to provide the means by which the end may be accomplished. Undoubtedly, the powers of humanity are equal to all the tasks and duties required of it, and to the ultimate attainment of the grandest destination. In himself are centered all the attributes and faculties which, being appropriately developed, are essential to a man's practical wellbeing. No portion of his constitution has been assigned to him without its corresponding use and adaptation. His wildest desires only indicate the range of his capacities. He has no thought or hope which points not to a possible accomplishment. He is born for the exercise of power, for conquest and dominion over the forces of external nature, for the command and government of his own riotous propensities, and for the general discernment and adoption of truth, order, and perfection. Small as he may look against the mass and incommensurable variety of the universe, he is invested with a potency of intellect and will which, considered in its results, may be justly pronounced august, and even splendid. Look how, through successive generations, he has changed the face of the visible creation: how different the aspect of the world since the days when the race began first to explore and work in it! The aggregate of achievement here is literally incalculable! It was not all barren, that toil and enterprise of the foregone years and ages which we briefly denominate the past. Through difficulty and danger, man has wrought and suffered, and left imperishable works behind him. The visible realised world of towered cities, of nations, monarchies, republics, and other manifold institutions, are all the product of his expansive brain and active hands, and, defective as they look in some respects, are grand enough to do him honour. Let us not disparage this wondrous being in whose image we are formed, and whose glorious breath we breathe; nor deny to our buried ancestry the homage which befits that worth and excellency whose memorial-stones are standing where last they worked and fell. For the habitable globe is in some sort the shrine and temple of the departed ages, and therein is gathered all the suffering and laborious dust that was spent in building it to the height and circumference of its visible magnificence!

Man, we repeat, is great, and equal to the destiny before him. Doubtless, in past times, he has consumed many errors, and in every successive day of his prolonged existence he is still liable to mistake and failure; but, taking the measure of his blunders over a reasonable range of time, it will be seen that he steadily advances. The errors of 500 years ago were something very different from the ordinary shortcomings of to-day. A constant progress is visible in the ideas, the institutions, and moral tendencies which successively take possession of the world; and through the prevailing influence of the ascendant principles, our humanity goes forward towards the perfecting of its nature. Whatsoever seeming retrogressions there may be, in the final comparison of the ages there is an undeniable advancement. And this is the consequence of an increasing and clearer knowledge of the ordained conditions of human life, and of a more strict obedience to the laws by which our existence is overruled. A perfect conformity to those conditions would result in the actual realisation of human welfare. Man would be no longer frustrated in his strivings after happiness, but in mind, body, and estate he would reach the full completion of his powers, and derive from their employment a whole and perfect satisfaction.

All shortcoming and imperfection in the ways of

human life, are the consequence of an insufficient adaptation of our nature to the appointed conditions of wellbeing. As an acute thinker has observed: 'Every suffering incident to the human body, from a headache up to a fatal illness—from a burn or a sprain to accidental loss of life, is traceable to the having placed that body in a situation for which its powers did not fit it. Nor is the expression confined in its application to physical evil; it comprehends moral evil also. Is the kind-hearted man distressed by the sight of misery? Is the bachelor unhappy because his means will not permit him to marry? Does the mother mourn over her lost child? Does the emigrant lament leaving his fatherland? Are some made uncomfortable by having to pass their lives in distasteful occupations, and others from having no occupation at all? The explanation is still the same. No matter what the special nature of the evil, it is invariably referrible to the one generic cause—want of congruity between the faculties and their spheres of action.\* To diminish the evil or discomfort of their situation, whatsoever the situation may chance to be, men must approach closer to the ideal law of their constitution—must seek, in short, to adapt their aims and purposes to the unchangeable conditions on which human welfare, and the success of its varied interests, are in the nature of things dependent.

From the platform of this idea, we are readily enabled to apprehend the uses of aspiring inclinations. Their very presence in the mind would seem to indicate a natural and effective function; and this, on consideration, will be found to be the fact. The office of aspiration, as we take it, is to stimulate exertion, to induce the man to unfold the powers that are latent in his nature, and thus to bring him eventually to a state of mind and character whereby the ends of his creation may be answered. Whoever earnestly desires to accomplish anything of eminent note or service in the world, may be usually considered as thereby giving token of a probable capacity in that direction. The capabilities of man foreshadow that which he should do: every tendency within him has reference to the ends of his existence, and may be developed to the extent of its limitations, in working out the purposes of a rational activity. The nature of this activity is indicated by the leading aptitudes of the individual, which ought to determine the specialties of his education, and direct him toward pursuits in which he can most effectually manifest his powers. By endeavouring to realise his aspirations, he will best fulfil the objects of his being. To every man it may be said: Follow thy genius, that glowing lead-star of thy destiny, and it will shine on thee as thou journeyest with a never-fading radiance, and guide thee through all untoward and perplexing paths, to the vocation and the duty which befits thee! Our life is so marred and fruitless, because we miss the work that is most appropriate to our faculties, or perversely labour in the pursuit of objects that are not accordant with the authentic ends of our existence. Could every man apply himself to employments which are most suited to his capabilities, and, in his appointed calling, work only with a view to serviceable, sincere, and ennobling results, the measure of his achievement might still perchance fall short of his original aspirations; but, being commensurate with his powers, and conformable to the eternal laws, it could not fail to yield him that assurance of security and contentment which by necessity proceeds from all faithfulness of action. As the very extravagance of our desires is designed to serve a purpose in our constitutional economy, it will be found eventually that the aspiration is no further in excess than is requisite for securing a sufficiency of achievement—that the one transcends the other just as the highest wave of the tide dashes

further upon the shore than the rest of the waters will afterwards advance.

That discrepancy between the desire and the accomplishment, which was noticed at the beginning, in so far as it implies actual failure of performance, is the plain and natural consequence of a non-observance of the conditions of success. Aspiration may be misdirected; as when a man, under the influence of vanity or ambition, aims to achieve something beyond the compass of his faculties; or when actuated by impure and contracted motives, he seeks after a selfish or debasing gratification. If, after years of painful and unrewarded effort, he should find all his plans of aggrandisement or pleasure unsuccessful or unsufficing, it becomes him to understand that he has been working in wrong directions, for objects and purposes that have no reference to his individual wellbeing, and which are therefore incapable of yielding him any abiding satisfactions. It is not for him to complain of the emptiness of life, or of the delusiveness of human expectation; for his perverted existence has had no substantial hold on Nature; and her recompenses are stringently reserved for such only as live in conformity with her laws. Had he lived for Nature's ends, and thus partaken of her benefits, he would not have profaned her majesty by questioning the perfection of her ordainments. The wisdom and celestial beauty that are in her would have won his love and admiration, and thrilled his soul with a sacred and impassioned thankfulness. Working in accordance with her tendencies, he might have realised whatever hope or yearning was grounded in his character, and made his life the manifestation of his noblest aims and strivings. When a man is true and faithful, 'his ambition is exactly proportioned to his powers.' He will aspire only after that which is possible to his genius, and be content with the result which he can wring from his best exertions. Nothing more can be required of him; and by nothing less can he be justified at the tribunal of the universe. Yet let us not account too much of the offences of error and shortcoming which needs must happen while we remain in this probationary state; for these are often but as the casual falls and stumblings of a runner well intent upon the race; and the goal of well-doing may be reached, and the prize achieved, notwithstanding the accidents of the course. When the inner purpose of a life is true, it will not be materially impaired by occasional details of defect. From the divine act of repentance a profounder faith may spring, and, through renewed effort and persistency, the lost ground may be recovered. A man will not advance himself by indulging in unavailing retrospections, nor anywise better his estate by deploring his instability. The authentic objects of his life are to be gained only by present action, by doing here and now that which has hitherto been left undone, and thus progressively atoning for the deficiencies of the past. Neglected opportunities may never again return, but always the possibilities of to-day are such that at least something may be done. By steadily pursuing the Ideal, when the soul is once open to discern it, a man undoubtedly ascends nearer to that perfection for which his awakened nature longs, and in the round of his development fulfils his appointed destination.

And there is finally, as Moore says, the consideration that some other sphere awaits us, where perchance we may start on a new career, instructed by the experiences of this, and be permitted to work out our incomplete endeavours. The soul, in its yearning after a perfect life, and an unending blessedness, instinctively believes in immortality, and earnestly looks thitherward for the consummation of its hopes. Wondrous and beautiful as is this our sublimary existence, considered as a scene for labour, discipline, moral culture, and reasonable enjoyment, it is yet so circumscribed by pains and dangers, so interlarded with cares

\* Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*, p. 59.

and sorrows, so perplexed by doubt and difficulty, that altogether it would seem to suggest to us the need and certainty of another state, of larger and less encumbered adaptations, wherein the enfranchised soul of man may act with greater liberty, and realise more commensurate and enduring results. How grand a consolation does such a faith afford us! Whosoever in this hour groaneth under intolerable burdens, to him it gives assurance of an ultimate liberation. Under whatsoever hardship, privation, or disappointment it may be thy present lot to suffer, a day is coming when it will all be ended; when thy battered argosies of adventure on this troublous time-element shall be anchored in eternal harbours, and thyself landed on the unchanging shore, where the sky is never ruffled by storm or cloud, and the unobstructed sun shines on in splendour and serenity for ever!

### PRISONERS OF WAR.

PRISONERS of war! Alas, how many hearts were almost daily wrung at that brief announcement of the fate that had befallen those dear to them during the great struggle which terminated forty years ago! We, of a later generation, know little of the meaning of the words beyond what we have learned from books, and in conversation with those of our seniors who yet survive, to relate their sad and thrilling reminiscences of the last European war. Once more, three of the greatest powers in the world are engaged in conflict; but the whirligig of time brings about strange changes; and England and France, no longer deadly enemies, fraternise to chastise the mighty northern power which so materially aided Britain and her allies in consummating the overthrow of Napoleon the Great. Ere long, it is almost a matter of certainty that thousands of prisoners of war will be made on both sides; and without speculating at all as to their probable treatment, it will be interesting to refer to the condition of such victims of what our gallant Gallic friends coolly call *la fortune de la guerre*, towards the termination of the last general war. In doing this, we are, of course, not actuated by the slightest desire to resuscitate slumbering or forgotten national animosities—we merely wish to convey a little information on the subject as a matter of history. We have taken some pains to gather materials of a reliable nature, and believe that whatever we have occasion to state, may be received as generally authentic.

Among our earliest personal reminiscences is one, which, although trifling in itself, is yet significant and pertinent to our present theme. Our mother had a curious work-box, composed of flattened and stained common straw, glued on thin slips of deal, in a very ingenious and elegant fashion; and much did it excite our admiration when a child. To our inquiries respecting it, she told us that it was wrought by one of the French prisoners of war confined—if we remember aright—at Weedon Barracks, in Northamptonshire—a famous dépôt for these unfortunate men, several thousand of whom were at one time incarcerated there. The French are proverbial for their ingenuity; and when prisoners of war, they were accustomed to fabricate, out of the commonest materials, an immense variety of pretty little articles of utility or ornament. The work-box alluded to was made from a bit of fuel-wood, and the straw of the poor captive's bed; and many highly ingenious toys and knickknacks were fashioned, we have heard, out of the larger meat-bones

which the prisoners' teeth had previously well polished. The painful tedium of captivity was mitigated by these employments, and the articles produced were sold to visitors; the money thus earned enabling the prisoners to purchase the comforts and necessities of which, in many instances, they were in pressing need. It was generally remarked at the period, that the bulk of the English prisoners of war in France never turned their hands to any account in a similar way, and hence it was broadly inferred that the English were decidedly inferior in ingenuity and industry to the French. This is only partially true. In the first place, those English soldiers and others who had been bred to sedentary or handicraft trades, such as tailoring, shoemaking, cabinet-making, &c., pursued them in captivity, if circumstances permitted; and secondly, we are assured on very excellent authority, that it was useless for those prisoners who were not of any regular trade, to exercise their skill in the same way as Frenchmen did in England, for the simple reason, that there was no market for their productions, as the French people living near the dépôts were too poor to purchase such things, or were indisposed to do so. Otherwise, knowing as we do how ingenious and quick to learn any light kind of handiwork English sailors usually are, we feel confident that they, at least, would have preferred earning a little pocket-money to spending their time in idleness. We recollect reading in the newspapers, that a certain noble English duke not long deceased, had the misfortune to be detained a prisoner of war in France for the space of four years, and from some cause not being able to obtain remittances from his friends, he is said to have actually learned tailoring, and by the exercise of shears and needle maintained himself! Whether this is true or not, we cannot say; but at any rate it is certain that many English gentlemen were compelled by circumstances to labour in different ways for their support during a detention which in some cases lasted nearly a dozen weary years.

Towards the conclusion of the war, the number of French prisoners in Great Britain averaged at least 70,000. Of this immense body, many had been captives from the renewal of the war—after the brief and delusive peace of Amiens—in 1803. The majority were of course sailors and soldiers, the civilians being chiefly passengers taken in ships. Officers, and civilians entitled to rank as gentlemen, were allowed to reside on parole within assigned limits and on certain conditions; and if they did not sanguinely anticipate a speedy termination to the protracted war, they at least looked forward with hope to the possibility of being exchanged for Englishmen of corresponding rank, prisoners in France; and as they were generally kindly treated and well received in good society, their position, although painful to men of spirit who longed to distinguish themselves in their several professions, was at least endurable, and, in some few cases, happy enough. One French prisoner of high rank, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, was, during the greater period of his detention, an honoured guest of the Duke of Devonshire, at his princely seat of Chatsworth, in Derbyshire; and on subsequently visiting the duke, after the conclusion of the war, he is said to have declared, that the happiest period of his life was when he was a prisoner on parole in England. From 1803 to 1814, several hundreds of French commissioned officers broke their parole, and escaped from England. The number of English officers who acted in a similarly discreditable manner, and escaped from France, was proportionately much smaller. The common soldiers and sailors were of course not admitted to parole, but were confined in barracks and prisons, where they managed to beguile the tedious hours of captivity—which in their case was anything but a light affliction—by games of amusement, and by occupying themselves as they best might in the little industrial



employments before mentioned. From 1803 to 1814, both inclusive, 122,440 French prisoners were brought to England (the majority came in 1808, 1809, 1810); and of these, 10,841 died in prisons; 17,607 were exchanged, or sent to France invalids on parole; and the residue were liberated at the peace.

As to the distribution of these prisoners in dépôts, it will suffice to record that, in September 1818, fourteen prison-ships at Portsmouth harbour held 9227; Fortune Prison, near Portsmouth, 3972; Dartmoor Prison, 6572; and other large prisons, each contained several thousands. The French prisoners dreaded nothing more than to be put on board the hulks or prison-ships, for many doleful and ridiculously exaggerated pictures of the condition of captives in these vessels were industriously circulated by French writers; but in reality, the treatment of prisoners on board them was far from intolerable. Some degree of severity was unavoidable, but the prisoners were humanely treated on the whole, and their allowance of food was larger in quantity and superior in quality to that of English prisoners in France. The prison-hulks were great ships of the line, and were cleared of all obstructions on each deck, so as to be as roomy and airy as possible, and they usually received 600 to 800 prisoners each; so that, even adding the guard, a three-decker, clear of all lumber, might contain some 900 men without much overcrowding. The officers in charge paid great attention to keeping the decks clean and dry, the prisoners' bedding well aired, and the ship thoroughly ventilated; and the result was, that the number of sick at one time did not average 2 per cent.—much less than in many of the prisons on shore. We do not mean to deny that French prisoners occasionally suffered cruel and indefensible treatment; but such cases were exceptional, for the government issued strict and minute orders for the due control and humane regulation of the unfortunate captives. Much would, of course, depend on the personal character of the chief officer in charge of a hulk, or the governor of a shore-prison; for if he were a harsh and cruel man, he could, and, we fear, in some instances, did render the existence of the poor fellows committed to his charge miserable in the extreme. We conclude this part of our subject by mentioning, that the dress worn by the French soldiers and sailors in our hulks and prisons, and in which the majority of them returned to their own country, consisted of coarse yellow trousers and jacket, and a red waistcoat; this degrading species of uniform being adopted to lessen their chances of escape, by rendering them easily recognisable.

Now let us cross the Channel, and see how matters were managed in *la belle France*. We never met with any reliable account of the average number of English prisoners in France during the last war, but believe that 20,000 or 25,000 may be taken as the maximum; and of these a considerable number were travellers and temporary residents, who were most unjustifiably detained by the great Emperor, whose conduct in this respect naturally has excited much indignant comment. These *détenues*—officers of the army and navy, masters and mates of merchantmen, and passengers in the latter—were all admitted to parole in France under certain restrictions. English prisoners, both those admissible to parole and those doomed to personal confinement, were sent to fortified towns far in the interior—in some cases, even under the shadow of the Pyrenees—in order that distance from the coast might reduce to the minimum their opportunities of eventual escape. Yet, in spite of this, not a few did contrive to triumph over every obstacle, and reach England after many hardships and dangers. All prisoners were escorted to their appointed dépôts by gendarmes, who, by the way, were fine picked soldiers, who had seen much service in the army, and were of two classes—one *à pied*, and one *à cheval*. Owing to the distance of most of the dépôts from the coast, the journey of the

prisoners—generally performed on foot—often occupied many days, and was accompanied with every species of hardship. Moreover, these gendarmes were nearly always severe, and often brutal, in the exercise of their plenary powers. They not unfrequently handcuffed the prisoners—officers, men, and passengers indiscriminately—and compelled them to march under this degrading restraint, being themselves held responsible for the safe delivery at the dépôt of all intrusted to their charge.

Prisoners on parole were free in the town assigned for their residence—having merely to report themselves and attend muster, and be ever at hand when required—but were not allowed to wander in the locality beyond assigned limits, or to be absent during the night. If they transgressed, their indulgences were restricted, or altogether withdrawn; and if they attempted to escape—committing the moral crime which stigmatised them as *evadés de parole*—and were retaken, they were usually sent to share the hard lot of the common prisoners. Otherwise, if they conducted themselves properly, they had little to complain of on the score of personal treatment, for the French bourgeois, generally, behaved towards them with kindness and cordiality; and not a few sprightly French demoiselles gave their hands in marriage to English officers and detainees. The French government allowed them about L.1, 5s. per month, which, of course, was very inadequate for their subsistence; and those who had not friends able to remit them money from England, were sadly off. The majority, however, were in receipt of frequent remittances from home, and they liberally subscribed to a fund for the relief of their poorer fellow-captives on parole. The French government made regular allowances to all officers. Colonels and post-captains, for example, received about L.4 monthly, and other officers of the army and navy in proportion to their rank. Masters and mates of English merchantmen, and passengers taken prisoners in the latter, received from their own government as much as the French assigned them nominally for subsistence. Altogether, considerable sums of money were circulated in the towns where English prisoners were confined; and we daresay that the shopkeepers would have reason to regret the day when peace released their British customers. What the allowance to French prisoners in England by their own government was, we are not aware.

The common prisoners were rigorously confined within the walls of fortresses, and, in some instances, had real reason to complain of the wretched accommodation assigned them in the shape of lodging. Those who were aged, or of weakly constitution, or wounded and broken-spirited, were soon released from their sufferings by death. The prison allowance consisted of brown—or rather black—bread, a small portion of poor meat and vegetables, soup maigre, &c.; and the pay in money was a sou and a half—not quite three farthings—per diem. From a fund raised by public subscription in England, they also received the sum of one penny daily; and the masters and mates of merchantmen participated in this small but welcome addition to their means of subsistence. As brandy and other spirits were exceedingly cheap, they frequently contrived to get intoxicated, and altogether were most refractory gentlemen, giving endless trouble, in every conceivable shape, to the incensed officials in charge. Amply did they sustain the proverbially reckless character of English seamen, and in the shape of work they did nothing whatever but make a few articles for their personal use. Their time was spent in playing rough games of every description, singing, speechifying, fighting, drinking, and taunting and defying the French frog-eating mounseers, all and sundry, who, by the by, often made them rue their mad pranks. Insubordination was commonly punished by separate confinement,

with bread and water; and, worst of all, and unendurable to English Jack, a total deprivation of tobacco—far harder for his philosophy to bear than the stoppage of his grog! But any personal assault on the soldiers or the gendarmes was a most serious offence, the punishment of death being assigned to the crime of striking a gendarme; and in some instances this terrible and outrageous penalty was actually carried into effect! The prison-dress consisted of gray jacket and trousers, and a straw-hat. From one cause or other, all classes of prisoners, including detainees and officers on parole, were liable to be suddenly removed to a different and often very distant *dépôt*, which was always a severe punishment in itself, owing to the hardships invariably endured whilst *en route*. Many prisoners died on the way during these removals.

The limits we have assigned ourselves for this article will not permit us to enter on further details concerning the condition of prisoners of war in France, and we now proceed to say a little about the treatment of common prisoners of war in another country at the same period. Subsequently to the terrible, and, in our private opinion, unjustifiable, bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, a considerable number of prisoners—consisting chiefly of the crews of British merchant-vessels, and men-of-war's-men captured in boats belonging to their respective ships—fell into the hands of the naturally exasperated Danes. Most of them were captured in the Sound, the Cattegat, and the two Belts, and they appear to have generally been sent in the first instance to Copenhagen, which was yet smoking in ruins from the effect of British shells and Congreve-rockets. During a personal sojourn at Copenhagen, we have literally felt our blood thrill with shame when the Danes described to us the devastation thus effected by our countrymen long time before we opened our eyes on this troublous world. We mention this, because it shews the Danes had unusual cause to receive British prisoners with angry and bitter feelings; yet, to their honour be it spoken, they treated their captives with humanity, and avoided all measures of unnecessary harshness.

At Copenhagen—where the cost of living was then high—the English prisoners were allowed 1s. daily to provide themselves with food; but on being marched to Randers and other *dépôts*, their pay was reduced to 5d. per diem. Small as this was, we believe it was quite as much as the Danish government could afford; and it must be borne in mind that provisions were then, and are now, very cheap in small remote towns of Denmark. Nevertheless, the prisoners fared but scantily, as they had to employ contractors to supply them with food for their money; and we may perhaps safely assume that the commissaries did not neglect to squeeze a considerable profit out of the pay. The food they furnished consisted of Danish black rye-bread—which we can testify is very wholesome and nourishing stuff—milk, pease-soup, beef and pork, fish, &c.—all good enough, but insufficient in quantity to satisfy a hungry English sailor, who is invariably blessed with a keen appetite and unlimited power of digestion. Those who had any money in their possession at the time of capture, or who subsequently received remittances from England, of course could procure whatever food or necessaries they required, but the great majority were penniless.

Above 300 sailors were confined at Randers in a sort of brick barrack of two floors, each consisting of a single large room. It may be readily conceived that extreme inconvenience and misery resulted from the confinement of 150 men crowded together night and day in a single room. Some slept in hammocks, and others on strawbeds on the floor. Stoves warmed the room, and wooden seats were provided for the use of the prisoners, whose health suffered principally from the bad ventilation. During the day they were allowed exercise, if

the weather permitted; but, on the whole, they were on short allowance of fresh air, a deprivation which sailors, of all men, feel most severely, as they are accustomed to spend their lives inhaling the pure open sea-breeze. Another cause of suffering was that of being miserably supplied with clothing for so cold a climate; but the Danish people in the neighbourhood kindly gave all the clothes they could spare to the prisoners, and sometimes subscribed to furnish them with extra rations and indulgences, and in various other ways manifested great humanity. We regret to have to add that, as a body, our captive fellow-countrymen behaved very ungratefully towards the sympathising Danes, whom they robbed and outraged on several occasions in a most discreditable manner. Nor was their conduct to one another any better. The life they led in prison reflected little honour on their country in any respect. They were perpetually quarrelling, fighting, gambling, and occasionally misconducting themselves so outrageously, that the severe punishment of ringleaders became absolutely necessary to restore anything like order. The quiet, phlegmatic Danes were scandalised and amazed at the behaviour of their incorrigible captives, and were much more anxious to get rid of them on any terms than to keep them, for, as nearly all were penniless sailors, they of course brought no money into the country, but cost it money to keep them, which Denmark could very ill afford. To such an extent did the gambling spirit, especially, prevail among the sailors, that they would stake their pay, their rations of food, in advance, and even the clothes they wore on their backs. One fruitful cause of fights was the frequency of theft among them—the law of *main* and *trunk* being held in very little respect. They were not ashamed to beg regularly, and importunately of the poor country-people, or of visitors, and would do almost anything to raise means for a debauch. The quieter among them spent their time in spinning interminable yarn, singing patriotic songs, reading the few books in the possession of the prisoners, or making articles of wearing-apparel for their own use. Most of the prisoners taken by the Danes at this period, appear to have been released in the course of a year or eighteen months, only to be delivered up to English men-of-war cruising in the Sound or the Belts, on board which ships of King George they were immediately asked to enter, or, if they refused, were kept as pressed men, and subjected to a discipline which would perhaps make some of them sigh for the idle licence of a Danish prison, in spite of its poor rations and worse lodging. We may remark, that although the English sailors made repeated efforts to escape from Randers and other *dépôts*, they were unsuccessful in nearly every instance, being soon retaken, and brought back to prison, where they were generally flogged, for the benefit of example, and the liberty of themselves and their fellow-captives was still more restricted for the future. In France, also, the escape, or even the attempted escape, of one or two out of hundreds of prisoners, invariably caused the whole number to be punished by severer restraints. Common prisoners of war are almost sure to become thoroughly demoralised during their captivity.

In conclusion, it appears to us that the lot of a prisoner of war, even in its mildest and most humane form, is a grievous misfortune, especially if the war proves protracted, and the prisoner is not soon exchanged or sent home invalided. Nor is the mere fact of being a prisoner—sad, degrading word!—even with the amelioration of being on parole and supplied with money, so trifling a misfortune in itself as some may imagine. It is a very trying thing to feel that your personal liberty is restricted, that you ~~must~~ live within certain assigned bounds, and be at the beck and nod of possibly insolent officials, whose government can order your removal to a distant *dépôt* at a moment's notice, or, for any act of carelessness or evasion of parole, out

your part, reduce you to share the miserable lot of common prisoners of war. Reader! we beseech your sympathy and aid in behalf of the poor prisoner of war, no matter whether he is Englishman in Russia, or Russian in England.

### THE MONTH:

#### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

##### THE LIBRARY.

*Memoirs and Political and Military Correspondence of King Joseph.* By A. Gu Casse. Vols. II. and III.—It is curious to examine the correspondence between a great genius—who had raised himself from a subaltern to an emperor, and from being unable to get credit at a pastry-cook's shop at Valence on the Rhône, to holding all Europe, excepting England, at his feet—and a weak-brained man whom he set upon a throne merely because he was his brother. Not one of Napoleon's instructions to king Joseph was ultimately carried out. The principal, indeed the whole of the interest of these pages, lies in the Emperor's dispatches. It is evident that he finds that he must think for both. For himself, he says he has a habit of thinking for himself 'for three or four months before, and always preparing for the worst'—a striking proof of Napoleon's mental powers and determination. His dispatches are usually curt, and most emphatically to the point. The coolness with which he points out to his brother the manner in which he is to go about seizing the crown-lands, the family fiefs, and the property of the monks, by diminishing the number of convents, is amusing. He counsels him to range around him one hundred generals, colonels, and others, and settle upon them and their families the plundered fiefs, both of Naples and Sicily. He thinks that both Bernadotte and Massena ought to be fitted with large fiefs that would set up themselves and their families. This scheme he would adopt for Piedmont and Italy, and between these countries and Naples there would result a fortune for three or four hundred French officers, all holding by primogeniture. In a few years, the French families would intermarry with the great families of the country, and the crown would be so firmly established, that Joseph could dispense with a French army—a point at which it was necessary to arrive.

But though Napoleon could see through three or four months, and be prepared for the result, he could not see so readily through a few years. He writes to his brother, that Prussia, in spite of its protestations, 'shall be crushed or disarmed.' As for Russia, he did not care what it liked—it 'was too distant to be hurtful.' These last few words convey a striking proof of how signally Napoleon's passionate ambition overcame his reason. Prevented from attacking England by Trafalgar, he suddenly dashed at Russia, which 'was too distant to be hurtful.'

*Ladak; Physical, Statistical, and Historical, with Notices of the Surrounding Countries.* By A. Cunningham. Allen & Co.—Here we have a sort of fairy-land, where, amid mountains of everlasting snow, you find, during the short summer, barley and wheat fields, and even such delicate fruits as apricots. In the comparatively small district of Ladak, the inhabitants are divided into four races, speaking different languages, holding different faiths, and practising different manners and customs. They are fond of ornaments and decorations, and are exceedingly convivial—singing and dancing mingling in all their festivities. A striking feature among the poorer classes in Ladak is—that one woman has several husbands, who must be all brothers. The rich, however, like other people in that region, have two or three wives. In respect to the Ladak shawls, the best kinds are sold at from L.10 to L.60 per pair. About 5000 of all sorts are generally exported on the

backs of the Tibet sheep; indeed, all the merchandise of the country is carried down by them to Yarkland, a central market-place.

One of the dreadful scourges of Ladak is the occasional formation of a huge glacier, high up among the mountains, and in the course of the Indus. This first dams back the water of the higher Indus, until it accumulates into a great lake, and then, unable to stand the pressure, and partially melted by the heat of the summer and the earth, it suddenly bursts, and lets loose a roaring wall of water through the steep valley of the river. The worst of these fearful inundations was the last, which took place in June 1841. First, there was heard a low murmuring among the mountains, which gradually increased, until some one said: 'Look, it is the river!' and suddenly it was perceived that the river was racing furiously down in an absolute wall of mud, carrying with it a whole camp of soldiers, peasantries, tents, domestic animals, furniture, huts, trees, and everything that was movable. In Kadak, it swept off all the villages, trees, corn, and, in fact, all the property, and much of the arable soil, and then went roaring and spreading down into the low country, bearing desolation across the whole continent of India. In Ladak, most of the inhabitants escaped with their cattle up the hills; but below, the loss of life was as much as that of property.

The public are much indebted to Major Cunningham for this work. It depicts, not in a very literary style, indeed, but with great minuteness, and in the greatest detail, the entire features, physical, moral, and social, of Ladak.

*Modern German Music, Recollections and Criticisms.* By Henry F. Chorley. Smith, Elder, & Co.—This gentleman is well known in the musical world of London, by the peculiarity of his musical opinions, the fantastic nature of his phraseology, and his determined system of opposition on some point of harmony, melody, or general style, to every foreign musician except two—Mendelssohn, and a certain pianoforte playing Dr Liszt. Beginning with Bach and Gluck, he proceeds in a tone of condemnation through the whole bead-roll of immortal genius, including Spohr, whom he rails at most unmercifully, without understanding him, and Beethoven, on whom he pronounces the following judgment, apropos of the quartets of the 'third period,' the most glorious of the series, to those who understand them:—'His ear had ceased to be able to keep account of or keep watch over the limits which separate sonority, suspense, and cacophany.' Of Mozart he says, that 'there is no single work by Mozart in any style than which some other single work, having greater interest, by some other composer, could not be cited.' These sentences suffice to shew the general tone of Mr Chorley's book, from which, however, we are happy to except his 'Last Days of Mendelssohn.'

Professor Wilson of Edinburgh is dead. The voice of the redoubted Christopher North will be heard no more. Thus is one most remarkable man deducted from the lists of living genius, perhaps leaving no more remarkable successor. Wilson has been lost to us at sixty-nine. There was something arresting in the man, both physically and intellectually. A fine figure approaching six feet, a handsome countenance full of eloquent expression, vivid muscular movements, told, as he swept through the streets of Edinburgh, fully as much upon the eyes of men, as his brilliant articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* told upon their understandings and their feelings. He was one of those poets to whom the ordinary mechanism of poetry is only a bondage, and who do not bring their full force to bear till, breaking these fetters, they launch into the realms of prose. The floods of comic humour and lofty eloquence which he poured through the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of twenty years ago, gave him his strongest hold upon

the public. At the same time his geniality of nature endeared him immensely in the circles of private life. He was continually surrounded by a staff of young literary aspirants, who made him something very like an idol. He was only unfortunate in his political demonstrations, none of which have been approved by time. No one, however, doubted his good faith, and his assistance in latter years to the cause of popular instruction fully expiated all earlier mistakes.

The people of Edinburgh have resolved to do him the honour of a public statue, and a subscription for that purpose is meeting with extensive support.

#### THE STUDIO.

We had, a few days ago, the pleasure of witnessing, in the great hall in the Euston Square terminus of the London and North-western Railway, the inauguration of the statue of George Stephenson, the real Railway King, the originator of the locomotive, the thinker-out and worker-out of the whole detail of the railway system, from the grand discovery of the blast-pipe to the invention of the steam-whistle. The work is by Mr E. H. Baily, R.A.; and it exhibits, in a marble statue about eight feet high, a happy medium between the colossal and the idea of a man elevated above the average of humanity. The burly form and nobly intellectual countenance of the great railway hero, has been most successfully represented by Mr Baily, partly from the picture by Lucas, and partly from the sculptor's personal recollections of that great man, who rose from the lowest drudgery of the coal-pit to invent the magnificent principle of the blast-pipe, which, by making steam create speed, makes speed create steam, and *vice versa*; who threw a railway over the Chat Moss—a feat pronounced the triumph of engineering; a man who has designed and executed in all their details 5000 miles of railway, and on whose lines you may travel from London to the border; and through whose hands have passed, and usefully passed, more scores of millions of money than has yet been estimated.

At the competition in Westminster Hall some seven years ago for high-art pictures on a large scale for the decoration of the Westminster Palace, Mr C. Lucy won a prize amongst an enormous number of competitors, for a picture containing nearly twenty figures of the leading men of the Pilgrim Fathers, with their wives and children—at the moment of being addressed by their pastor, Mr Robinson, before setting sail in the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. The faces of the principal personages are portraits; while those of the others whose likeness was not attainable are skillfully turned away, rather adding to than detracting from the general effect. Among the portraits are those of Mr Carver, who was the first governor, but who perished in the dreadful pestilence which swept off more than half of the founders of America. Another of the portraits is that of Mary Chilton, who was the first who stepped upon the then desolate shore, and christened the bay New Plymouth, from the name of the last port the *Mayflower* touched at in England. Mr Lucy's work is a very noble one, and well deserves a place in a national institution. The grouping is marvellous—at once perfectly artistic and perfectly natural, the whole assemblage being slightly divided into three groups, each harmonising with the other, the centre one being somewhat elevated upon a low ledge of rocks. Both the drawing and the colouring are admirable. The left arm and hand of Mr Robinson are remarkable specimens of fore-shortening, and altogether the work does great credit to English art. It has been in the hands of Mr Burnett, the well-known engraver, for a line representation, which we understand is nearly, if not entirely, finished.

Looking in the other day at one of the Messrs Christie and Manson's private views—of a cabinet of

the 'choicest pictures'—we hardly found the general run of the works to equal the description. True, there were many admirable works, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish school. The gem of the Madonnas was, in our estimation, a sketch or a study for a great work by Murillo. The Virgin and Child are represented amid clouds, with a company of child-angels most artistically grouped around. The holy beauty beaming from the mother's face is managed to be shewn in a wonderfully small space, and the graceful ease of her reclining attitude at once strikes the eye. The two principal Italian works of the Madonna class are a *Mater Dolorosa* by Carlo Dolce, the face of the Dolorosa having no more expression of anguish than that of the most unconcerned personage; the merits of the picture—if they are merits—being the intense vividness and richness of the colouring. The other was a *Virgin in Prayer*, by Domenichino. The Dutch and Flemish pictures, however, form the largest and best part of the collection. We have often wondered that men of such undoubted genius as Teniers and Ostade should continually practise the abominable style of art representing the worst canaille of their country—the ugliest, dirtiest bores they can find out—drinking, gambling, smoking, seated on chairs with three legs, on forms and barrels, in a dark dirty hovel; while a drab of a woman draws the liquor, and bores as ugly and filthy as the others stand around, drink, smoke, and watch the game. Were it not for the consummate painting and extraordinary faithfulness to all minutiae of detail, these pictures would never have endured so long. We prefer the Dutch and Flemish artists who depict the comfortable houses and the comfortable families of the substantial citizens of Ghent, Antwerp, and Liege, amid the elaborately carved furniture and the ancient hangings which the Flemings love—with perhaps a Rubens upon the wall—or the landscape, the river flowing lazily, poplars and willows clustering on its banks; villages, consisting of large one-story houses, built close to the river, with the willows before; and Dutch galiots, with drooping sails, waiting for the wind or the tide. Or again: sea-pieces, under sun and shade, calm and storm; the galiots equally at their ease in either—for these flat-bottomed craft, content to carry little sail, ride like ducks over the waves, are kept from drifting to leeward by what are called lee-boards, and are seldom or never wrecked.

All Londoners, and very many who are not Londoners, have observed in passing along Piccadilly, close to the Burlington Arcade, a huge black wall, like that of a prison or a fortress. Within that hold long walled the Earl of Burlington, in a gloomy seclusion—the huge gates only swinging open to admit or let forth his lordship, or his few aristocratic friends; but when passers-by stole a glance, they saw a great dreary court, and behind as great and dreary a façade, with, if our memory does not fail, a terrace and a magnificent sweep of stairs. Behind, it was known that there was a voluptuous garden, with all manner of decorations, ornamented walks, and statues, and fountains, and conservatories, and what not. Well, all this secluded magnificence is to be flung open to the public, for the purposes of art and science. The government have given £140,000 for it; and as soon as the ultimate purpose or purposes have been decided on, and the design and plans arranged, it is to be presumed that the structure will be immediately put in hand. The artists are loud for a national gallery, with a better management and more pictures—the savans, for a hall of science; but within the space occupied by mansion and garden, there may be presumed to be ample room for both. At any rate, there will be time for consideration; and doubtless the opinions both of artists and scientific men will be duly taken.

It is gratifying to see springing up all around us, particularly in the suburbs, churches built and decorated in a very different style of architecture from that of the last generation, when an Erecthaum, in the shape of the St Pancras Church, was built—every detail of the Grecian architecture being carefully copied—and then disgraced for ever by a clumsy belfry, no part whatever of the original building, but supported by iron pillars. There really ought to be an act of parliament for taking down this deformity. At present, however, the taste is in favour of churches. Early English churches, three roofed compartments below, forming nave and aisles, a square tower, more or less decorated with Norman windows, and a spire, generally of delicately tapering lightness. The rules of architecture are not always preserved in these buildings. To give them more variety, Saxon arches are adopted in the principal entrance, when the arched Norman succeeds it in the windows, and the lancet in the higher regions. Some of the best of these are the Camden Square Church, a beautiful specimen of a tower; Miss Burdett Coutts's Church, built for a poor population in an obscure part of Lambeth, and also celebrated for its tower; a new church near the entrance to Camden Town, on the mixed principle; a gem by Pugin, on the Hampstead Road, of pure Saxon; and the most beautiful of all, the queen of the London spires—St Margaret's, in Margaret Square. This spire is very curiously designed. Flat slopes gradually widening extend from the top, blending into each other in the most remarkable fashion, and upon strict mathematical principles; so that, upon walking round it, it seems somewhat as if you were contemplating a mathematically cut prism or crystal. The church belongs to the extreme section of the Puseyites, and is being decorated by Mr Dyce. Every detail, both in the outside and inside of the body of the church, is purely monkish in its character, and the same character is carried to the tops of the squares. One other church, and we have done. It has been begun on pure Norman principles, and carried on up to about ten feet of the square tower, where a pointed leaden roof has been stuck on, and all further progress stopped. The structure belongs to the body of Latter-day Saints, over which Mr Henry Drummond, M.P. for West Surrey, is the 'Ruling Angel.'

## GOSSIP ABOUT SEAMEN.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

No men, in my opinion, are less selfish than our seamen, or more true to their word. When I commanded the *Riflemen*, we generally refitted at Malta, and were ready for sea before we obtained pratique; so that when the yellow flag came down, I used to give two or three days' leave to every one who wished to go on shore. There were always a sufficient number willing to remain to take care of the brig. We once came out of the quarantine harbour on a Saturday, when, on hearing from the senior officer that our services would not be required for a week, I permitted every one who chose to go on shore. The following morning, important dispatches arrived, and there was no vessel to take them on to the admiral but the *Riflemen*. The senior officer sent for me, and said: 'I know your men are all on leave for two days—when do you think you could get them together?'

'This night,' I replied; 'but I should not like to sail till the morning.' He expressed surprise at my thinking I could assemble the people so quickly.

'If you could but do it!' said he; 'but is it possible?'

'My men, sir,' I replied, 'have never yet failed me. They know that I never ask for exertion or self-denial but when the good of the service requires it.' I went on board, told the truth to the men who were not

—about eighty seamen and marines—and get them on board by sunset. At eight in the evening, all but six had returned, and these sent me the following laconic message:—'Tell the captain he knows he can depend on our word. We will be on board in the morning before the brig is out of the harbour.' They came on board, just as we were ready to go out.

When I was first-lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*, on our voyage to Algiers, we had on board six or seven smugglers, a class I have always found to be fine stout men, and good sailors. In those days, smugglers were sentenced, as a punishment, to serve a certain number of years in the navy, and the orders were to put them in irons every night when the ship was at anchor. I proposed, however, to Sir James Brisbane to put these men on their honour, and to treat them like the others. He did so, and promised that if they behaved well, he would endeavour to procure a remission of their sentence; and this, in fact, was the result, for their conduct was so good, that the remainder of their sentence was remitted on the return of the *Queen Charlotte* to Portsmouth.

During this same voyage, two London thieves were discovered in the ship, with all their implements, dark-lanterns, skeleton-keys, &c. They were put into irons previous to their being punished, and so continued, until the bombardment of Algiers commenced, when some good-natured person released them, and the rogues ran to their guns, and fought like honest men. After the general thanksgiving for the success of our enterprise, there was a general muster on the quarter-deck, the officers on one side, and the ship's company on the other, with the two thieves between them. Lord Exmouth addressed the crew in the following words:—'These two London thieves I proposed to try by a court-martial, and they were therefore put into irons: it was not my intention to permit them to fight along with honest men. I will not inquire how they got out of their irons, and reached their guns. They did so; and now you, my lads, shall decide their fate. I will try them by a court-martial, as I purposed, or send them to India in the *Minden*, just as you decide.'

'Don't disgrace us, sir!' was the prompt and general reply; 'send them to India'—and to India they went in the *Minden*, ticketed as they deserved.

When the action at Algiers was over, the best artist could not have done justice to the scene we were leaving behind us. The nine Algerine ships and the store-houses were still such a mass of flame, that the Mole, and the part of the town nearest to it, were as light as the most splendidly illuminated ball-room; while over the dark-green hills, behind and above the town, a heavy thunder-storm was advancing, the forked lightning rendering the darkness beyond awful. The storm burst upon us just as we had anchored, about nine o'clock, and had gone to our supper of bread and cheese.

At this time, as R—s passed the entering port, towards the place where his cabin had been, he saw a young seaman walking to and fro; and after he had passed, it struck him that the young man had lost an arm. He turned back, and said: 'How is it with you, my lad?' and found that the wounded man belonged to the *Hebrus*, and had been wounded in one of her boats close to the *Queen Charlotte*, into whose cockpit he had been taken; that his arm had been there amputated; and that, at the close of the action, all her wounded being placed in cots or beds, he, unwilling to give further trouble, had come to the entering port, and was watching in the hope that some boat might pass, in which he might be taken to his own ship. R—s saw him safe in bed before he himself lay down.

When I was first-lieutenant of the *Rhin*, and busy stowing the sheet-anchor, three times I made a very fine young man, working at my side like a Hercules, with-

I turned to give directions for a pull of the forestay, he replaced it on the same spot, and the anchor at the same moment slipped, and crushed it. We released it before the blood flowed, and as I stooped down instantly to bind it, he arrested my arm, saying: 'O Mr —, you will spoil your silk handkerchief!'

Some years before this, in one of our boat-expeditions, I climbed over some rocks to cut the cable of the ship we were trying to take, and falling headlong into the sea, out of sight of my party, was supposed to be killed. When I recovered, and regained the rocks, I found—although the boat had pulled off, to secure our half-won prize—that two of our men had remained behind, under a fire of musketry, 'to bring off,' as they told me, 'my body.'

I will give you an instance of the faith I have in the word of a sailor. The *Rhin* was fitting out in Hamoaze, during the war, at a time when men were most wanted, and the press was heaviest. A noble-looking young man, a perfect and able seaman, was pressed out of a transport-ship, in which he was second-mate, and sent to us from the flag-ship with the strictest injunctions to guard him, lest he should escape. I saw that he was heart-broken, and placing him in the gunner's crew, begged the gunner, a good man, to try to cheer him. The next day, his mother, sister, and a lad came on board to see him. They remained on the main-deck with him all the time the people were at dinner, and when the work recommenced, he came to me on the quarter-deck and said: 'Sir, I know you cannot grant what I ask, but to please my mother and sister, I come to say, that they wish you to allow me to go on shore with them. I would be off again by daylight to-morrow morning.' I started.

'Did you not hear,' I asked, 'the strict orders I received yesterday, to guard you well?'

'Yes, sir; I knew you could not grant their request,' and sorrowfully he returned to them. The young lad, an assistant in the post-office, was standing by, and as Honeyman left me, he said:

'If, sir, you would let me remain as his surety, I would gladly stay.' I looked at him, and replied:

'Why, half a dozen such as you would not equal his value to us.' He also left me; and as I walked away from the wretched party, my good genius whispered: 'Try him!'

I turned back, and called Honeyman to me. 'I am going to put my commission into your hands,' said I. 'You said you would return by daylight to-morrow. If I let you go on shore, give me your word that you will be off at eight o'clock in the morning.'

'I will, sir.'

'Then go.' He made but one bound to the gangway-ladder, another into the waist, without touching one step of it, and spoke but a single word to his mother and sister as he passed them. Both of them lifted up their clasped hands. I could not stay to see more—and will only add, that Sam Honeyman was a first-class petty-officer of my favourite old ship, when, nine months after this time, I left her, to join Lord Exmouth in the *Boyne*.

#### THE TRANSITION FROM ANIMALS TO PLANTS.

It has been long asserted by Bory de St Vincent and others, that there exist in nature organised bodies, which are animal at one period of their lives, and vegetable at another! This, if true, would for ever put an end to the possibility of distinguishing the two kingdoms when they shall each have arrived at their lowest forms. Its truth has, however, been denied. On the contrary, Kützing, in his recent magnificent work on *Alga*, insists that it happens in his *Ulothrix zonata*. He asserts that in the cells of that plant there are found minute animalcules with a red eye-point and a transparent mouth-place; that they are not, in fact, distinguishable from Ehrenberg's *Microgena monadina*; these bodies, however, are animals only for a time; at least, they grow into vegetable threads, the lowest joint

of which still exhibits the red eye-point. This phenomenon, which Kützing assures us he has ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, puts an end to the question of whether animals and plants can be distinguished at the limits of their two kingdoms, and sufficiently accounts for the conflicting opinions that naturalists entertain as to the nature of many of the simpler forms of organisation.—*Jameston's Journal*.

#### A. MATIN-SONG.

BY JAMES FAYN.

BARE the head to the windy morn;  
Suffer the rout of locks unshorn;  
Into thine eyes let dew be blown,  
From clover-field and fairy down;  
Into thine ears the summer leaf  
Her secret tell, that clasps no grief,  
Her life hath been so blithe and brief.

Listen to that the laverock sings,  
Poising high on her unseen wings;  
For at the golden gates she is  
Of heaven, and all its harmonies;  
And she sings us the self-same song,  
Fresh from lips of the angel throng.

Before the dull world wakes below,  
Set thy feet to the mountain's brow,  
To the height of the star-set throne  
Whereon the red morn sits alone;  
Slake thy glance on the fields and farms  
Folded round in the river's arms,  
Or corpse, or down, or simplest sight  
God hath given for man's delight;  
Steep thy thought till thine eyes grow dim,  
And thought and tear shall be prayers to Him.

#### DAVIES'S PATENT PEDOMOTIVE CARRIAGE.

This carriage consists of a single wheel of 6 feet 6 inches diameter, with a seat and winch attached to the centre on either side. The wheel, of 7 feet diameter, covers 21 feet at each revolution, and the weight of the whole averages from 80 to 90 pounds. A great merit in the invention is the small amount of friction, and the mode of suspending the weights. The weight is thrown a little in front of the axle. From various trials, it has been shown that two persons can travel with ease at the rate of sixteen miles an hour; and that so little are the legs called into play—the body being quite at ease, and supported by a padded cushion in front—that the fatigue of working the carriage sixteen miles is not so great as that of walking four miles. In wheeling round, the person on the inner side throws his whole weight on, which raises the outer rider off his legs, and the wheel comes round instantaneously. The inventor and others feel assured that thirty miles an hour might be accomplished without any great effort. The invention is altogether a great improvement on the original velocipede.—*Year-book of Facts*, 1864.

#### NOTICE.

A press of descriptive matter of interest belonging to the passing day, has necessitated the omission, in this Number, of *Things as they are in America*. The succeeding portion of the work, describing some things as they are in New York, will appear next week.

CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE and AMUSING TRACTS.—This Illustrated Work resembles in some respects the MISCELLANY of TRACTS published a few years ago, aiming at a higher, though not less popular tone, and will, no doubt, it is hoped, the new requirements of the day in regard to literary elegance—the papers being original compositions, prepared expressly for the work by popular and practised writers. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume every two months. Ten volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 22.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK.

At length in New York—a city I had long wished to see, and to which the eyes of all Europe are directed as the actual metropolis of the New World. Arriving in this important emporium by railway, the city was taken at a certain disadvantage; for a true impression of the real character of its position can be obtained only when it is reached by sea. It is a very curious thing that nobody till he sees it, can properly understand the situation of New York. Accounts of it are not clear. Our minds are perplexed by two opposite circumstances. The city is said to be on an island—the island of Manhattan—and yet is connected with the mainland. I now got rid of this mystification.

Coming by railway down the left bank of the Hudson, which is seen to expand into a fine broad estuary, with the picturesque elevations of New Jersey on the opposite shore, the train ran directly into the town; having crossed a narrow strait, which, according to topographers, makes the promontory on which New York is situated an island. As if, however, there was no end to the confusion of ideas on the subject, the Hudson, which is, in reality, on the west of the promontory, is locally spoken of as North River; a narrow arm of the sea which separates New York from Long Island is called East River; and the strait, little better than an artificial canal, which stretches from North River to East River, is named Harlem River. The island of Manhattan, so formed by this environment of water, is about thirteen miles in length, by at most two in breadth, and terminates at its southern extremity in a narrow and level slip of ground, known as the Battery. From this defensible point the city has crept gradually northwards, covering the whole island in its progress, and is already from three to four miles long, with plans of extension that will finally carry it to the limits of the island, and, it may be, far beyond.

Reaching the city by a back-way, as it may be called, we have the opportunity of seeing the worst side first—straggling half-built streets, with shabby stores, lumber-yards, heaps of rubbish, petty wooden houses, and a general aspect of disorder. At an assigned point the train stopped, and I imagined we had reached the principal terminus. No such thing. The delay was only to detach the locomotive, and to take the train piecemeal into town by horses. And so, drawn by a team of four horses at a trot, the car in which I was seated went smartly up one street and down another—the rails being laid in the causeway—till we reached the heart of the busy metropolis. Attaining the place of disembarkation at last, a scene

of indescribable confusion ensued, and I began to experience the effects of those imperfect police arrangements for which New York unfortunately suffers in general estimation. No cabs of the ordinary kind, but hackney-carriages with two horses, presented themselves for hire; and the drivers seemed to be at liberty to do what they liked. After engaging one of them, the driver thrust another person in upon me, though bound for a different hotel; and I had considerable difficulty in at length inducing another driver to take me solus to my destination—the Astor House. I may say once for all, that on other occasions I had the same annoyance with the New York hackney-coachmen, who appear to stand at the lowest point in the scale of a class admitted to be troublesome in every community.

Months previously, I had heard of the difficulty of procuring accommodation in any hotel in New York, and had adopted the precaution of bespeaking a room at the Astor, through a friend in the city. With nothing, therefore, to fear on this score, I was fortunate in at once finding myself settled in one of the largest and best-conducted hotels, and at liberty to study the working of a class of establishments which transcend anything of the kind in England, and are about the chief wonder in a country celebrated for the gigantic scale of its operations.

At the first look, we see that New York very much resembles the more densely-built parts of London. The houses, tall, and principally of brick, are crowded into narrow streets, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, with the single difference, that many of the buildings are occupied in floors by different branches of business, with a profusion of large sign-boards in front. For the most part, the houses have sunk floors, accessible by a flight of steps from the foot-pavement; and these cellar-dwellings are very commonly used for some kind of small business, or as 'oyster saloons,' or 'retreats'—the names considerably employed to signify taverns and grogeries. Wherever any of these older brick edifices have been removed, their place has been supplied by tenements built of brown sandstone; and it may be said that at present New York is in process of being renewed by this species of structure, which is elegant in appearance, but, I fear, less substantial in many respects than a regard for security warrants. The more narrow thoroughfares are at the same time widened and paved according to modern taste. The more ancient, though much changed part of the city in which the throng of business chiefly prevails, is confined to the southern division, stretching from the Battery a mile northwards; and within this quarter the breadth occupied from the North to the East river is seemingly about the same as that from the

Thames to Holborn—a limited space, which necessitates the continual pressure northwards, as well as an escape to the opposite shores of the two bounding waters.

Though limited as to breadth, no site could have been more happily selected for a great commercial city. The peninsula, if it may be so called, rises just as much towards the middle as admits of easy drainage, and in front and on both sides is environed with tidal waters, which present accommodation for any quantity of shipping. Through the centre of the city lengthwise runs Broadway—the Fleet Street and Strand of New York—and going down any of the cross-streets on either hand from this leading channel of intercourse, we soon come to a quay, presenting a line of houses on one side of a busy thoroughfare, and a crowd of steam-boats and shipping on the other. The city, therefore, so far as it can be, is surrounded by maritime traffic. Nor could any situation be better chosen for defence. Approachable from the Atlantic by vessels of the largest burden, its prospect towards the ocean is intercepted by a semi-circle of islands, which, fortified and commanding the beautiful bay which fronts the city on the south, give a certain degree of security to the position.

Hampered as to space, New York has no room for villas; and in this respect there is a marked difference between it and our English cities. Those among the more affluent orders who dislike living in streets, require to proceed by ferry-steamers across either of the two bounding waters, and on the opposite shores find spots for ruralising. The narrowest ferry is that across East River to Brooklyn and Williamsburg, on Long Island, now becoming thickly settled with a population more or less connected with New York. The wider ferries on the North River communicate with the state of New Jersey, which is pleasantly fringed with towns and villas; the two most prominent places being Jersey city and Hoboken. The vessels employed on these ferries are doubtless the finest of their class in the world. They resemble floating-platforms, sufficiently large to accommodate several carriages in the middle part, and are provided with well-warmed rooms for foot-passengers at the sides. They respectively pass to and fro every five or ten minutes, and as the charge to Brooklyn is only a cent, and that to New Jersey but three cents, they command an immense traffic. Still further to relieve the pressure of population in New York, steamers are constantly plying to and from Staten Island, which is situated about five miles distant, at the mouth of the bay; and the scattered villas along the sloping shores of this fine island are more like what one sees in England, or on the banks of the Clyde, than anything else in America. The channel between Staten Island and the southern extremity of Long Island, is called the Narrows, through which vessels inward-bound proceed from the Atlantic, and so reach the spacious landlocked bay, with its magnificent harbourage.

With so favourable a situation for external traffic, and reposing on a river which is navigable for 150 miles, New York has attracted to itself a population of about 600,000, and is the port of disembarkation for nearly 800,000 immigrants annually from every country in Europe. Forming a central point for American and European commerce, a vast trade pours through this city, and is thence radiated by river, canal, and railway to the great West. In the amount of tonnage of vessels, exports and imports, transactions in floating capital,

wealth, social importance, and munificence of institutions, New York keeps considerably ahead in the United States; and the traveller who has in remembrance its rise from small beginnings so late as the seventeenth century, will not fail to be struck with its present proportions.

The principal object of curiosity in or about New York, is the Croton Aqueduct, which few strangers miss seeing. The works connected with this great undertaking are on a scale which reminds us of the stupendous aqueducts of the ancient Romans. Bringing water from a distance of forty miles, and requiring in their course a lofty bridge across Harlem River, the works cost 14,000,000 dollars, or near upon £5,000,000 sterling—an immense sum to raise from public rates to supply a city with water. The discharge of water is stated at 60,000,000 of gallons per diem; and even this large quantity is not more than is required. Having visited this marvel in engineering, little remains to attract curiosity. Interest is centered in Broadway, and mainly towards its southern extremity. Hereabouts are the handsomest public buildings, the finest stores, some of the largest hotels, and the greatest throng of passengers. At about half a mile from the Battery, we have on the line of Broadway an opening called the Park, which though only a railled-in patch of ground, with a few trees and foot-paths through it, is a very acceptable breathing spot in the midst of everlasting bustle.

Some traveller speaks of the buildings of Broadway as being a mixture of poor wooden structures and splendid edifices. There may be a few houses of an antiquated class, but any such general description is totally inadmissible in the present day. We see for the greater part of its length, a series of high and handsome buildings, of brown sandstone or brick, with several of white marble and granite. Some of the stores and hotels astonish by their size and grandeur. Rising to a height of five or six stories, with a frontage of 150 to 200 feet, and built in an ornamental style of architecture, these edifices are more like the palaces of kings than places for the transaction of business. New York, it seems, is celebrated for its extensive dealings in 'dry goods,' the common phrase for all kinds of clothing and haberdashery; and its shops or stores for the retail of these articles are of most extraordinary dimensions. Stewart's Store, a huge building of white marble, adjoining the Park, on Broadway, is pointed out as the largest of these concerns; and the amount of business done in it is stated to be above 7,000,000 of dollars per annum. It is useless, however, in a place of such rapid change and improvement, to point out any edifice as excelling another. In various parts of Broadway and Bowery, large and elegant buildings are springing into existence at a cost perfectly startling; and so great is the rise in the value of property and the increasing expense of conducting business, that I should fear things are going a little too far for the ultimate benefit of the city, at least as regards manufacturing industry. One of the latest opened of the new and gorgeously fine structures, is Taylor's Restaurant—an establishment, some will think, much too fine for the uses to which it is put. Another of the new buildings is that occupied by Appleton & Co., publishers; its extent and grandeur contrasting curiously with the dingy holes and corners in which the publishers of London carry on their business. The activity displayed in resolving upon and completing

any scheme of improvement in this great city, pervades every branch of affairs. In conducting business, there is no pause, and, as circumstances shew, sometimes too much hurry. There is, however, in every department of commerce, a stimulus to action, arising from the vast demands of a country growing so rapidly in population and wealth. An instance of this came under my notice at the great fire which consumed the printing and publishing establishment of the Messrs Harpers. Perceiving that the whole of the steam-presses were consumed, and no means left for carrying on operations on the spot, a party connected with the firm, and while the fire was still burning, sent off by electric-telegraph to engage all the available presses of Buffalo and Cincinnati! In New York, so valuable is time, and so speedily are decisions come to, that on the very next day after a fire, we may observe builders engaged in the work of reconstruction. American minutes would seem almost to be worth English days!

Without a court, and not even the seat of the state legislature, New York cannot be said to be the place of residence of a leisurely or a numerous literary class. Its more opulent inhabitants, connected some way or other with business, form, nevertheless, an aristocracy with refined tastes, and ample means for their gratification. Advancing northwards from the more busy parts of the town, the elegance and regularity of the houses become more conspicuous, and at last we find ourselves in the quietude and splendour of a Belgravia. Here the edifices are entirely of brown sandstone, and of a richly decorated style of street architecture; all the windows are of plate-glass; and the door-handles, plates, and bell-pulls silvered, so as to impart a chaste and light effect. The furnishings and interior ornaments of these dwellings, particularly those in Fifth Avenue, are of a superb kind; no expense being apparently spared as regards either comfort or elegance. In one mansion where I experienced the most kindly hospitality, the spacious entrance-hall was laid with tasseled marble pavement; the stair and balustrades were of dark walnut-wood; one of the apartments was panelled in the old baronial fashion; and in a magnificent dining-room, the marble chimney-piece, with exquisitely carved figures illustrative of Burns's *Highland Mary*, cost, as I understood, as much as 1500 dollars. The influx of German and French artists to New York, was alluded to as affording means for effecting everything desirable in decorative art, and of excluding the necessity for importing English ornaments. Perhaps it is worth while to add, that New York is not destitute of the means for supplying coats-of-arms to those who desire such decorations for their carriages, seals, and other articles. There is, indeed, no heralds' college here or elsewhere in the States; but I observed in Broadway an establishment where coats-of-arms are furnished as a matter of business; and in the shelves of the principal booksellers, works on the British peerage and baronetage are about as common as they are in England.

Passing over any notice of the churches of New York—some of them with handsome spires, and generally picturesque in effect—and also the banks, theatres, and other public structures, the edifices most worthy of attention are the hotels. It has been incidentally stated, that the hotel-system of the United States is of a peculiar character. I found that it had crossed the frontier into Canada; but in no part of that province had it attained full-blown maturity. Properly speaking, the American hotels are boarding-houses, and consist of two distinct departments—one for ladies and families,

welcome to come, stay, or go, as suits their pleasure; the charge being specific at so much per day, whether the guests attend meals or not, by which means every one knows to a fraction beforehand how much he will have to pay. We could hardly picture to ourselves a greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving at an inn in England, you are treated with immense deference, allowed the seclusion of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, curtsied and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favour had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States, things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merit of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel-keepers can afford to act magnanimously. Instead of looking to a livelihood from a few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for the use of candles, firing, and other conveniences, and smoothing everything over by a mercenary bow, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing anything shabby; hundreds pour into and out of his house daily; he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks—but you are not fleeced; and that is always felt to be a comfort.

In recollection, I am at this moment arriving at the Astor House, one of the most respectable hotels in New York, though outdone in dimensions and decoration by some of the newer establishments. Before me is a huge building of whitish granite, with a front on Broadway of 200 feet, a height of six stories, and forming altogether an independent block, with rows of windows on every side. The ground-floor consists entirely of retail-stores of various kinds, and ascending by a central flight of steps, we reach a spacious lobby with marble flooring and pillars. This lobby is strewn about with luggage newly arrived, or about to be carried out; young men are lounging about on chairs; some persons are walking to and fro; several house-porters are seated on a form waiting for orders; long corridors are extended right and left; opposite the entrance is an access to the bar and other conveniences; and near a window behind is a counter and desk where the whole book-keeping is conducted by a clerk or general supervisor of the concern. Walking up to this functionary, we inscribe our name in a book; without speaking a word, he marks a number opposite the name, takes down a key with a corresponding number in brass attached to it, issues an order to a porter, and we and our baggage march off along one of the corridors and up several stairs till we reach the assigned apartment.

Here, on looking round, everything is neat and commodious; and on the back of the door is seen a printed statement of particulars requisite to be known—the times of meals, the charge per diem, and so forth. The number of apartments in the house is 326; a portion of them being bedrooms of a better class for families and ladies, and the others of the small kind appropriated to single gentlemen. These classes are distinct in every respect. Descending to the level of the entrance-hall, we search out an eating-saloon, and parlours devoted principally to the single male guests, and in the opposite corridor is observed a suite of public apartments used by ladies and married people, yet not shut against casual visitors. There is, in truth, little privacy. The whole house swarms like a hive. The outer swing-door bangs backwards and forwards incessantly; and the rapid thronging of guests and visitors in and out, can be fancied when I mention that, on several occasions, I counted as many as twenty persons entering and the like number departing per minute. Recalling in certain details the former

continental hotels, there is, generally speaking, nothing at all to compare with this in Europe.

Among the novel parts of the system are the arrangements in the family and lady department. Here, we find ourselves in a kind of elysium of princely drawing-rooms and boudoirs, in which velvet, lace, satin, gilding, rich carpets and mirrors, contribute to form a scene of indescribable luxury. What strikes us as rather remarkable, is the fact that the doors of these various sitting-apartments are generally wide open. I saw this everywhere. Passing by, you see highly-dressed ladies reposing on satin couches, or lolling in rocking-chairs. One, who has just come in, and still has on her bonnet and shawl, is rattling over the keys of a piano. Another is reading a novel. Several are outside in the corridor, seated on velvet-covered ottomans, talking to each other or to the gentlemen belonging to their party. These corridors are every whit as legantly furnished as the rooms, and are jocularly spoken of as 'the flirtation-galleries,' on account of their qualities as places of general resort and conversation. Another recommendable quality they possess, is their comparative coolness. The drawing-rooms, leading from them, are kept so hot by staring red fires of anthracite coal, that I am at a loss to understand how the temperature can be endured.

What between dressing, lounging about the suit of rawing-rooms and flirtation-galleries, and attending to meals in the saloons, the lady-guests of these hotels have little time for miscellaneous occupation. Some of them appear in a different dress at every meal, and, in point of elegance and costliness of attire, they went beyond anything in my poor experience, except at full-evening-parties and balls. In the more moderate class of hotels, this attention to costume is less conspicuous, and the ladies unceremoniously take their seats at the top of the table common to all the guests. In such houses, however, as the Astor, families and ladies usually take their meals in a saloon by themselves; and when there are children, they likewise have their own special table-d'hôte. The mention of children in such establishments is not suggestive of pleasing recollections. Everywhere, these youngsters are a sore trial of temper to the guests generally. Flying up and down the passages with whoops, yelling, crying, and umbling about in everybody's way, they are clearly out of place, and constitute an unhappy and out-of-situation in American hotel-life.

It need not be supposed, because families and children are seen to be domesticated in hotels, that this kind of housekeeping is carried to any great length. Young persons, for a few years after being married, and families in town for the winter, are the principal inmates of the class; though it must be admitted that their circumstances give a bias towards this method of living. Probably something is due to that choice of lands cooked in first-rate style, which could not be obtained in a separate establishment unless at a very high cost. The French cuisine predominates, and the refusal of dishes mentioned in the bills of fare put before guests, is such as cannot fail to astonish those who in England are fain to dine off a single joint. The entire charge for board and lodging, service included, at the Astor House, was two dollars and a half, equal to 10s. English, per diem, for a single individual. This is a common charge at the best hotels; in a few instances the charge being as high as three, and sometimes as low as one or two dollars.

Breakfast from eight to ten, dinner at three, and tea at seven, was the routine at the table-d'hôte of the Astor; on each occasion, about 200 guests sitting down at three long and well-served tables. Here, again, though looking for it day after day, did I fail, as on previous occasions, to see the slightest approach to hurried eating; and as until the last moment of my stay in America I never saw such a thing, I am bound, so

far as my observation goes, to say that the national reproach on this score, if it ever was true, is so no longer. Calling for dishes, by printed bills of fare, a custom now all but universal, in reality renders any scramble unnecessary. So far from being hurried, any man may draw out his dinner for an hour, if he pleases, and all the time have a waiter in attendance at his back to bring him whatsoever he desires. I think it due to the Americans to make this remark on a very common-place topic; and likewise to say of them, that their temperance at table filled me with no little surprise. In the large dining-parties at the Astor (as at other houses), there were seldom seen more than one or two bottles of wine. Nor did any exciting beverage seem desirable. A goblet of pure water, with ice, was placed for the use of every guest; and in indulging in this simple potion, I felt how little is done in England to promote habits of sobriety by furnishing water, attractive alike for its brilliant purity and coolness.

Dropping off from table, a number of the guests adjourn to the parlours, where they read newspapers bought from boys who frequent the doorway and passages, or they lounge idly on the sofas, or take to writing at the tables (never much talking, and the doors always wide open); some go out in pursuit of business; some, who like to sit in the midst of a fluctuating crowd, betake themselves to the chairs in the lobby; and some descend to the bar. This latter place of resort is a large and finely decorated apartment, lighted from the roof, and occupying the entire central court round which the house is built. In the middle is a *jet d'eau* and basin; at one side is a marble counter, with an attendant in charge of a few bottles behind him on a shelf, whence he supplies glasses of liquor to those calling for them, and which are paid for on the spot. A number of chairs are scattered about. Two fireplaces, with blazing billets of wood, throw a cheerful heat around. A young man at a small enclosure is selling cigars; and on two long stands are placed files of newspapers from all the principal cities in the Union. Much is said by travellers of the drinking in the bars; but in this, as in most things, there is some strange exaggeration. The bar of the Astor, an exchange in its way, was sometimes tolerably crowded, but I seldom saw so many as a dozen at a time engaged in drinking. The greater number did not drink at all; it being one of the good points in these establishments, that you are left to do exactly as you like. No one heeds you, or cares for you, any more than in a public street. A unit in the mass, your duty is to mind yourself; seek out all requisite information for yourself, and in all things beyond the routine of the house, help yourself. Individuality in these hotels is out of the question—opposed to the fundamental principle of the concern, which is to keep open house on a wholesale plan. You are lodged, fed, and in every other way attended to by wholesale; just as a soldier in a barrack is supplied with houseroom and rations. Any man pretending to ask for a dinner in a room by himself would be looked upon as a kind of lunatic; and when people do such a foolish thing, they have to pay handsomely for invading the sacred practice of the house. How otherwise could such gigantic establishments be conducted! Although crowded to the door, everything goes on with minute regularity, like a finely adjusted machine.

Left to himself, the stranger soon drops into the ranks, and strolling about, discovers a number of little conveniences ready to his hand. Let us just look round the lobby of the Astor, beginning with the left-hand side. There, at a wicket in the wall, like an open window, stands a man to take your hat and upper coat, and put them away in a bin till you want them. Looking into the place, you see it surrounded with receptacles for articles, which it would be inconvenient to carry about the house, or hazardous to lay down carelessly; for we are admonished by placards to beware

of 'hotel thieves'—a hint not to be lightly disregarded. Adjoining in a niche in the lobby, is a man with brush in hand ready to clean and burnish your soiled boots. A little further on is a light closet, with basins of water and towels, to save you the trouble of mounting to your bedroom before going in to dinner. Further round in the lobby, is a recess with a desk, pens, ink, and paper, furnishing means at all times to write a hurried note. A few steps beyond, and passing the flight of steps which lead to the bar, we come upon an enclosure like a sentry-box, in which is seated a clerk with the machinery of an electric-telegraph; and on handing him a slip through his wicket, he will, for a trifling sum, despatch a message for you to almost any city throughout the United States. I made use of this gentleman's wires on two occasions, in sending to distant towns, and had answers handed to me in a neat envelope within an hour.

We now pass the waiter's form, and study the apparatus of the general book-keeper, which occupies the right side of the lobby. Behind the counter of this officer, we perceive a large case of pigeon-holes, with a number over each, and appropriated for receiving letters or cards left for the guests. Knowing your particular number, you have only to glance at the little depository under it, to know if any one has been calling, or if any letters have arrived for you. At one end of the counter, there is a letter-box into which you drop all letters for post, which is another means of saving trouble. But the most curious thing of all, is the arrangement by which the official behind the counter knows who signals from his apartment. To have some hundreds of bells would produce inextricable confusion. All the wires in the house centre at one bell, placed in a case in the lobby, with the whole mechanism exposed on one side within a sheet of plate-glass. The other side of this case is covered all over with numbers in rows. Adjoining each number is a small crescent-shaped piece of brass, which drops from the horizontal, and hangs by one end, when the wire connected with it is pulled, the bell being by the same action sounded. The attention of the book-keeper being so attracted, he directs a waiter to proceed to the apartment indicated, and with his finger restoring the bit of brass to its former posture, it is ready for a fresh signal. A more neat and simple arrangement could not well be imagined. The fronts of these bell-cases are of white enamel, and being set in a gilt frame, have a pleasing ornamental effect.

So much for the Astor, to which there are now many rivals of equal or larger dimensions—the Irving House, the Prescott House, and numerous others, including the two more recently established and peculiarly splendid establishments—the Metropolitan and St Nicholas, both situated considerably 'up town' in Broadway. The Metropolitan, an edifice of brown sandstone, with a frontage of 300 feet, is superbly furnished, and laid out with 100 suites of family apartments, and can accommodate altogether 600 guests, whose wants are ministered to by 250 servants. The cost of building and furnishing this prodigiously large house, is said to have been 1,000,000 dollars. The St Nicholas, I believe, aspires to stand at the head of its order. It is a splendid structure of white marble, containing 150 suites of family apartments, and with accommodation for nearly 800 guests; I understood, indeed, that preparations were making for the accommodation of at least 1000 people. The cost of this establishment has been spoken of as 1,030,000 dollars; but doubtless this is below the mark.

Some not less interesting features of these great hotels remain to be noticed. They generally print their own bills of fare, which are freshly executed with the date, daily. Their suites of hot and cold baths, their billiard-rooms, and their barbers' shops, are on a most commodious scale. The Americans appear to be

particularly punctilious as regards their hair and beard, and a frequent visit to the perquier seems an indispensable part of their personal economy. All English gentlemen in the present day—those who rely on the service of valets excepted—shave their own beard, for which purpose they take portable dressing-cases along with them on their journeys. I never could understand why the not overindulgent Americans, lodging in the great hotels, or travelling by river steam-boats, require to be shaved by professional tonsors. At all events, there, in the barber's apartment, in every hotel, are seen seated a number of gentlemen—under the hands of coloured operators. And in what luxurious attitudes!—leaning back in a couch-like chair, and the feet exalted on a velvet-covered rest, we have a picture of ease and lassitude which I should fancy is only to be matched in the dressing-rooms of nobles and princes.

Perhaps it may be expected that I should say a word on that subject of everlasting condolence—servants. I was agreeably disappointed to find that the Americans are not so badly off for domestic assistance as they are usually represented to be. A great change for the better in this respect has lately occurred, through the influx of Irish. It is wonderful to notice how soon an Irishman in a long-tailed ragged coat and patched knee corduroys, is transformed into a hotel garçon, dressed neatly in a white jacket and pants, combed, brushed, and rendered as amenable to discipline as if under the orders of a drill-sergeant. Thus smartened up, the Irish have become a most important people in the United States. Irish girls, who would fail to find an open door in London, are here received with a sigh of delight; and what American housewives and hotel-keepers would now do without them, is painful to reflect upon. It being apparently a fixed maxim in the mind of every white man and woman in the States, that domestic service is intolerable, the inpouring of Irish has solved an immense difficulty. Numerous, and spread over a wide region, this useful people have already dispossessed in a great degree the coloured race, who, consequently pushed into humbler situations, suffer, it may be presumed, an aggravation of their sufficiently unhappy lot. I found corps of coloured waiters chiefly in Canada. At only one place (Congress Hall Hotel, Albany) did I see them in any of the northern states. Whether white or coloured, the waiters in every hotel, when attending table, are marshalled into the saloon, each carrying a plated dish in his hand, the procession reminding one of the theatrical march in *Aladin*; and in the setting down, and uncovering these dishes, and walking off with the lids—the whole corps moving off in line—they obey a fugleman with that military precision, which among a people less imperturbable than the Americans, could scarcely fail to excite a certain degree of merriment.

The laundry departments of the American hotels ought not to be forgotten in the list of marvels. Placed under the management of a special clerk, who records all necessary details, the arrangements for washing, drying, and ironing would astonish any ordinary laundress. The drying is done by rapidly-whirling machines, which wring out the wet, and cause the articles to pass through currents of hot air, so as to turn them out ready for the ironer in the space of a few minutes. Depending on these aids, the American needs not to encumber himself with great loads of underclothing in his excursions. Anywhere, in an hour or two, he can get everything washed and dressed, as if he had just started from home. Arrangements for his comfort do not stop here. In New York, and generally in other large cities, the hotels, for the most part, have a range of shops or stores on the ground-floor, fronting the street, adapted to supply the wants of travellers. Articles of clothing, gloves, jewellery, umbrellas, canes, note-paper, perfumery, medicines, and so on, are found in these shops, which in one

place (Washington) I found were connected with the hotel by a back-entrance from the main corridor. An American hotel is not a house: it is a town.

W. C.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE DENOUEMENT COMES AT LAST.

It was the most genial of spring mornings when a stage-coach stopped at the Plough to set down a passenger; and the moment it stopped—perhaps a trifle before—Robert Oaklands bounded from the vehicle, and was received in the arms of the captain and Elizabeth. But even in the midst of their greetings the thoughts of the traveller went astray. How could it be otherwise? The Common lay stretched before him, that common on which he had wandered when a boy, a weary, hungry, friendless, homeless vagrant, lost in the mist that overhung the world, lost only to be found by his happy fortune! A kind of awe passed across the mind of the young man as he gazed, accompanied by a strange, vague feeling of incredulity; and it was with some difficulty he comprehended what was said to him by the captain, as they took their way along the well-known track.

'Don't be in a hurry, Bob,' said the veteran; 'walk slowly, for I have something to say; and that is why we came to meet you, for I would rather have stood at the door, to see you leap across the road into my arms, as you did when you were a lad, looking for all the world like a panther in fun. You must know'—

'My dear friend,' interrupted Robert anxiously, 'is there anything amiss? I see Sara's blind is down!'

'Yes, and Sara's eyes too, and Sara's heart lower than all. You must know that she somehow wormed out of me—and it is no easy matter, you are aware, getting into the guard of an old soldier—that I had written for you to come down to take her to task about her avarice, and hard work, and the piano, and the old frocks, and so on, and, by Jove, she had no sooner come to the fact than she was well-nigh at the fainting! No more work since then, no more eating, no more sleeping; nothing but bursts of tears, and flushed and white cheeks time about. And I can tell you, Bob, I kept as broad awake all that night as an outpost in an enemy's country, thinking she was about to play us the trick I caught you at when you were a boy. I felt sure, in fact, that Sara was going to run away! I told you what effect your scolding would have upon her; but I confess I never imagined that the mere thought of it would set her frantic. Now I wanted before you saw her to give you a hint just to draw it as mild as you can—as mild as new milk, Bob. Speak kindly to poor Sara—won't you, old fellow? You know if she is different from the other girls of the Common, it is you who made her so; and you must think of old times, and your school letters, and the dancing, and singing, and poor Molly, and be soft, and gentle, and loving to our Sara—won't you, Bob?' Bob could not speak for a moment.

'Never fear,' said he at last, with a gasp—'never fear! only come along—no use in crawling when I have good news to tell. My highest expectations have become realities; I am rich, my dearest friend—at least independent: we are all rich, all independent, all happy: come along!' He almost upset Molly when she opened the door. He flew into the parlour—it was empty; into the other sitting-room—empty too; he then bounded into the garden, while Molly, better knowing

where her young mistress was to be found, flashed up the stairs.

But Molly had no need to announce the arrival. Ashamed—mortified—crushed—Sara had seen them cross the Common; and she guessed with great accuracy the communication that was made by the captain, and even the good soul's entreaties that Robert would meet her with kindness and encouragement—her, the poor country-girl who was detected in the fact of secretly impoverishing herself to enrich the favoured lover of Miss Falcontower! But the circumstances were so desperate, that at length the pride and courage of Sara's nature were effectually roused. She rose from her seat at the window, where she had sat crushing her hands together—rose far beyond her usual height, shewing 'fearful fair,' as she gathered round her like a mantle all her feminine hauteur and virgin reserve. The interview that could not be avoided she determined to seek; and in descending the stairs to the parlour, slow, tall, and silent, she looked, with her stately step and classical head, like a vestal priestess.

When Robert bounded into the room, and shut the door behind him, it appeared to have been his intention to clasp her in his arms; but if so, he found the atmosphere that surrounded her too dense even to admit of hasty approach. Some elastic body, as viewless as the air, seemed to resist as he drew near. Her sweet but proud and defiant eyes, fixed upon his, overawed him; and when at length he took her offered hand, it was to raise it reverently to his lips.

'Dear Sara,' said he, struggling with his timidity, 'I have so much to say, I do not know how to begin! But devout gratitude'—

'Robert,' interrupted Sara, 'let us understand one another first. I have no design to evade the subject; but neither is it my intention to appropriate more of your gratitude than is my just share. In your early boyhood, my dear uncle incurred a heavy responsibility—a responsibility which has cost him since then many anxious days and sleepless nights. Recently, there appeared to come a crisis in your fortunes, which might be directed for permanent good by the aid of money. It was himself told me this; and in the beautiful simplicity of his nature, he asked my consent, as well as my dear aunt's, to his raising the necessary sum by the sale of this family property—a property to which he was himself attached with a kind of devout affection. Now, could I permit this? Could I see him wander forth from this cherished home in his old age, with his small income burdened with the rent of another? Do you blame the poor orphan, to whom he was father and mother, friends and relations, the whole world in one, for taking the sacrifice upon herself?'—

Robert was transfixed. He grew cold—frozen—torpid; and dropped her hand, as if his fingers had lost the power to hold it.

'I do not blame you,' said he at last, rousing himself; 'the action was only in accordance with the nobleness of your nature; and since you deprive me of gratitude, you cannot prevent the feeling from being replaced by admiration. But did you hope to be able to preserve concealment? Did it not occur to you that your uncle would carry out his own plan, ignorant of that being no longer necessary?'—

'I trusted,' replied Sara, with some confusion of manner, 'in—in—you; and I hope you will not fail me. Lead the conversation to the point; assure him that you are provided with funds—he stands on too much gentlemanly punctilio to press you as to their source; and so the whole thing will by and by be forgotten. As for the little deprivations I submit to, they are not worth talking of.'

'Sara,' said Robert, looking searchingly into her eyes, 'it seems to me impossible that you can think me so base as to permit such a sacrifice! But if your motive was merely to save your uncle from impoverishing



himself for my sake, did you not know that the object might have been attained by the slightest hint to me? Why submit to deprivations that were wholly unnecessary for the point you had in view? Moreover, whence was your agitation, your tears, your terror, when you found yourself on the brink of a discovery so honourable to your pious devotion? O Sara, I will not abandon hope! I will believe that—that'—

'Robert!' cried Sara, starting back in surprise and affright, 'this from you! Tell me,' she added, passionately, 'from whom did you suppose the money came?'

'From Miss Falcontower.'

'And do you, then, presume to—to—to'— But Sara, much to her shame and indignation, was interrupted by the tears that would force their way.

'Lord Luxton,' continued Robert, inhumanly rejoicing in her grief, 'in return for long-continued literary services, had promised me a public appointment of some value; but from this engagement, on discovering the meanness of my origin, he appeared disposed to withdraw. When I found, therefore, that the surprising windfall did not come from my old benefactor, and imagining it to be wholly out of the question that you could have made so terrible a sacrifice for my unworthy self, I did suspect that Miss Falcontower, who, beneath the incrustation of artificial life, has still some original nobleness of character, had taken this mode of making up so far for her father's defalcation. Lord Luxton, however, undeceived me, by mentioning that his daughter was told one evening by the family lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, of the reluctance with which he had just consented to be, in his way of business, a party in dissipating more than half of your little property! Now, Sara'—

'Robert, did you ever love the nobleness of character you talk of?'

'Always—but not the woman. My own Sara!' and he passed his arm round her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom, 'I never loved but you! I am here, not to reject your sacrifice, but to accept it. So far from returning any portion of what you have given, I demand more—all—and you, my life and hope, with it! Speak, Sara, with your own simple, truthful lips—from your own generous, noble, womanly heart—will you make me the happiest and most grateful of men?' Sara was still weeping—but what delicious tears!—still some small, ailing sobs told of the varying emotions she had undergone; and it was with a low and broken voice she answered—

'That you wish it, Robert, is happiness enough for me. The time may be distant, but I shall await it with trust in God, and implicit confidence in you.'

'The time is come—it is now!—and the work I have still to do in the world is no longer for bread, but for usefulness and distinction!'

The tone in which the conversation was pursued may now be imagined. They were seated side by side on a sofa, in the usual attitude of promised lovers, and with Wearyfoot Common in view from the window. Robert disclosed to Sara the whole details of his London life—including even the audacious kiss he had printed on the hand of Claudia, and the story—in which, however, he had been forestalled by Molly—of the spectral face seen at Mrs Margery's window. On these points, and on these alone, Sara asked no questions, and made no remark.

'Tell me,' said she at last, 'if this Heaven-sent fortune had not come, what would have been your decision on discovering the source of my anonymous gift?'

'I am afraid to answer,' replied Robert; 'for I have more than suspected that there is a hard untrusting element in my character, though not, I hope, in my nature, which I must endeavour, with your assistance, to eradicate. Your touching devotion should have shattered my flinty theory to pieces; and I hope—I

am sure—it would have done so, had you been by my side. Without you, I tremble to think how much worse I should have been than I am. You do not know what blessed influences I drew from that faint lone star so often seen above the dreary Common! You do not know what a cold dark world this would have been for me without that light of hope! The mist would never have risen from my soul, the splash of the rain would never have ceased to hiss in my ears. O Sara, think of what I was, if you do not find me all you wish! Think of that miserable boy, for whom no creature cared so much as for a stray dog, even among the unhappy crew who perhaps included her to whom he owed his being! Think of the darkness through which he wandered—of the'—

'Robert—dearest Robert—think rather that the mist is gone, the darkness dispelled, and that your star, as you call her, is shining, with all the little twinkling power she has, full upon your heart! See how green, how fresh, how beautiful is the desert Common, spangled with the small wild-flowers that peep out to greet the coming summer! Look how the sunbeams are shaken in successive showers of spray over its surface; and hark to that sweet, clear, winged voice that rises from its bosom straight up to heaven, interpreting the mute heart of the world!'

'I will, I do, my own best love!' said Robert, hiding his face on her shoulder; 'but when I think of the change, I am choked with a happiness so undeserved.' When he raised his head, the beautiful shoulder was wet, and he would have dried it in some confusion, had not Sara taken his hand gently in hers.

'Nay, beloved,' said she, with her soft, sweet voice, and fixing on him as she spoke her lofty and earnest eyes—'nay, beloved, these are sacred drops! Let them stay, and be absorbed to heaven—let us give them jointly to the God of Mercy, an offering and a vow!'

The day of Robert and Sara's return from the marriage-trip, was a great day in the village of Wearyfoot. The launch of a shay-cart was to take place—that elegant hybrid between a gentleman's gig and a business vehicle—the first that ever was seen in those parts, and one of the handsomest that ever was seen anywhere out of London. The children of both sexes, and various women with babies in their arms, were collected long before the time. With some the door of the chaise-house was the popular point of view, for there they would catch the first glimpse of it as it came forth into its circumambulatory existence; but others, with perhaps better taste, preferred clustering round the baker's shop, where there would be added a human interest to the spectacle. Not a few of the more staid and respectable of the inhabitants, who were quite above testifying any curiosity of the kind, made an errand to that part of the line of street, and lingered to converse with a neighbour about the weather; while, as a general rule, there seemed to be quite a remarkable turn out in the village, the population finding it, somehow, desirable to take a mouthful of the sweet crisp air outside their doors.

The vehicle at last came forth, and was hailed with a shout of small voices. It was a very handsome gig in front for the riders, with a long body behind for the loaves, the whole painted and varnished in green and yellow like a gentleman's carriage; and it was drawn by a horse as fat as was consistent with smartness, and with a coat as brown and sleek as you shall see in any picture of Landseer. It drew up at the shop-door, and presently there came forth the young baker and his newly-married wife. There was some little flutter and awkwardness at first in the lady's getting into so novel a position, but this was ended by the husband, a fine, stout, prompt fellow, almost lifting his spouse into the carriage, and stepping lightly in after her himself.

As Molly—for you know it was our Molly—arrayed in a silk gown, but of modest colour, took her seat for the first time, looking round upon the crowded street, and with the cheers of the boys and girls in her ears, her head swam for a moment; and when the equipage dashed off, she caught her bold young husband's arm, and two or three little nervous sobs—the last weakness of the kind—told her emotion. As they passed down the street, nods, smiles, and good wishes were sent to them from every door, for Molly was a universal favourite. And how could it be otherwise, since she was a kindly, good-tempered, frank, womanly, handsome girl, fit for the future mother of genuine English hearts—of high-spirited, generous men, and true and loving women!

Their destination was the Lodge—Simple Lodge, for by that name it shall rest in our memory—and their object was not only to felicitate and be felicitated, but to shew Master Robert how the vehicle looked he had presented to them as a marriage-gift. They drew up at the kitchen-door, and Molly having first asked leave, piloted her husband to the hall. How they were kindly invited into the parlour, and shaken by the hand; how Molly, in addition, kissed Mrs Oaklands' hands with many smiles and tears; how she wouldn't sit down on any account but at the very edge of the door; how they drank a glass of wine with bows and curtsies, and the best of wishes, and ate a bit of cake out of their own shop; and how, flattered and delighted with their reception, they very soon took their leave and descended again to the kitchen, needs not be told.

But here they encountered another visitor, who had come in when they were up stairs, and Molly, with a loud scream, threw herself upon Mrs Margery. The scream brought instantly down the young couple and Elizabeth, for the captain would hardly have entered these precincts if he had heard a military hurra; and there was not merely a new shaking of hands, but Sara clasped Mrs Margery in her arms, and kissed her with tears in her eyes. Mrs Margery, however, though now a respectable tradeswoman as well as Molly, would not be prevailed upon to go up stairs. She would go home with her old fellow-servant, and stay with her that night. She had merely come down, she said, to see the Denowment she had predicted, and planned, and watched, and waited for so long—to see it with her own eyes. She had seen it, praise be to goodness. She had found it all right—just what it ought to be, and could not help being, and she was satisfied and thankful. As Robert and Sara knew that they would be the greater part of every year in London, and had a great many affectionate plans in their minds about Mrs Margery, they thought little of the abruptness of her present visit; and so, after a little more talk, and an affectionate and respectful leave-taking, she went away, and was driven back into the village in Molly's carriage.

As soon as Robert and his wife saw the visitors out of the kitchen-door—they had already admired the equipage—they rushed up the stairs, chasing one another, and calling and laughing like boy and girl, till they found the captain.

'There is Margery! there is Margery!—to the window, dear uncle!' and the captain obeyed orders in double-quick time. But on this occasion likewise he was too late. He saw only a couple of large shawls to choose from; and the veteran, with a look of almost superstitious puzzlement, turned away from the window, muttering—

'That's very extraordinary! That is ve-ry ex-tra-ord-in-ary!—What do you think of it,' continued he, turning to his sister, 'hey, Elizabeth?'

'All authors agree,' replied the virgin, 'that the disappointments of life serve as teachings to the wise. When an individual desires to observe a comely cook or

clear-starcher, his best mode of procedure, I venture to suggest, is to open the window and look out.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'that's very true, and if I don't do so the next time she comes, may I be shot!'

All sanguine authors—and they who are not sanguine have no business to address themselves to the multitude of their kind—take the flattering unction to their souls, that they have excited an interest in their personages, sufficient to induce the reader to desire to know what becomes of them after the close of the story. It would be difficult for us, however, to satisfy this curiosity, supposing such to exist, because we have brought up the chronicle within so small a number of years of the present moment, that fate has had no time, even if she were assisted by Mrs Margery herself, to arrange their several denouements.

We may say, however, that, thanks to the Weary-foot connection, and his own skill in Grecianizing sun-bonoses, Mr Driftwood's business of cheap portrait-painting flourishes to this day; although we are sorry to add that his rascally boy still continues to be out of the way just at the moment he is wanted. The artist looks confidently to Mr and Mrs Robert Oaklands personally for a periodical addition to the number of sitters, and has not, so far, been disappointed. His friend takes the utmost care of these family portraits. They are always kept in the country, and are never permitted to be out of their cases in the lumber-room, except in compliment to the modern master himself when he comes on a visit. But Driftwood, it is said, has the prospect of a family-gallery of his own. At any rate, Miss Bloomley has taken a great notion of art, and is always bringing him sitters. Now, at her mother's death, the lodging-house in Great Russell Street will be her own; and, besides, she is herself the beau-ideal of a London girl of her rank, a fine, high-spirited, saucy, generous-hearted handsome lass—just the very person to make the good-natured artist happy, and confine his little eccentricities of genius within the line of prudence.

Mr Poring and Mr Slopper, after the fight, resumed gradually their friendly intercourse. The former has not yet attained the mark of his ambition. The difficulty is not as to a house, so much as to a landlady. He could get plenty of both, it is true; but his choice is restricted within the small number of houses where the lower classes is not admitted, and within the still smaller number of landladies who possess the qualifications of Mrs Margery—a crustaceous attachment to home, and a sufficiency of money. He has made proposals to several of the latter kind, but found them, as he declares in confidence to Mr Slopper, vulgar and senseless, and blind to their own interest, beyond belief.

Adolphus, under the management of his excellent mother, has married in his own degree of intellect and station; and if he could only believe it, is much better off than if he had obtained the hand either of Miss Falcontower or Miss Semple. As for his friend Fancourt, he was just about to accept the captain's invitation, and go down to have a run upon Wearyfoot Common, when intelligence reached him of the union of Robert and Sara. This gave the hermit a chill, and indisposed him for running. He sits in his cell for hours moralising on his wasted existence, with a void behind and before him; the latter somewhat relieved by the picturesque prospect of the gout in the midst.

Claudia Falcontower is still young in spite of years, still radiantly lovely in spite of time. She has lost her taste for public business; and for that reason Lord Luxton has retired from the political world, and is distinguished only as a connoisseur in art. Claudia has refused more than one brilliant offer of marriage since her father's succession to the peerage, and it is thought has no intention to change her condition. She is a patroness of literature, and many a struggling author, male and female, has been largely indebted to

her helping-hand; but she makes no intimates even among her protégés, and with her cold and even haughty manner, liberal heart, and exquisitely refined taste, she is a complete enigma even to those whose business is the anatomy of character. She spends the greater part of the year at Luxton Castle, and listens condescendingly to Miss Heavystoke's long stories of her former pupils, and more particularly of her last, with whom that good lady remains in constant epistolary correspondence, and to whose children she expects one day to act as governess.

Claudia likewise pays some attention to her little cousin's education: but she is not attached to children, at least in the ordinary way—they seem to make her melancholy, and she rather shuns their society. Her interest, however, was one day excited in a more than usual manner by a child she had never seen before, and would probably never see again. She was walking in Kensington Gardens, and had gone into one of the alcoves to rest, when a nurse-maid passed by with her charge. The little creature, a fine boy between three and four years of age, took her at first for his mother, and ran in crying joyfully, 'Mamma!' but when she raised her head, and he discovered his mistake, he stopped short, and shaking his brown hair from his fair brow, looked at her with eyes so calm and soft, yet so observant and penetrating, that Claudia's attention was aroused. The boy seemed to be limning her features in his own mind; till at length, with a sudden blaze from her strange eyes, she motioned him to approach. He did so with the firm step and calm self-possessed air befitting a gentleman's child; and, putting back his clustering hair from his brow, she gazed long and intently on his face. Then drawing him to her bosom, she strained him in her arms, and kissed him with such vehemence, that the child broke away and ran to his maid.

In a few minutes Claudia came forth, cold, calm, stately as usual; and her servant, who was talking with the nurse-maid, elevated his gold-headed cane, almost as tall as himself, and followed his mistress.

'Slopper,' said she indifferently, when they had walked on a few paces, 'do you know whose child that is?'

'The child, miss,' replied Mr Slopper, touching his hat with official dignity, 'is the son of Robert Oaklands, Esquire, of Harley Street and Wearyfoot Common.'

THE END OF WEARYFOOT COMMON.\*

### FITTING OUT A MAN-OF-WAR.

ONE does not go to the Highlands to shoot partridges; yet it so happened that on the 6th day of September I found myself some twenty miles north of Inverness, waking up these birds from the turnip-fields, the corn being still uncut; and with the assistance of my companions, I managed to make up a pretty good bag.

Such a confession cannot be made without an apology. Here it is. I had been staying some weeks with kind friends; and what with short excursions to places of interest in Ross and Sutherland, salmon and trout fishing, shooting deer both roe and fallow, to say nothing of wild-duck, with an occasional snipe and wood-cock, the time had passed as pleasantly as rapidly. Yet it so happened that on this particular 6th day of September, there was no chance of a fish rising or of getting near a roe. Grouse there were none. There was nothing particular to do, so we waked up the partridges until it was time for luncheon. Visions of a pleasant close to the day enlivened the walk home.

There had been some talk of music for the evening, and a return-match at four-handed chess. There was a certain sunny corner where a volume of Scott was wonderfully appreciated in the afternoon. Dinner must not be forgotten, with its accompaniments of roe-deer soup, fresh caught fish, game-pie, and venison chops hot from the gridiron, and in one of the kindest, most cheerful, and friendly parties that ever crossed the border. But, alas! the inexorable post anticipated the well-earned luncheon. A letter of ominous official form was put into my hand. The seal was broken, and I read—

'ADMIRALTY, 4th September.

'SIR—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having appointed you ——— of Her Majesty's sloop the *Saucy*, it is their Lordships' direction that you repair immediately to the superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard for your appointment, and that you report to me the day on which you shall have joined the ship. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

W. A. B. HAMILTON.

'P.S.—It is desired that you acknowledge the receipt of this letter.'

This was not the first time that a like sudden stop had been put to favourite plans by the calls of the service. So putting a good face on the matter, and scarcely knowing whether to ask for condolence or congratulation, a few things were hurried into a port-manteau, a biscuit into the pocket, a hasty good-by exchanged, and within an hour from the receipt of my letter, I was waiting at a turnpike two miles off for the northern mail to give me a passage to Inverness. This gave me an opportunity of shaking hands with an old friend, who was hurrying off with his bride to Duprobin as fast as post-horses could carry him; and what with this and the glow produced by a fast drive through the sharp, bracing air, on a bright Highland day, I was quite inclined to look on the light side of things by the time I was seated before a round of beef in the Caledonian Hotel at Inverness.

A visit to Mr McDougall at his Clan Tartan Warehouse enabled me to defy the cold of a night on the Grampians; so in another hour I was again behind four horses for a fourteen hours' drive on the mail to Perth. Skirting the Moor of Culloden, lighted by a bright moon, enlivened by a cheerful fellow-traveller, nothing could have been more pleasant than this drive, had it only been a little warmer. The dark hills looked out majestically in the moonlight, the deep shadows adding immensely to their effect; while, to crown all, about midnight a magnificent aurora borealis lighted up the northern sky, shooting up its gigantic rockets from the horizon. Then came the drive through Blair-Athol and Dunkeld, and nine o'clock saw us at the city of the Fair Maid of Perth. From this to Edinburgh, the route was easy; thence twelve hours by express-train conveyed me to London, and in due time I found myself at that most detestable of all our ports, Sheerness, looking at my future home as she lay near the pier.

The time of fitting out a ship is the most unpleasant part of the commission. One must either live in a hulk, and go backwards and forwards in boats several times a day, or take up quarters in some dirty inn ashore, until the ship is made habitable. What I wish to tell, however, is what the fitting out of a ship of war is, and I flatter myself the information, taken as a whole, will be new to most readers.

\* After a short interval, there will appear a new work of fiction by another pen, to be continued, like the above, in weekly chapters till completed.

It generally surprises any one who sees a ship of war at anchor in one of our harbours, when he is told that 1000, 500, or 150 persons, according to the size of the ship, live on board her. A corvette, with a crew of 150 men, does not appear, and really is not, larger than an ordinary merchant-ship of 500 or 600 tons, yet all these persons are boarded and lodged comfortably in their floating-home. But this is not all. The ship must carry a quantity of stores and provisions, which, if they were laid out on the shore, would fill a good-sized barn, and which any one would be apt to bet heavy odds could not be put on board the little ship. In the first place, water and provisions for the whole crew must be carried for some months, to make the ship efficient. In our case, we carried a complete supply for five months: we had fifty-three tons of water, and the weight of the tanks containing this water was eleven tons. Then the weight of beef and pork, biscuit, peas, and flour, sugar, tea, and cocoa, with other provisions, amounted to nearly twenty-five tons, the casks containing them weighing two tons and a quarter. In addition to this government supply of food and drink, the captain and officers take about seven tons of private stores for their own particular nourishment. Four tons of coal and wood; two tons of clothing, soap, candles, tobacco, &c.; two hundredweights of medical stores; and a ton and a half of rum; with more than a ton of holy-stones and sand for cleaning the decks, would fill a moderate-sized warehouse. Then when we consider the weight the good ship has to carry, we must calculate upon twenty tons of ballast, and upon sixteen or seventeen tons as the weight of the men and boys, with their clothing and bedding. The bowsprit, masts, yards, and booms weigh more than twenty-four tons; the rigging, twenty tons; and there are more than four tons of blocks only, or what are better known to landmen as pulleys. The sails weigh two tons and a half, and there is the same weight of spare sails. There are sixteen tons of iron cable, and three tons of hempen cable. Four anchors weigh together more than seven tons; the boats more than three tons and a half. Then come the eighteen guns, which weigh together twenty-seven tons; and the stores taken by the gunners for working their guns, amount to about four tons and a half. The stores taken by the boatswain and carpenter to keep the ship and her rigging in working-order, weigh more than seventeen tons. Lastly, we have three tons and a half of powder, two tons and a half of case-shot, nineteen tons of cannon-balls, two tons of shells, and two tons of musket-balls and small-arms. If all this be added together, the reader will at once see that when our little vessel floated out of Sheerness Harbour to the Nore, she carried with her more than 300 tons of valuable property.

But as a friend of ours exclaimed when we were endeavouring to impress this upon him: 'Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, can it all be put? How can you live amid such a heap of incongruous matter? Where do you all live? Where is the kitchen? Where do you sleep, and where do all the men sleep?'—These are all very natural questions, and it will require some little time to answer them.

To commence with the space 'under hatches,' as it is called, or beneath the floor of the deck on which men and officers live. Any one who knows the shape of a ship, will see, on a little reflection, that this space will be broad and deep in the centre, gradually becoming narrower and more shallow towards both head and stern. At the extreme after-end, there was a space for the captain's stores; and beneath his cabin, the bread-room, capable of holding 100 bags of biscuit, each weighing a hundredweight. Then advancing forward, and beneath two of the officers' cabins, is the slop-room, where all the cloth and duck, shoes, flannel, hats, and other articles for men's clothing, are kept. Parallel

with this, and beneath the gun-room, extending also some way into the centre of the bread-room, is the shell-room and magazine. Each of the shells is packed in a separate box, and treated with such care that no one felt uneasy, although sitting every day at meals with 110 of them only separated from his feet by a plank, with nearly three tons of powder in the magazine close by. In a space corresponding to the slop-room, on the opposite side, was the officers' store-room for provisions. Further forward, in the centre, are the lockers for shot, holding 1260 of these gentle persuaders of thirty-two pounds of cold iron. On either side of them, and of the shell-room, are holds for provisions and spirits. The nineteen tons of iron ballast are arranged just above the keel and round the lowest parts of the inside of the ship. Immediately upon these are the iron water-tanks, corresponding in shape to that of the vessel; those in the centre fixing square; those towards the sides circling at different angles. Six of the largest of these tanks hold each 600 gallons; two smaller ones, each 400 gallons; two of 200; twelve of 875; and eighteen of 110: making together forty tanks, holding 11,280 gallons, or more than fifty tons. These tanks occupy the central part of the ship, except a space reserved for the chain-cable and a small store of provisions for daily use. Further forward is a hold for the beef and pork, with another for coal and firing. Beyond this is the sail-room, where all the spare sails are kept; and, lastly, quite in the bows, the store-rooms, as they are called, but really a sort of dark cupboard, where the boatswain and carpenter keep their stores. All this is under hatches—that is to say, a hatch must be raised to get into any of these spaces. A hatch is a square piece of the floor or deck cut out, so that it can be lifted by a rig, and furnished with locks, and so made as to keep all the lower part of the ship water-tight, or nearly so.

Next comes the inhabited portion of the ship. Commencing as before, from the after-part, we had first two cabins for the captain, each extending the whole breadth of the ship. The after one was small; but with a couple of arm-chairs and a portable fireplace, was a perfect little snuggerly for him in winter, to lounge with a book or play a game at chess with one of us. The fore-cabin was much longer. At one side, doors opened into a sleeping-cabin and a large cupboard, where the charts and chronometers are kept. At the other, was an open sofa-bed place and a cabin where the steward kept all the glass, crockery, &c., for the table. The open space of the cabin was some seven paces by six, and between six and seven feet in height, being lighted by a sky-light on deck. In the centre, was a large square table, where many a jolly party of eight or ten have sat down to as good a dinner as was ever given afloat. Some well-filled book-shelves, a writing-desk, and a few chairs, with a barometer and compass, completed the furniture.

Next came the gun-room, where the gun-room officers—namely, two lieutenants, master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon—mess. This is also a square cabin, lighted by a sky-light, six paces by five, of the same height as the captain's cabin, furnished simply with a square table, a few chairs, lockers for wine, which are converted into a sort of sofa by a cushion, and drawers and glass-stands for the furniture of the table. At one side, are two cabins for the two lieutenants; at the other side, are doors opening into a narrow passage, which leads from the captain's cabin, past the gun-room, on to the lower-deck, and separates the gun-room from the cabins of the master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon; which correspond with those of the lieutenants on the opposite side of the ship, but are carried further forward. All these cabins are about six feet square. There is a bed-place with drawers beneath it, a washhand-stand, a flap which can be raised to form a table, book-shelves, a chair, and a

chest of drawers; and this completes the home of each officer. Yet it is surprising how much is stowed away in so small a space, and how much taste is often displayed in setting off one's own particular corner of the ship to the best advantage. Pictures and looking-glasses, Turkish rugs and Greek lace, velvet and gilding, are all brought into play; yet room is still found for clothes and books, the cumbersome cases of uniform, gun-cases, telescope, sextant, and the curiosities picked up at different ports, to prove our remembrance of old friends when arriving again in England.

The midshipmen's berth is on the same side as the lieutenants' cabins, just abaft the main-hatchway. It is merely a cabin some five paces square, nearly filled by a table, over which swings a lamp, and is lighted, like all the officers' cabins, by what are called bulls-eyes—prisms of glass let in through the deck. Around the table are square lockers, and on the top of these the middies sit. Of course there is no room for chairs. Some shelves above receive the sextants, glasses, desks, and books; a recess is fitted up for crockery, and the berth is complete. In this we had two mates, five midshipmen, a clerk, and a master's assistant. None of these officers sleep in cabins, but are slung at night in hammocks like the men, in a part of the lower-deck, just outside their berth, where each has his chest arranged. In this chest he must keep the whole of his dress and property, and a drawer for his washing utensils.

The lower-deck, or the space where the seamen live, cook, eat, and sleep, was 54 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches in height between the beams, and 28 feet in breadth at the broadest part. In this space, 130 seamen had to find accommodation; not only for themselves, but for the galley or kitchen, and for all the mess-tables and stools—to live by day when not on deck, and to sleep by night. It was as well supplied with light and air as is any ship of the class, but still susceptible of improvement in these respects. Along each side a number of mess-tables are arranged, each capable of accommodating a dozen men, six on each side, seated on a stool of the length of the table. Shelves arranged on the sides of the ship receive the plates and 'mess-gear,' as the cookery of the men is called. There is a good deal of pride in the show the men can make in this way, and a little rivalry between different messes. All along the beams are rows of hooks, fourteen inches apart, to which the hammocks are slung at night for the men to sleep in. The hammock is simply an oblong piece of canvas, with holes at each end, through which lines are passed, brought together, and the hammock thus hung to the hooks. It contains a hair mattress and pillow, and a blanket or two for the men, the officers adding the luxury of sheets. In the morning, every hammock is rolled up, tied into a fixed size and shape, and arranged around the bulwarks of the ship, being uncovered in fine weather, but protected, when necessary, by a covering of tarpaulin. Thus there is no sign of a sleeping-place on the lower-deck during the day, all the hammocks being above.

The galley or kitchen would sadly puzzle a shore-cook. No fire is to be seen; no joints are seen roasting. All is enclosed in a square iron case; there is a furnace below, surrounded by water, and into this sauce-pans of all shapes and sizes are let in—from the caldron which boils the soup for the whole ship's company, to the sauce-boat for the officers' fish—all boiling, baking, roasting so called, stewing, for the meals of the captain, the two officers' messes, and the whole of the men, are thus done in an iron box some five feet square, and in many ships distilled water is prepared at the same time. In some of our large troop-ships, 800 gallons of distilled water are thus prepared every day.

Such was our craft below. On deck we had eighteen 32-pounders; and aloft, the usual sails of a three-

masted, square-rigged vessel. This was our FITTING OUT. We were now ready for sea; and, with the usual complement of officers and men, we sailed where our duty called us.

### NEGLECTED TREASURES.

ALTHOUGH ourselves intensely English, we are constrained by conscience to admit, that the people of the continent of Europe do—like the 'Dougai creature'—display certain 'glimmerings' of sense. We have, indeed, been sorely tempted to entertain the idea, that if any enemy were to institute an invidious comparison between the insulars and the continentals, the verdict of an impartial judge—though, of course, on the whole greatly in favour of the superiority of the former—might possibly, on one or two points, incline to that of the latter. To be serious—it does seem strange that, whilst men of other nations should know both where to get the materials for a savoury dish, and how to cook them, the English are so blissfully ignorant on such points, that, although their woods and meadows teem with a rich abundance of wholesome, savoury, and nutritious food—from the gathering of which no law withholds their hands—they allow these treasures to perish before their eyes, and go back to their cottages to a half-meal of unattractive fare. Nay, more than this—if one skilled in such lore were to lay on the cotter's table enough of this good food to supply him and his household for a week, such is the extent of his prejudice, that, in all probability, he would throw the whole of the gift on the dung-heap, and not even suffer his pig to make its supper from it.

We speak of the Fungus tribe. Many of our readers may not be aware that, amongst almost all the continental nations, funguses afford not a mere flavouring for a delicate dish, or a pleasant sauce or pickle, but the staple food of thousands of the people; indeed, in some places, they are for several months in the year not only the staple, but the sole food of tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

Dr Badham—whose most interesting work on the *Esculent Funguses of England* we would recommend to every reader—tells us: 'In France, Germany, and Italy, funguses not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue—either fresh, dried, or variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine—is sold by the poor, and forms a valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market.' In the markets of Rome, thousands of basketfuls are sold during the season; and so extensive is the traffic in this commodity, that there is a regularly appointed officer for examining the fungi offered for sale. This officer is called *Ispettore dei Funghi*: he is a botanist, competent to pronounce whether the specimens produced are noxious or otherwise; and if he discovers in the lots submitted to him that there are any either stale or of injurious quality, he sends them under guard to be thrown into the river. Those that are pronounced saleable are then weighed, in order that a tax may be levied on them. Quantities under ten pounds in weight are not taxed.

In other Italian states, the number of fungi brought to market is equal in proportion to those sold in Rome. In Hungary, the demand is perhaps greater than elsewhere. In France, there is a strong feeling in favour of mushrooms grown in a garden or otherwise artificially cultivated, over those which spring up indigenously. We believe we are correct in stating, that the British are the only Europeans who do not extensively use these varied and valuable articles of diet. Only hear the list of good things which we neglect! Dr Badham says: 'I have indeed grieved when I reflected on the straitened condition of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks, in the

shape of *Fistulina hepatica*; *Agaricus fusipes* to pickle, in clusters under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweetbread from the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; *Hydnum* as good as oysters, which they sometimes resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb kidneys; the beautiful yellow *Chanterelle*, that *ne plus ultra* of diet growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet, nutty flavoured *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis*, where there was none to believe him; the dainty *orella*; the *Agaricus heterophyllus*, which tastes like the craw-fish when grilled; the *A. ruber* and *A. vivescens*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all—these were among the most conspicuous. Besides the above named, we hear of one species which tastes like veal; and there are very many which, like the mushroom, make most excellent ketchup and sauces.

It seems to us a pity that men who have time to spare, nay, who absolutely lack a pursuit wherewith they might fill up some hours of unoccupied time, do not set diligently to work, and fit themselves to act as *Ispettori dei Funghi*, and pronounce on the character of the specimens which may be submitted to their judgment. It would be a pursuit attended with much interest, and of much utility; pleasant in progress, and important in its end, if it enabled them to bring the rich supply of food which this tribe would afford within the reach of the population of our land; for as matters at present stand, although this yearly supply of vegetable wealth is in one sense within the reach of the poor, in another it cannot properly be said to be so; as one unlearned, who did not know the marks by which the edible species might be distinguished from the injurious, would be unwise to venture on making a meal from any individuals of a tribe among which so many species of deleterious, and some even of deadly qualities may be found.

With a view to leading to inquiry on this subject, we shall briefly state a few particulars with regard to the division and arrangement of the principal genera which rank under this order.

Fungi are divided into four sub-orders, each of which is subdivided into series, tribes, genera, sub-genera, and species. So many divisions are necessary to enable us to distinguish the varieties which this most extensive order of plants supplies. But it is not under each of these heads that we find edible species. They are confined to the two primary divisions, *Hymenomycetes*, and *Gasteromycetes*; but chiefly to a tribe or two of the former, only two genera being found of the second class which furnish any esculent fungi, and these are *Bovista* and *Lycoperdon*, or, as they are commonly called, puff-balls.

By far the largest number of edible species are found in the first tribe of the first sub-order, which is called *Pileati*, and contains all which are formed with a fleshy cap. There are six genera thus constituted which furnish fungi fit for the table; but *Agaricus* is that to which we are most indebted. The distinctive mark of this genus is, that beneath the fleshy cap lie laminated plates called gills, placed at right angles with the stem. Some of this genus are large, others small; in some the cap is flat, and in others cone-shaped, or otherwise; but all possess a cap, a stem, and gills—the stem sometimes being in the centre of the cap, as in our common meadow mushroom, and at others, eccentric.

We must now give a few particulars concerning the appearance, qualities, and modes of artificial culture of some amongst the various species of these different genera; and if we should in our way supply a choice recipe or two for cooking these treasures of the wood and wild, we hope it will but make our paper the more acceptable.

And first, as regards the sub-order *Pileati*. We have said that it furnishes six genera in which edible fungi are

to be found. These are—1. *Agaricus*; 2. *Cantharellus*; 3. *Polyporus*; 4. *Boletus*; 5. *Fistulina*; 6. *Hydnum*. The second tribe, *Clavati*, furnishes us with but one genus, *Clavaria*, in which edible species exist; but in this one all the species are good to eat. The third tribe of the *Pileati mirvati* supplies us with those dainty articles of food, morels, as well as with the genus *Helvella*, in which are two excellent kinds much resembling them. The fourth tribe, *Cupulati*, gives us but one genus, *Peziza*, in which is but one esculent species. These are all belonging to the first division, *Hymenomycetes*; of those which are comprised in the second, *Gasteromycetes*, we have before spoken.

From *Agaricus*, however, as we have said, comes our chief crop. Under this head we find mushrooms of great beauty and variety, both in form and colouring: some are white, tinged with violet, brown, yellow, pink, or some other delicate tint; others pure white: some are brown, and some nearly black. In texture, they vary as much as in size, form, or hue; some being as fragile as to yield to the touch of a finger, whilst others are so tough and firm as to withstand a strong attack. The *A. procerus*, or shaggy *Agaricus*, is very large; its cap, which is very fleshy, is campanulate, and covered with a velvety red-brown skin, with a pinkish silky edge. This species may be commonly found in gardens, hedge-banks, and pasture-grounds in the autumn, springing up in solitary state. It is called *Fungo parasola*, from the form of its cap, and its being elevated on a high stalk, which latter characteristic has given it also the title of *Fous de la gambe lunga*. Paulet says of this kind: 'Elle est d'une saveur très agréable, et d'une chair tendre, très délicate et très bonne à manger.' The ketchup from this is said to be superior to that of our favourite *A. campestris*, which is a species too well known to need our notice.

Then, besides these we have named, there are several species concerned in the necromantic work of making those magic circles in the grass which were conceived in days of yore to mark the spot where the fairies had danced.

On drops of dewy grass,  
So nimbly we do pass;  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

One of these fairy followers is *A. prunulus*, called by the French *Meuceron*, a large buff fungus of a pleasant flavour, and smelling like fresh meat. Another is *A. oreades*, especially honoured by the title of Fairy-ring *Agaric*—a tough little sprite, of a pretty cream colour, and not exceeding an inch in the diameter of its *pileus*, or cap. This is the *Champignon*, a most delicious mushroom, but looked on with much suspicion in England, on account of a strong resemblance it bears to one or two members of its family of ill repute—indeed, suspected to be of murderous propensities. *A. Georgii*, St George's Mushroom, is another of fairy-ring celebrity. This is called White Caps, and a stout fellow he is, and worthy of being named after the great champion of England—at least if size is to be considered, for one is on record of 5 pounds 6 ounces in weight, and measuring 43 inches in circumference, and another of 14 pounds in weight: it is called in France *Boule de Neige*. This huge fungus is not only found forming part of fairy-rings, but also near haystacks and buildings, as well as in woods. Our common mushroom is a denizen of these rings, as is also *A. orella*, a most delicate and elegant little plant, of purest white throughout, its irregularly lobed cap with smooth undulating edges, and its stem often eccentric. The skin which covers the cap is in dry weather as soft and smooth to the touch as kid. According to Vilitadini, this is 'senza dubbio uno di migliori funghi indigini.'



*A. personatus*, a very pretty fungus, called in England blewits, by which name it is sold in Covent Garden Market, is the last on our list of ring-making fungi. Its cap is from 2 to 6 inches broad, of pale brown, or sometimes violet-tinted, with which colour the gills and bulbous-rooted stems are also tinged. It is said to have a flavour of veal, and should be dressed 'en papillotes with savoury herbs, and the usual condiments, and the more highly seasoned the better.' But although we here close our list of fairy-ring agencies, there are in this genus many more of the edible species which we have no room to enumerate.

The elegant genus *Cantharellus*—distinguished from the agarics by having veins in the place of gills—provides us with but one edible species. This *C. cibarius* is found clustering on the ground in pine and other woods, associated with puff-balls, *Boletus edulis*, and other good things, but exceeding them all in beauty. It is in all its parts of a delicate apricot colour, of which fruit it is said to have also the odour. The chanterelle is its elegant common name; and it may be found from June to October growing in circles, or segments of a circle. At first, it assumes the shape of a minute cone; next, in consequence of the rolling in of the margin as it unfolds, it becomes first hemispherical, finally depressed and irregular, its stem being usually eccentric. This fungus may be stewed or minced, either by itself or with meat; but the common people in Italy either dry or pickle it, or else keep it in oil for winter use. This is one of the few species occasionally used in England. Badham reports: 'No fungus is more popular than the above, though their merits, nay, the very existence of such a fungus at home, is confined to the freemasons, who keep the secret! Having collected a quantity at Tunbridge Wells this summer, and given them to the cook at the Calverley Hotel to dress, I learned from the waiter that they were not novelties to him; that, in fact, he had been in the habit of dressing them for years on state occasions at the Freemason's Tavern.' The chanterelle is as abundant as it is elegant, growing among moss under forest-trees, or starting up from the accumulations of decaying 'needles' in pine-woods with equal freedom.

Of the genus *Polyporus*—so named from the multitude of pores which constitute its reproductive organs—England produces but one esculent species: this is *P. frondosus*, the 'leafy polyporus,' and this one not very commonly. It is found on the roots of oaks in October, and grows to an immense size, sometimes attaining a weight of 80 pounds or more. Berkeley states that 'Clusius had seen in Hungary masses 3 feet high. Woodward found a mass 2 feet broad, and the tiled lobes near the tree more than 6 inches deep.'

But though England produces but one polyporus which our botanists represent as edible, Italy supplies the deficiency; for there and in other parts of the continent several of our rejected species are eagerly sought out and eaten; and, moreover, there are some valuable species which our land does not furnish: amongst others, *P. tuberaster* and *P. corylinus*, both of which, from the singularity of their mode of culture, deserve notice. The former 'springs from the *Pietra fungifera*—a compact argillaceous tufa, in which its spores are imbedded. It is produced by watering a block, and keeping it at a sufficiently high temperature—that is, from 65 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit—when a crop of mushrooms will come up in about six weeks, and continue to be produced at intervals of about three months.' The other species, *P. corylinus*, grows on the trunk of the cob-nut tree. 'It is excellent for food—so excellent, as seldom to find its way into the Roman markets, being generally disposed of, like other choice funguses, in presents.' To grow this artificially, you are to cut a block from the tree towards the root, fire it over a little lighted straw till singed, then water it

and put it by in a cave or cellar, when the whole stump will shortly become covered with funguses, which are reproduced in several successive crops. The stumps suitable for producing these fungi are sold in the Roman market at 6s. or 7s. each.

The genus *Boletus* supplies two valuable species—*B. edulis* and *B. scaber*, both of which grow under oaks or in woods in summer and autumn. Berkeley says of the former: 'Though neglected in this country, it appears to be a most valuable article of food. It resembles very much in taste the common mushroom, and is quite as delicate.' He tells us that it may be cultivated by merely watering the ground under oak-trees with water in which a considerable quantity of these fungi have been allowed to ferment; but adds, that it is necessary to fence round the ground, on account of the extreme love which pigs and deer have for them.

*Fistulina hepatica*—so called from a supposed resemblance which the adult plants bear to the liver—is a treasure indeed, though, alas! too much neglected. Springing from the wood of oaks, elms, willows, and other trees, it at first appears of a rich vermilion tint, which deepens with age. It sometimes attains an enormous size, having been found of thirty poundweights. In flavour, it is said, when grilled, closely to resemble broiled meat with pickle, for there is an acid taste in the flesh which makes it meat and sauce in one.

The genus *Hydnum* supplies an esculent which, 'when well stewed,' says Badham, 'is an excellent dish, with a slight flavour of oysters. It makes also a very good *purée*.'

We must not close this slight account of the esculent fungi of England without a word about that valuable species the truffle (*Tuber cibarium*), which ranks under this division. Truffles are found under the surface of the ground in various parts of Europe, as well as in India and Japan. In England and Scotland, they are chiefly found in beech-woods. They are rough irregular nodules, from one to two or more inches in diameter, the surface cracked into warts. 'Truffles,' says Berkeley, 'are much sought for as a luxury, and are hunted by dogs trained for the purpose, or by swine.' Rees von Essenbach records an instance of a poor cripple boy who could detect truffles with a certainty superior even to that of the best dogs, and so earned a livelihood. Truffles are brought to table either simply boiled, or stewed in various forms.

We would now, in conclusion, ask the candid reader, whether, if all this be true—which we assure him, to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is—we assume too much in saying, that, in the fungus tribe, England possesses a treasure which she too much neglects? and whether those who wish well to the community at large, would not do wisely to enable themselves to pronounce on the character of those fungi which abound throughout the country—that they who are free enough from prejudice to be willing to avail themselves of the abundant yearly supply of food which it has pleased God graciously to bestow, may not be deterred by the impossibility which at present exists of deciding whether that which is offered to them is nourishing food or deadly poison?

We have said but little of the wonderful mode of development of this tribe, the manner in which a living and nutritious mass springs from the decaying trunk of a dead tree, the hard tufa-rock, or the dried and exhausted animal excretions which have lain for months under the influence of drenching rains and scorching sunbeams. The workings of the Creator are indeed to us unfathomable. Few things among the works of creation are more mysterious than the manner in which fungus-life is made to permeate all nature. 'Nothing perishes in nature,' says Dr Badham; '*destructio unius matrix alterius*: life may change titles, but never becomes extinct: so soon as the more perfect

plant dies, a host of other vegetable existences, hitherto enthralled by laws of an organisation superior to their own, now that the connection has been severed, put forth their separate energies, and severally assert their independence: the poplar may have perished, root, stem, and branch, but its extinction is only the signal for other existences, which had been heretofore bound up and hid within its own, to assert themselves; and accordingly a polyporus sprouts out here, here a *Thelephora embellishes* the dead bark, and here an agaric springs out of the decaying fibres of its head; these in turn also decay; but as they languish away, they moulder into a new kind of fungus-life, of an inferior type to the last, as if their own vitality were inferior in kind to that of the decayed poplar whence they lately issued.'

#### LOST ON DARTMOOR.

Few roam the heath e'en when the sun,  
The golden sun, is high;  
And the leaping laughing streams are bright,  
And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills  
Descends the giant cloud,  
And the lightning leaps from tor to tor,  
And the thunder-peal is loud:

Heaven aid that hapless traveller, then,  
Who o'er the wild may stray,  
For bitter is the moorland storm,  
And man is far away!

CARRINGTON.

We often hear of the 'green lanes of Devonshire;' and truly those to whom they are familiar, who have threaded their windings, and plucked the beautiful flowers and waving ferns that grow so luxuriantly in their hedges, will not be inclined to depreciate their loveliness. Mention is more rarely made of the wilds of Dartmoor, albeit the poet Carrington has sweetly sung their many charms, and woven into spirit-stirring verse the time-honoured legends that give an additional touch of romance to many a rugged tor and quaking bog. For the lover of the picturesque, for the true worshipper of nature, who delights to escape from the din of cities and the crush of crowds, to roam where mortal foot hath rarely been, or climb the trackless mountain with the wild flock, free as the pure breath of heaven that plays around its base, and kisses its crested top—those eloquent solitudes will ever have numberless attractions; whilst to the chafed spirit, and the heart over which deep shadows brood, they afford soothing and solace; for even the little wild-flowers that stud the heath, and are so exquisitely fashioned, speak with a still small voice of the goodness of the Great Designer, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Dartmoor is a granitic table-land, in the south-western part of the county of Devon. It is twenty miles in length, with an average breadth of eleven or twelve, and towards the north attains its greatest elevation in Cawsand Hill, which is 1792 feet above the sea-level. Instead, however, of being a flat expanse like Salisbury Plain, the ground is most uneven—here sinking into deep ravines, and there rising into gigantic tors; indeed, it has not inaptly been compared to the 'long rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and powerful impulse.' The younger Carrington, in speaking of the scenery met with in a walk from Shaugh Bridge to Sheep-Tor, describes it as follows:—'Huge crumbling rocks are piled on each other in fearful array, and some are half suspended in air. At irregular distances tower several craggy knolls, composed of disjointed masses of granite, hurled together in magnificent confusion, as if the genius of earthquake had stridden in wrath along the

hills, and these were the traces of his mighty footsteps. The rocks, however, are everywhere rendered beautiful by the magic hand of nature, which has clothed them with lichens of a thousand hues, and hung their shivered scalps with wreaths of the flaunting woodbine. Here and there the vagrant fancy may picture ruined donjon keeps, whose only banner is now the purple heath-bell, or the gorgeously speckled foxglove—watch-towers, whose only warder's voice is the hum of the summer bee revelling in the cup of a drooping wild-flower—and cathedral choirs, whose only anthem is the lonely chant of a hermit-bird.'

Tors innumerable throw their dark shadows athwart the moorland. The word 'tor' is Celtic, and signifies a beacon or fire-tower; and many of them—such as High Tor, South Brent-Tor, Three-Barrow-Tor, and Cawsand-Tor—were formerly used as such. Those who take the trouble to scale their rocky heights, are amply rewarded. Standing, for instance, on Three-Barrow-Tor, the eye, rapid as thought, can traverse the distance from Portland, in Dorsetshire, to the Lizard, in Cornwall. It also takes in at a glance the Blackdown Hills in Somersetshire, and the South-Hams of Devon, Plymouth Sound, with the adjacent scenery, and the British Channel. 'Sheep-Tor's dark brown rock' towers majestically aloft from a base covering 100 acres. Half-way up is a grotto, in which are seats and a spring of the purest water to refresh the wayfarer. In the mind of the peasant this is associated with the Pixies, or Devonshire fairies, whose palace he believes it to be; and he seldom withdraws without depositing some estate as an offering. It is related that an artist took refuge here during the Civil Wars, and adorned the walls with paintings, since which time it has been the occasional resort of gipsies and smugglers. In the tor itself are small deposits of silver, lead, copper, cobalt, and manganese, whilst in the river below, 'prills of gold' have been found; indeed, a miner is said to have obtained, some years ago, a sufficient quantity to sell for about £40 in Plymouth. The granite of Dartmoor contains felspar crystals of unusual size, and is much valued for the largeness of the blocks, as well as for its durability and fineness of texture. It is transported from the quarries by means of the Dartmoor railroad, which passes through a beautiful country, and has a length of more than twenty-five miles. This railroad, or tramroad, was opened for traffic 26th September 1823.

A great number of rivers have their origin in the water-absorbing soil of Dartmoor; indeed, no fewer than fifty-three streams of all sizes may be reckoned. After rain, many of these acquire a dark-brown coffee colour; hence the names Cherrybrook, Blackbrook, Redfordbrook, &c. The romantic Dart, the sylvan Plym, the Teign, and the Tavy, from which the Moor, as well as the towns of Plymouth, Teignmouth, and Tavistock, severally derive their names, all rise in this highland region. The prison at Prince Town is well worth inspection; its site is 1400 feet above the sea-level. At one time during the war, 10,000 prisoners were confined within its walls. The botanist will find in Dartmoor a welcome banquet. The ground is in many places covered with rich masses of vegetation, composed of lichen and moss, relieved by the purple glow of the heath (*Erica*), which here flowers in every variety. The beautiful round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) sparkles like a thousand diamonds, the delicate white stone-crop (*Sedum album*) with its wax-like petals, the tormentilla, the elegant polygala, the thyme-leaved speedwell (*Veronica serpyllifolia*), the modest eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), the dwarf red-rattle (*Pedicularis sylvatica*), the rose-coloured blossoms of the bog-pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), the yellow flowers of the bog-asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), and the little white bed-straw (*Galium saxatile*), each breathing a poetry of its own, vie with each other in adorning this carpet of nature's weaving. The gay furze (*Ulex Europæus*) is not

unfrequently seen covered with the parasitic dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*); whilst high up on the rugged tor, lichens, mosses, and clustering ivy, still paint the sterile soil. Here and there occur rings formed of irregular masses of granite, which are supposed to be the ruins of British round-houses, though some contend for Druidical remains, or sheep-enclosures; and there are doubtless a few who believe that none but the Pixies could have made those mystic circles. Throwing himself on the ground, the tourist is soon lost in contemplation—a brook is bubbling at his feet, the wild picturesque Moor, one rocky crag piled upon another, is all around; the light clouds flit across the summer sky; and here, where erst the early inhabitants of this island lived their wild life, he wonders what strange hands shaped and placed those crumbling stones.

It was on a fine afternoon last summer, when the weather seemed completely settled, that I set out with a friend upon a country walk, intending to return by way of the Moor; not a cloud dimmed the blue vault of heaven to the utmost verge of the horizon. We took the road to Ivy Bridge, and after examining the stupendous railway viaduct, with its massive granite piers, about which many a doleful prophecy was uttered before the railway was opened, and which, for the credit of the seers, should long since have tottered down, bringing with them railway, train, and passengers, to meet a worse fate than the Philistines whom Samson slew at his death; and after watching the Erme as, swollen by the rains, it danced and foamed over its rocky bed, and rushed madly on through the village, as if impatient to mingle its waters with the sea, we pushed up its wooded banks to Harford Bridge, and then getting on the Moor, made direct, as we supposed, for Ugborough Beacon. But evening was now throwing around her sombre shadows, and the thick fog, till then seen in the distance, advanced like an evil spirit, creeping over the highest hills, and descending into the deepest valleys. Rain pours down, the gloom increases, landmarks disappear, and all is now a waste as trackless as the Great Sahara. There is no moon to give its cheering light, nor pole-star to indicate the north. Through bog and brier, for many a mile, we wend our weary way. Hour after hour wings its flight, and brings us no nearer deliverance, till at length we strike into a road, rough and rugged, it is true, but still a *bond fide* road, in which ruts are deeply marked; hope revives, and we plod along its devious path, conjuring up many a tale of those who had lost themselves and perished on the Moor. The road, however, proves but a snare and a delusion, coming abruptly to a termination, after leading us further than ever from our route. But hark! a glad sound strikes upon the ear: it is the gush of water. We near the spot, and lo! a broad stream ripples over its pebbly bed; it is a river, perhaps the Erme; and according to the wise suggestion of my friend, after ascertaining which way it flows, we follow its welcome guidance, lighted here and there by the glowworm's friendly lamp. It is, however, no easy task to walk along its banks—here through yielding bog, and there over rough rocks and yawning chasms; but perseverance conquers; and just as the gray dawn begins to streak the heavens, we arrive, faint and weary, at Harford Bridge.

It is well to be acquainted with the fact, that when lost on Dartmoor, the best chance of escape is to follow the course of a river, or some tributary stream. The wanderer should descend into a valley, for there either one or the other can generally be found, and thus he may procure an unerring guide, which will sooner or later lead him to cultivated land and the habitation of man; otherwise, in endeavouring to find his way, he may walk round and round, and, like the doomed in the Grecian Tartarus, never arrive, with all his labour, nearer the attainment of his object. Many have thus

till they have died of fatigue and inanition; and in a snow-storm, when the plan just mentioned cannot be put in practice, or at least not so easily, there is little hope of deliverance; an instance of which occurred only last winter, when the soldiers from Prince Town were sepulchred in the drifting snow.

In the neighbourhood of the Moor, many tales may be heard of those who have lost their lives on the wild waste. A tradition has existed time out of mind, and which I have heard with various amplifications, of the melancholy fate of a bold hunter, the Nimrod of the Moor, who loved the mountain chase and mountain liberty, but was at last overwhelmed in a snow-storm. Even now, the shuddering peasant likes to tell the story.

And when the Christmas tale goes round  
By many a peat fireside,  
The children list, and shrink to hear  
How Childs of Plymstocke died!

It was a cheerless winter-morning, lowering, and ominous of snow and storm, that the rash huntsman resolved to range the forest in search of the noble red deer; but nothing daunted, and followed by a goodly company, he led the way.

With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout  
The old Tor hurried by;  
And they startled the morn with the merry horn,  
And the stanch hound's echoing cry!

The moorland eagle, the hawk and the raven, were scared from their prey, whilst on dashed the daring band, through rock-strewn glen and the river's bed.

But gallantly that noble deer  
Defies the eager throng;  
And still through wood, and brake, and fen,  
He leads the chase along.

Meanwhile, the wind whistles and howls around the old tors; now coming in fitful gusts, and then dying away in low murmurs, as if retreating to some rocky cavern, there to gather strength. The huntmen take warning, and one by one fly to shelter, till all are gone, and Childs pursues his way alone across the darkening Moor.

He threaded many a mazy bog,  
He dashed through many a stream;  
But spent, bewildered, checked his steed,  
At evening's latest gleam.

For, far and wide, the highland lay  
One pathless waste of snow;  
He paused—the angry heaven above,  
The faithless bog below.

Alas! will he never more lead on his merry huntsmen, nor hear the hound's deep bay? Must he in the hey-day of manhood perish in that awful solitude? Though stout of heart and strong of limb, he can go no further.

He paused—and soon through all his veins  
Life's current feebly ran;  
And, heavily, a mortal sleep  
Came o'er the dying man.

With the love of life yet strong, he tries a last resource: he kills his horse, in which, when disembowelled, he hopes to find warmth and shelter.

And on the ensanguined snow that steed  
Soon stretched his noble form—  
A shelter from the biting blast,  
A bulwark to the storm.

But all in vain. The envious snow drifts deeper and deeper around the lifeless horse, and his hapless master resigns himself to the fate that is now inevitable.

Yet one dear wish, one tender thought,  
Came o'er that hunter brave—  
To sleep at last in hallowed ground,  
And find a Christian's grave.

And ere he breathed his latest sigh,  
And day's last gleam was spent,  
He with unfaltering finger wrote .

His bloody testament:—

'The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave,  
The lands of Plymstoke they shal have.'

It is said that this happened near Fox Tor. Childe, being without family, had previously resolved to endow that church with his lands in which his body should at last repose. The monks of Tavistock hearing of his melancholy end, hastened to seize the corpse, and so possess themselves of the property. They soon learned, however, that some people of Plymstoke were stationed at a certain ford with the intention of rescuing the remains of the huntsman from the wily Benedictines; upon which the latter caused a bridge to be thrown over the river, known afterwards as Guile Bridge. The monks finally accomplished their object, and retained possession of the lands till the dissolution of monasteries, when they were made over to the Russel family.

I will select only one more story, which must bring this paper to a close. A shepherd, whilst one day seeking some stray members of his flock, stumbled upon the emaciated body of a sailor, which to all appearance had remained for some weeks undiscovered. The head rested on a small bundle, whilst at the feet lay outstretched a dog, which had shared his master's fate. Carrington has a poem on this touching scene. It commences:

He perished on the Moor! The pitying swain  
Found him outstretched upon the wide, wide plain;  
There lay the wanderer by the quivering bog,  
And at his foot his patient, faithful dog.

The poet then goes on, as fancy dictates, to describe the sailor's deeds of daring in other lands, and how he

—Nobly dared, in danger's every form,  
The ocean battle and the ocean storm;  
Undaunted stood where on the blood-red wave  
The death-shot pealed among the English brave;  
Or scaled the slippery yard, where, poised on high,  
As the dread lightning burned along the sky,  
He fearless hung, though yielding to the blast  
Beneath him groaned the rent and trembling mast.

At last 'all danger's o'er,' he reaches his native land, and, with swelling heart and rapid foot, he presses on across the untrodden Moor, to the well-remembered spot where stands his native village, with its much-loved church, and, in imagination, he even hears the music of its bells. Many other pleasant dreams beguile his lonely way; but, alas!

Illusions all! down rushed the moorland night;  
He met the mountain tempest in its might.  
No guide to point the way, no friend to cheer;  
Gloom on his path, the fateful snow-storm near!

All by-gone perils he encountered in company with hearts as dauntless as his own, and

'Twas sympathy that all his toils assuaged.

But now he is alone with his faithful dog; he has no compass, and wanders about in the thickening storm, until, overcome with fatigue and sleep, he lies down to rise no more, his dog still watching by his side.

Thrice gallant brute! that through the weary day  
Shared all the perils of the lonely way;  
Faced the fierce storm, and, by his master's side,  
In the cold midnight, laid him down and died!

And so both master and dog took a long, long rest, and there remained through many a wintry day, till the good peasant stumbled upon them, and pitied the fate of the hapless sailor—

So cold, so pale, so shrunk that manly brow,  
That lip so mute, that eye so rayless now.

The highland shepherd, though his help came all too late to stay the cold hand of death, did what he could—

He saw and felt, and mourning at the doom  
Of the poor stranger, bore him to his tomb  
In the lone moorland church-yard: yet no stone  
Records his name—his home, his race, unknown;  
And nought remains of him in village lore  
But this sad truth: he perished on the Moor!

#### THE VAMPIRE BAT.

Ijorra shot a large bat of the vampire species, measuring about two feet across the extended wings. This is a very disgusting-looking animal, though its fur is very delicate, and of a glossy, rich maroon colour. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth, looking like that of a miniature tiger. It has two long and sharp tusks in the front part of each jaw, with two smaller teeth, like those of a hare or sheep, between the tusks of the upper jaw, and four, much smaller, between those of the lower. There are also teeth back of the tusks, extending far back into the mouth. The nostrils seem fitted as a suction apparatus. Above them is a triangular, cartilaginous snout, nearly half an inch long, and a quarter broad at the base; and below them is a semicircular flap, of nearly the same breadth, but not so long. I suppose these might be placed over the puncture made by the teeth, and the air underneath exhausted by the nostrils, thus making them a very perfect cupping-glass. I never heard it doubted, until my return home, that these animals were blood-suckers; but the distinguished naturalist, Mr T. R. Peale, tells me that no one has ever seen them engaged in the operation, and that he has made repeated attempts for that purpose, but without success. I observed no apparatus proper for making a delicate puncture. The tusks are quite as large as those of a rat, and, if used in the ordinary manner, would make four wounds at once—producing, I should think, quite sufficient pain to awaken the most profound sleeper. Never having heard this doubt, it did not occur to me to ask the Indians if they had ever seen the bat sucking, or to examine the wounds of the horses that I had seen bleeding from this supposed cause. On one occasion I found my blanket spotted with blood, and supposed that the bat, having gorged himself on the horses outside, had flown into the house, and fastening himself to the thatch over me, had disgorged upon my covering, and then flown out. There was no great quantity of blood, there being but five or six stains on the blanket, such as would have been made by large drops. I presumed, likewise, from the fact of the drops being scattered irregularly over a small surface, that the bat had been hanging by his feet to the thatch, and swinging about. The discovery of the drops produced a sensation of deep disgust; and I have frequently been unable to sleep for fear of the filthy beast. Every traveller in these countries should learn to sleep with body and head enveloped in a blanket, as the Indians do.—*Herdan's Valley of the Amazon.*

#### INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.

The plants selected—a group of geraniums and a rose-tree—were planted in two rather deep boxes of garden mould, previously prepared with some chemical manure, and were then covered with glass-shades. Mr Herbert proceeded to pour over the roots, from a small watering-pot, a chemical mixture, which caused a great heat, as was shewn by an intense steam of vapour evolved within the shades, and allowed to some extent to escape through a small hole in the top, which at first was kept closed. The effect upon the geraniums was almost instantaneous, the buds beginning to burst in five or six minutes, and the plants being in full bloom within ten minutes, when the blossoms were gathered by Mr Herbert, and distributed amongst the ladies present.—*Year-book of Facts.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## OLD LETTERS.

No two words could well be brought together, out of which a more pregnant meaning might be gleaned, than the above. Old letters! the very intonation of our voice as we utter them startles us. They summon up anew the long silent echoes of sounds heard only in that once world of youth—a chaos now—out of which we have passed; till, rising bodily before us, in this our later sphere, like severe rebuking spectres, come all buried joys, dead loves, sworn and forsworn friendships, and irreconcilable hates. Drag yonder chest from among the cobwebs that have gathered about it for thirty mortal years; take down the rusted key from the nail where it has hung so long. Does it grate and jar in the unused lock? What of that? The sound is significant, in perfect unison with the tone that shall vibrate through the heart's most secret chords when the mournful lid is lifted, and the indwelling spirit invoked, and the hollow sepulchre laid bare. But, courage! raise the groaning lid, and dive beneath the accumulated rubbish for the long-hoarded and long-neglected packet. Lay out, one by one before you, the motley muster-roll that holds in record the startling fictions of a life. Pah! a smell as of damp mould hangs about it like a charnel. A brave hand is needed to unloose the string: the knot resists, as though it felt the mercy of delay. But old men lack patience, and so you cut the Gordian-knot. Now, look as in a mirror, and behold. Ay, take them in order. Here is number one. The hand is bold and free, and bespeaks a heart at once frank and honest. This letter is signed Andrew. Knew you of such a name in your warm-blooded youth? Read, and tax your memory:—

MY DEAR GERVAIS—I write to you once more in the vain hope of a reply. Our school-days and school-boy promises seem to have died out together—at least on your part. Why is this? I can hardly shape my fears—but, Gervais, to speak plainly with you, I believe you love my cousin Alice. But whatever be the cause of your silence, I entreat you to end it, and to write to me; anything is better than this dead blank between us two who were once such sworn friends. If my surmise is right, pray, pray be open with me, Gervais: more, far more, hangs upon your answer than you dream of. I am too much agitated to write further. Your faithful friend,

ANDREW DUNCAN.

Be calm, old man; keep a quiet eye upon the records. What! trembling and abashed already? Does the first link of the chain electrify you? Pooh, pooh! courage. See, here is number two—a hand small and delicate, written, doubtless, with a dainty

crow-quill. These two handwritings have a strange and touching resemblance, like those of children brought up together under one roof. Was the boy the teacher of the girl? or can there be cousinship in caligraphy?

MY BELOVED GERVAIS—My cousin Andrew was here yesterday. He again questioned me closely about you, and left me in much agitation. There is some mystery between you two which I am unable to unravel. I cannot quite think with you that it is well to keep our engagement so entirely a secret; but your wishes are, and shall ever be, mine. I send this in haste, and by a trusted hand. Ever your devoted,

ALICE BLAIR.

Here follows a long hiatus. You know what comes next. The paper is black-bordered, the seal is black. It is a polite and punctilious invitation to attend the funeral of your school-friend and college-chum, Andrew Duncan. How cold it reads—like death! How unlike the hurried words leaping up from that heart now so cold and still. It gives you breathing-time. How do you employ the respite? Old man, your hands are before your face. Do you plead guilty? No!—'No, no!' you groan; 'not to this, not surely to his death; yet guilty—Oh, most guilty!' I see it all. You suspected—nay, in your secret soul, you *knew*—he loved his cousin Alice, the playmate of his childhood, the maiden-dream of his youth. But you shunned him; you shut your eyes to the knowledge. You played the craven; you quietly and secretly took the crown from his life, and set it on your own. And what was the issue to your friend? His fate in love sealed, he turned to ambition. The tale is brief enough: undue mental application, college honours heaped thickly upon him, a smile of mournful triumph, brain fever, and—death!

So many years have passed since that time, so entirely is your present man another than your past, that you wonder now, looking with strange eyes on your then world of thought and action, how such things could have been. You feel sure that you would act differently—with a nobler, higher intent, a more self-sacrificing spirit, were the thing to be done anew, the life lived over again. You see very clearly now, since the issues are before you, and each separate fate worked out, that a little plain-speaking, a little candour, a small amount of faith in yourself, a modicum of courage to meet the worst that might befall, and, above all, a spirit of reliance thirsted for, prayed for, and obtained from above, might have held together, in mutual dependence, those dropped links of happiness whose falling away so mars the beautiful chain of life. Even humanly and selfishly speaking, all might have gone equally well with you—your love-suit prospered, your

friend been reconciled, had all been conducted openly and fairly. Andrew was a youth of good promise: had you honestly told him how it stood with you, and at once shewn that Alice's affections, unconsciously drawn towards you, had justified your suit, he would at least have been spared the half-seeming and half-real treachery of his friend, and might have found a later peace in your counsel and companionship when, beneath the gentle touch of time, the barbed head of the arrow should have become a little worn down. So we can reason who stand apart, secure and out of the pale of those temptations which beset us in youth. Could we, as actors, reason thus when the time for action is before us, how few would be the follies, to say nothing of the crimes, committed in the world!

But let us dismiss this phase of error; let the worm of conscience drag it down, as a dead leaf, to serve possibly a similar purpose with the dropped autumnal foliage, in becoming the nutriment of an after and healthier state of being. Yonder lies a packet, to whose bulk other hands, your own included, have contributed. The characters writ by the strange hands are clear and legible; yours alone are blurred, blotted, scrawled, and interlined. Why, what have we here? The rise and progress of a duel!—a thing in these days almost done to death by the loud voice of public opinion, sound rationality, and, above all, Christian teaching. But stay, here is an interloper—a letter slipped by some mischance out of a different packet, and crept in among the terrors of this, like a blessing dropped unaware from lips accustomed but to cursings. It is from some forlorn recluse, some 'undone widow,' returning a mother's broken heart of thanks for a small yearly stipend bestowed on her and her children by one Gervais Headstrong. Friend Gervais, your eyes are glistening through your moistened spectacles as they meet this widow's mite of prayer and heart-blessing! Feel you not warmed and comforted to the core? Seems not your hearth more glowing, the very room where you sit and ponder more pleasant and cheery than its wont? Without, do not the very trees, bare, ice-blasted winter though it be, bud, and leaf out, and blossom before the genial warmth of one good deed? My life on it, they do, old man! And now, once more to the packet. The first on the list is a fair and business-like epistle: it runs thus:—

SIR—Yours of this morning, favoured by your intended second, Captain F., duly reached me. I accept your challenge, the time and place of your own naming. The friend who bears this is authorised to act for me in this matter, and will arrange with yours all necessary preliminaries. I am, Sir, yours, &c., ARTHUR BURT.

Passing by the remainder of those epistles which arrange, in formal and prescribed terms, the work of 'honourable' murder, let us glance at your own effusions, not those intended for the world's eye, but one written rather with a forecasting mental reference to—your (widow) that may be.

MY BELOVED WIFE—When this reaches you, it is but too probable that I shall have breathed my last. My friend, Captain F., will explain to you all the particulars of this unfortunate affair, and you will, I trust, feel that I have been in no way to blame in the matter, but have only acted as every man must act to whom the honour of his hearth is sacred. The insinuations of my antagonist with reference to you—the words uttered in a public ball-room, could be erased only by the blood of one, it may be, of both. O Alice! if you have ever doubted my love, and sometimes I have thought— But no matter: if ever I have been other to you than the fond and confiding husband I vowed to prove myself, forgive me now when all is over between us two! May Heaven bless and watch over, is the fervent prayer of your devoted husband,

Gervais Headstrong.

But, Gervais, how came this letter in your possession, seeing that it was addressed to your wife? Methinks it was in this wise. On the untoward occasion of your meeting in Battersea Fields, somehow or other, the whole affair of the duel missed fire. Both pistols having been seized with a sudden fit of relenting, or, what is still more probable, having been somewhat diverted from their horizontal by certain qualms of conscience, acting on minds not quite dead to the perception of a law higher and holier than the duellist's so-called 'honour,' sent off each in turn a solitary signal-shot towards heaven, pleading for God's grace to spare the lives he gave from the outrage about to be committed. And so—and so—and so, the principals shook hands vigorously, and the seconds coolly and in dudgeon, as feeling themselves the more foolish party of the two; and the ground was remeasured back with more eager but less steady paces, to the now purified region of home. The thunder of the pistols had cleared the matrimonial atmosphere: the wife's honour was now intact. And the letter? Oh! next morning Captain F. found it lying somewhat crumpled, in his great-coat pocket, and gave it back to Gervais. What! and was all this amount of genuine pathos absolutely wasted? Absolutely and entirely so; for Gervais had the wisdom to keep his own counsel—his wife never heard the light passing words which had given rise to so much needless pacing of the ground, nor ever suspected, to her dying day, how nearly her good Gervais had paid dear for his strict adherence to the absurd code of men of honour.

Next in order comes a tiny packet, comprising a year by year memorial of birthday-offerings and Yuletide gifts. Each diminutive note has its appropriate hand, from the five-year child's first illegible scrawl, to the school-boy's regulation round text done in little. Painful enough memorials these! Some of the small hands whose work lies here, yellowing with the first touches of time, are still and cold now; and the fresh young hearts, whose thanks burst out so warm from the core, are gathered and garnered where time touches them not. For the loss of those younger ones who are passed away, leaving behind them yonder faded witness of bloom gone down to the dust, friend Gervais feels little now, so well has time done its work on him; or, at least, he feels little of that deep crushing sorrow, which visits him as his eyes light on one other and far different memorial—one, too, of more recent date, slipped in here by some such mischance, as has been already noticed, and containing not thanks but entreaties. And now, old Gervais, brace thyself up, and muster thy best strength to go through with the work before thee, for thou shalt have need of it all. This letter lying before thee is written in the man-grown hand of thy first-born and last-surviving son. Ay, look well at its concluding phrase and superscription—'Your affectionate and dutiful son, Gervais.' Yes, old man! he was the son given to your prayers, to shew you all your virtues in a fairer light, teaching with the subtle beauty of youth how good a thing it is to have once been fresh in heart and blameless in spirit. How dear you with the boy? Look well to it, and answer truly, for it is not to be done again: the time is gone—the tree is felled—the lamp burned out—the 'bowl broken at the fountain!' You are silent?—Let, then, the dead answer for the living.

MY DEAREST FATHER—I almost fear to anger you by renewing my application, since you have not answered either of my former letters; nor should I do so, but for the extreme urgency of the case, and the very awkward and humiliating position in which I find myself. I am well aware that you consider my present allowance sufficient to meet all college expenses; perhaps I should have made it suffice. I am willing to own that I may have been a little imprudent. But I found it very difficult to avoid incurring a few trifling



debts, in order to do as others do here—things absurd enough in themselves, doubtless, yet failing to do which one is called a 'milk-sop.' What I asked was no very heavy amount; and believe me, my dearest father, if I had thought you could not well afford to assist me at this juncture, I would have quitted college at once, and have resigned the promising future before me (and you believe that I have really worked hard), rather than make the request. At anyrate, do write to me, or I shall begin to think that I have transgressed beyond hope of pardon. Your affectionate and dutiful son,

GERSVAIS.

Your old sin, again, Gervais!—failing to write; wrapping yourself up in the mantle of your own dominant will, and pride or passion of the hour. Heaven forgive you, Gervais Headstrong, for a great wrong, a crying wrong lies at your door. He is gone from you who, in your cold, selfish, worldly fashion you loved so well—or at least were so proud of. 'Ay,' you answer, 'he is gone; but his death was not of my dealing.' No: down on your bended knees for that at least! No, you did not kill him; but you broke his young spirit: you left him to disgrace and shame. He died, indeed, a natural death; but how can you look upon his grave and not shrink with loathing from yourself; you who were rolling in wealth, satiated with luxury, and yet denied out of your abundance what was fitting and right to your own flesh and blood! Close up the letter: would you could seal it for ever from your memory as from your eyes! 'Look on it again you dare not; yet at your last hour it will rise up before you; and when men shall see a slow film stealing over your death-vision, it will be that which is darkening earth and heaven to you!

Enough, Gervais; shut down the lid, turn the key, safe padlock the dread records of your past life and deeds. Roll the old worm-eaten chest back again to its lair among the dust and cobwebs, and—'to bed—to bed.'

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### NEW YORK CONCLUDED.

**STANDING** on the steps of the Astor House, we have the thoroughfare of Broadway right and left, with the Park in front—Barnum's theatre, covered with great gaudy paintings, across the way—and can here perhaps better than anywhere else, observe the concourse of passengers and vehicles. Accustomed to the flow of omnibuses in London, the number of this variety of public conveyance though great, does not excite surprise. That which appears most novel, is the running to and fro of railway-cars on East Broadway, a thoroughfare terminating opposite to us at the extremity of the Park. Already I have spoken of a railway-train being brought in detachments by horses into the heart of the city; but this is only one of several such intrusions. Permitted, for some mysterious reason, by the civic authorities, lines of rail are laid along several prominent thoroughfares—an exceedingly convenient arrangement as regards transit from one part of the city to another, but not quite pleasant, I should think, to the inhabitants of these streets and squares through which the cars make their perambulations. The cars on these street-railways are hung low, seated like an omnibus, and will stop at any point to take up or set down passengers. The ordinary omnibuses of New York have no cad behind. The door is held close by a cord or belt from the hand of the driver, who relaxes it to allow the entry or exit of the passengers. I was amused with the manner in which the fare is taken in these vehicles. The passenger who wishes to be set down, hands his money through a hole

in the roof to the driver, who forthwith relaxes the cord, and the door flies open. As there appeared to be no check on two or more departing when only one had paid, I suppose the practice of shirking fares is not very common. I cannot say that the omnibus-system of New York is an improvement on our own. The drivers are still more unconscionable in their reception of extra passengers, particularly if the applicants be ladies. In such cases, the gentlemen either stand or take the ladies on their knee. I happened to see a cram of this kind two or three times; and I observe that the abuse forms a theme of jocular complaint in the New York newspapers.

The necessity for seeking vehicular conveyance arises not more from the extreme length of the city, than the condition of the principal thoroughfares. I am indeed sorry to hint that New York is, or at least was during my visit, not so cleanly as it might be. Statists assure us that it possesses 1500 dirt-carts, and in 1853 cost the sum of 250,000 dollars for cleaning. Where these carts were, and how all this money was expended, I cannot imagine. The mire was ankle-deep in Broadway, and the more narrow business streets were barely passable. The thing was really droll. All along the foot-pavements there stood, night and day, as if fixtures, boxes, buckets, lidless flour-barrels, baskets, decayed tea-chests, rusty iron pans, and earthenware jars full of coal-ashes. There they rested, some close to the houses, some leaning over into the gutter, some on the door-steps, some knocked over and spilt, and to get forward you required to take constant care not to fall over them. Odd as this spectacle seemed on Saturday at noon, it was still more strange on Sunday, when bells were ringing and people were streaming along to church. Passing up Broadway on this occasion, and looking into a side-street, the scene of confused debris was of a kind not to be easily forgotten—ashes, vegetable refuse, old hats without crowns, worn-out shoes, and other household wreck, lay scattered about as a field of agreeable inquiry for a number of long-legged and industrious pigs. I often laugh at the recollection of these queer displays, and wonder whether the boxes and barrels of ashes are yet removed from Broadway, or whether Pearl, Nassau, and Fulton Streets have seen the face of a scavenger!

It was a delicate subject to touch upon, but I did venture to inquire into the cause of these phenomena. One uniform answer—maladministration in civic affairs; jobbing of members of the corporation into each other's hands. Considering that the body labouring under these imputations was chosen by popular suffrage, the blame thrown upon them, I thought, was as much due to the electors as the elected. Something, in explanation, was said of the overbearing influence of the lower and more venal class of voters; but giving all due weight to an argument of this kind, it seemed to me that we had here only a vivid demonstration of that species of desertion of public duties, which is seen in London and other great marts of commerce, where men, being too busy to mind anything but their own affairs, leave the civic administration to the idle, the selfish, and incompetent. Be this as it may, things at the time of my sojourn had come to a deplorable pass. You could not take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of unchecked disorders, or reading sarcasms on official delinquencies. In the *New York Herald* for November 28, 1853, the following passages

occur in an article on Rowdies—a class of brawling reprobates who molest the public thoroughfares:—

'The insecurity of human life in New York has become proverbial; and it is a grave question with many, whether it is not practically as bad to live under the despotism of a felonious rabble as the tyranny of an aristocrat. Our police, with a few exceptions, are the worst in the world. It is a notorious fact that they are seldom in the way when crimes are committed, and when they see them by accident, they are very likely to skulk away and avoid all danger and difficulty. If a bank or some wealthy individual has lost a large sum of money, they will probably get hold of it, because they calculate upon a handsome reward. But when they know they cannot make anything extra—anything beyond their salary—there is not one in a hundred of them will give himself the least concern about the lives or limbs of the citizens who pay them for protection. We perceive that their pay has increased of late. We don't find that it has contributed very much to increase their vigilance. The whole evil lies in a nut-shell—it is the accursed system of politics that prevails at primary elections, and thence spreads its ramifications over the entire social fabric. Strike at the root, and the poison-tree will fall.'

Perhaps the most appalling feature in the economy of New York, is the number of fires, many of them involving enormous losses of property. According to an official report quoted in a newspaper, the amount of property destroyed by fire in New York in 1853, was 5,000,000 of dollars. In not a few instances, it has been feared that these conflagrations are the work of incendiaries for the sake of plunder; though I incline to the belief that they originate in a more simple cause—the headlong speed and incautiousness with which affairs are ordinarily conducted. When fires do occur, they are greatly facilitated by the slenderness of inner partitions and wooden stairs in the houses; and though the exertions of the fire-brigades are generally beyond all praise, they are not able to prevent extensive destruction and loss. The frequency of these conflagrations, which sometimes involve a sacrifice of life as well as of property, cannot, however, be said to have met with that serious attention which such grave casualties would seem to demand. The stimulus to push forward in business acting like a species of intoxication, appears to cause an indifference to misfortune. In short, there is no time to ponder over losses—no time even to avoid being cheated. An anecdote in illustration of the impetuous way in which matters are managed, was told to me as a remarkably good thing of its kind. Two men, one day, with a long ladder and proper implements, gravely proceeded to take down the metal rain-conductor from a house of business, and carried it off without question or molestation. A few days afterwards they returned, restored the tube to its place, also unchallenged, and having finished operations, presented an account for repairs, &c., which was instantly paid, the truth being that no mending was required, and the whole affair a trick; but the parties plundered had no time for inquiry, and settled the demand in order to be done with it. How many petty exactions are daily submitted to on the same principle!

As a great emporium of commerce, growing in size and importance, New York offers employment in a variety of pursuits to the skilful, the steady, and industrious, and on such terms of remuneration as leaves little room for complaint. It would, however, be a prodigious mistake to suppose that amidst this field for well-doing, poverty and wretchedness are unknown. In New York, there is a place called the Five Points, a kind of St Giles's; and here, and in some other quarters of this great city, you see and hear of a sink of vice and misery resembling the more squalid and dissolute parts of Liverpool or Glasgow. For this the

stranger is not prepared by the accounts he has received of the condition of affairs in America. Wages of manual labour, a dollar to two dollars a day. Servants, labourers, mechanics, wanted. The rural districts crying for hands to assist in clearing and cultivating the ground. Land to be had for the merest trifle. The franchise, too, that much-coveted boon, offered to all. Alas! man's destiny, on whichever side of the Atlantic, is not altogether to live by voting, but by working. What signify high wages, land, and liberty, if people shew no disposition to earn and make a proper use of these advantages—if, instead of labouring at some useful occupation, they habitually squander away existence, and do all sorts of wicked things to keep soul and body together. New York contains many thousands of this order of desperates, or call them unfortunates, if you will—men ruined by follies and crimes in the old country; 'outfitters' sent abroad by friends who wish never more to see or hear of them; refugee politicians, who, after worrying Europe, have gone to disturb America (which, fortunately, they are not able to do); beings who might have lived creditably in the Golden Age, but who possess no accurate ideas of the responsibilities of this drudging nineteenth century; immigrants weakened and demoralised by their treatment on board ship; and to sum up with an item which includes nearly everything else—intemperates living upon their wits and the bottle. Collectively forming a mass of vice and wretchedness, we have here, in fact, a 'dangerous class,' the cryptogamia of society, flourishing in dark holes and corners, just as it is seen to do in any large city of the Old World. Is it an ordination of nature that every great seat of population shall contain so much human wreck?

From whatever cause it may originate, New York is beginning to experience the serious pressure of a vicious and impoverished class. Prisons, hospitals, asylums, juvenile reformatories, alms-houses, houses of refuge, and an expensive, though strangely ineffective police, are the apparatus employed to keep matters within bounds. The governors of a cluster of penal and beneficiary institutions report, that in 1852, they expended 465,109 dollars in administering relief to 80,357 persons. Passing over any notice of the many thousands, including crowds of recently arrived immigrants, assisted by other associations, we have here a number equal to 1 in 7 of the population, coming under review as criminals or paupers in the course of a year—a most extraordinary thing to be said of any place in a country which offers such boundless opportunities for gaining a respectable subsistence. Let Europe, however, bear her proper share of the shame. Of all who pass through the prisons, or stand in need of charitable assistance, it is found that 75 per cent. are foreigners; and the cheerful and untiring manner in which relief is administered to so many worthless and unfortunate strangers, surely goes far to extenuate the reproach of 'dollar worship,' which has been cast on the American character. To fortify the weak and lift the fallen, much is humanely attempted to be done through religious agencies. Bible and tract societies, and church-missions, make extraordinary exertions; and the industrious and affluent, moved by representations from the press, are uniting in efforts for social improvement. At the time of my visit, the subject of a better class of dwellings for the working-classes was agitated; and looking at the overcrowded houses, and the excessively high rents paid, it seemed to me that a movement of this kind was desirable. Since my return home, an unsuccessful effort has been made to pass a law for shutting up the taverns (the number of which was 5980 in the early part of 1853); these establishments being believed to be a main source of all the prevalent vice and poverty in the city.

If New York has the misfortune to suffer from an accumulating mass of crime and poverty, it cannot be

said that she takes little pains to avert this calamity through the efficacy of religious ministrations or elementary education. In 1853, the city contained 254 churches, conducted, I believe, with a zeal equal to anything we can offer. From personal examination, I am able to speak with greater precision on the subject of school instruction. The educational system of New York, in its higher and lower departments, is on a singularly complete scale. Independently of a number of private academies, there are as many as 230 schools, of which twenty-two are for coloured children, in all of which education is entirely free. These free schools, which are judiciously scattered through every locality, and open to all, are supported entirely by funds granted from the revenue of the municipality—the appropriation having been 633,813 dollars, or about £125,000 sterling for the current year. Such is the considerate liberality of the city corporation in maintaining the schools and keeping up their efficiency, that one would almost be disposed to think that this much abused body is, after all, not so bad as it is called. I fear that more is done than the people properly appreciate. The registered number of pupils in the various free schools on the 1st of January 1853, was 127,237; but it appears that the average attendance was only 44,596\*—a fact which throws a curious light on the method of training youth. With a profusion of schools, nothing to complain of in the routine of instruction, and nothing to pay, it is certainly strange to find that, on an average, many more than one-half of all the children nominally at school, were absent; though from what cause is not explained. According to recent accounts, it would appear that the poverty and neglect of parents rendered it as necessary in New York as in London or Edinburgh, to supplement all the ordinary means of education with a class of schools for the ragged vagrants of the streets—so close is the analogy becoming between the condition of cities in the New and Old World.†

That education of an elementary kind should be offered without charge to all classes of children, at the public expense, will not appear so surprising as that instruction even up to the higher branches of study may be obtained by any youth in New York who claims and is found prepared for receiving such a boon. I allude here to the operations of the Free Academy, which may be described as the crowning-point of the free-school system. This institution I felt much interest in visiting. It occupies a large building, more like a college than a school, and in reality is a college in all but the name. Under the superintendence of fourteen professors and a number of tutors, I found upwards of 400 youths, divided in classes and accommodated in different apartments, receiving an education of the most liberal kind at the public cost. Mathematics, Classics and modern languages, Oratory, Drawing,

Composition, and the Natural Sciences, were among the subjects taught; a large library is also open to the pupils. The annual charge on the school-fund for this academy is about 20,000 dollars. The public support of such an establishment is considered, I believe, to be of doubtful policy. The most obvious objection is, that public property is taxed to educate a select number with professional aims in view. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the child of the poorest is as eligible as the child of the most wealthy citizen; the only test for admission being the ability to pass a suitable and impartially conducted examination. I felt no small pleasure in learning that social distinction was totally unknown in the academy; and that at least thirty of the boys were the sons of persons in a humble rank of life.

The progress of refined tastes in New York has been significantly marked by the establishment of a Crystal Palace, emulative of similar constructions in Europe, and which I considered myself fortunate in arriving in time to visit. Placed in a somewhat confined situation in Reservoir Square, towards the northern extremity of the city, the edifice was not exteriorly seen to advantage, and was rather cramped in its proportions. Although considerably less in size than the Irish Exhibition, and a pigmy in dimensions as compared with the palace at Sydenham, it was, nevertheless, a fine thing of its kind, and must have furnished a fair idea of the nature and appearance of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. In shape it was a cross, 365 feet long each way, with a lofty dome in the centre, 100 feet in diameter. Some lesser erections filled up the angles of the cross, and with a separate building of two stories for machinery in the lower, and pictures in the upper gallery, the whole afforded space for a highly respectable exhibition. The interior arrangements and style of decoration bore a close resemblance to what was observed in the structure in Hyde Park—courts for particular classes of productions, rows of statuary, galleries with flags and drapery, and stands for the lighter articles of manufacture.

To this Exhibition, Great Britain, France, Austria, the Netherlands, and other European countries, had contributed objects of useful and ornamental art; but the bulk of the articles shewn were American, and testified to the extraordinary progress in industrial pursuits. It was observable, that this progress embraced little in pictorial art, or the higher order of design. Of the collection of 654 paintings, the greater number were from Germany, Holland, France, and England; the whole contributed by the United States being about forty. One picture I had seen previously—the First of May, by Winterhalter, which represents the Duke of Wellington presenting a casket to his godson, the young Prince Arthur; it was contributed to the Exhibition by Queen Victoria, and attracted many admirers. In the fine arts, America cannot yet be reasonably expected to rival Europe; though under the fostering influence of wealth, that rivalry will, of course, come in time. What the Americans do excel in, is the invention of tools, machinery, and miscellaneous objects directly useful. In these departments, therefore, there was material for profound meditation; and in seeing the ingenious and beautifully executed implements in wood and metal, and machines for saving and expediting labour, I wished that England had not been satisfied with deputing two or three commissioners to attend the opening of the Exhibition, but that whole companies of mechanics had come to admire and be instructed. Altogether, the Exhibition afforded a striking specimen of native skill and resources; and a conviction was left on the mind, that to treat either that skill or these resources with indifference, would be highly impolitic. Besides being much pleased with the machinery at rest and in motion, including some finely executed steam-engines, I felt much interest in the

\* Annual Report of the Board of Education of the city and county of New York, 1853.

† With the princely fortunes accumulating on the one hand, and the stream of black poverty pouring in on the other, contrasts of condition are springing up as hideous as those of the Old World. . . . There should be a cure which should go to the source of our social evils in the great cities. . . . In the meantime, we call attention to the efforts now being made by various parties in our city to meet these increasing wants. A circular appears in another column from an association of ladies, acting in connection with the Children's Aid Society, which shews the character of these enterprises. A Ragged School, or, better named, an Industrial School, is opened, where the children who are too poor for the public schools are taught a common-school education and a means of livelihood. A soup-kitchen is connected with the establishment. The labour, as in the London Ragged Schools, is mostly performed by volunteers; though here, entirely by ladies, often from our highest and most intelligent circles. We understand there are now eight of these schools in the city. It is a new feature in New York high life—this active labour and sympathy for the poor. Much of it may be a fashion, like most of our New York impulses; still it is a noble fashion. It is the first step towards bridging over this fearful gulf now widening between different classes.—*New York Tribune*, April 21, 1854.

extent and variety of minerals, the collection of which was remarkably perfect. Coal, salt, marbles, metals, and other articles, all found in abundance, pointed to the amount of hidden wealth in the several states. Coal of the richest kind was also exhibited from Nova Scotia; but the sight of it suggested the unpleasing reflection, that the great mineral fields of that ill-used province, gifted by a late English sovereign to a favourite, are pretty nearly useless either to the possessor or the public.

On the occasion of my visit, the Exhibition was crowded with a well-dressed and orderly company; and I should fancy that as respects the education of the eye in matters of taste, it must have been productive of good effects. Unfortunately, it proved a lamentable failure as a commercial enterprise. Originated and conducted by a joint-stock company, with only honorary patronage from government, the Exhibition, at its close, was found not to have paid its expenses—not so much from any imperfect appreciation of its merits, as from delays in opening. The design, I believe, is to reopen and permanently keep up the Exhibition with some new and attractive features, under the presidency of the immortal Barnum!

In New York, the means of social improvement, through the agency of public libraries, lectures, and reading-rooms, are exceedingly conspicuous. One of the most munificent of these institutions, is the recently opened Astor Library, founded by an endowment of the late John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed a fund of 400,000 dollars to erect a handsome building and store it with books for the free use of the public. I went to see this library, and found that it consisted of a splendid collection of 100,000 volumes, a large proportion of which were works in the best European editions, properly classified, with every suitable accommodation for literary study. The New York Mercantile Library, and the Apprentices' Library are institutions conducted with great spirit and of much value to the community. A very large and handsome building was in process of erection at a cost of 800,000 dollars, by a benevolent citizen, Mr Peter Cooper, for the purpose of a free reading-room and lectures. The limited space at my disposal does not enable me to particularise other institutions of this class, or to notice the learned societies in which the higher order of intellects co-operate.

The prevalence of education throughout the United States leads, as may be supposed, to a taste for reading, which finds the widest indulgence in easily acquired newspapers and books. Newspapers are seen everywhere in the hands of the labouring as well as the wealthy classes. Every small town issues one or more of these papers, and in large cities they are produced in myriads. In the streets, at the doors of hotels, and in railway-cars, boys are seen selling them in considerable numbers. Nobody ever seems to grudge buying a paper. In the parlours of public-houses and hotels in England, a newspaper is handed from one person to another, because the purchase of a copy would be expensive; but we see little of this practice in America. Every morning at the Astor House, I should think some hundreds of newspapers were bought by the guests. At breakfast, almost every man had a paper. And I believe I may safely aver, that no working-man of any respectability goes without his paper daily, or at least several times a week. Newspapers, in a word, are not a casual luxury, but a necessary of life in the States; and the general lowness of price of the article admits of its widest diffusion.

Many of these papers are only a cent—equal to a half-penny—each; but two or three cents are a more common price, and some are charged five or six cents. Compared with the expensively got up and well-written morning papers of London, the American

newspapers, though low-priced, are scarcely entitled to be called *cheap*. Much of their space is occupied with advertisements, and in some cases the whole readable matter amounts to a few paragraphs of news and remarks connected with party politics. Indulgence in personalities is usually, and with truth, regarded as the worst of their editorial features. In this respect, however, they cannot be said to differ materially from many of the newspapers of the British provinces; and recollecting with shame the recent libellous malignities of certain English newspapers directed against a high personage, we are scarcely entitled to speak of the editorial imperfections of the Americans as altogether singular. Such as they are, and low in price, the newspapers of the United States fulfil an important purpose in the public economy; and with all their faults, the free discussion of every variety of topic in their pages is, as some will think, better than no discussion at all. In nothing, perhaps, is there such a contrast between Great Britain and America, as in the facilities for disseminating newspapers. In the former country, newspapers can hardly be said to reach the hands of rural labourers. We could, indeed, point out several counties in Scotland which cannot support so much as a single weekly paper; but depend for intelligence on a few prints posted from a distance—such prints affording no local information, and throwing no light whatever on the peculiar, and it may be unfortunate, political and social circumstances in which the people of these counties are placed. On the other hand, such is the saliency of thought, such the freedom of action, in the United States, that a town has hardly time to get into shape before its newspaper is started; and as one always leads to two, we have soon a pair of journals firing away at each other, and keeping the neighbourhood in amusement, if not in a reasonable amount of intelligence. While it may, therefore, suit the policy of England to centralise and deal out opinion according to certain maxims of expediency, and also by every ingenious device to limit the number of newspapers, the people of the United States, taking the thing into their own hands, have organised a press as universal and accessible as the most ordinary article of daily use. On the establishment of a newspaper among them, there are no fiscal restrictions whatever. There is no stamp, and, consequently, no vexatious government regulations requiring to be attended to—no particular form of imprint necessary. Exempted likewise from paper-duty, and never having been burdened with a tax on advertisements, they are in every sense of the word free. The transmission of newspapers by post in the United States is on an equally simple footing. A newspaper despatched to any place within the state in which it is published, is charged only half a cent (a farthing) for postage, and when sent to any other part of the United States, a cent; but in this latter case, if a quantity be paid for in advance, the cost is only the half-cent. It is proper to state, that these charges do not include delivery at the houses of the parties addressed—that being the subject of a separate small fee; and it is here, both as regards letters and newspapers, that the superiority of the British post-office system is conspicuous.

Decentralising in principle, the newspaper system of the States still relies for the more important items of home and foreign intelligence on the prints of the large cities, which spare neither pains nor expense, by electric telegraph or otherwise, in procuring the earliest and most exciting news. In this respect, New York may be said to take the lead, by means of several newspapers conducted with a remarkable degree of energy—among which may be noticed the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser*. In connection with this prominent feature of New York, it seems proper to state that this city has latterly acquired importance, if not for literary production, at least for the dispersion of

books; encroaching, so far, on the older literary marts of Boston and Philadelphia. Periodically in New York there occur great sales by auction to the trade—not of mere parcels of books, but whole editions prepared for the purpose, and transmitted from publishing houses in different parts of the Union. These sales, like the book-fairs of Leipzig, attract purchasers from great distances, and literary wares are disposed of on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. New York likewise possesses a number of publishers of books, original and reprinted, though, so far as I could judge, the works, generally, are not of the same high-standing as those which are issued from the long-established and classic press of Boston. As a place of publication, New York is best known for its periodicals, of which, with newspapers included, there are as many as a hundred and fifty addressed to every shade of opinion.

By the politeness of Mr Dana, I was conducted over the printing establishment of the *Tribune*, and had pointed out to me a machine resembling one I saw several years ago in the *Times* printing-office, and which was turning out broadsheets with inconceivable rapidity. At the large book-manufacturing concern of the Messrs Harpers, which I visited a few days previous to the fire, the machinery employed was more novel. Thirty-four flat-pressure steam-presses, all afterwards destroyed, were producing the finest kind of work, such as is still effected only by hand-labour in England, into which country the inventor, Adams of Boston, would doubtless be doing a service to introduce them. The practice of stereotyping by an electric process, so as to multiply plates at a small cost, and as yet scarcely known in England, was also in use at the same office. The enormous demand for every moderate-priced product of the press, has, of course, necessitated the resort to these simplifications of labour. The circulation of *Harpers' Magazine* is stated to be upwards of 100,000 copies, which no hand-labour could produce, nor cylinder-printing properly effect, considering the fineness of the wood-engravings usually interspersed through the letter-press. Unfortunately, with every disposition to admire the vigour displayed by the Harpers in conducting their popular miscellany, one can entertain little respect for a work which systematically adopts articles, often without acknowledgment, from English periodicals. Occupying a much higher literary status, is the monthly magazine, started a year ago by Mr G. P. Putnam, whose efforts in cultivating native American talent, and in sustaining a work of a purely original character, will, we hope, be crowned with the success which they deserve.

In the course of my rambles through the printing-offices of New York, I alighted upon an establishment in which the *Household Words* of Mr Dickens was furnishing employment to one of the presses. As yet, the present sheet had been exempted from sharing in the glory of an unauthorised transatlantic impression, and I had reason for gratulation accordingly. But who can tell what a few days may bring forth? Since my return to England, *Chambers's Journal* has yielded to its destiny, and, side by side with Mr Dickens's popular print, affords what is thought a fair ground for enterprise to a publisher in New York. It has sometimes been remarked of George III., that instead of fighting his American subjects, he would have shewn somewhat more prudence by removing, family, court, and all, to the States; and so leaving Great Britain, as the lesser country, to shift for itself, as a colony. Some such plan of packing up and removal might almost be recommended to persons designing to follow out a course connected professionally with any department of literature. Already, certain English publishing-houses are turning attention to the great and ever-extending field of enterprise in the United States, where books, as in the case of newspapers, are not a

bold furniture of those depending for subsistence on daily labour. With a view to partaking in the advantages to be derived from the universal demand for literary products in the States, some kind friends strongly counselled the transference of myself bodily to New York; and though coming rather late in the day, the idea was not without its allurements. In one respect, at least, the American possesses an advantage over the English publisher: he is not subjected to heavy taxation in carrying on his operations. When I mentioned to the publishers of New York, that the various works issuing from the establishment with which I was connected, and addressed mainly to classes to whom it was of importance to the state itself that literature should be made as accessible as possible, were loaded with a tax of 10,000 dollars per annum in the form of paper-duty, no small wonder was expressed. 'Why,' said they, 'continue to spend your existence in a country in which the earnings of industry are laid under such heavy contributions?' The inquiry might more pertinently have been put to a younger man, or to one who had fewer inducements to 'stick to the old ship;' but it is exactly the kind of question which, considered in its different aspects, is now drawing away so many eager minds across the Atlantic.

W. C.

#### SHAMYL.

THE mountain-chief, whose exploits for so many years have won the admiration of Europe, Shamyl, the warrior-prophet of the Caucasus, was born towards the end of the last century, at a town called Himri, situated in one of the wildest parts of Circassia. He was early educated in the two chief departments of Oriental knowledge—religion and arms; and many traits of truly Spartan courage are related of him. On one occasion, while a mere child, he was attacked and wounded by some comrades; but although his life was endangered, he continued to conceal what had happened, because he would not consent to admit that he had been vanquished even by numbers.

For a long time Shamyl occupied a comparatively subordinate position as one of the Murides, or body-guards of Hamsad Bey, the Imâm. It was only after the assassination of that chief, in one of the civil contests which weakened Circassia and favoured the advance of Russia, that the celebrated warrior made himself known. He was elected to succeed the fallen Imâm by general acclamation, and having ruthlessly avenged the crime that had been committed, began that career which has since obtained for him a world-wide renown. The means by which he obtained his popularity are not well known. As yet, we are in possession only of fragments of Circassian history for the last twenty years. But it appears certain that Shamyl, though stained by many grievous faults, possesses noble qualities, and is eminently fitted to rule over a barbarous people.

He is of middle height, with gray eyes and red hair. His complexion is white, and as delicate as that of the Circassian beauties who are sometimes exposed for sale in the private bazaars of Constantinople. Perhaps the contrast of his feminine appearance with his extraordinary courage and impassibility in the presence of danger, may have strongly contributed to excite admiration among his rude and swarthy countrymen. All reports speak of him as gentle even when ordering acts of the greatest cruelty. He is sober in food; and scrupulously obeys the injunction of the Prophet, to drink no wine—allowing his followers, however, full

suffice for him; and whilst his full-fed body-guard snore around, he rises, and somewhat ostentatiously employs himself in reading and prayer. A poet of Daghestan has said, that 'he has lightning in his eyes and flowers on his lips;' for, like all popular leaders, he has the gift of eloquence, and gains his victories as much by oratory as generalship. All his proclamations are in gorgeous language; and it is said that nothing can equal the effect of the short orations he delivers to his troops before he leads them on to victory.

The first residence of Shamyl, after he was raised to supreme rank, was Achulgo, where he built, in the centre of the fortress, a little house in the European style, with the assistance of Russian prisoners and deserters. Here he lived in the humblest possible style, depending even for daily bread on the spontaneous offerings of his people. The fortress is built of the rudest rocks; and in 1839 was surrounded by defences of earth, with passages, covered-ways, and moats, according to the best rules of science. The solid wooden towers, useless against artillery, had been removed, so that when General Grabbe appeared before it, after having taken Arquani and forced the passage of the Koi-sou, he at once understood the necessity of a regular siege. His first impulse, indeed, was to retreat; but remembering the orders of the emperor, hoping, too, to terminate the war with glory by the capture of Shamyl, he determined on an attack. The difficulties to be overcome were immense; but the troops under his command were numerous, and accustomed to passive obedience. The mountaineers by degrees found their communications cut off. They were completely surrounded, and hunger and thirst began to tell upon them with more fatal effect even than the dreaded cannon of their enemies.

It was on the 23d of August 1839, that, the advanced ramparts having been taken, the Russian general ordered his men to storm the citadel. The Circassians now displayed almost supernatural courage. Even the women took part in the struggle, sword and pistol in hand. 'Never,' says a Russian eye-witness, 'have I beheld so horrible a spectacle. We swam in blood. We climbed over barricades of men. The death-rattle was our martial music. I was clambering at the head of my battalion, already decimated, up a steep ascent; the cannon had ceased to roar—the wind blew away the sombre curtain of smoke: we suddenly beheld on a platform overhanging an abyss, a number of Circassian women. They knew that victory had declared against them, but firmly resolved to perish rather than fall into the hands of the Russians. They rolled enormous blocks of stone from the summit of the precipice. A huge mass whirled past me, and carried away several of my soldiers. I thought of the Eumenides. In the heat of the conflict, they had thrown away their tunics; and their hair streamed wildly over their bare shoulders. I saw a young woman sitting down quietly with her infant in her arms; suddenly, as we approached, she arose, dashed her infant's head against a rock, and then leaped with it into the abyss below. The others followed one by one, and all were dashed to pieces.'

The great object of this sanguinary attack was to take Shamyl; but the prophet was found neither among the dead nor among the wounded. A whisper went abroad that he was concealed in a cave, and every rock was searched without success. Towards midnight, some sentinels heard a noise. A man descended a precipice by means of a cord. When down, he examined the ground, gave a signal, and immediately came a second, and then a third wrapped in a white cloak, such as Shamyl was accustomed to wear. The Russians now disclosed themselves, and took all three prisoners. But their joy threw them off their guard; and the real Shamyl—for he in the white cloak was only a decoy—darted by, leaped into the Koi-sou, and swam across

untouched by the shower of balls sent after him. This wonderful escape of course added to the prophet's reputation; and it is not surprising that his people believe him to be the especial favourite of Allah. The lovers of the marvellous pretend that on one occasion Shamyl allowed himself to be taken prisoner under another name, was conducted to St Petersburg, obtained the rank of colonel in the army, and having learned the art of war and the secrets of the enemy, escaped back to his own country. This extraordinary man, however, has no need of fiction to exalt his merits as a patriot-chief.

Having been driven out of Achulgo, Shamyl removed his residence to a place called Dargy Wedenno, situated in the midst of dense forests and frightful precipices. It is from this place that he has since, with various success, directed the operations of the war, issuing forth at critical periods, and exciting his people by his presence, but taking care not needlessly to expose his person, or to diminish the prestige of his name by too frequent appearances. Sometimes he has been reduced almost to the last extremity of despair. The Russian general, Woronzoff, by far the most formidable enemy ever sent against Circassia, cut roads through the country; and instead of making periodical attacks on a grand scale, endeavoured to weary out the mountaineers by constantly marching to and fro in every direction. Many tribes were entirely surrounded and compelled to submit; and at length the Tchetches found themselves unable to maintain their independence. They resolved, therefore, to send ambassadors to Shamyl, asking him either to come and assist them, which they knew he could not, or to allow them to submit to Russia. No one, however, would venture voluntarily to carry such a message; and four men were chosen by lot. They set out for Dargy, and determined by means of gold to buy the intercession of the mother of Shamyl, that he should at least hear what they had to say, and accept or refuse. They easily succeeded in inducing the poor old woman to speak to her son. What passed at the interview was kept a secret; but horrible results were feared, for the prophet immediately afterwards retired to the mosque to fast and to pray. He remained there until late next morning; and then appearing amidst a general assembly which he had ordered to be called together, announced, with many circumlocutions, that the Tchetches had formed the infamous project of submitting to the Giaours; that they had sent messengers to plead their excuse; that these messengers had suborned a woman to make him the disgraceful communication; that he had asked counsel of the Prophet; and that the Prophet had ordered him, from Allah, to give a hundred lashes with a whip to the woman who had been suborned. 'That woman,' he added in a terrific voice, 'is my mother!' There was a thrill of expectant horror, and the mother of Shamyl, with a shriek, fell upon the ground. The stern chieftain continued: 'What was my amazement when I heard this order! I wept bitter tears. Mohammed then obtained from Allah that I might substitute myself for the sinner. I am ready!' So saying he descended from his position, and ordered two of his guards to perform the office of executioner upon him. They refused at first, but were compelled to obey. At the fifth blow, the blood started; but the people now rushed forward, snatched the whips from the hands of the men, and insisted that so painful a scene should not continue. The Tchetch ambassadors now expected that their time was come; but to their surprise, and that of every one, Shamyl pardoned them, and said: 'Go back to your cowardly countrymen, and tell them what you have seen!'

It would be impossible, within any reasonable space, to give an outline of the various operations which Shamyl has directed against the Russians. Indeed, accurate details are not yet known; and it is to be



feared that tradition alone will hand them down to posterity. But it is not only as a warrior and enthusiast that Shamyl is distinguished; he is remarkable also as a legislator. By his influence, the people of Daghestan, previously divided into rival sects and tribes, have been melted down into a mass almost homogeneous; and he has established many useful institutions. His country is partitioned into twenty provinces, each under its naib or governor. Four of them are invested with absolute authority; the others are obliged to give periodical reports of their actions. Each naib is obliged to raise 300 horsemen, one from every ten families under his jurisdiction. The soldier's family is exempt from all taxes: the others pay his expenses. Every man, however, from fifteen to fifty, is, properly speaking, a soldier, ready to act on any great emergency. Shamyl himself has a body-guard of 1000 men, kept under rules of monastic severity. By their means he restrains the insubordination of such amongst his people as occasionally grow impatient of his iron yoke. Formerly, all contributions were voluntary; at present, a regular system of taxation has been introduced. If, therefore, at any future period Circassia is relieved from external pressure, it may be found that the foundations of a durable state have been laid. For the first time has any organisation been successfully introduced. Yet it is possible that when the immediate motive for union has been removed, discord may again reign. Some incompetent person may succeed to Shamyl before the people have become completely accustomed to order; so that we cannot foretell with any degree of certainty what may be the future fortunes of Daghestan.

#### PANOPTICS AND POLYTECHNICS.

THERE is a building of somewhat pretentious character in Leicester Square, which has just now put forth its claim to a share of the shillings appropriated by the world for rational amusement. This building is the 'Panopticon of Science and Art'—a sort of superior 'Polytechnic,' built by a company or society who seem to aim at something more than has been realised in the older institution.

These establishments are not unimportant as a token of the spirit of the age. The puppet-show and the dancing-dolls are giving way to something better in the way of mechanical ingenuity; while the really good music now to be heard almost nightly at Exeter Hall and St Martin's Hall, is certainly better than anything which the middle classes were accustomed to listen to a few years ago. It may be not the less true, at the same time, that the diminution of rural sports in the country districts is somewhat to be regretted, leaving the country people little else to depend upon for recreation than the village alehouse. In towns, however, and especially in such a world of a place as London, it is out of the question to look for such things. We cannot have primitive open-air sports in the metropolis, to any great extent: there is not room for them, and, moreover, the hours of work leave very little time for their enjoyment. Our recreation must be chiefly within walls and under roofs—more is the pity, some will say; but it is useless to kick against the irresistible necessities of a monster-city covering more than sixty square miles; we must bend to those necessities, and must see how to bend in the most rational manner and to the most useful purpose.

Exhibitions akin to the Polytechnic and the Panopticon are altogether of modern growth; they may be said to have only commenced in the boyhood of those

who are now but in middle life. In France, the system began earlier than in England, under the auspices—as most great undertakings are in France—of the government.

Exhibitions of manufactures and pieces of mechanism may perhaps be said to have commenced, in England, by the establishment of the Museum of the Society of Arts. Many thousands have seen this, and many more might see it than seem to be aware of the fact, for the society offer many facilities for the admission of strangers. This old museum, with its raw materials and its models of machines, is worthy of a visit. The same society has lately established special exhibitions, illustrative of some special branch of art or science, which seem likely to have a wide sphere of utility. The museums and exhibitions of the Asiatic Society, of the East India Company, of the United Service Institution, of Economic Geology, of Marlborough House, of Gore House—all, to a certain degree, may be regarded as exhibitions of science and art, belonging to certain permanent bodies. But besides these, there have been others which have either been private speculations, or have had relation to some special purpose at a particular time and in a particular place. Before the establishment of the Adelaide Gallery, there was an exhibition of science and art in a building on the site of the present National Gallery; it was a humble affair, but interesting of its kind, and did something towards creating a taste for this kind of instructive amusement. The Adelaide Gallery—with its steam-gun, its combustion of steel, and its manufacturing illustrations—will be fresh in the memory of many visitors to London. Why it is that the Gallery has ceased to be a science and art room, to become a music and dancing room, it is not for us to say: probably questions of pounds, shillings, and pence have had a controlling influence here as elsewhere. A more powerful body established afterwards the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street—an institution which for many years has given a most ample shillingworth of instruction and amusement to those who have chosen to enter its doors, and which seems to become stronger instead of weaker, as it becomes older. There is a more obvious attempt here to combine science and fine arts with manufactures, than in the exhibitions hitherto noticed. The Great Free-trade Bazaar at Covent Garden Theatre, nine years ago, was a remarkable example of collected industrial products. The occasion was a special one, and the display was more purely industrial or manufacturing than anything to which we had before been accustomed. Not only has the metropolis had these opportunities of seeing exhibitions of manufactures, but the provinces occasionally share in the advantage. There was an Exposition of Industrial Art at Manchester in 1846; there was an exposition at Birmingham in 1849; there have been polytechnic exhibitions at Liverpool and at Leeds; there was a small Dublin Exhibition in 1850, and a great Dublin Exhibition in 1853; and there have been exhibitions and expositions, polytechnic, industrial, and scientific, in a large number of towns within the last ten years. Some of these have been a kind of pleasure-soirées, while others have had direct relation to the shillings and sixpences received at the doors; but all have been entirely independent of any aid from the government; and in this respect they contrast strikingly with the expositions of France. The nature and character of these polytechnic exhibitions—such as were opened at Leeds and Liverpool some years ago—were pretty fully described in a paper in the Second

Series of the Journal (No. 14), to which we may here refer the reader.

It will be seen, from this sketch, that we associate the new Panopticon with these industrial and artistic exhibitions. It is indeed an example of that which the vast Sydenham Palace is intended to be—an attempt to combine science and fine art and productive industry, so far as illustrative examples are concerned, under one roof. The Panopticon, according to its full title, is an 'Institution for Scientific Exhibitions, and for promoting discoveries in Arts and Manufactures.' About four years ago—for indeed the preparation of the building and its contents has been a very lengthy affair—a royal charter was obtained, which set forth the objects of the institution yet more fully. They were declared to be—'To exhibit and illustrate, in a popular form, discoveries in science and art; to extend the knowledge of useful and ingenious inventions; to promote and illustrate the application of science to the useful arts; to instruct, by courses of lectures, to be demonstrated and illustrated by instruments, apparatus, and other appliances, all branches of science, literature, and the fine and useful arts; to exhibit various branches of the fine and mechanical arts, manufactures, and handicrafts, by shewing the progress to completion in the hands of the artisan and mechanic; to exhibit the productions of nature and art, both British and foreign; to illustrate history, science, literature, and the fine and useful arts, by pictorial views and representations; to illustrate the science of acoustics by lectures, music, and otherwise; to give instruction in the various branches of science and the mechanical arts; to afford to inventors and others facilities to test the value of their ideas by means of the machinery, instruments, and other appurtenances of the institution; and, generally, to extend and facilitate a greater knowledge and love of the arts and sciences on the part of the public.' This is indeed a long programme; and any institution which realises all these aims will be panoptic, pan-technic, polyoptic, and polytechnic, all in one. The projector and present managing director of the institution is Mr E. M. Clarke, who has served a long apprenticeship in such matters. Nearly thirty years ago, he was instrumental in establishing the first mechanics' institution in Ireland; in 1880, he took part in the Exhibition of Science and Art, at the spot where now the National Gallery stands, and afterwards in the establishment of the Adelaide Gallery; and he was one of the small body who originated the Polytechnic Institution. The Panopticon sets forth a formidable body of honorary officials; there are nearly twenty patrons, nearly as many members of the council, about thirty associates, who are philosophers, musicians, sculptors, painters, and literati, besides the paid officers. What the duties of the associates are, we do not at present see.

It is obvious, on a first visit, that only a portion of the objects of the institution can at present be carried out; it seems as if it will require time for its development. This much may be said, however, that the Panopticon appeals to the eye and the ear in a very striking and original manner. Looking at the front of the building as it presents itself on the east side of Leicester Square, we see a bold attempt to adopt the Saracenic or Moorish style of architecture. There is a façade of eleven windows in width, and five stories in height; some of the windows are ornamented with the Moorish arch, some with arabesque ornament, while the porch or doorway displays the Moorish form still more decidedly. Over the two extreme ends of the building are two minarets; and over the centre, somewhat in the rear, is the cupola or summit of a large rotunda. Whether this ornate and Oriental-looking façade, resplendent with gilding and bright colours, assorts well with the plain ugly English houses on either side, is quite another matter; it is difficult to

say what that is beautiful can assort well with the frontage of London houses. The escutcheons of Purcell, Davy, Newton, Goldsmith, Herschel, Shakespeare, Barry, Watt, and Bacon, take part in the decorations of the façade. The Moorish porch is so far an example of modern art, that it is formed chiefly of Ransome's artificial stone, inlaid with Minton's encaustic tiles. Within, or rather under the arch of the porch, is a sort of arabesque porticulis, in cast iron. The porch gives entrance to a vestibule, glittering on every side with adornments in variegated alabaster and encaustic tiles; and beyond this is an inner porch, leading from the vestibule to the grand rotunda.

This rotunda is the *magnum opus*, the work to which the time, and the money, and the skill of the Institution have been mainly directed. A gorgeous and striking chamber it certainly is. Consistently with its name, it is circular, and is surmounted by a cupola. The diameter and the height are each nearly 100 feet. There are three galleries at different heights; and what with the pillars by which these galleries are supported, the Moorish arches by which the pillars are surmounted, the arabesque ornaments by which the interior of the cupola is completely covered, the gilding, and painting, and glass about the pillars and galleries, and the Oriental lamps whereby the whole is lighted in the evening—the effect is exceedingly novel. The floor is for the most part boarded; but in the centre is an elaborately inlaid basin, whence springs up a fountain-jet to a height of eighty or ninety feet, and eight minor jets to half this height; the water is derived from an Artesian well, 346 feet deep; the mosaic of the basin consists chiefly of enamelled slate, bordered with coloured-glass tessellation—an ancient art, which has only been lately revived in England.

With what, then, is this remarkable rotunda filled, and how does it subserve the objects of the institution? First, and before everything else, both for sight and sound, is the organ—an instrument worth a visit, if there were nothing else to see. Messrs Hill were required to make an organ which should fill the building with a vast body of rich sound, and at the same time harmonise in appearance with the peculiar style of decoration around. Both of these behests have been admirably attended to. The organs at Birmingham and York are grand productions; but this at the Panopticon is said to exceed them both in tone and in compass. It is difficult to make organ phraseology intelligible to ordinary readers; but those who know a little concerning the mechanism of an organ, will understand us perhaps when we say, that the organ has four manuals or key-boards; that each manual extends from CC to A in alt; that there is also a pedal-organ of 30 notes; that there are 60 stops, 7 couplers, 10 composition pedals, 1 crescendo pedal, and 4004 pipes (the *Handbook* of the Panopticon will puzzle some of its readers by the announcement that the number of pipes is 4,0004); that there are 7 bellows; that these bellows are worked by steam-power; that the swell, choir, and solo organs have duplicate manuals, so that three performers can play together if desirable; that there is a pneumatic arrangement of the key and draw stops, which lessen the physical exertion of the player; and that the dimensions of the instrument are 36 feet wide, 48 high, and 28 deep. The organ occupies a recess on the eastern side of the rotunda; and its own adornments, as well as those of the recess which contains it, add greatly to the beauty of the rotunda. But it is when the organ speaks with its many-toned voice that it becomes a thing of power. Under the skilful fingers of Mr Best, its grandeur, sweetness, and variety of tone appeal irresistibly to the ear; the sounds wind round the circular saloon, and come to every hearer with extraordinary richness.

We can hardly help thinking that this organ will kill everything else in the building. This is a matter,

however, which every visitor must decide for himself. The contents of the rotunda also may be regarded as pertaining to three classes—the artistic, the scientific, and the industrial. The artistic or fine-art productions are chiefly sculptures and copies of sculptures, some of them placed under crimson and gold canopies in somewhat theatrical style. The scientific productions comprise enormous electrical and galvanic apparatus, electric-telegraphs, optical apparatus, diving-bell apparatus, and—in the uppermost gallery—a photographic collection. The industrial productions and specimens are represented by a series of Whitworth's metal-working machines, an ascending room worked by steam-power, a subaqueous balloon, a carbonic acid apparatus, a freezing apparatus, pin-making and needle-making machines, sewing and weaving machines, parquetry, ornamental turning and fret-cutting, hat-making, bead-purse making, fringe-making, papier-maché, &c. Except Whitworth's machines, and some agricultural implements, most of these workmen's and tradesmen's stalls and counters are in the galleries.

As it is not in mortals to achieve perfection, it may not be wondered at if there be some little drawbacks in this splendid rotunda. Its very rotund form—a source of so much beauty, is also a source of some defects, both to the ear and the eye. First, in respect to the ear: Every one who has been in the Whispering Gallery at St Paul's, knows that sound is conducted and augmented in an extraordinary manner by the circular form of the building. Now, at the Panopticon the same thing is observable, in a smaller degree: all the sounds, pleasant or not, become very audible. It was our fortune to hear, on one occasion, while Mr Best was playing Mozart's magnificent *Qui s'degno* on the magnificent organ, a clacking accompaniment of weavers' shuttles, in a stall some ten or twelve yards from the organ. In a building of different shape, the sound of the shuttle might be buried in a little receptacle of its own; but in this rotunda no sound can be buried. It is possible that some mode of obviating this defect may be adopted when the institution gets into complete working-order. In respect to the eye, the circular form of the rotunda renders it difficult so to separate the articles exhibited that the artistic, the scientific, and the industrial may be viewed separately: all these may be interesting and valuable, but they do not suit well when mingled up together. From one point of view, an electric-telegraph, a sculptured group, an iron-planing machine, an optical instrument, a statue under a crimson canopy, and an assemblage of pitchforks, and rakes, and shovels—all meet the eye at once; nor do we well see how this incongruity is to be avoided, if all three classes of objects are illustrated in one circular room. All this may, however, be susceptible of improved arrangement when the plans of the institution are more fully carried out.

The rotunda is, as we have said, the chief room in the building; but there are others of subordinate character. There are two lecture-rooms or theatres—one for scientific illustrations, and one for literary and musical entertainments. In front of the organ is a spacious platform or music-room, in which it is proposed that Mr Best shall give instructions in organ-playing at hours when the public exhibition is not open. At the top of the building is a photographic department, where portraits are taken, and where instructions are given in this beautiful art. There is a laboratory in the lower part of the building, where instructions are to be given in chemical science, and analyses conducted.

Whether we regard the Panopticon as a scientific institution, with a little music and sculpture thrown in to lighten it; or as a graceful artistic exhibition, with a little science and manufactures thrown in to give it serious and solid import; or as an attempt to combine

the light and graceful with the solid and useful on equal terms—it must be regarded as a welcome addition to our metropolitan pleasure-spots. No disrespect to an old acquaintance, the Polytechnic, however: there is room for both.

### THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir amongst the crowd, which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defence, M. Tourangin, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction—a man became a mortal; a horse, a courser; the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream was a vision; a glass, a crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a car, a chariot; and a breeze became a whirlwind; all which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty. Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high colour, and small cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, where his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentlemen, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honourable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard amongst the spectators, while MM. Tourangin and Lépervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: 'Will not you challenge him?' But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amid profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. 'Do I trouble my head about *your* affairs?' he would say. 'Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol.' Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word: the few persons who had entered his lodgings, reported that his bedroom resembled an armoury, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havannah. He was tall, excessively thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his moustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings, he used to frequent the public reading-room of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his moustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said: 'Good-night, major!' Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply: 'Good-night, monsieur;' but in so rude and angry a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked, that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townfolk persuaded that the major possessed an 'evil eye,' that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: 'He must have said "good-night" to the major!'

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread-soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: 'How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?'

'Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good-Friday.'

'Send me up two mutton chops.'

'Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town.'

'Let me have some fowl.'

'That is not to be had either.'

'What a set of fools!' exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said: 'Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carabine which hangs over my pillow.'

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale, when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens: two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

'*Sacrebleu!*' cried he, picking them up; 'I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean!'

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savoury stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street, invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation: at first, he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had deliberately settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire, because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself: as to his children, they were dirty squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangin and M. Léperrier both made marvellously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachrymal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the Thirteenth lighted a cigar, and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

'What a capital cigar!' sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

'Would you like to try one?' asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

'If it would not trespass too much on your kindness.'

'By no means. You are heartily welcome.'

The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbour.

'Well! how do you like it?' asked the major:

'Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?'

'From the Havannah.'

Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances on Major Vernor's cigar-case.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honour of accepting some.'

At that moment, an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backwards, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the Town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice, that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: 'I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!'

'Sir,' replied the foreman in a severe tone, 'you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult.'

'Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?' asked the major meekly.

'Certainly; in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honour'—

'Bah!' interrupted the major; 'are you quite sure of that?'

A general murmur of indignation arose.

'Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?'

'You are quite mistaken,' said Major Vernor. 'What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on us. Before I can resolve to make a dead corpse of a living moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain.'

An ominous silence ensued; the major's words seemed to strike home to every breast; and at length one of the gentlemen said: 'You seem, sir, to regard the question in a philosophical point of view.'

'Just so, Monsieur Cerneau.'

'You know me then?' said the juror in a trembling voice.

'Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest, poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair at being refused by you a short renewal which he had implored on his knees.'

Without replying, M. Cerneau retired to the furthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

'What does this mean?' asked another juror impatiently. 'Have we come hither to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil*?'

'I don't know that work,' replied the major; 'but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?'

'Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you.'

'As how?'

'With my sword. I shall do you the honour to meet you to-morrow.'

'An honour which, being a man of sense, I must beg respectfully to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you assassinate them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Sillar, which took place, as I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing.'

With an instinctive movement, M. de Bardine's neighbours drew off.

'I admire such virtuous indignation,' sneered the major. 'It especially becomes you, Monsieur Darin'—

'What infamy are you going to cast in my teeth?' exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

'Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills his friends, you only dishonour yours. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife'—

'Major,' cried another juror, 'you are a villain!'

'Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain amongst us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house, six months after having insured it at treble its value, in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry.'

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

'Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?' asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

'Who am I, Monsieur Pérou? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please.'

M. Pérou gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange sharp hissing laugh. 'Well, my honourable colleagues,' he exclaimed, 'does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue: that was his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then, we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogised Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?'

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. 'It is false!' he murmured. 'I did not poison Eliza: she died of pulmonary consumption.'

'True,' said the major; 'you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue, five months after she had made you her sole legatee.' Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness, and the throbbing of many agitated hearts might be heard in the room. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash; but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. 'Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir,' he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, 'you were the only honest man of the

party, and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person, which places you on an honourable level with Pierre Granger!' Then having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said: 'Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste, and finish our business.'

Ten minutes afterwards, the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of not guilty; and Pierre Granger was discharged amid the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who, indeed, were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church, tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building, the sergeant who accompanied me said: 'So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?'

'What do you mean?—This history?—'

'Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who, during the last few months, has given evident proofs of mental alienation. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions.'

'And who is Major Vernor?'

'A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon, beloved and respected, during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havannah cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner, at the Crown Hotel.'

#### A DAY ON THE WHITADER.

A MORN of May—a valley on the south skirts of the Lammermuirs, in Berwickshire—two companions, one of them a country gentleman and my host, the other a friendly follower of science from the neighbouring town—the object of the party to have a ramble along the banks of the Whitader, and so on to the summit of Cockburn Law, a few miles distant. Such are the simple elements of the opening of my Day—a snatch of relaxation in the midst of busy city-life. The weather looks, on the whole, promising: at least, nobody is disposed to admit more than that 'there may be a shower—oh, of course—but nothing to speak of.' And some ladies are, by and by, to ride and to drive by a different way to meet us near the summit of the hill, though only on a strict promise from us gentlemen that there is to be no thunder. With the ladies are to come some solid comforts, to enable us to maintain existence till dinner-time.

At first, our course is over shingly *haughs* (plains skirting a river are so called in the north), memorials of havoc committed by the stream in the days of a late proprietor of the district, who, an old bachelor, used to say: 'Other men have wives to keep them in constant trouble through life; I have a water!' And most valiant was the fight he kept up through many years

with this pestilent stream; now hemming it in with a long embankment, like the Romans walling out the Picts; at another time, attempting to give it a more direct checkmate, by building jetties of piles and blocks half-way across its channel; of all of which structures it was sure to make ducks and drakes the first flood or *spate* next winter. A most troublesome set of neighbours are those mountain-streams, and so hypocritical too! You see, on a summer day, a tiny rill creeping among the pebbles, looking as if butter would not melt in its mouth; and yet this is the same entity which will come sweeping down at another time, a raging torrent, carrying off hay and corn, and sheep and cattle, cradles and old wives, and covering whole acre-breadths of rich land with stones and rubbish.

I wonder that men do not more readily see in such valleys as that I was threading, the record of an enormous space of time. It is of a very common form—namely, a trench cut by the water in a sandstone district. The walls, which everywhere rise up steeply on one side or the other, are sections of that kind of rock, from forty to eighty feet high, the space between varying from a quarter of a mile to half a mile wide. All the hollow is the work of the water. If we consider that it only works on those rare occasions of very high flood when it reaches these cliffs, and then makes an impression imperceptibly small, we must see that the time required for the whole operation must be truly vast—something in comparison with which the whole reach of our historical ages is but a mere trifle. And yet the time so chronicled is only one of many such spaces. Verily, it is a very old world this we live in!

It is the festival-day of the Ellem-ford Angling Club, and many of the members are to be seen wading in the stream in pursuit of their amusement. It is an unsocial amusement at all times; but even anglers lose reserve under the influence of success. We remark them to-day to be generally unconvivial, from which we become very sure that the trout are not taking well. In fact, the long continuance of dry weather—a whole April without a shower—has put the water into a bad state; and, besides, there is a blue sky, a hot sun, and no wind. None but simple fish will bite. Tam Hamilton himself would be at his wits' end on such a day. We feel a sly satisfaction, under these circumstances, in reflecting that the fish we seek for are not forbidden to us by any such accidents. And just now, we are passing under a cliff of the Old Red Sandstone formation, where the water leaves scarcely room for a rough path, strewn with fallen blocks; and, behold! in some of these masses are curious markings, which our scientific associate points out as scales of the *Androytychii*—fishes of the earliest type of their class, which lived when as yet there were no higher animals in the sea, and no land-animals of any kind at all. What a different fishing was this from that of the wading gentlemen aforesaid—and how little did they in general reflect, as they stumbled over these stones, what a rich mine of ideas lies entombed in them! This was the first spot in the south of Scotland where Devonian fossils, as they are comprehensively called, were found. The place is also interesting from what has happened to it in the *dynamics* of geology. It presents between the carboniferous formation of the lower part of the valley and the Silurian rocks of the neighbouring hill, a band of the Old Red, which has undergone a tremendous movement, there being a great *fault* between it and the former rocks, marked by a dense vein of trap. On the other hand, there is a spot where the upturned edges of the Silurian or grawacke rocks are seen in the bed of the stream, with patches of the Old Red upon them at a different angle, the remains of first deposits of the next formation, shewing how a change of inclination had taken place in the elder before the next in order were laid down. A junction at Siccar Point on the coast is classed as a the greet never i



in the science, from the remarks made upon it long ago by Hutton and Playfair.

Pass we on along the water-side—here enjoying the sparkle and rustle of the stream as it trots down a declivity, there speculating on the depth of a black pool which ever wheels round and round, with its burden of sticks and foam, emblem of a stupid, unprogressive mind: skirting fertile haughs, threading our way through rough plantings: here a sporting cottage smiles down from the top of the cliff, there a comfortable mill blocks up a narrow place in the valley: always the brown Lammermuirs onward. It is too soon for tree blossoms, almost for leaves; but to make up for this, constellations of primroses rise along the steep green forest-banks—something spontaneous and over and above—handed to us like a gift by Nature. And it is Scottish nature, for these green bushy steeps, with the primroses, are characteristic of our northern land. The birds keep up a continual festival. Ever and anon some curious feature in the crust of the earth turns up to view—as a trap or porphyry dyke crossing through the bed of the stream, rough and prominent there, but meet to the general surface on the country beyond the valley; or a strange flexure of the sandstone strata, a result of some laterally applied forces when all was soft and pliant. When geologists speculate on the causes of the form of the surface, where we see all the roughnesses and inequalities which *must* have once existed, reduced to one flowing smooth outline, they usually speak of *denudation*, or a cutting away of the surface, *by water*. But, behold! here is water cutting what it can in the channel of the stream; and the various masses are left more or less prominent and rough in proportion to their hardness or powers of resistance. The cause is manifestly inadequate to the effect, and another must be looked for. It is to be found in ice, which, in the glacier form, acts with so much more force and sharpness than water. One of our party was a valiant supporter of this assumed cause, and was continually pointing to the boulder clay immediately over the rocks at the summits of the cliffs, as the rubbish left by his glacial agent. *Non nostrum est*, however. We by and by reach the base of Cockburn Law, and commence an ascent of about 600 feet to the top, this eminence being between 1000 and 1100 feet above the sea in all. It is a tough pull of half an hour, and no one finds any fault with another when he turns round and calls admiration to the scenery of the Merse, and traces the Cheviots in the hazy distance to the south.

Attaining the top at length, we are repaid for our trouble by an immensely wide prospect in all directions: to the north, an indefinite series of the flat heathy hills of Lammermuir; to the south, the whole plain of the Tweed, from Eildon's tops, near Melrose, to the sail-studded sea at Berwick. The Law being, notwithstanding its small elevation, a conspicuous hill, has been early selected as a post of security and defence, and we still find remains of ancient circumvallations round the summit. Such is the condition of nearly all conspicuous hill-summits in the inhabited parts of Scotland, leading the mind to a time when the people must have been in a state of great simplicity and barbarism—harbouring in these rude fortifications against their Roman or Scandinavian invaders, as the Caffres did lately in their kloofs against the British. What a change to the time when we see the adjacent plain the seat of a large, industrious, and comfortable population! The tradition of the district is, that the unfortunate Picts, whose kingdom was suppressed in the ninth century, made their last stand in the fortified summit of Cockburn Law. The common people remark that, in consequence of having thus been so long occupied a thousand years ago, the top of the Law is to this day greener than its sides; which certainly is a fact, however it may be accounted for. Near the top of the

hill we found the ladies and one or two gentlemen, with the materials of lunch; but just at this time a sponge-like cloud began to discharge itself upon us in a most provoking manner, sunshine evidently prevailing not above half a mile off. Patience, however, enabled us to overcome this difficulty, which wholly vanished ere long, and we then had our viands spread out on the heath. The usual jucundity of gipsying parties prevailed for a space, and then we set out for a spot about a mile off, where a most remarkable antiquarian curiosity is to be seen.

On a sloping platform on the north face of the hill, screened from the low country by intervening high ground, we see some rude heaps of stones surrounded by certain appearances of turfy walls; and on a near inspection we find these to be the remains of a considerable fortress. The central and principal object has been an annular or ring-shaped building, of about thirty yards diameter, the wall being from five to six in thickness, through which a narrow passage gives access to an interior court. It has been built of dry stones, large and small, adjusted so as to make tolerably good masonry of its kind. The original height is unknown: in the latter end of the last century, it was still seven or eight feet high; but now we can only with some difficulty trace the base of the wall amidst the rubbish. The most curious peculiarity was, that in the thickness of the wall were recesses entering laterally on each hand from the passage, as well as from three other openings from the inner court; thus eight recesses in all—being so many little chambers or cells in which human beings might have lived, although in a most comfortless state. It is worthy of note, that these little rooms were roofed by gradually contracting the walls towards the top, and laying a slab across, the arch not being then invented. To the east of this tower, as it might be called, are the bases of four lesser and weaker circular buildings, connected with each other by walls; and around the whole group extends, in an oval form, a double circumvallation with trenches.

The history of the building is totally unknown. The ordinary name is Eetin's Hald; though usually presented in books as Edin's Hall or Ha'. Antiquaries speculate on its having been a palace of Edwin, king of Northumbria in the seventh century—the same prince from whom Edinburgh is supposed (altogether gratuitously) to have taken its name. It is to be feared that here an obvious meaning of the name has been overlooked. The Etin, in old Scottish tradition, is a giant (from the Danish *Jetten*;) thus we hear in our early national literature, of the tale of the *Red Etin*.\* Sir David Lyndsay, in his *Dreme*, speaks of having amused the infancy of King James V. with 'tales of the Red Etin and Gyre-carling.' Considering that the people of Lammermuir have a fireside story representing Eetin's Hald as having been anciently the abode of a giant, who lived upon the cattle of his neighbours, and did not always respect their own persons—whose leap, too, they shew in a narrow part of the streamlet near by—it is rather strange that the name of the place has not been detected as meaning merely the *Giant's Hold*. We have no doubt whatever that the name is this and no more. It has been conferred by the peasantry after they had forgotten every fact of the actual history of the building, and had no similar buildings in use among themselves to keep them in right ideas regarding it; they consequently dreamed a history for it, as the stronghold of one of those savage beings, of enormous stature and strength, who figure in the fabulous annals of every imaginative people. We see here, however, additional proof of the very great antiquity of the structure.

In the southern districts of Scotland, Eetin's Hald is

\* See *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 3d. ed. p. 243.

quite a unique object; but in the extreme north, and in the Orkney and Zetland islands, there are other ancient fortalices of the same form and character, usually called duns or burghs, and attributed to the Picts. In *Cordiner's Antiquities* is given the ground-plan of one called *Dunalisluig*, on the Firth of Dornoch, in Ross-shire, precisely resembling Eetin's Hald, as far as its base is concerned, but having also a second story similarly chambered, which of course may have been the case with Eetin's Hald also, for anything we can tell. It is understood that the most entire of all the duns now standing is that of Moussa, on a small island in the Zetland group. As there are no such buildings in Scandinavia, it is considered as tolerably certain that they were the production of a people holding the north of Scotland before the invasions of the Northmen in the ninth and tenth centuries—in short, of the Celtic people, or Picts, for to them is the latter term now found applicable. When these Celts occupied the whole of Scotland, they would raise such buildings everywhere; but of all south of Inverness-shire, Eetin's Hald alone survives. It must therefore be deemed a great curiosity, and we cannot but recommend that measures should be taken to clear it of rubbish, and preserve all that remains with scrupulous care. Were the interior court trenched for a few feet, there would probably be found weapons of stone, flint and bone implements, and other relics of the primitive inhabitants.

But now the westerling sun, streaming down in powerful radiance upon some of the distant hills of Selkirkshire, admonishes us that we must hie to the good town of Dunse, in order to dice with the angling-club, for such is the fixed arrangement. Horses and the car help us to make out this point, and we reach Hownam's Inn just in time. We need scarcely add, in the paraphrastic phrase, that the evening was spent in the utmost hilarity.

I could not but reflect afterwards—trivial as was the occasion for the idea arising—how much benefit one may derive on an excursion like this from a certain preparedness of mind. Even with a very small amount of scientific knowledge—and I can pretend to no more—how much better off are you than in a state of entire ignorance. A person altogether unacquainted with geology and its kin science archaeology would have, on this occasion, lacked many enjoyments which, as it was, fell to my share. Nearly at every step along the valley, I had objects to gratify curiosity, to elevate and expand the view of the mind, to connect the immediate with the remote, and often to send the heart in grateful adoration to the source of all good. The very forms of the hills—the ground everywhere prominent in simple proportion to the hardness of its composition—led the imagination to a wondrous crisis in the history of the globe, when the temperature of Prince Regent's Inlet must have prevailed as far south as Vienna, and but a small part of the surface was fitted to be a theatre of life. Even when, turning from the distant silent ages of the geologist, we came to the early listless days of our own race, what a curious theme of meditation! The hill-fort, representing a state of society like that of Caffreland—the ring-castle, without mortar or the arch, speaking of a time when the people of our land were just advanced in arts and means about as much as the Peruvians when discovered by Pizarro; these objects, in contrast with the Britain of our own age, were calculated to awaken most interesting trains of reflection. Now, of all this the holiday excursion of the ignorant man gives nothing. Things are to him merely what their surface tells to his eye. He can but hear the birds sing and the waters tinkle; and, literally—

The primrose by the water's brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more!

## A LIVING PICTURE.

'Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

No, I'll not say your name.—I have said it now—  
As you, mine—first in childish treble tuned,  
Up through a score of dear familiar years,  
Till baby-voices mock us. Time may come  
When your tall sons look down on our white hair,  
Smiling to hear us call each other thus,  
And, curious, ask about the old, old days,  
The marvellous days—days when we two were young.

How far off seems that time, and yet how near!  
Now, as I lie and watch you come and go  
With handfuls of spring greenery, in soft robe  
Just gifted, and brown curls that girl-like fall,  
And straw-hat flapping in the April wind—  
I could forget these many years—start up,  
Crying: 'Come, let's go play!'

Well-a-day, friend,

Our playing is all done!

Still, let us smile;  
For as you flit about with these same flowers,  
You look like a spring morning, thrilled with light,  
And on your lips a bright invisible bird  
Sits, singing its gay heart out in old tunes;  
While, an embodied music, moves your step,  
Your free, wild, springy step, like corn in the wind.  
Gazing on you, I see young Atala,  
Or Pocahontas, noble child o' the sun,  
Or Lady Geraldine, her 'Courtship' o'er,  
Moves through the dark abeles.

But I'll not prate:  
Fair seemeth fairest, ignorant 'tis fair;  
That light incredulous laugh is worth a world!  
That laugh—with soft child-echoes—

Nay then, fade,  
Vague dream! Come, true and pure reality:  
Come, dewy dawn of wifehood, motherhood,  
Broadening to golden day. Come, silent round  
Of simple joys, sweet duties, happy cares,  
When each full hour drops bliss with liberal hand,  
Yet leaves to-morrow richer than to-day.

Will you sit here? The grass is summer warm;  
Look, how those children love the daisy-stars;  
So did we too, do you mind? That eldest lad,  
He has your very mouth. Yet, you will have't,  
His eyes are like his father's? Well; even so!  
They could not be more dark, and deep, and kind.

Do you know, this hour I have been fancying you  
A poet's dream, and almost sighed to think  
There was no poet to praise you—

Why, you're flown  
After those wild elves in the flower-beds there!  
Ha, ha! you're human now.

So best—so best:  
Mine eyelids drop, content, o'er moistened eyes—  
I would not have you other than you are.

## A SPIDER'S WEB.

On stepping out of the house, my attention was attracted by a spider's web covering the whole of a large lemon-tree nearly. The tree was oval, and well shaped; and the web was thrown over it in the most artistic manner, and with the finest effect. Broad flat cords were stretched out, like the cords of a tent, from its circumference to the neighbouring bushes; and it looked as if some genius of the lamp, at the command of its master, had exhausted taste and skill to cover with this delicate drapery the rich-looking fruit beneath. I think the spider would have measured full ten yards in diameter.—*Hernando, Valley of the Amazon.*

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS A. C. HALL.

'THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking,' said Martha Hownley to her brother; 'and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish.'—

'I wish I really deserved the compliment,' interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. 'I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them.'

'But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!'

'Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires,' and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: 'Mathew, what is vampires?'

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who had been 'brought up to the bar' by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about 'much serving,' and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would 'manage him.' It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own. 'Martha,' he called at last in a loud voice, 'I cannot give longer credit to Peter Croft.'

He thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a house-keeper; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns—such was Martha's answer.

'More!' replied Mathew—'more! Why, last

week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for.'

'He's an honourable man, Mathew,' persisted Martha. 'It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what.'

Mathew waxed wroth. 'Have I not told you,' he said—'have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but that is his fault, not mine.'

'You said just now it was yours,' said his sister sulkily.

'Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?' exclaimed Mathew impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: 'But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are.'

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. 'He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labour, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby.'

'I am sorely beset,' murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence—'sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset,' he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was 'beset'—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of 'good seed' will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upwards*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathising neglect of a motherless childhood), a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee*; but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: 'No;' he was 'regaining his senses.' Then Martha thought it best to let him alone—he had been 'worse'—that is, according to her reading of the word, 'worse' before—taken the 'dumps' in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business 'like a man.'

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment 'in kind;' even his wife's last shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs Peter have for it now? it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She missed as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did!—Time passed on, Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. 'Of course,' she argued, 'he will come to himself in due time.'

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes,

the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, 'Come in,' at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—'Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing.' The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, 'Come in,' in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

'I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to lend me a trifle on,' said the ruined tradesman; 'I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawn-broker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that.'

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, shewed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved 'pictures;' she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few coloured caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon towards the screen. 'Very well,' she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—'very well; what did you say you wanted for it?' He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

'Have you the heart, Miss Hownley,' he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—'have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?'

'If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price,' she answered with a light laugh; 'and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.'

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

'Oh, very well,' she said; 'take it—or leave it.' She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—'Another shilling, miss? it will be in the till again before morning.'

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time, the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, amongst a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths 'waiting to be mended.'

That night the master of 'the Grapes' could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those

that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlour, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family BIBLE; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

'They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!'

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: 'Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'

'New and Old, New and Old,' murmured Mathew to himself—'I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament.' He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rage and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as social crimes, as social dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chap.—'For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.' 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse—'Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

'Again that awful threat!' murmured Mathew; 'and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?'

I Samuel, the 1st chap.—'And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee.' Luke 21—'And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.'

'Ay, THAT DAY,' repeated the landlord—'that day, the day that must come.'

Ephesians, 5th chap.—'And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' Proverbs, 20th chap.—'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbour, and minglenth strong drink to his destruction.'

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: 'Who will counsel me in this matter?—to

whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?' He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him—'You have an Immortal Friend, take counsel of Him—pray to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His Book your guide;' and opening the Bible he read one other passage. 'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.'

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary-Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

'Emma Hanby'—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call 'Daddy'—was she then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

'And I have helped to bring her to this,' he repeated over and over to himself; 'even I have done this—this has been my doing.' He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at 'the Grapes,' he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded 'who had sold them poison.' Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the

poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: 'God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!'

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

'I had,' he said, 'fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. "The Grapes" lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succour those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a "respectable man," and an "honest publican," I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had "sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause," even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they "bit like serpents and stung like adders." What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a "Stand by, I am holier than thou!" in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

'Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. "Away they go!" I said; "their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the

swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!" As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented "the Grapes," and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I shewed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and amongst many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

'I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. "You," she said, "and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?"

'I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"Will that," she answered in low, deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!" she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife!" (You, cool-



headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenshing—your fine *gin-palace*! your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! willing the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!

"I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, '*respectable*!'—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! "And remember," she said to me, "there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the "good-fellowship" poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. "No," she said, "my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave.

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her

husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was "the Grapes." Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

#### ANCIENT ENGLAND.

WHILE dreaming over those dim and undated relics, the Welsh Triads, which allude to events that transpired in our island centuries before its silence was broken by the sound of the Roman trumpets, we have endeavoured to obtain a glimpse of England as it was in ancient times. These mysterious fragments lie like the wrecks of an old world on the shores of the sea of Time; and all we can see through the gray twilight of traditions handed down through a long line of bards that seem as shadowy as Banquo's kings, is the form of Prydian the son of Aedd, who came 'over the hazy ocean from the Country of Summer,' and who, according to these ancient Triads, when he first landed on our shores, 'found no man alive, nor anything but bears, wolves, beavers, and the oxen (bison) with the high prominence.' Further we read, that through the number of bees he found, he first called England 'the Island of Honey.' From this we know that there was a pleasant murmur among the flowers which grew in those wild and untrampled forests, long before the gray pillars of Stonehenge—those bleached bones of this old world—stood in the primeval solitude where they still sleep; and Prydian, or Briton, from whom our island is supposed to have been named, may, after all, be but the dream of some forgotten British bard; or he may have been some old Cymric hunter, who, landing on a lonely part of the island, chased the maned bison and the gray wolf of the wold, and clothed himself in the skins of the beasts of the chase. Perchance he pitched his rude hut by some forest fastness that looked over the sea; and on some stormy day a rude chiuie, or boat, hollowed from the trunk of a gigantic tree—many of which have been found in the deep beds of our ancient rivers—might be blown upon the beach, and with it some British mother, whose young barbarians, on a future day, would hunt the cave-bear along that windy shore, and by their shouts drive the glossy beaver—that old builder—to his burrow.

The sunsets of those forgotten summers flashed not, as now, on walled cities and tall spires that point heavenward, as if to direct our thoughts to another home beyond the grave, but gilded the tops of tall trees—a land of forests—through the underwood of which the tusked boar rushed, and the shaggy bison bellowed; while high overhead the broad-winged eagle screamed. The foot of no friendly patrol passed with measured step, keeping watch around the wattled hut, or by the sandy cave in which these 'gray forefathers' of the forest slept; but the long howl of the gaunt wolf startled the silence of those forgotten midnights, as his footfall rustled among the fallen leaves, while he prowled round those primitive thresholds scenting out his prey. What are now the velvet valleys of green England, were

then, in the lower plains, leagues of silty marsh, and sinking morass, and inland meres—bordered with tufted rushes and sword-like water-flags; while between the black bulrushes—which at every breeze bowed to one another—the wild-swan sailed, arching her silver neck, and the dark water-hen clove the sunny ripples as she headed her dusky brood, undisturbed by either the voice or the footfall of man. The old rivers were then mastless, though sometimes the reeds by the margin were rocked as the ancient Cymry paddled by in his wicker-coracle, or left the print of his footsteps on the muddy shore as he carried his basket-boat on his back to some more distant river. Had Time hardened that footmark into a slab, such as bears the impress of the steps of extinct animals, it would have borne the mark of the thongs of raw hide which bound the soles—formed of the untanned skin of some beast of the chase—to his feet. We still find under the gray cairn, or green barrow that marks his grave, the hatchet of stone and arrow-head of flint which he used in war or the chase, long before his descendants drove those terrible chariots, with scythes projecting from the wheels, through Cæsar's cohorts, and scattered his Roman eagles. In subterranean chambers—under the floors of which even then, though unknown to him, reposed the remains of mammoth and hippopotami, the saw-toothed tiger, and many another extinct animal that, ages before he was born, roamed over this ancient island—he stored his corn, and kept in his wicker-basket the salt which he exchanged his tin for with the adventurous Phœnicians—those old voyagers, whose ships visited our shores centuries before the keel of a Roman galley had ever grated over the shingles that strew our wind-beaten beaches. When wearied with war or the chase, he threw himself down at night to rest on his couch of grass, dried leaves, or rushes, and covered his body—which was punctured with the forms of monsters and Druidical emblems—with the blue cloak or sagum, which he dyed with the same plant that he used for staining himself; or in winter weather with the skins of his own cattle, or those he had slain in the wild forests. His seat was a portion of the round stem of a tree; and out of the same material he formed rude trenchers and rugged bowls, and in the course of time made vessels of clay, which he baked in the sun. When he pastured his flocks and herds, or sowed his rude harvest in the open plains, near to another man's land, his boundary-line was marked by stones, such as were used by the Eastern patriarchs, and are mentioned in Scripture, where it is written: 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.' But he knew nothing of the Bible nor of God; no gospel-trumpet had as yet shaken the old oaks, under which he worshipped his idols, with its sound; nor had the name of the Most High startled the bearded Druid from the heathen altar, where he offered up human sacrifices, in the gloomy groves of those wildering forests. Though long since gone, we can still picture him, through the eye of the imagination, wearing his flowing garments, which look whiter beside the dark foliage under which he stands, with the golden pruning-hook in his hand, ready to cut the pearly-berried mistletoe, which was held sacred in his pagan rites. Perchance that arch-Druid in his soul spurned the blinded believers who gathered around him, and bowed their slavish backs, making themselves stepping-stones, on which he planted his feet as he ascended the aged oak; and gathered closer the folds of his garments, as if he feared that they would become contaminated through touching those benighted worshippers he held in thrall. His power seemed to stretch beyond the grave; for he taught them to believe, that in the howling winds which went moaning and groaning through the dark midnights that settled down upon those dim and shadowy forests, they heard the voices of those departed spirits he had doomed to wander

through the wild air for evermore, for having, while living, rebelled against his cruel creed. With what awe and fear would they gaze on the fabulous egg which, cased with gold, he wore suspended from his neck! That egg, as they were taught to believe, was engendered by fiery serpents while they straggled together in the air, and was caught in its fall by a mounted horseman, who rode off with it at breathless speed, followed by the hissing and fiery reptiles, who would have devoured if they had overtaken him. The few fragments of the hymns he chanted that have been preserved, are to us a mystery. We know nothing about 'the cattle of the deep' to which they allude, nor 'the caldron that would not boil the food of a coward.' The gray oracle of Stonehenge to us is for ever dumb.

Two or three centuries pass away, and a great change has come over the face of this ancient England—there is a Roman stamp upon its features, and a classic look about its cities: it has improved under the hands of its conquerors; whichever way the eye is turned, there are signs of civilisation. Instead of watted and reedy huts standing by the spongy swamp or gloomy forest, we now find walled cities, and see stretching over the landscape long lines of road straight as an arrow, while corn waves on the uplands, and flocks and herds bleat and low from pastures knee-deep in summer grass. Fruit-trees throw their rich array of blossoms over the scene; and though their corn is taxed, their fruit tithed, and heavy levies laid on their cattle by the conquerors who have wrought this wonderful change—and though they have lost somewhat of their wild martial spirit, they are no longer the savage hunters, who, clad in skins, dwelt in caves and branch-woven huts; for now Roman arches span their streets, and Roman temples tower above their tessellated pavements. The wolf was now left to howl in the forest depths, where the old Druidical altar lay overthrown, and half buried in the underwood; for saving where the lonely homestead arose amid some far-off pasturage, he no longer prowled around the habitation of man. Instead of hewing out rude wooden bowls with his stone-headed hatchet, or burning hollow the trunk of some gigantic tree to form his boat, the Briton, under his Roman master, had learned to use the potter's wheel, and build his ship with ribs and planks, and had thrown aside his wicker-coracle covered with the black bull's hide. Here and there, he had also heard tidings of the Gospel from the Roman soldiers, and faint rumours of the Great Redeemer who, over the far-off seas, had been crucified on that cross, which was so soon to supplant the image of Mars, and rise high above the Roman temples erected to the goddess of Victory. A new and holier Spirit sat brooding over the waters that washed our island-shores, since Mona's Druid oaks were uprooted and her wretched priests dispersed. Still, there were barbaric hordes, who, like the sea, were ever pouring in, and washing away the traces of civilisation; and against these the mighty conquerors could erect no better barriers than leagues of heavy walls, and broad ramparts flanked with towers and battlements, on which their lonely sentinels kept weary watch over wild wolds and savage moorlands: sometimes marching from fort to fort when summoned by the red glare of the beacon-fire to attack the undaunted assailants—the only change in their monotonous duties. The old Cymry seemed more secure in their forest-fastnesses, to which no broad level road led, than in the walled cities and pillared streets which he now paraded, wearing his golden torques and displaying his Roman finery; and thereby tempting those rough warriors from the stormy north to struggle for the spoil, while his own grim old scythe-wheeled chariots lay rusting, rotting, and forgotten. He was so altered, that he seemed never to have belonged to the hardy race who, foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, disputed the

possession of this ancient island with the legions led on by Julius Cæsar, and left them at last but little more ground than what they were encamped upon. Strange mystery! as his mind expanded, and he became more refined, he was less able to combat with the barbaric hordes that overran his native land: as he laid aside his brutal power, and became more a man, he almost ceased to be a hero; and when his Roman conquerors left him, he sat wringing his hands and weeping like a child. The spirit of Cassibellanus and Caractacus had fled.

Their Roman masters had now work enough on their own hands, in their own country: they left the poor Britons hard bested, telling them, as if in mockery, that they were then free; but, as the author of *Waverley* says, 'their parting exhortation to them to stand in their own defence, and their affectation of having, by abandoning the island, restored them to freedom, were as cruel as it would be to restore a domesticated bird or animal to shift for itself, after having been from its birth fed and supplied by the hand of man.' But they did not give themselves up to despair all at once, nor sit with folded arms calmly resigned to whatever might befall; they made some little struggle to prop up the old roof-tree and defend the ancient hearth. Alas! all was useless; and they were at last compelled to beckon to the stormy warriors who hung about their coast; and then the Saxons landed on their island-shore, fought and defended them for a short time, and finally settled down and took possession, driving the old Cymry to rocky Cornwall and mountainous Wales.

A new race now stood upon the shores of this ancient England—a grim Gothic tribe, who worshipped Odin, and aspired to the brutal heaven of Valhalla, there to eat of that fabulous boar whose flesh never diminished, and drink mead out of the skulls of their enemies. Those who fell not in the red ranks of battle, dwelt for ever, after death, with Hela the terrible, in the Hall of Cowards; and the only prayers they offered up were, that they might die in the combat, and so pass at once, while their wounds were still fresh, to the halls of their heathen heaven. The howling of the storm and the roaring of the waves were to their ears pleasant music—for they sprang from the same race as those brave old Sea-kings who followed in their wake, and for many a long and after-year contended for the possession of the island-home which Hengist and Horsa had won. After this period, we have the light of history to guide us, and no longer grope blindly through the old twilight of time along this shore strewn with the wrecks of an ancient world, and of which almost every trace of its early inhabitants is swept away. The few fragments that are left of their language, like the waves of the ancient ocean, have a mysterious murmur of their own, which we can never clearly understand; for the thoughts of these people were not our thoughts; nor beyond the few rude hints which we have thrown together, can their manners or customs ever be known. Under the cromlech or the cairn, or in the hollow cist hewn from some mighty tree, they lay down and took their long sleep, without a thought of posterity, or a care as to the conclusions after-ages might arrive at regarding the few rude monuments they left behind. We might as well ask the old sea that is working away fathoms below at new caves on the level beach, when it formed those so high over our heads, and hope to receive an answer, as ever expect to know who first owned the hatchet of stone and spear-head of flint which we find in those ancient graves, the old British barrows. Who first called England the Island of Honey—or named it the Country of Sea-cliffs—or sailed from that mysterious Land of Summer—or heard the first murmur of the bees in our savage and untrodden forests—we can never know. We look back through the ancient gates of Stonehenge, and know that in old-forgotten mornings busy builders were employed there; but who

they were, or from whence they came, they have left no record to tell; and while pausing for a reply, we seem to hear a solemn voice exclaim: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!'

### THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

THE vast tract of country through which the great river Amazon flows, has recently attracted considerable attention both in Europe and America. Lieutenant Herndon's valuable book on this subject, just published, deserves the twofold praise of being opportune and really instructive.\* The mere fact of its being the account of an official mission to explore and report on the Valley of the Amazon, undertaken at the command of the United States' government, is a guarantee that the author has not written heedlessly, or set down crude first impressions, or mere conjecture as facts. As he speaks with the straightforwardness of authority and personal knowledge, we shall make his work the text-book of some of our observations on this magnificent region.

The origin of the name Amazon carries us back to Francisco Orellana, the first European navigator of the river. In his account of his perilous voyage, he does not omit a fine stock of marvels. Among them, he speaks of seeing bands of armed women along the banks of the river throughout a great tract of country; and concluding that they used as well as bore arms, he named the river, *the River of the Amazons*, and the country through which it flowed, *Amazonia*, which it long retained. His own name is also frequently applied to the river by old geographers; and the poets, who love justice of this kind, do not forget to call the river the Orellana. For instance, Thomson—

Swelled by a thousand streams impetuous hurled  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty Orellana.

The Amazons seen by Orellana and his companions were, in reality, women with arms in their hands; but they carried these arms in their capacity of attendants upon their husbands, who were then, as their descendants still are, to all intents and purposes, the lords and masters of their wives. In no part of the world is the subjection of the woman to the man more complete than in the Valley of the Amazon; nor can any name be less appropriate than the common one given to the Orellana. Lieutenant Herndon, without moralising on the fact, bears sufficient witness to the contempt and indifference of the various tribes of Indians in this region towards their wives. He was surprised to see strong young men among them, whom he had engaged as boatmen, allow pretty, slender girls to carry all their necessary accoutrements, and even their oars or paddles for them, while they walked first in unencumbered dignity—nor returned so much as a word or look of gracious acknowledgment when the deferential slaves followed them on board and deposited their burdens. Idleness is the *summum bonum* with nearly all these tribes; hunting, fishing, and rowing are all their employments. The women are made to do all the other work, and a sorry life they must have of it. On the Ucayale, however—one of the Peruvian tributaries of the Amazon—he speaks of the Indian savages as more active and warlike than the other dwellers on its shores; and one tribe among them he speaks of from the report of the Spanish missionaries, and also from that of Mr Smyth, a well-known preceding traveller, which is somewhat astonishing in that world of lazy enjoyment.

These people are called Sencis; they cultivate the land in common, and are such appreciators of industry,

\* *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*. By Lieut. Wm. Lewis Herndon, U.S. Navy. With Map and Plates. Taylor and Maury, Washington; Trübner & Co., London.

that they *kill* all those who are idle or do not perform their fair share of work. They have attained to the social elevation so much admired, in theory, by one of our great living philosophers; and their Captains of Industry are not obliged to 'cut prejudice against the grain.'

In obedience to his orders, Lieutenant Herndon determined to explore as much as possible of the entire basin or water-shed drained by the Amazon and its tributaries. He therefore divided his party, taking the upper part and main stream himself, and sending his second in command, passed midshipman Lardner Gibbon, to explore the great southern tributary, the Madeira, and its chief branches. Enough is made known by the present work, to establish the fact that a commercial navigation of the Amazon from Pará to Nanta, and even higher, would be easy, and of the greatest advantage to Europe and North America, for a richer or more productive soil does not exist. Let Mr Herndon speak on this subject: 'This land is of unrivalled fertility: on account of its geographical situation, and topographical and geological formation, it produces nearly everything essential to the comfort and wellbeing of man. On the top and eastern slope of the Andes lie hid unimaginable quantities of silver, iron, coal, copper, and quicksilver, waiting but the application of science and the hand of industry for their development. The successful working of the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica, would add several millions of silver to the annual product of Cerro de Pasco alone. Many of the streams that dash from the summit of the Cordilleras, wash gold from the mountain-side, and deposit it in the hollows and gulches as they pass. Barley, quinna, and potatoes, best grown in a cold, with wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, products of a temperate region, deck the mountain-side and beautify the valley; while immense herds of sheep, llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas, feed upon those elevated plains, and yield wool of the finest and longest staple.'

'Descending towards the plain, and only for a few miles, the eye of the traveller from the temperate zone is held with wonder and delight by the beautiful and strange productions of the torrid. He sees, for the first time, the symmetrical coffee-bush, rich with its dark-green leaves, its pure white blossoms, and its gay red fruit. The prolific plantain, with its great waving fan-like leaf, and immense pendent branches of golden-looking fruit, enchains his attention. The sugar-cane waves in rank luxuriance before him; and if he be familiar with southern plantations, his heart swells with emotion as the gay, yellow blossom and white boll of the cotton sets before his mind's-eye the familiar scenes of home. Fruits, too, of the finest quality and most luscious flavour grow here—oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, melons, chirimoyas, &c.'

'It is sad to recollect, that in this beautiful country—I have before me the valley of the Chanchamayo—men should have offered me title-deeds in gratuity to as much of this rich land as I wanted. Many of the inhabitants of Tarma hold grants of land in the Chanchamayo country from the government, but are so distrustful of its ability to protect them in their labours from the encroachments of the savages, that they do not cultivate them.'

'The country everywhere in Peru, at the eastern foot of the Andes, is such as I have described above. Further down, we find the productions of a country which is occasionally overflowed, and then subjected, with still occasional showers, to the influence of a tropical sun. From these causes, we see a fecundity of soil and a rapidity of vegetation that are marvellous, and to which even Egypt, the ancient granary of Europe, affords no parallel, because, though similar in some other respects, this country has the advantage of Egypt in that there is no drought. Here, trees evidently young, shoot up to such a height, that

no fowling-piece will reach the game seated on their topmost branches; and with such rapidity, that the roots have not strength or sufficient hold upon the soil to support their weight; and they are continually falling, borne down by the slightest breeze, or by the mass of parasites and creepers that envelop them from root to top.

'This is the country of rice, of sarsaparilla, of India-rubber, balsam copaiba, gum-copal, animal and vegetable wax, cocoa, Brazilian nutmeg, Tonka-beans, ginger, black-pepper, arrow-root, tapioca annatto, indigo, sapacaia, and Brazil-nuts; dyes of the gayest colours, drugs of rare virtue, variegated cabinet-woods of the finest grain, and susceptible of the highest polish. The forests are filled with game, and the rivers stocked with turtle and fish. Here dwell the anta or wild-cow, the Peisci boi or fish-ox, the sloth, the ant-eater, the beautiful black tiger, the mysterious electric eel, the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the deadly coral snake, the voracious alligator, monkeys in endless variety, birds of the most brilliant plumage, and insects of the strangest forms and gayest colours.

'The climate of this country is salubrious, and the temperature agreeable. The direct rays of the sun are tempered by an almost constant east wind, laden with moisture from the ocean, so that one never suffers either from heat or cold.'

Of the great centre and source of this fertility, the river Amazon itself, Mr Herndon speaks with admiration:—'The march of the great river in its silent grandeur was sublime; but in the untamed might of its turbid waters, as they cut away its banks, tore down the gigantic denizens of the forest, and built up islands, it was awful. It rolled through the wilderness with a stately and solemn air. Its waters looked angry, sullen, and relentless; and the whole scene awoke emotions of awe and dread, such as are caused by the funeral solemnities, the minute-gun, the howl of the wind, and the angry tossing of the waves, when all hands are called to bury the dead in a troubled sea. I was reminded of our Mississippi at its topmost flood; the waters are quite as muddy and quite as turbid; but this stream lacked the charm and the fascination which the plantation upon the bank, the city upon the bluff, and the steam-boat upon its waters, lend to its fellow of the north; nevertheless, I felt pleased at its sight. I had already travelled 700 miles by its water, and fancied that this powerful stream would soon carry me to the ocean; but the water-travel was comparatively just begun: many a weary month was to elapse before I should again look on the face of the sea; and many a time, when worn and wearied with the canoe-life, did I exclaim: "This river seems interminable!"

'Its capacities for trade and commerce are inconceivably great; its industrial future is the most dazzling; and to the touch of steam, settlement, and cultivation, this rolling stream and magnificent water-shed would start up into a display of industrial results, that would indicate the Valley of the Amazon as one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth.'

Among the fruits which grow well, without cultivation in some parts of this enormous valley, are pine-apples and grapes; the latter are so good, that a very moderate amount of skill and labour would make this an important wine-growing country.

Mr Herndon speaks with approval of a substitute for bread, made by the women of all the Indian tribes along the Amazon, in Brazil, and an important article of consumption among them. It is called *farinha*, and is made from the root of the mandioc (*Jatropha manihot*), from which the tapioca of our nursery puddings is also prepared. Salt fish and *farinha* are all the food the Brazilian boatmen on the Amazon care to have in a general way, although young monkeys roasted are easily obtainable, and are pronounced by our author to be very good eating.

An important article of commerce, even in the present uncultivated state of the Amazon Valley, is India-rubber, called there *seringa*. The district where this trade is carried on is, of course, where the India-rubber trees are most abundant—namely, at the estuary of the river, on the main banks, and on the great island Marajo, and its numerous smaller isles. The season for gathering the *seringa* is from July to January. Incisions are made in the bark of the tree, whence a milk-white sap or gum flows freely, and is caught in vessels placed below. The people employed to gather and dry the *seringa* are called *seringeros*. An industrious man is able to make sixteen pounds of rubber in a day, but the lazy Indians seldom average more than three or four pounds. Sarsaparilla and tobacco are also among the more noted products of the country.

The estuary of the Amazon is remarkable. Mr Herndon thus describes it:—‘About thirty-five miles below Gurupá commences the great estuary of the Amazon. The river suddenly flows out into an immense bay, which is probably 150 miles across in its widest part. This might appropriately be called the Bay of the Thousand Islands, for it is cut up into innumerable channels. The great island of Marajo, which contains about 10,000 square miles, occupies nearly the centre of it, and divides the river into two great channels: one, the main channel of the Amazon, which runs out by Cayenne; and the other and smaller one, the river of Pará. I imagine that no chart we have gives anything like a correct idea of this bay. The French brig-of-war *Boulonnaise*, some years ago, passed up the main channel from Cayenne to Obidos, and down the Pará channel, making a survey. But she had only time to make a survey of the channels through which she passed, leaving innumerable others unexplored. This she was permitted to do through the liberality of Senhor Coelho, the patriotic president of the province; but when she applied for permission to make further surveys, she was sternly refused by the government of Rio Janeiro. I think it would cost a steamer a year of uninterrupted labour to make a tolerably correct chart of this estuary.’

If our space permitted, we could quote many curious and amusing passages from Mr Herndon's account of the various native tribes of wild Indians, called by the Peruvian and Brazilian settlers *Infidels*—their superstition, their weapons, and their laziness, their enjoyment of life, and their dislike to innovation. Much also that is to be seen, in the way of mountain, forest, and river on this long journey, is either strange or beautiful, or both. The zoology of the region is rich and varied, and Mr Herndon paid especial attention to that department of his mission, as well as to vegetable physiology, which seems to be full of interest in the Valley of the Amazon.

The Peruvian and Brazilian governments, since Mr Herndon's journey, have entered into some small negotiations for establishing steam-boat communication between the Lower and Upper Amazon; but they are too exclusive and monopolising and on too poor a scale to be productive of any real benefit. According to Mr Herndon, it is the Brazilian, and not the Peruvian government that is to blame for this narrow and short-sighted policy. The two largest tributaries of the Amazon—namely, the Rio Negro on the north, by which it is connected with a branch of the Orinoco; and the Madeira on the south, by which it is believed to be connected with the Rio de la Plata—both join the main stream in the Brazilian territory, and their wealth would create great commercial cities at their confluence, and render the Brazilian portion of the Amazon one of the most flourishing countries in the world. But as yet Brazil is blind to its own interest; and it is left to enterprising neighbours, anxious for new markets for buying and selling, to explore and appreciate the commercial and agricultural advantages

of this vast water-shed. We will conclude our remarks with a quotation on this subject from the book before us:—

‘I can imagine the waking up of the people on the event of the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. I fancy I can hear the crash of the forest falling to make room for the cultivation of cotton, cocoa, rice, and sugar; and the sharp shriek of the saw cutting into boards the beautiful and valuable woods of the country; that I can see the gatherers of India-rubber and copaiba redoubling their efforts, to be enabled to purchase the new and convenient things that shall be presented at the doors of their huts in the wilderness; and even the wild Indian finding his way from his pathless forests to the steam-boat depôt, to exchange his collections of vanilla, spices, dyes, drugs, and gums, for the things that would take his fancy—ribbons, beads, bells, mirrors, and gay trinkets.

‘Brazil and Peru have entered into arrangements, and bound themselves by treaty, to appropriate money towards the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. This is well. It is doing something towards progress; but it is the progress of a denizen of their own forests—the sloth. Were they to follow the example lately set by the republics of the La Plata, and throw open their rivers to the commerce of the world, then the march of improvement would be commensurate with the importance of the act; and these countries would grow in riches and power with the rapidity of the vegetation of their own most fertile lands.

‘We, more than any other people, are interested in the opening of this navigation. As has been before stated, the trade of this region must pass by our doors, and mingle and exchange with the products of our Mississippi Valley.

‘The greatest boon in the wide world of commerce is in the free navigation of the Amazon, its confluent and neighbouring streams. The backbone of South America is in sight of the Pacific. The slopes of the continent look east, they are drained into the Atlantic; and their rich productions, in vast variety and profusion, may be emptied into the lap of that ocean by the most majestic of water-courses. The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon, and other South American rivers, will be regarded by the people of this country as second only in importance to the acquisition of Louisiana. Having traversed that watershed from its highest ridges to its very caves and gutters, I find my thoughts and reflections overwhelmed with the immensity of this field for enterprise, commercial prosperity, and human happiness. Had I the honour to be mustered among the statesmen of my country, I would risk political fame and life in the attempt to have the commerce of this noble river thrown open to the world.’

#### HOUSE-HUNTING IN PARIS.

HOUSE-HUNTING is a disagreeable thing all the world over. In England, you are sometimes pestered with requests to purchase fixtures; in the East, you are asked to advance a year's rent, to enable the landlord to finish the roof, or put on doors and shutters; in France, you are required only to make a good show of furniture as security for exact payment, and to administer a fee to the *concierge*. So far, the advantage is on the side of our neighbours. Yet we could not wish our worst enemy a greater punishment—if he has any preconceived ideas at all as to how he should like to be lodged—than to send him on a pilgrimage of this kind through any quarter of Paris. We suppose, of course, that he is of moderate means; for a Milor or a Monte Christo can always find a palace willing to shelter him. Our houseless friend—whose peregrinations we are about to describe—wanted to

lodge himself, his wife, and three or four children, with a *bonne*, for the moderate sum of 500 francs per annum, in a rather dear neighbourhood—the eastern confines of the Faubourg St Germain. We undertook to accompany him.

It is the custom in Paris to give half a quarter's warning, at or before the hour of twelve, on the 14th of February, May, August, or November. The warning comes either from the tenant or the landlord, and must be given in writing. If one party refuses to accept it, a *huissier* is called into requisition, and then no resistance is possible; but unless the tenant be very poor, or have contrived to obtain a long credit, the owner of the house is pretty sure of recovering his rent, for he may detain furniture until he is paid, and sell it off at the end of a year. In most cases, immediately on a quarter becoming due, the porter politely informs his lodgers—for, as everybody knows, not one Parisian in a thousand occupies a whole house—that he has the receipt in his possession, and expects payment. That is a great day for him. He is in the plenitude of his power, ready to smile on the solvent, and to distribute frowns and threats to the backward. Then do all struggling people, who have complained of his negligence, found fault with his interference, talked of appealing to the landlord, snubbed his wife, or been niggardly with their New-year's gifts, repent, often too late, of their want of foresight. Some of the more artful begin to veer round a day or two before, linger before the lodge as they go up or down, smile good-naturedly, talk about the weather, ask what is going on in the neighbourhood, shew intense interest in the quarrel of the pastry-cook with the postman, and if there happen luckily to be a child, produce a real *Baba*, bought at the celebrated confectioner's on the Place de la Bourse. Men are not stocks and stones. Even though the concierge, with the assistance of his wife's superior sagacity, may see the drift of all this diplomacy, he allows himself to be softened. The admission of his power is at anyrate flattering. When the fatal statement, made with a trembling voice, that the rent is not *quite* ready, comes out, his frown is not very black, and his voice does not assume its harshest tones. He knows that the times are hard—has reason to know it—never made so little in the course of the year before, never received so few presents, never saw so many 'old clothesmen' on his staircase before. The lodger blushes: he has himself given only two francs of *étrennes*, and remembers having sold an old coat and a pair of boots; thinks it necessary to hint that he expects making a good harvest that particular season, in which case all his friends should benefit. If he is a bachelor, he invites Cerberus to play a game of cards with him some evening; but if, like our friend, he is a family-man, he finds it necessary to deplore the hour when he took so many responsibilities on himself. A week or so being thus gained, M. S—, for all these tribulations had happened to him, looked around him; but the more he looked, the more dismal did the prospect appear; and on the 14th of November, his warning was duly delivered, with an intimation, that implacable watch would be kept, so that nothing might be taken away.

It was, therefore, under more than usually dispiriting circumstances that he sallied forth to seek for a new abiding-place. As we have said, we accompanied him. At every door, in every street, of all degrees of respectability, we saw small bills pasted on little square boards, announcing: 'Large Apartments to Let—Inquire of the Porter;' 'Apartments freshly Decorated;' 'Apartments for Bachelors;' 'Small Apartments,' &c. The system of advertising, in this case as in every other, is but slightly developed in France. We have to go from house to house, guessing, from the style of the placard, whether the lodging announced as 'vacant now,' or 'to be vacant at quarter-

day,' belongs or not to the category you feel interested in. 'A Small Apartment to Let,' in a dingy house in the Rue Jacob, struck us as worth inquiring about. We groped down an alley, and in a little cupboard, called a lodge, at the bottom, faintly distinguished an enormous muslin cap, with a pair of spectacles underneath.

'What is the rent of your apartment, madame?'

'Nine hundred francs,' replied a disdainful voice.

Our civil intonation told her at once that that was beyond our figure. For the sake of information we inquired: 'How many rooms?'

'Do you mean to give nine hundred francs?'

'No; but—'

'Then what matters it how many rooms there are?'

M. S— muttered something about politeness, and drew us away. We now found several other apartments vacant, some of which were within our price. There was a bustling search for keys; and up we went—up, up dark, rugged stairs to fifth and sixth stories, where we generally found the apartments to consist of a few small rooms paved with tiles, many of which were broken; furnished with enormous fire-places, down which the wind roared in a most threatening manner; the walls covered with paper in tatters, which the landlord might consent to paste up; everything dirty and out of order. Who lived there last? A gendarme, a medical man, a littérateur, the celebrated M. —, perhaps the well-known Madame —. We said: 'Indeed!' and hastened away, especially as Cerberus casually hinted, that as the last lodger had run away, leaving a chair and chest of drawers to answer for three quarters' rent—or had been taken to the hospital—or had been transported to Cayenne—in each case to the great detriment of M. le Propriétaire, he would be glad to have so respectable-looking a tenant as monsieur, who had doubtless plenty of furniture. S— thought of his threadbare coat, and hurried off with the vague allusions indulged in by shamefaced people about 'thinking over the matter, and calling again'—whispering generally to us, however, that though he was very badly off, he was not yet reduced to put up with such a hole as that.

The ordinary rules of political economy do not seem to have sway in Paris in determining the price of lodgings. In the same street, in houses of exactly similar appearance, you will find apartments as like as two peas, for one of which you may be asked 300, and for the other 400 francs; and what is more extraordinary still, the dear lodging will be found occupied, whilst the cheap one has been deserted for months. No doubt there are other reasons for this than the cupidity of landlords and the caprice of tenants; but we could never discover them. In nearly every case, you will be told, that before the Revolution of February, people willingly paid 30 per cent. more. This has become the fashionable excuse, by the way, of all who have seen better days. M. le Vicomte —, who was ruined in 1846 by betting at Chantilly, traces all his misfortunes to '48; Madame —, the beggling widow, who is known to all the Faubourg Poissonnière, now pleads guilty to eighteen more years of prosperity than of yore, and instead of dating her husband's ruin from the fall of Charles X., appeals to warmer sympathies by attributing it to the fall of Louis-Philippe. Before '48, every one was solvent—no tradesmen speculated beyond their means—no notary indulged in forbidden luxuries—no *bourgeois* went too often to the Grand Condé; and, in fine, no landlord let his rooms dirt-cheap.

We had drawn these inferences after many hours spent in fruitless search, and in climbing twelve or thirteen stairs, with from eighty to a hundred steps apiece, when we at length, in the Rue Taranne, were informed by the porter, that on the fourth story was 'a charming little apartment,' with salon, three bed-



rooms, a cabinet, and a kitchen, to be let for the sum of 450 francs a year. The prospect was too delightful; and S— went up stairs, looking extremely incredulous. Before reaching the landing, we learned that the apartment was at that time occupied by a young couple who had once been fortunate; who had been accustomed to pay their rent 'ruby on the nail,' as Cerberus expressed it; who had recently met with misfortunes—he being shopman in an establishment which had just failed, she doing embroidery for some ladies who had left town; who owed two quarters; who had of course received warning: it was very unfortunate; but what would you have? Landlords must live. These people were now a disgrace to the house: the man was slovenly; the woman no longer dressed neatly; the lady on the second floor objected to meet them on the staircase. Really it was a pity to take any one into them, they were so miserably poor! This is but a summary of the narrative which was related to us with convulsive rapidity as we went up stairs; and no doubt it was related to every one who came on a similar errand with ourselves.

The picture had not been painted in extravagant colours. The coarse pencil of the loquacious porter had indeed left out many heightening touches. All the massive articles of furniture, the guarantee for the rent, were still there, though evidently neglected and covered with dust; but we could easily divine that many smaller things had been removed, and no doubt sold. There was a manifest air of incompleteness about the salon. It wanted those little accessories—those artistically disposed knickknacks which indicate the presiding influence of a woman's taste. We looked round as carelessly and as uninquisitively as we could. Madame Chausade, who had opened the door, went and stared sullenly out of the window: we merely glanced at her, and saw that she was pretty, but pale, and with wearied eyes. Would we like to see the principal bedroom? No? Then we had no intention to take the apartment. Really, gentlemen, look in: a nice bedstead would shew so well in that alcove. M. Chausade was lying dressed upon the bed, with his face to the wall. We said it was a pity to disturb him. He turned round and sat up: he was not asleep; but the baby was, and he had simply been looking at it. This explanation was the first impulse, for he assumed a surly air immediately afterwards, and seemed on the watch for some impertinent remark to resent. We said little. The apartment was exactly what M. S— wanted. He forgot to moderate his feelings. He would put his sofa there—his bookshelf there. The young man frowned. It was hard to hear a stranger thus taking possession by anticipation of his little nest. Had we not seen enough? Did we want to take an inventory of his furniture? The porter looked stern. We respected the petulance of misfortune, and withdrew. Madame Chausade followed us to the landing. Had we set our hearts on her apartment? Did we mean to take it at once? If we did not, and if something happened, perhaps they might stay.

This was almost an appeal; but S—, in his selfish delight at having found a comfortable place of refuge, disregarded it; and as soon as we were down stairs, paid the porter his fee, and took the apartment—conditionally, however, on his being able to shew a proper amount of furniture. We asked if there was any chance that the fortunes of the Chausades would change. 'Monsieur,' said the porter, 'I am an old man, and have observed this—when once misfortune enters a family, it never goes out of it. Who ever knew a person who had lost his situation, and owed two quarters' rent, besides the current one, getting off without giving up his furniture?' We never had; besides, the worthy gentleman had accepted our money, and if the inquiries he had to make were satisfactory—resulting in a chest of drawers, various chairs, tables, and so forth—why,

he would stick by his promise, and the Chausades must roost elsewhere.

When the fee or *denier à Dieu* has been given to a porter, it can be withdrawn or returned within twenty-four hours; but afterwards not. We made our way back towards the Rue de Bac with the news of our success. Madame S— did not share her husband's exultation. The question was, how were they to make one set of furniture answer for the debts—the one already incurred, and the other to be incurred? When this matter was arranged, she was still not satisfied. The idea of replacing the unhappy family we described was unpleasant. It would prove of evil omen. We almost agreed with her, and spent the evening gloomily in talking of the fearful struggles through which some young couples are compelled to pass on the way to fortune or the hospital. Next morning, as S— afterwards related, M. Chausade, neatly dressed, called upon him; he had obtained another situation, and had been enabled to come to an arrangement with his landlord, conditional on the new tenant's consent: Would monsieur be so kind and generous as to withdraw the retaining-fee, and not oblige his wife—he would not plead for himself—to undergo the fatigue and pain of quitting the apartment where they had lived ever since their marriage? This was a hard thing to ask, necessitating many an hour more of weary rambling; but my friend made the sacrifice; and the consequence was, that though he never entered the house as a master, scarcely a week passed that he did not come to me and say: 'Let us go and spend the evening at the Rue Taranne.'

#### THE LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.

A few weeks ago, we recounted our experience of the sailing of the Baltic fleet, which we had the privilege of witnessing from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington*; and it may not be an inappropriate pendant to that picture, to sketch the scene and accessories, when the brother—for we cannot bring ourselves to call so masculine a thing as the *Duke of Wellington* 'she'—of that noble and stately man-of-war was launched at the Mother Dock, as Woolwich was formerly styled, in the presence of the Queen, and a host of glittering ambassadors, nobles, and officers.

Among the list of 'sights,' there are few more imposing than that of the launch of a huge man-of-war. Contemplating the mountain-like mass, which rises nearly a hundred feet from the ground, and bearing in mind that the weight to be moved is 4000 tons, it is indeed a rare triumph of skill to animate that mass with life, and by causing it to obey the laws of gravity, send it gliding gently, yet surely, down an inclined plane, until it is cradled in its watery home.

Having frequently witnessed this imposing spectacle, we resolved on this occasion to *feel* a launch, instead of seeing it; and applying to a friend at the Admiralty, we were favoured with a card, of which the following is a copy:—

LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT,  
ON SATURDAY, MAY 18, AT ONE O'CLOCK.  
ADMIT ONE  
TO BE  
LAUNCHED ON BOARD.

The true Londoner is a sight-loving animal. We pause not to prove our proposition, for we conceive no one will question the fact. Had we space, we might enter into a pleasant psychological argument to shew why he is of necessity partial to all shows, even to that which, with all his ardour, is, fortunately, at its last gasp—namely, the Lord Mayor's show, which glimmers

through November fogs and smoke a ghastly mockery of the real.

Were any person, however, disposed to dispute what we have advanced, we much wish the sceptic could have been with us on the above 13th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, the place being that most uncomfortable locality, the very small first-class booking-office of the North Kent Railway. The directors of that line, with a careful eye to business, and in hopes of somewhat increasing their lean dividend, had announced by every available channel to the people of London, that they would be most happy to carry them down to Woolwich every ten minutes by their trains; and as the dock-yard gates are very near to the Woolwich Station, it was only reasonable to conclude that many thousands would avail themselves of so apparently easy a method of attaining the desired goal.

But we must suppose that the said directors are unwilling to be regarded as superior to their brethren of the South-western in intelligence; or perhaps they did not consider that so many claims would have been made upon them for accommodation, for all the confusion we described as having prevailed at the Waterloo Station on the occasion of the departure of the excursion-train to Portsmouth to see the Baltic fleet, was here repeated, with some additional annoyance of a peculiarly stupid nature. After undergoing fearful pressure in the booking-office, which did not tend to put people in good-humour either with themselves or their neighbours, we were told to go to a certain platform, by the side of which the carriages would come to convey us to Woolwich. This, however, turned out to be the wrong platform; and when the directors had squeezed some thousand people on the narrow ledge, all in a state of eager expectation looking out for the carriages, these were seen at another platform from which we were separated by lofty rails. It may be supposed that the rush which now took place gave rise to a scene of terrible struggling and confusion, in which the weak and the ladies fared badly. It may have been highly diverting to the said directors, if, as we shrewdly suspect, they were ensconced in their board-room, looking at the tumult their stupid or malicious officials had created; but what may have been fun to them was death to the hopes of many of the party in the struggle, who failed in obtaining seats. But, independently of this disappointment, it was sad to witness the manner in which the elegant dresses of the ladies were destroyed by getting over the rails. It may not have been painful to the feelings of some fair girls, who, even at the risk of spoiling a flounce, had thus so good an opportunity of displaying a pretty foot faultlessly sandalled; but we take it, that the majority of ladies—for, alas! pretty feet are rare—would have much preferred walking soberly through open gates to the carriages.

It may convey some idea of the confusion, when we state that, having no ladies to protect, we ourselves—and we are not puny Cockneys—failed in storming a first-class carriage, and were glad to put into the more humble port of a third-class, although we had paid the highest fare.

On arriving at Woolwich, we found the dock-yard gates besieged by thousands of fortunate ticket-holders, and others not so fortunate; and passing with the

crowd through the gates, we wended our way to the scene of attraction. There was no possibility of mistaking the locality, for it was made brilliantly conspicuous by innumerable flags, streaming from the summit of the shed within which reposed the gigantic ship. Around the latter were rows of seats amphitheatrically arranged, and divided into compartments—those nearest the Queen's and next the stern of the ship being the most eligible, and, consequently, placed at the disposal of the aristocracy. High over all rose the vast vessel, terminated at the bow by the colossal bust of Prince Albert—twenty feet long and six broad.

Presenting our pass, we ascended convenient but very numerous steps, and arrived at length upon the upper-deck. From that position, however, elevated though it was, there was nothing to be seen but the plain-like deck, for the bulwarks rose above the height of a man. Those, therefore, who had not the entrée to the stern-galleries saw little; but before requesting the reader to accompany us to that locality, let us ask him to join us in a ramble over the ship, which possesses the great interest of being the largest man-of-war in the world. The extreme length of the *Royal Albert* is 276 feet, which exceeds that of the *Duke of Wellington* by 30 feet; her breadth is 61 feet; her burden nearly 4000 tons; and when equipped, she will weigh no less than 5500 tons. There are five decks, beneath the lowest of which will be placed the stores, the magazine, and the machinery. The *Royal Albert* will be provided with a screw weighing 15 tons, turned by trunk-engines of 500 horse-power.

The armament will be arranged as follows:—On the lower-deck there will be ten 8-inch guns for firing shells or hollow shot, and twenty-six long 32-pounder guns; on the middle-deck, six 8-inch guns and thirty 32-pounders; on the main-deck, thirty-eight 32-pounders; and on the upper-deck, twenty 32-pounders; on the fore-castle, there will be two traversing 68-pounders; and when we remember that these can be brought to bear at the enormous distance of three miles, their effect may be imagined.

Contrasting this prodigious force with men-of-war in former days, the mind is lost in amazement; and we must not forget that these had also to act under the disadvantage of being unprovided with the auxiliary power of steam. And yet, comparatively small as men-of-war then were, they rendered good service; for it is recorded, that during the last war, the navy of England captured or destroyed 156 sail of the line, 332 large frigates, and 662 corvettes; and at the date of September 1811, there stood on the Admiralty books no less than 4023 commercial ships, measuring 536,240 tons, all of which had been captured as lawful prizes by our fleets.

The strength of such ships as the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal Albert* can be appreciated only by seeing them before the ships have received their armaments. The mere timber and iron in the hull alone of the *Royal Albert* is calculated to weigh 3000 tons, which is so disposed by trussing and diagonal bracing, as to render the ship literally a tower of strength. The result is a stupendous monument of human ingenuity; and that skill is not the less worthy of admiration which impels such a mass from its birthplace to its future ocean-home.

Formerly, ere science had given man a power unknown to our forefathers, the task of launching a ship was a tedious and laborious operation. Large vessels were usually floated out of the dock in which they were built, but now the beautiful operation of launching is performed in all cases; and as the manner of effecting this may not be generally known, we will briefly

describe it. To facilitate the launch, and prevent any check, the ship is supported by two strong platforms, laid with a gradual inclination to the water under her keel, to which they are parallel. Upon the surface of this declivity are placed two corresponding ranks of planks, which compose the base of a frame called the cradle, the upper part of which envelops the ship's bottom, to which it is securely attached. This cradle lies flat lengthwise upon the frame below; and being intended to slide downward upon it, carrying the ship along with it, both surfaces are well greased. The necessary preparations for the launch being made, all the blocks and wedges by which the ship is supported are driven out from under her keel, till her whole weight gradually subsides upon the platforms above described, which are called 'the ways.' The shores and stanchions by which she is retained upon the stocks till the period approaches for launching, are at length driven away, and jack-screws, if necessary, are applied to move her. The motion usually begins the instant the shores are knocked down, and the ship slides downwards along the ways, which are prolonged under the surface of the water to a sufficient depth to float her as soon as she arrives at the extremity. Sometimes, however, a large ship will not wait for the final operation of knocking away the dog-shores, but starts off with an impetus which no available force can restrain; and, on the other hand, it occasionally happens that even when the dog-shores are gone, the ship hangs, and this, as we shall see, was the case with the *Royal Albert*.

And now, let us regain our position on the highest stern-gallery, sixty-six feet above the water.

ASTOUNDING was the view that burst upon us as we passed from the cabin to this locality. Before us was the Thames, literally covered with craft of all descriptions, freighted with dense crowds of human beings, and decorated with gay flags; while beyond, the Essex shore presented a long black line of spectators. As time wore on, the seats beneath us became occupied; and long before the time appointed for the launch, the vast space around the ship was filled, and presented, from the varied and gorgeous uniforms of officers, and the dresses of the numerous ladies, an appearance not unlike a gigantic flower-bed. Ambassadors were conspicuous from their ribbons and stars; and amongst them, the Turkish minister, with his Fez and diamond orders, attracted much attention.

Meanwhile, the tide was rapidly rising, and expectation was at its height, when distant cheers, and a salute from the Woolwich batteries, announced the arrival of the Queen. The bands, one of which was stationed on the quarter-deck, played the national air, and in a few minutes the Court, attended by the Lords of the Admiralty, and a brilliant staff of officers, appeared on the crimson platform immediately beneath us. The scene at that moment was of the most magnificent description, and was certainly one of the finest features of the day. Her Majesty—leaning on Prince Albert's arm—and the royal family were now conducted along a crimson cloth-covered gangway, preceded by those very extraordinary court-buffoons who in state-ceremonies perform, though not gracefully, the art of walking backwards. On the present occasion, their evolutions were more than usually awkward, in consequence, it is to be presumed, of the narrow field for the exhibition of their powers, bounded as it was on one side by the water.

On arriving on the stage at the bow of the ship, Sir James Graham explained to the Queen the mode of performing the baptismal rite, and the small suspended bottle was pointed out to her. This was formed of clear crystal, filled with sherry, and covered with fine Honiton lace, having wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks twined round it. Somehow or other, the Queen failed twice in breaking the bottle; but the

third attempt succeeded, and Her Majesty having named the ship, emphatically exclaimed: 'God bless the *Royal Albert*!' and returned to the royal booth to witness the launch. To have classically completed this part of the ceremony, Her Majesty should have poured out a libation to the god Neptune, to whom offerings were always made by the Romans, and from which the custom of breaking a vessel of wine at a launch has been derived.

The ship being now christened, and the blocks removed, it only remained to knock away the dog-shores; and soon a dull heavy sound announced that this had been effected. Every one now stood motionless, awaiting in breathless silence the movement of the ship; but although we gazed intently on an object below and on a line with the stern-gallery, it was evident, notwithstanding repeated exclamations: 'She moves!—she's off!' that she stirred not.

Great anxiety was now depicted on the face of the spectators. The tide was at its height; and the moments of suspense seemed like hours. How Mr Rice, the master-shipwright, felt, we know not; but being naturally, it is said, a nervous man, his condition was not to be envied. During this most painful suspense, which lasted about ten minutes, great exertions were made by means of jack-screws to move the ship; and presently we heard a tremendous rush of feet along the deck, which reverberated like thunder under the arched roof of the shed, and, as we heard, created no slight alarm among the ladies beneath, who, finding that the ship was not disposed to move lengthways, fancied she might topple over and extinguish them.

But happily the rush of a thousand persons on board towards the stern had the desired effect. Standing where we were, we felt at first a singular kind of trembling motion, which, subsiding, gave place to a slow but gradually increasing downward movement, and amid the shouts of the excited multitude, the roar of cannon, and the crash of the bands, which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, curiously blended *God save the Queen* with *Rule Britannia*, we saw the waters beneath us open and divide as the *Royal Albert* ploughed her now irresistible course into that element in which, we trust, she will soon gather abundance of laurels for Britannia's brow.

From our position at the extreme stern, the spectacle and sensation were alike extraordinary. We seemed to be rushing onwards and downwards with a force which could only terminate in the destruction of ourselves and the innumerable ships before us; but by degrees our speed slackened, and when the huge vessel was fairly afloat, her buoyancy caused her to rise in proportion to the extent which she had descended. But the first attempts to check her were curiously ineffective. The thick ropes snapped like threads, leaving a momentary flash of light from the water which was dashed from them as they gave way. Stronger ropes were now used, and presently a steamer came to tow us to a hulk; but so large an amount of force remained to be overcome, that we drifted far from the dock-yard before the steamer acquired any control.

At length, however, the *Royal Albert* was secured; and as we came alongside of the hulk, hundreds of boats, at the risk of being crushed, made their appearance under us to take us on shore.

We shall not soon forget descending the side of the *Royal Albert*; for the operation having to be effected for a considerable portion of the distance by slipping down a rope, we became sensibly aware of the great distance between the water and the main-deck, from a porthole on which we had emerged. This feat, however, we accomplished in safety, having fortunately allowed some impatient fellows who preceded us to remove, by the friction of their hands, the tar which rather liberally coated the rope; and then rowing to shore, we had an

excellent opportunity of contemplating the enormous proportions of this noble addition to our navy, which appeared like a Triton among the minnows around her.

#### A FEW FACTS ABOUT EMERY.

We see around us, on all sides, proof that nothing is obviously and necessarily insignificant. A material or substance, how little soever it may be valued to-day, may to-morrow become an object of interest, estimated for its usefulness in some particular circumstances. Such must ever be the case while man is picking up his knowledge bit by bit; he acquires new facts, new principles, new laws of nature; his advancing civilisation suggests to him new wants, and his wants suggest new modes of applying his knowledge. This is the mode in which the useful properties of substances are day by day becoming known. But there are other substances which have been employed from very early ages, and yet are regarded by most persons as insignificant trifles to the present day. Who, for instance, knows or cares anything about emery, except the small number of persons actually engaged in its use? What is emery to the minds of nine-tenths of those who take up this sheet? A blackish sort of gritty dust, which aids the housemaid in polishing the fire-irons. Nevertheless, it may be worth knowing that this gritty dust is an object of wealth and importance in the countries where it is found; that without it, our looking-glasses would throw very misty and unwelcome reflections upon us; our telescopes would be wanting in the curvature and polish of the lenses; our spectacles, and eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, would be turbid instead of clear; our lapidaries would be deprived of one of their most useful adjuncts; our bright steel goods would be robbed of their brightness.

It appears that emery was known to the Greeks as a polishing material; and, indeed, the name of the substance in most European countries is derived from the Greek name. The Greeks did not know what the moderns know—that the choice sapphire and ruby, the hard adamantite spar and the humble emery, are almost identically the same substance: it is one of the remarkable facts deduced by modern chemistry, that all these four substances consist of about seven-tenths alumina, the rest of the weight being made up by silica and oxide of iron. It is the mode of aggregation of the particles, rather than any difference in composition, that produces such a striking diversity in the appearance of these minerals. In Pliny's time, emery was obtained for the lapidaries and gem-engravers from the island of Naxos; and we believe this island has never since failed to furnish a supply. M. Tournefort and Dr Clarke both described the emery-mines as existing at the times of their respective visits. When Tournefort wrote—nearly a century and a half ago—the emery-mines were situated at the bottom of a valley; but the inhabitants also found emery while ploughing the ground, and carried it down to the sea-coast; it was so cheap, that the English purchased it as ballast for their vessels, paying only a crown for twenty-eight hundredweights of it. Mr Tennant, at the beginning of the present century, spoke of emery commanding, in the London market, a price of about ten shillings per hundredweight, after paying freight from Naxos. Although coming from Naxos, it is generally called Smyrna emery, because it is shipped to England from that port, and as a means of distinguishing it from emery found in the interior of Asia Minor. One of the most remarkable spots in which emery has been found, is on the very summit of a mountain called Gumuch-dagh, about twelve miles from the ruined city of Ephesus. The emery was found scattered about, and projecting above the surface of a kind of bluish marble: on breaking into the marble, it was found in nodules,

something analogous in character to the nuggets of the gold-digger; but lower down, it was in large masses—so heavy, indeed, as thirty or forty tonweights. The isolated masses are more welcome than those imbedded, as being easier of removal.

Our American brethren appear to have paid a good deal of attention to emery. In a periodical called the *Scientific American*, a year or two ago, it is stated that Dr Lawrence Smith, a geologist, while residing at Smyrna in 1847, made the discovery of a deposit of emery not before known. He reported his discovery to the Turkish government; a commission of inquiry was appointed, and the affair soon assumed a commercial character.

The mining of this emery is described as being carried on in a very simple manner—the natural decomposition of the rock in which it occurs facilitating the extraction. The rock decomposes into an earth, in which the emery is found imbedded. The earth in the neighbourhood of the block is generally of a red colour, and serves as a sign or indicator. The block of emery produces a peculiar action on the steeled point of the quarrying-rod; and this serves as another indication of the presence of the mineral, when perhaps it is not actually in sight. If the blocks are too hard to be broken by hammers into pieces of convenient size, they are exposed to the action of fire for several hours, which diminishes their cohesive tendency. As there are no means of bringing the emery from the mines except on the backs of horses or camels, it frequently happens that enormous masses are left behind, from inability either to break or to carry them.

The effects of monopoly and of new discovery on the price of emery are remarkable and instructive. The emery found in Naxos belongs to the Greek government, while that found in Asia Minor belongs to the Turkish government; and both governments seek, of course, to realise a profit out of it. The Naxos emery, from the beginning of the present century to 1835, sold for about L.6 to L.8 per ton; but in or near the last-named year, a monopoly of the emery was purchased from the Greek government by an English merchant at Smyrna; and this merchant so managed the supply—as the coal-owners of Northumberland and Durham are often accused of doing in respect to a mineral of much greater importance—as to command almost any price he pleased; from L.7 it rose in a few years to L.30 per ton. But when, in 1847, Dr Smith, whose attention was drawn to the subject by a Smyrniote knife-grinder, discovered the mines near Smyrna, the Naxos monopoly received a check. The monopoly of the new mines was sold by the Turkish government to another merchant at Smyrna; and the rivalry between the two merchants brought down the price to L.2½, L.1½, L.10; and it is expected that, by a modification of the grant made by the Turkish government, the price will become much lower. The shipowners will bring the emery to England at a very low charge, as it serves as ballast to ships which come home less heavily laden than when they go out. Here, as everywhere, the spirit of unchecked monopoly shews itself in its true colours. But—*revenons à nos moutons*.

In the preparation of emery for purposes of manufacture, it has to pass through many carefully conducted operations. The masses are first broken up into smaller lumps by hammers, aided by the action of fire in some few cases; and they are then crushed still smaller by stampers worked on the principle of ore-stampers. The emery leaves the stampers in a more angular and irregular shape than if the crushing had been effected by rollers; and this angularity is considered to aid the subsequent processes. When the crushing is completed, the emery is sifted through sieves or cylinders, made of wire-gauze for the largest grains, but of lawn for the smallest: the wire-gauze varies from twelve to 120 meshes to an inch; the largest kind thus sifted is about

the size of mustard-seed; but emery is sometimes prepared for engineers in grains as large as pepper-corns. In the stamping-room, a fine dust settles on the beams and shelves; and this is occasionally collected to form the very finest emery. It affords a singular proof of the extensive use of emery, that every degree of fineness has its own particular name, and its own particular applicability in the arts. There are, for instance, corn emery, coarse-grinding emery, grinding emery, fine-grinding emery, super-grinding emery, coarse-flour emery, flour emery, fine-flour emery, super-flour emery. The engineers, and especially the optical instrument-makers, are very particular concerning the degrees of fineness in the emery prepared by or for them, to adapt the means to the end in view. Plate-glassmakers require a large quantity of emery, wherewith to grind their large plates of glass; and the emery-powder for this purpose is brought to a still finer and more equable state by a process of washing. This is effected in a curious way. A dozen or more of copper cylinders are ranged side by side; they are of equal height, but vary from three to forty inches in diameter; they have small troughs or channels connecting them one with another at the top; and the largest has a waste-pipe near the top. The cylinders being all filled with clean water, and the emery-powder being well mixed with water in another vessel, the emery-cream, if it may be so termed, is allowed to flow slowly through a pipe into the smallest cylinder; the greater part of it flows out again at the channel into the second cylinder, but in its passage it deposits the largest grains of emery, which fall to the bottom. So it passes on from one cylinder to another, depositing finer and finer particles as the diameter of the cylinder becomes larger; and the finest of all is found ultimately in the forty-inch or largest cylinder. The emery is thus separated into sizes, and is collected and dried for use. In the plate-glass factories, the plates, rough and uneven from the casting-table, are ground one upon another with sand and water between them; they are brought level, but the surface is dull and scratched, and the polishing is effected by means of this emery-powder—coarse at first, then finer and finer.

The test sometimes employed to determine the hardness of emery, is rather remarkable. The mineral seems to consist of corundum and iron; but its colour, varying from dark-gray to black, is no decisive test of its quality. Its hardness, on which its value depends, is thus ascertained:—Fragments are broken off and crushed in a diamond mortar; the powder is sifted through a sieve, having 400 holes to the inch, and is weighed. A circular piece of glass, about four inches in diameter, is weighed, and the pulverised emery is rubbed against it by means of a piece of agate. After this has been done a certain number of times, the emery and the glass are weighed a second time, whereby it is ascertained how much glass has been worn off by the friction of the emery. Three or four samples of emery are treated in the same way, and under similar conditions; and the sample which rubs off the greatest amount of glass in a given time, is concluded to be the hardest. Dr Lawrence Smith has found that, while good emery will wear away about half the thickness of common window-glass, blue sapphire will wear away four-fifths, proving how much harder sapphire is than emery. What is the test employed by ordinary dealers, we do not know; but Dr Smith was induced to adopt this method, because agate is hard enough to crush emery, and glass is soft enough to be ground by emery. The test is not really dependent on the time or violence of the friction, for as soon as the emery becomes very fine, it ceases to wear away the glass at all, and therefore the quantity worn is definite.

Emery-paper, emery-cloth, emery-stick, emery-cake—all, as their names import, derive their value from the emery-powder distributed over them; and all are

employed for the abrading or frictive action which they produce. Emery-paper is very little else than grains of emery glued down upon paper. The paper is a somewhat coarse but tough material, made on purpose; the emery employed has about six different degrees of fineness, varying from thirty to ninety mesh in an inch, to suit various manufacturing purposes. A warm solution of size or thin glue is brushed over the paper, and the emery-powder is dusted on it through a sieve. When used by artisans, this emery-paper is not usually held open in the hand, but is wrapped round a file or a piece of wood, and is used like a file: it cuts more smoothly if moistened with oil. Emery-cloth differs from emery-paper chiefly in the use of thin calico or cotton instead of paper; it is prepared in the same way; it is preferred for household and other purposes, where it is applied by the hand alone, on account of greater durability; but smiths and engineers generally prefer emery-paper. We may here remark that glass-paper and glass-cloth, sand-paper and sand-cloth, are varieties possessing different qualities, according to the hardness of the particles employed; but the rubbing or polishing action is observable in all. The third kind mentioned above, emery-stick, is formed of a straight piece of wood, square or rounded at the edges, according to the purpose for which it is to be used; temporary handles are made at each end, by nails or wires; the stick is brushed over with warm glue, and is then dipped or rolled in a heap of emery-powder; sometimes two doses of glue and emery are given; and the emery-stick so produced is much more durable than emery-paper wrapped round a stick or file. The fourth variety, emery-cake, consists of emery mixed with bees-wax into a solid lump; the ingredients are well stirred while the wax is warm; and after being solidified by plunging into cold water, the mixture is kneaded by the hand, and rolled into lumps. The emery-cake thus prepared is not used in this form, but is applied to the edges of luff-wheels and glaze-wheels for polishing cutlery and other goods.

There is another kind of material—'patent emery razor-stop paper,' which is made in a different manner from ordinary emery-paper. Fine emery and glass are mixed with paper-pulp, and made into sheets of paper which contain the two gritty materials in their very substance; so much so, indeed, that the emery and the glass weigh more than the paper-pulp. Such paper, pasted or glued down upon a piece of wood, and slightly moistened with oil, forms a good razor-stop. It has been suggested that the leaves of an ordinary metallic memorandum-book, which have a somewhat granular texture, might in emergency be made available for a similar purpose, the fine hard particles in the paper having the power of wearing away steel.

Emery-wheels are sometimes made by a process patented in England about a dozen years ago. These wheels are the discs or 'lap-wheels' used in grinding, polishing, and cutting glass, enamels, and metals. The wheels are made by mixing coarse emery-powder and pulverised Stourbridge clay in water, to the consistency of a thick paste; the paste is pressed into a mould of a proper wheel-form; and when removed from the mould, it is dried and baked. The clay binds together the emery particles into a mass, which cuts rapidly, and yet wears away slowly. By using emery of greater fineness, wheels are formed which cut less quickly, though more smoothly.

It is just possible that a question may here and there arise, whether *Tripoli* or *rotten-stone* be a variety of the same substance as emery. An answer to such a supposed question may not be amiss. The two minerals are entirely distinct. Rotten-stone is really a rotten stone; and it is called *Tripoli* because it was first brought from that country. It is found in slaty rocks at one place, in chalcedony at another, in coal-strata at another, in thin beds of pitch-stone at another, in shale

at another; and this diversity of position led to various opinions concerning the nature and origin of rotten-stone. Some thought it to be a silicious mineral, some an aluminous mineral; some deemed it to be of volcanic origin, while others believed it to have been deposited from a liquid as a sediment. It is now supposed by mineralogists that rotten-stone is produced by the disintegration of a particular variety of limestone, probably black marble: the disintegration having been brought about by the combined action of moisture and air. At Bakewell, in Derbyshire, the rotten-stone found in the limestone district presents two very different appearances: the 'hard' variety, as the quarrymen call it, occurs in detached nodular lumps, dispersed through the debris of the limestone, and has an indurated and somewhat stony consistency, an earthy texture, a shell-like fracture, a smooth and rather greasy feel, and a colour between yellow and brownish gray; whereas the 'soft' variety, occurring as a kind of spongy earth under the debris of the limestone, has a loose and powdery substance, a greater roughness to the touch, and qualities more resembling those of earth than of rock. But the most wonderful discovery concerning rotten-stone is that which has been made by Ehrenberg, that extraordinary observer whose microscope is making such unexpected revolutions in the world of science. He has found that the rotten-stone of Bohemia and Tuscany is actually a product of organic nature; that it is composed of the exuvia, or rather the skeletons of infusoria of the family *Barcellaria* and genera *Cocconeina*, *Gonphonema*, &c. Ehrenberg is said to possess the power of defining them with such distinctness in his microscope, that he can trace their analogy with living species; and in many cases he finds the species to be identical—a curious and wonderful study: life turned into stone! And what is the size of these once living creatures? The length is stated to be about  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of a line; and as a line is about a twelfth part of an English inch, we find that these minute beings must have been less than a three-thousandth part of an inch in length!—a speck of dust to all but the eyes of an Ehrenberg.

#### IS IT PAINFUL TO DIE?

According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in cases of tetanus; that the drunkard, dying of delirium-tremens, is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, and some other instances which I might adduce, are exceptions to the general rule—which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed. Then as to the actual fear of death, it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain, are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labour under no actual disease.—*Psychological Inquiries.*

#### THE FATHER OF SANITARY REFORM.

About eighteen hundred years ago, Plutarch discharged the duties of 'commissioner of sewers and public buildings' in his native city of Chaeronea. The very fashionable people sneered at the 'commissioner,' and wondered that a gentleman should stoop to anything so low; the ordinary common-sense sort of people thought it odd that a philosopher should degrade himself into a puddle-policeman;

while Plutarch's most intimate friends, who seem to have had a good deal of sarcastic humour, delighted to remind him of the remarkably exalted office to which his genius had raised him. On one of these occasions, the honest biographer made a reply worthy to be adopted as the motto of all sanitary reformers. 'It is not for myself,' said he, 'that I do these things, but for my country.' The usefulness takes off the disgrace; and the meanness the office I sustain, the greater the compliment I pay to the public.'—*The Commonwealth (Glasgow newspaper).*

#### THE FIRST SWALLOWS.

Thy calm eyes smiling to my own,  
Thy quiet tones more blithely sweet,  
Dear friend—than when an hour ago  
I watched the billows at thy feet;

Twin swallows in the April sky  
Set inland saw you, fronting west?—  
Twin stranger-birds that risk to try  
The haven of their summer rest?

A truer moral, and more bright,  
Those pilgrims shewed you, than I brought  
From the green ramparts on the height  
Where old-world nations earlier fought—

So very still 'neath any sky!  
So calm beside the unresting sea!—  
Why nobly live, or work, or die,  
If ever thus the end shall be?

If life but hold through measured range  
Of time and strife, self-nurturing doom,  
And every mocking form of change  
Repeat the ruin and the tomb?

Reply that fits the question best  
All things that breathe and bloom can give—  
The earth, through round of work and rest,  
Ripens, in loftier phase to live,

A blossom, or a bird on wing—  
Like those swift pinions west unfurled,  
Speaks promise, and each later spring  
Symbols a still progressive world.

M. P.

WAREHAM.

#### PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

Not long since, the Russians, in effect, withdrew their prohibition of the slave-trade, though they nominally retain it. Their mode of proceeding was essentially Russian. Turkish vessels are allowed to come to Anapa to purchase and carry away young Circassians to any extent, but under the condition, that they are all entered as Russian subjects travelling to Trebizond or Constantinople, and provided with Russian passports. *They have therefore a right always to claim the protection of the Russian ambassadors or consuls in Turkey.* The philanthropic Muscovites had, of course, no other view than the providing for the good usage of the slaves, otherwise it might have been esteemed a clever stroke of policy to spread persons who should regard Russia as their natural protector, through every harem, and in many high offices of state, to which the Circassian and Georgian youths often rise in Turkey.—*Westminster Review.*

#### ERRATUM.

The new church mentioned at the close of the 'Month' is No. 21, belongs to the Irvingites. The Rev. Christopher Heath is the Angel of that church, not Mr Drummond.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## DEBT AND CREDIT, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE, says one of Hook's heroes, is at the bottom of everything in this world. Of all the discussions which are discussed in this discussing age, one-half at least hinge in some way or other upon debt and credit; and yet of the millions talking, thinking, and disputing about the matter, the greater part know but little of its real principles; and there are things connected with it known to very few indeed even of the initiated.

Who, for example, would suppose that London firms of character and eminence deal, knowingly and systematically, in forged bills? Yet such is actually the case. Great money-dealers, whose names alone can sometimes turn the current of the market, have a quiet drawer in which they stow away these bills, just as they would any other. The principle upon which they proceed is a simple one. They know their customer; he is a man in business, with a stock in trade, a character to lose, and greatly in want of ready money. This customer forges to his bills the name, usually, of a near relation, or some one of moneyed fame with whom he is connected. The dealers, fully aware of the circumstance, take the bills. They know well that their customer will pay this bill before any others—that he will run all risk; refuse all payments, make all sacrifices, rather than leave these bills unpaid, with the terrible consequences of their examination. The customer, in fact, says to the dealer: 'I put my liberty, my character and prospects, in your hand: if I fail in my engagements, you will have the power to transport me as a felon. I shall not run that risk; I have such and such property—such and such connections—lend me so much money.' The dealers do not hesitate to comply.

Again: there is a class of tradesmen who will furnish goods on credit at a time when they are morally certain they will never be paid. We remember a London tailor who used to make periodical visits to Cambridge, almost forcing his coats and trousers upon every one to whom he had the shadow of an introduction, charging high prices and offering infinite credit. One of his customers left the university much in his debt, and the tailor lost sight of him for years. At last he found him, and presented his bill. His quondam customer fairly told him that he could not pay him. The tailor fidgeted, remonstrated, threatened. What was the use?—the man had no money. At last the tailor cried: 'Well, sir, if you will not give me my money, at least give me an order, that I may not quite have lost my time.' With these men, business is everything: if they can do a certain amount in the day, they

go to bed happy, compelling themselves to forget how much of that amount will never be paid for; and safe enough, after all, for the profits on their genuine business are an ample set-off against all losses. There are many even second-rate tailors in London, who, if they chose to risk their entire connection, could in a month call in between £40,000 and £50,000.

A man begins tolerably early to be initiated into the credit-system. He leaves school, where he never had a five pound-note in the world, for the university. He knows nothing of purchases beyond bats and balls, cakes and oranges. From a position where he carefully reckons his half-pence, he is removed to one where he has the command of a limited £300 a year—one hundred of which will suffice for his necessities—and the command of credit unlimited. The very day after his arrival at college, his table is covered with cards from horse-jockeys, print-sellers, wine-merchants, confectioners, jewellers, unnecessary tradesmen of all kinds and classes. Presently he is visited by a man with prints of the colleges—things, he is told, indispensable to a freshman: as for payment, he may suit his own convenience. Next walks up a dentist, who insists on examining his mouth—the tutors have such a partiality for young men with white teeth. Next is the wine-merchant—a stock of wine is so essential to hard reading, and Mr A. has the best and cheapest. It would be endless to repeat the items of the list—quite enough to turn the head of any young man who thus, at his very first entrance into life, becomes forced into habits so injurious, if not fatal, to his future career.

In modern France, the credit-system is far from being carried to the same extent which it is in England. Every one knows the neat little box in which sits the Parisian dame at one side of the shop to receive the money: if you stay there long enough, you may see that nine-tenths of the goods taken are paid for. Credit, when it is given, seldom lasts longer than a month. The butcher, if you don't pay him, is not given to threaten, but he forthwith stops the supplies. Of course there are exceptions, but this is the general rule.

Mercantile credit in the provinces is utterly deficient in the organisation it possesses in this country. We were some time ago at Orleans, and received from a distance, as cash for a letter of credit which we had forwarded, a parcel of Hottinger's notes. These were payable in about sixty towns in France, of which Orleans was not one; but I was assured that this was only owing to its proximity to Paris, and they could be negotiated there quite as easily as in the capital. There were two banks at Orleans: the first would not even look at the notes; the second undertook to

transmit them to Paris: it was all that could be done. For seven mortal days the bank waited for an answer to this simple matter, and at last paid the money without receiving it, as a special favour. And yet Orleans was in those days—it was before the railway—but a single night's post from Paris.

If you enter a Parisian bank, you are struck with the absence of the air of business. A single gentleman is probably standing with his coat-tails to the fire; he looks at your document, and very likely pays you the money out of a drawer, though, to be sure, he generally hands this part of the business over to the *caissier*. No hurried merchants' clerks, no fat farmer from the country handing cheques or bank-notes eagerly over the counter. It is with great difficulty that the banker in France will permit ordinary people to open an account, the fear is so inveterate that they may be taken in. No doubt there are business banks in Paris—as Rothschild's, and the great bank of the Rue St George; but they are very few, and even here half of the business is confined to paying *coupons*: the multitudinous requirements of British affairs are totally unknown.

At the present moment, the influence of this country, and the growing desire for greatness and excitement, which is making France a mercantile nation, as it once made it a nation of soldiers, is creating the necessity for greater monetary accommodation both for borrowing and placing money. As the bankers are not to be moved from their routine, other institutions are starting up on all sides. An institution has been established in France, completed only at the close of last year, known as the *Crédit Mobilier*. It is an immense joint-stock lending concern, taking everybody's money, as much or as little as you please, and finding for it a safe investment. It lends to the railways, to mines, to the departments, to the amount of three or four millions sterling. One of its features is worth notice. It issues notes payable at fixed periods, commonly short ones, and bearing interest during the time they run. By this means a portable savings-bank is established, in which persons of moderate earnings may invest their gains, and at the same time a useful medium of exchange is created, in which the money never lies entirely idle. It is peculiarly suitable to the Frenchman, who, as has been observed, always prefers to have his money about him, and yet is not subjected to the absolute loss of interest, which he incurs by hiding away his coin in his chimney. There is another institution for investing other people's money, whose main principle is to lend it to the communes—it is known by the name of the *Caisse des Consignations*.

The ordinary use of the *billet de banque* dates only since the Revolution of 1848. Of course the Bank of France issued as many of its notes in previous years as the public chose to take; but excepting in the great towns, the public did not choose to take them. The great convulsion six years ago, both by testing the stability of the Bank and by its destruction of the old systems of managing money, did an immensity of good to the Bank. At present, the notes of the Bank are found everywhere. Up to 1848, it had no branches in the great towns, from the opposition and influence of the local establishments. Up to 1811, the Bank had but three branches anywhere—at Rouen, Lille, and Lyon; and these it was forced to shut up in that year for want of business. During Louis Philippe's reign, fifteen branches were established—all in second-rate towns. Since 1848, they have been established in the great towns.

Institutions exist in the south, at Marseilles especially, which the good people there consider a marvel of convenience—with us it would seem the clumsiest and most primitive idea imaginable. The principle is this: A grocer wants to buy a cargo of plums, which he has not the money to pay for. He goes to the Bank of Exchange as it is called. The bank gives him an order

for the plums, on his making over to it an equivalent in sugar. This sugar it hands over to another of its customers who wants it, and, in the multiplicity of its business, finds something to give in exchange to the original owner of the plums. This is the principle on which traders went, not merely before paper-currency, but before coin itself was known. It is systematised and modernised, but it is the same. An Englishman would find it a much simpler proceeding to borrow money of the bank upon proper security, and purchase the plums upon his own terms. As it stands, he is compelled to submit to the terms of other people. But, as he cannot borrow money, he is glad to find such a substitute for it as he can meet with. Money on mortgage, so easily found with us, is obtained with far greater difficulty in France, and under many formalities—it usually commands from six to ten per cent. It is much more easily raised in Germany, where mortgages are systematised. A large establishment, authorised by the state, manages this kind of business in many of the Teutonic kingdoms, where the ownership of each estate is registered, with all the contingencies, successions, and liabilities to which it is subject, and its value accurately ascertained. This makes mortgaging a wonderfully easy business. The French are slowly endeavouring to imitate their neighbours in their facilities on this head.

Notwithstanding the limited range of the credit-system on the continent compared with its extent in England, there is enough left to do a world of mischief. In fact, what credit does exist, is in great part in the most mischievous shapes. Its annals are full of the piquancy inseparable from all the proceedings of our lively neighbours.

The borrowing-system in France is divided into three professions. You have, first, the usurer; secondly, the *entremetteur* or *proxénète*; and thirdly, the *faiseur* or agent. These three differ as entirely in their personal character and habits as they do in their several departments of business. The usurer keeps his gains, the *faiseur* spends them in gambling at the bourse, the *entremetteur* in cabaret-dinners in the *Banlieue*, in a society we blush to name.

The usurer never sees the pigeon, or very rarely. He is banker, count, minister of state, director of theatres, lives in a grand hotel, gives dinners to princes, dresses in suits from Dusantoy, and is far above the acquaintance of a mere pigeon. This he leaves to the *courtier*. This last, a genteel and knowing personage, deals in everything. He tells the pigeon that if M. —, not being inclined to part with his ready money, can only give wine or furniture in exchange for the bill, he, the *courtier*, will undertake the sale; and this he does, upon occasion. But in the majority of instances, wine, furniture, and all the rest of the old story, is a mere pretence. The pigeon proposes a bill. The *faiseur* goes to the banker, and gets it done at fifty per cent. in ready money. He returns to the pigeon, says that the bill is discounted, but that the price is given in goods, which he will undertake to sell. In two or three days, he returns with the story that the goods are not to be sold. The pigeon is impatient. The *faiseur* then offers to take the goods at his own risk, at a discount. This the pigeon is only too glad to do, and gets one-half of the money handed to the *faiseur*, just one quarter of his bill. The *faiseur* gets the other half, without any risk whatever; and in half an hour is to be seen trotting down the Rue Vivienne, eager for the excitement of the new loan, or the latest scheme.

This is the most favourable result, and too happy ought the pigeon to be with it. He is lucky if money is handed to him at all until within two or three days of his bill falling due—just in time to get the agent from the charge of bill-stealing, conceals where the French laws are rather rigorous.

As for the amount the pigeon receives, he may, as we have said, receive a fourth, but not uncommonly he receives nothing, and that without the suspicion of bill-stealing. Authentic instances are known where the pigeon has taken a horse for a note of 1000 francs. The horse remains in the stables of the courtier, who in a few days sends in the bill for its keep—thirty francs. The pigeon orders the horse to be sold by auction. It fetches twenty-seven francs. All the pigeon gets by the transaction, is the pleasure of paying three francs ready money, and the bill when it becomes due. In another case, equally authentic, a young man signed a note for 28,000 francs. He was credited in return with 60,000 blocks of marble, 11,000 mouse-traps, 6000 iron rods, and 3000 francs in money. The marble remained in the quarry; no one would buy it *in situ*, or advance the money for its removal. The mouse-traps and rods sold for about a thousand francs, and the pigeon was finally credited with 4000 francs, and received about half, the courtier pocketing the rest.

The number of these courtiers in Paris is estimated at above 20,000; there are above 10,000 in the provinces. Let any one who knows the lives, habits, and expenses of these men, estimate the amount of loss in a single city which feeds 20,000 courtiers.

We had almost forgotten the *proxénète*. It is his business to discover youths in difficulties, or out of difficulties, with easy temperament and eyes liable to be dazzled. They haunt especially the écoles of droit and medicine, places where extravagance and libertinage are prescriptive. These are the worst of their class—seedy, stale, and villainous-looking men, who have no need even of the appearances of character. A better set, at least in appearance, loiter around the hotels or apartments of the rich. They must, in this instance, have the manners and clothes which would not subject them to be kicked into the street by the domestics. Their highest flight is into the salons of an actress; their lowest, the cells of Clichy—for the prisons themselves are not beyond their arts and expectations.

The annals of the prison of the Rue Clichy, or its predecessor, St Pelagie, are yet more fertile in extraordinary characters than those of our own Fleet. Some of these same characters, it may be observed, were English. There was the famous Swan, who lived there three-and-twenty years, and only preserved his post by threatening his wife, his daughter, and his son-in-law to disinherit them, and give all his property to the prison, if they paid his debts. He used to pace the corridors half the day, which he called his 'town of the Bois de Boulogne.' Released, much against his will, by the Revolution of 1830, he died of his liberty in a few months, before the re-establishment of affairs could enable him to find fresh debtors and a new imprisonment.

One of Napoleon's men declared that he never was so happy as in prison, for it was the only place where he could not ruin himself. Released by the course of law when seventy years old, at which age no man in France is allowed to be a prisoner for debt, he used to amuse his friends by calculating the millions he had saved by his sojourn in prison, and demanding where he could have employed his time to more advantage. This was Ouvrard's way of looking at the matter. Every one has heard of Ouvrard, the great banker, who received other people's money to the extent of 5,000,000 of francs, never spent it, hoarded it in rich investments, and laughed at his dupes from the gay walls of Clichy. Five years, by the French law, is sufficient imprisonment for any man, whatever he owes; at the end of this time, he is released as a matter of course. Ouvrard's friends and connections, peers and ministers of state, remonstrated with him on his proceedings. 'I have no peculiar fancy for prison,'

he answered: 'find me another place where I can gain a million a year, and I will leave Clichy on the instant.' He did his business in style: if he wanted the chamber of any prisoner, he would pay his debts to secure the vacancy. He hired an entire house opposite the prison for his domestics and his cuisine. Every day, his dinner-party consisted of twelve persons. This life, and a million a year for leading it! What wonder if M. Ouvrard was content with Clichy?

Another of the imperial barons, formerly prefect of a department, found his way to Clichy. He recognised in the doctor of the establishment his physician in his prefectorial days. The doctor expressed his astonishment at finding so great a man in such a situation. 'What would you have, my friend?' said the prefect. 'I have a rent-roll—rather a large one—but it went to pay the interest of my debts. Now, I receive it without deduction; boil my own coffee in the morning; an excellent *femme de ménage* prepares my dinner; I have five or six capital fellows to share it; I spend the evening in whist and punch—a jovial life, of which I shall certainly not be tired for five years. I shall then go abroad into the world not owing a farthing, and without the disagreeable necessity of receiving my rents only to hand them over to other people.'

It is the commonest thing in French society to hear men expatiating on the delights of their 'little *boudoir* in Key Street,' Rue de Clef—the cant term for Clichy amongst all choice spirits. Another term is, 'the palace of debt.' In fact, its gay courts, where flowers, water, trees, and a well-swept lawn afford him amusement in the sunny hour; a joyous companion and good cheer when the sun no longer shines; a well-stocked library of romance; and the knowledge that all restraint will end in a few years, without the stigma of bankruptcy, the distasteful gathering of creditors, the angry frowns of a commissioner, or the most uncomfortable queries of an opposing counsel—all this unites such a variety of charms, that the expression is more than justified. Not unfrequently, young men who, at their first entrance into Clichy, give themselves up to despair, spend their days in writing lamentations to choice friends, and sternly refuse all companionship with their fellows, in a few months are rioting amidst all the excesses and enjoyments of their new position, leaving their distant friends to fancy them dead, from the total cessation of their jeremiades; declaring that they had found in the prison the most charming of companions, and had crowned their felicity by making the acquaintance of a rich and venturesome usurer. One of the great recommendations of the place is, that a man can receive society which he does not venture to bring within the walls of his own house.

Our own happy and enlightened country, in the last century, has the merit of being the only one in existence which first locked up the debtor, and then starved him. This was actually and literally the case, unless a man could live on a half-penny a day. The old records of our debtor-prisons are full of persons starved to death. The old Roman law, which permitted the body of the debtor, after a certain time, to be cut to pieces and distributed, like the Levite's concubine, amongst his creditors—even this not particularly humane and sensible law guarded against actual starvation. Starving to death was a punishment reserved for Italian barons of the time of Count Ugolino, and English gentlemen of the time of Fox and Wilberforce.

All the legislations of Europe compel the creditor to allow the debtor sufficient to keep him from starving. Sometimes the sum is fixed, as in France, at a franc a day; sometimes, as in Holland, it is regulated by a tariff fixed by the government, according to the price of provisions. In all, the allowance must be paid for a month in advance by the creditor; and if he fails, the debtor is instantly released; but in that case he may be arrested again for the same debt.

The legislation of Geneva is peculiarly lenient. It forbids the bed of the debtor to be taken under any circumstances. Unless there is nothing else to pay the debt, it is compulsory to leave ploughing instruments, farm animals, and a month's supply of flour. The creditor is likewise compelled to leave, at the option of the debtor, one cow, two goats, or three ewes, workmen's tools, and the instruments of the art or profession of the debtor, to the value of sixty florins. As in the rest of the continental system, the debtor is entitled to release as soon as he attains the age of seventy years. But Geneva is in another respect the most lenient towards the debtor. In France, the prisoner is discharged, as a matter of course, after an imprisonment of five years; at Geneva, after an imprisonment of three. He can be imprisoned anew, however, if he shall afterwards come into possession of notorious means of payment.

The old annals of the Fleet will produce instances of prison luxury and extravagance equal to those of M. Ouvrard. Prisoners served upon plate are upon record more than once. There are, on the other hand, some piquant stories of a different character. Thomas Pope was confined in 1792 for a debt of L.10,000—money which he had appropriated in his capacity of executor to a baronet. It was discovered after he had been put in prison, that he was worth at least L.100,000. He lived in the most penurious manner—spending less than L.50 per annum. From the length of his confinement, he was entitled to a better room than ordinary—this he let to another prisoner for a guinea per week, and contented himself with one at a shilling. Meanwhile, he was actually saving L.500 a year, the interest of his debt and expenses, which the creditors could not legally claim during his imprisonment. To be sure, this was a good way from the million francs per annum of M. Ouvrard.

A man was at the same time confined within the walls, who at once amused and enriched himself by building houses within that favoured locality. The prison authorities stated at the time, to a committee of the House of Commons, that very many prisoners omitted to sue out their discharge when they were entitled to it; and in some instances the debtor, freed by the act of his creditor, actually refused to quit the place, and it became necessary to turn him out by head and shoulders.

The prisoners, when they could afford it, used to amuse themselves by changing, by habeas, one prison when they became tired of it for another. Many of them spent the winter regularly in the Fleet, and the summer in the Queen's Bench, taking their seasons like other fashionables. It was supposed that the summer in the Fleet was peculiarly uncomfortable and unhealthy.

It is enough to make one's blood run cold to read the annals of debt imprisonment scarcely fifty years ago. No medical advice allowed in the prison—men and women dying of disease—no support but chance charity—clergymen and ladies perishing from actual want. But the most outrageous anomaly was this—a man might be arrested, if his supposed creditor had a spite against him; he might be in prison positively for twelve months before it became necessary to try his cause, and after all, he might, and frequently did, obtain a verdict. He had no remedy or compensation whatever for his long imprisonment, except by pleas so difficult of proof that no one was ever known to make the attempt. Worse than all—a man might be arrested and kept in prison for a year for a debt which he did not owe, and when the injustice of the claim against him was proved, might still remain a prisoner for life, because unable to pay the prison-dues.

In those happy times, prisoners slept on the stairs—men, women, and children by dozens in a single small room, and if a prisoner died his body remained for

days in the same room with his former chums! This was in the days of Wilberforce and Whitbread; of Pitt and Fox, of the fathers of the present generation, and even of some of the present generation itself. Truly, the march of civilisation is subject to wonderful caprices. Amongst other things, the arrest of insane persons for debt was not an uncommon occurrence.

So far as legislation is concerned, a few years have done wonders in the improvement of our system of treating debt legally. The next great step must come, not from the lawyer or the legislature, but from society itself. The one has at least done something—the latter has everything to do. Corrupting the young—tempting the inexperienced trader to overtrading—pandering to the passions of the rich—making a lottery of credit—offering unlimited advances at huge premiums on the purest risks—forcing goods on people, to be paid for at their convenience—and even sacrificing all hope of payment, for the sake of doing business: all this is beyond the reach of the most searching law. We have been a thousand years making physical laws against the debtor—it is time we did something to enforce a moral law against the creditor. Hitherto, the moral punishment has been all on one side, while the fault is with the one at least as often as it is with the other.

### CONVICT LITERATURE.

It is a common observation that everybody writes now-a-days—that the literary power exists, in a greater or less degree, in all classes and characters of men. But perhaps this sweeping theory, if closely examined, would receive some modification: we should be inclined, for instance, to except the more vulgar rogues and vagabonds, such as the thieves and burglars sent every now and then in ship-loads to the antipodes. Some remarkable examples, it is true, might be quoted, in which the literary feeling appears to have co-existed with criminality even of the meanest nature; but these, one would think, must have been wholly exceptional, proving, by their rarity, and the attention they attracted, the almost universality of the rule.

There lies before us, notwithstanding, a literary performance, the work, in a great measure—not of evil-doers brought up in some sort of refinement, and now in a compulsory pause of their career reverting to the feelings of the past—but of a miscellaneous assemblage of rogues of the commonest order, meeting by chance in a convict ship, and thrust forth from the country they had outraged and disgraced.\* If we bear in mind, too, that offenders are rarely sentenced to transportation, till they have appeared at the bar four or five times, it will be with no small interest we shall read the lucubrations of this convict crew, furnished instantaneously in response to the call of their Superintendent for contributions to a periodical he thought fit to establish on board. Let it not be thought, however, that we claim for these papers the praise of literary excellence of any degree; we are content to see in them manifestations of thought, and proofs of the moral and intellectual existence of the individual beyond the circle of his bonds and crimes.

The prisoners in question had the good-fortune to be placed under the superintendence of Mr Daniel Ritchie, a navy-surgeon, pre-eminently qualified for the trust by a rare union of firmness and humanity, accompanied with a strong leaven of that enthusiasm which is necessary to support men in the discharge of a difficult and trying duty. In the spring of 1852, he was appointed by the Admiralty, Surgeon-superintendent of the *Porpoise* Bomanjee, a transport hired for the conveyance of 300 convicts to Van Diemen's Land, with a pension

\* *The Voice of our Exiles; or Stray Leaves from a Convict Ship*. Edited by Daniel Ritchie, Esq., Surgeon, R.N. Edinburgh: Macdonald 1854.

guard of thirty men and their families. The following is the classification he gives of his prisoners, with a hint of the theory by which he was himself governed:—

'The mental condition of a considerable number was certainly defective in a varying degree, from some slight aberration to nearly absolute imbecility. The ignorance and depravity of others, who had been reared to crime, were so great as almost to abrogate the power of conscience, or so to pervert its indications as to destroy all rule of life. A few had been driven, by excited passions, through a series of follies—too mild a term—until accident rather than inherent vice precipitated them into some criminal action. By far the largest proportion, however, had first acquired habits of intemperance, which, unsettling the reason in a similar degree to the physical structure, left no sound protecting power. If we add to the above a small number who were forced into crime by want of the necessities of life, or by temptation in a moment of forgetfulness, we shall probably have a classification in which every convict could be arranged, in some degree, as the inmates of a lunatic asylum, according to their mental defects. There is this important difference, however, that while a majority of the patients in the one case are incurable, in the other they are nearly all susceptible of being restored to a correct frame of mind, by restraint and education.'

The education here meant is general training—physical, moral, and intellectual. The convicts were compelled to a system of order, regularity, obedience, cleanliness, and attention to personal appearance; and in addition to daily school-instruction, they received daily admonitions and addresses on moral duty, and heard morning and evening prayers, with short practical lessons from Scripture. Over and above all this, was 'the healthful stimulus created and sustained by a weekly journal, conducted by themselves, thus developing the reasoning powers, and engaging their thoughts on intellectual subjects.'

From this journal, as the surgeon-superintendent told them, not much was expected in the early numbers; but he counselled them to persevere, and to regard the opportunity as an important one. 'Be persuaded to listen to the holier impulses of your nature, and employ the talents which God has given you, that by their vigorous exercise they may acquire a dominion over the brutish instincts, and call into existence the germs of a higher and purer life.' The call, considering all circumstances, seems to have been responded to with great energy. The reader may perhaps remember smiling some years ago at the verses scrawled on the walls of Newgate by a juvenile thief—

He what prigs what isn't hisn,  
When he's cotched must go to prisn;

but if he expects anything of this kind in the journal of the *Pestonjee Bomanjee*, he will be curiously deceived. These verses contain merely a hard, dry, material fact—a stony fact, like the walls on which they were inscribed—but observe the lightness, nay, the grace, with which an unfortunate convict commences his *Prison Reflections* at the opening of the journal:—

The summer sun throws dazzling light  
On scenes around Portsea;  
Reflected on the waters bright,  
Are ship, and tower, and tree.

The sea-mew flies with airy bound,  
Or wanton skims the sea;  
The sailor's song rings blithely round  
The homes of liberty.

Following this piece there is an *Essay on Sin*, in which the author draws a forcible picture of the misery which he and his comrades have brought upon themselves. 'We cannot obliterate the past,' he continues,

'but we can look back upon it with regret, and draw such profit and instruction from it as may stimulate us to exert ourselves with diligence and propriety for the time to come. We have all, through a kind and judicious government, been granted opportunities of improving our minds, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, insuring the salvation of our immortal souls. We have been placed under the teaching of faithful ministers, who have arduously laboured to shew us the folly of sin, and the importance of awaking to a life of righteousness.' This essayist was a bonnet-maker by trade, but by practice a thief or pickpocket. After his final apprehension, his mind turned towards religion, and his 'behaviour on board was perfectly in accordance with the faith he professed, being quiet and unobtrusive, unless urged by a generous anxiety to occupy a more prominent position in instructing his more ignorant fellow-prisoners.' This is an interesting picture from another of his essays, *Divine Service at Sea*:—'A loud shrill whistle was the signal for us to attend divine service on the quarter-deck, it being the Sabbath-day. I was much gratified with the scene which presented itself: the juvenile members of the congregation—the soldiers' children—were seated in front of the poop; behind them were the soldiers under arms, and their wives occupied any little vacant spaces; on the right stood the surgeon-superintendent, and on the left, with the officers of the ship, was the captain; the sailors seated themselves under the break of the poop, in the rear of the pulpit, while the prisoners formed a semi-circle in front. A solemn silence prevailed; not a sound was to be heard but what was occasioned by the slight flapping of the sails: all nature appeared calm and tranquil. Above our heads had been spread an awning, to protect us from the scorching rays of that glorious sun which seemed to smile upon the convict ship as she lay becalmed on the so often turbulent but now peaceful ocean.' Another of the author's essays, *Danger or no Danger*, is distinguished by its fancy, but, like most of this convict's productions, is too exclusively religious for a lay periodical.

Some verses, that are a little in the street-ballad style, do not prepare us for the character the author receives. The poet tells us of the kind surgeon and the prison chaplain, who

Use their best endeavours to try and make us see  
The chain of sin with which we're bound by Satan's  
tyranny;

and concludes with

And should the Lord permit us to reach our journey's  
end,  
Be sure he will a blessing on our poor exertions send.

This gentle and religious writer, however—a tailor by trade—had been five times in prison. 'He was essentially vicious; and no training, no discipline, will probably ever change him. In his nature he resembled the fox—sly, mischievous, plausible, yet untamable. There did not probably exist in his composition one spark of any generous or ennobling feeling. His cowardice alone shackled his evil disposition. Whether this idiosyncrasy is congenital, or merely the result of habit and vice, is doubtful; but it appears impossible to view it otherwise than as displaying some peculiar mental conformation, probably dependent on the physical structure of the individual. There was nothing, however, remarkable about this man's cranial development; his capacities were above the average, and his appearance would have been prepossessing but for a peculiar expression of the eyes, which, always indicating a consciousness of guilt and a felonious intention, renders the possessor repulsive. He was sentenced to seven years' transportation for theft, of which time he had already served more than two and a half years, in separate confinement, and employed in

public works, so that he would probably, soon after his arrival at Hobart Town, obtain a conditional or free pardon.'

Another religious poet, who begins with *My Bible*, was remarkable, it seems, for exhibiting 'so much talent united with such loose moral principle.' The superintendent, however, appears to think that he succeeded in reforming him; but if so, we are quite sure that, during the progress of his reformation, he stole from somebody, whose name we forget, an *Ode to the Flying-fish*, and palmed it upon the worthy editor as his own property.

A contributor of prose, who was in prison three times before his present sentence, indulges in recollections of his early school-fellows, and concludes with a paragraph which might find a place in a new volume of *Elegant Extracts*: 'There is nothing in these histories to dazzle, but there is much to instruct us. In them we observe not only examples of men rising from humble life to influential positions, but in the characters collectively of such men we behold the source of our national greatness. It is to the collective wisdom, the silent industry, the native energy of men like these, that the great middle class of Britain owes its moral power. By their intellect and commercial enterprise, they have raised their country to the pre-eminent position she holds in the scale of nations, and endowed her with that power which influences the destiny of the world.'

A housebreaker, who had previously suffered imprisonment for another crime, furnishes *The Railway Spiritualised*—not honestly come by we fear, though the editor is sanguine on the point.

The line to heaven by Christ was made,  
With heavenly grace its rails are laid;  
From earth to heaven the way extends,  
To grace eternal, where it ends.  
Repentance is the station, then,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee is there for them to pay,  
For Jesus heralds all the way.  
The Bible is the engineer,  
That points the way to heaven clear;  
Through tunnels dark, 'neath mountains high,  
It guides the pilgrim to the sky.  
Truth is the fire, and Love the steam  
Which moves the engine and the train.  
Hence, all who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ, and there abide  
In the first, second, or third class.  
By faith, repentance, holiness,  
You must the prize of glory gain,  
Or you with Christ will never reign.  
Come, then, poor sinner! Now's the time,  
At any station on the line!  
If you repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in!

The volume may be described as a Curiosity of Literature; and one of an interesting and instructive kind. The contributors are for the most part thieves, burglars, forgers, and fire-raisers; yet there is not a sentiment contained in it that might not be fitly instilled into her child by a mother, not a doctrine that might not proceed from the most orthodox of pulpits. Does it not seem as if the crimes of the convict had been committed by some detached inferior part of his nature during the silence of his unawakened soul? And is it not reasonable to conclude, that by a wise management of the circumstances that surround him, we may bring about the natural balance, and give him the *habit* of right thought and creditable action?

This was the theory on which the benevolent and careful superintendent proceeded. But he did not attend to moral circumstances alone: he watched over the health of his prisoners, as a thing essential to the progress of their reformation; he gave them as much

as possible of the purifying air of heaven between decks, as well as above; and by enforcing cleanliness and attention to personal appearance, he gradually raised them from their abyss of degradation. In this way he kept on the better movement already commenced in their imprisonment on shore, and landed them in Tasmania in a state, both moral and physical, which fitted them for re-entering energetically upon the active duties of life. Their services were eagerly sought for; they all found instant employment; and so far as he could learn afterwards—for he did not quit the country for some time—they had good reason to look back with satisfaction upon their voyage, and upon the Journal of the *Pestonjee Bomanjee*.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

BOSTON—LOWELL.

AFTER paying a few visits to Brooklyn on the one side, and the New Jersey shore on the other, I left New York, and proceeded northwards to spend a short time in New England; my journey taking me direct to Boston in one day—distance by railway 236 miles, for which the fare was five dollars. By this line of route, very large numbers pass to and from New York daily. The cars, starting in detachments, with teams of horses, from Canal Street, were united in a long train outside the town, and then drawn in good style by a locomotive at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. The line, which makes a considerable bend in its course, proceeds by way of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester; and so traversing a populous country, goes through the state of Connecticut into Massachusetts.

After passing New Haven, a handsomely built town, the seat of Yale College, the country improves in appearance; and in the neighbourhood of Hartford, within the valley of the Connecticut river, the land is green, rich, and beautiful. When we reach Springfield, the arable plains of Connecticut are exchanged for the rugged and pastoral hills of Massachusetts; and we need not to be told that we have arrived in a region which depends not on natural products, but on an intense spirit of manufacturing industry for its wealth and importance. Placed on a group of conical mountains, partly environed by inlets of the sea, Boston is seen on our approach to be an odd mixture of towns and lakes, which the stranger requires several days to comprehend—and which I cannot say I quite understand even yet. A fine bay, as formerly noticed, admits shipping from the sea up to the various wharfs that fringe the lower parts of the city, and renders Boston one of the best seats of exterior commerce on the whole coast of America.

It will be recollected, that it was not in this inviting harbour that the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed in New England, December 23, 1620; but at Plymouth, about thirty-six miles distant along the coast to the south. Boston was settled ten years later by a fresh band of English refugees, fleeing from religious persecution, and was at first called Tremont; but this descriptive name was afterwards changed to Boston, in compliment to the Rev. John Cotton, who had emigrated from Boston in Lincolnshire; and so Boston it remains, along with all its traditions, historic and biographical. I hinted on a previous occasion, that a glance at Boston would disenchant any one from illusory ideas respecting the Americans. The city, occupying the slopes of a rounded low hill, is thoroughly English in aspect—the brick-houses, smarter, perhaps, and



excelling in their brilliant green jealousies, plate-glass windows, and general air of neatness. A number of the public and other buildings are of granite, and the broad side-pavements are of this durable material. Boston is English even in its irregularity. Instead of being laid out on the rectangular American pattern, and garnished with rows of trees, the streets wind and diverge in different directions, some broad and some narrow, some steep and some level, according to fancy or the nature of the ground—the greater part clinging parasitically round the chief of the Tremonts, which is crowned with the conspicuous dome of the state-house.

I was not prepared by any previous account for the throng of carriages, drays, and foot-passengers in the leading thoroughfares of Boston. Washington Street, which stretches longitudinally through the city, cannot be compared to Broadway in New York, or the Strand in London, yet as a fashionable business thoroughfare it has few equals. Tremont Street, which is parallel with it a little higher up the hill, is another principal avenue through the city, communicating at one end with the celebrated Boston Common. This is much the finest thing of the kind in America. It is an enclosed piece of ground, fifty acres in extent, ornamented with trees and a fountain, irregular in surface, and enclosed with a railing; it is always open for foot-passengers, and is devoted exclusively to the public use. On three sides, it is bounded by a terrace-like street, with a range of well-built houses, the residence of the élite of Boston. This spacious grassy common has a general inclination to the south, and at its upper part, the line of street embraces the state-house, from the summit of which a very fine panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained.

In Boston there are some public buildings in the best styles of architecture, and it may be said that to whatever side we turn, evidences of intelligence and taste are presented. After a visit to New York, the appearance of Boston is particularly pleasing. Instead of dirt, noise, and all sorts of irregularities, we have cleanliness, comparative tranquillity, and, as it seems, a system of municipal government in which things are not left altogether to take charge of themselves. In these and some other respects, Boston will probably please all who like to see a well-managed and respectable city—its police not a sham, and its streets really swept in requital for the money expended on them. So far are police arrangements carried, that smoking, as I was informed, is not allowed in the public thoroughfares. A regard for neatness and decorum was a predominant feature in the minds of the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and still remains impressed on the character of their descendants. We can, indeed, see that in manners and various social arrangements, the New England states—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut—possess a distinctive character. The cradle of civil liberty, they are also the source of those great schemes of free elementary education extending over the Union; while in most things which tend to general improvement, their people are generally seen taking the lead. Some writer has remarked, that the comparative barrenness of the soil of Massachusetts has proved an incalculable blessing to America. Unable from natural sources to support a large population, the country has thrown off swarms of emigrants, who have carried with them the shrewd keenness, perseverance, and love of independence of the New England race, which, in point of fact, is a living type of the hardy and thoughtful English who battled against the Stuarts in the middle of the seventeenth century. Spreading into other states, these New Englanders are seen to win their way by an aptitude for business and a wonderful power of organisation. As merchants, lawyers, and magistrates, they

might almost say the cement—of American society. Retaining the temperament and modes of expression of their English ancestry, we find that they are more wiry in constitution, and speak in a higher and more nasal tone than is observable elsewhere.

Moulded from a Puritan ancestry, it might be expected that the Bostonians, with many changes in sentiment, would still possess a slender appreciation of the fine arts; but the elegance of many of their buildings, and their love of music, demonstrated by the recent opening of a large and handsome hall for musical entertainments, would infer that they retain little of the ancient sourness of manners. They are, however, like another people whom we could name—not signified by any love for theatrical representations. The drama, I should think, is in a low condition in Boston. I went one evening to a theatre, which was tolerated under the name of a 'Museum.' To invest it with this illusory character, its spacious vestibule was environed with cases of dried snakes, stuffed birds, and other curiosities, which nobody, so far as I could see, took the trouble to look at, the centre of attraction being a theatre beyond, fitted up with a hanging-gallery, and pews as like a church as possible. The house was crowded with a respectable and attentive audience, but the acting was of an inferior kind; and what in my opinion was more objectionable, the piece performed was a melodrama, in which religion was irreverently blended with buffoonery. I am at a loss to say whether this, like the adoption of the term 'Museum,' was a device to soothe public prejudice, but it communicated that impression.

One of the days of my sojourn in Boston was the 24th of November, which, by proclamation of the governor of Massachusetts, was kept as Thanksgiving-day—according to an old custom—in the New England states. The institution of this religious festival is traced to an early period in colonial history, and has gradually assumed a national character. Each state may select the day most convenient to itself; that adopted, however, by Massachusetts, seems to set the fashion, and accordingly there is an almost universal holiday. On this occasion, all business was suspended in Boston, the stores were shut, and the churches of every denomination were open. In the afterpart of the day, things relaxed a little. There was a thronging in and out of the city on excursions and visits, and among other signs of jollity, the 'Museum' opened its attractions. The day, in short, came pretty closely up to the old English Christmas—one half devoted to church, and the other half to dining and amusement, like a genuine mediæval festival. I was told that the meeting together of members of a family on Thanksgiving-day was maintained as a sacred practice in New England, and that many travelled hundreds of miles to be present. It is not less a universal custom to have a turkey to dinner on the occasion of these family reunions; those too poor to purchase this delicacy, are usually presented with it by friends or employers; and, as may be supposed, the number of turkeys required throughout the New England states is immense. The opening of the churches for public worship permitted me to attend King's Chapel, a respectable-looking stone-built church, nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel, where I had taken up my quarters. This church, fitted with high family-pews of dark wood, like those of the parish churches of England, retained very nearly the appearance it possessed previous to the revolution, when it was the place of worship of the English governor of the province. The service was liturgical, but differed in some respects from that of the Church of England. Adjacent is a burying-ground, separated by a railing from the street, and said to contain on one of the tombstones the oldest carved date in America—1642.

In visiting Boston, so many are the memorials of

surrounded by illustrations of history. The Old South Meeting House, where, on the 6th of March 1770, was held the town meeting to remonstrate with the governor against bringing in troops to overawe the inhabitants; Faneuil Hall, a huge brick-building in the market-place, celebrated for assemblages of the 'Sons of Liberty'; Griffin's Wharf, where, on a moonlight night, December 16, 1773, under the popular impulse given by Josiah Quincy, a large crowd went on board the *Dartmouth*, and other English ships, and within two hours poured the contents of 342 chests of tea into the harbour; the level slip of peninsula called Boston Neck, which unites the city with the mainland, and where were placed the British fortified lines in August 1774; the scenery on the western side of Charles River, including Bunker's and Breed's Hills, where took place the memorable action of June 17, 1775; Dorchester Heights, on the mainland, to the south, &c. Among the chief of the objects of curiosity, is the Bunker Hill Monument, occupying a conspicuous situation in the neighbourhood. To reach the spot where this monument has been erected, I crossed the Charles River by a long and low wooden bridge, supported on piles, and passing through Charlestown, arrived at the base of a grassy mound, little more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Such is Breed's Hill, which has been selected as the most favourable site for the Bunker Hill Monument. Originally in an open down, the locality is now crowded with houses, which seem to be closing round the hill, very much to the injury of its appearance. The top of the hill has been levelled and laid out with walks, radiating from an iron rail which surrounds the monument. Access to the summit is gained by a staircase. The monument is an obelisk of whitish granite, 221 feet in height, with a square base of 30 feet, whence it tapers to a point. It is a chastely correct work of art—a thing dignified and beautiful in its very simplicity. Many years were spent in bringing it to a complete state, on account of the difficulty experienced in raising the necessary funds for its execution. It was inaugurated by a public ceremonial in 1843, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered one of his most admired orations.

Accustomed as one is to find everything new in America, Boston, in its historical and social features, presents so much of an old and settled character, that it may be said to stand out alone in its resemblance to a European city. Although constructed principally of wood, no place could be imagined more English than Cambridge, a suburban city, situated to the south of Charlestown, and reached in the same way by an extremely long wooden bridge. This is the seat of Harvard University, an institution dating as far back as 1638, and now, with its various schools, the most important and best attended college in the United States. A glance at Old Cambridge, as it is named, shows us a variety of smart buildings scattered about among trees, with broad winding roads giving access to pretty villas, each with its flower-plot in front, and delightful bits of lawn used for pasturage or recreation. The grass, to be sure, is not so compact or so green as it is in England, the dryness of the climate forbidding that anywhere in America; but the imitation is here as near the original as possible. Driving along one of the broad thoroughfares, our vehicle stops at the gateway of one of the most venerable wooden villas. It is a neat house of two stories, with pilasters in the bald Grecian style of the Georgian era, attics in the roof, and side verandas, resting on wooden pillars. Across the garden-plot in the front, two short flights of steps lead up terrace-banks towards the door. The view in front is open, being across a grassy plain in the direction of Boston. This house became the abode of General Washington on the 2d of July 1775, when he came from New York to take command of the American army; and here he resided part of his time during the

contest in the neighbourhood. At present, the villa is owned and inhabited by Mr H. W. Longfellow, professor of modern languages in the adjacent university, and one of the most accomplished living poets in the United States. Introduced by a literary friend, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of a person whose writings are esteemed in England as well as America, and of seeing the interior of the historically interesting mansion he inhabits. The walls of the room—a kind of library-boudoir—into which I was shewn, were panelled according to an old fashion, and the furniture was of that tastefully antique kind which seemed appropriate to the past and present character of the dwelling. The whole place speaks of other days. Adjoining the house are various tall elms, probably a century old—a highly respectable antiquity for America—and the patch of garden appears to be preserved in the form it possessed when Washington paced across it on that celebrated summer morning when he went forth to put himself at the head of his troops. The spot where this event occurred was in the neighbouring common; here, under the shadow of a large tree, called Washington's Elm, standing at a central point between two cross-roads, he is said to have drawn his sword, and formally entered on command.

It says much for the staid character of the Bostonians, that families connected not only with the revolutionary era, but with the early settlement of the province, still maintain a respectable position in the town, and form what may be called an aristocracy, distinguished alike by wealth and honourable public service. So much has been written of the peculiar attractions of Boston society, that I am fortunately left nothing to say, further than to take the opportunity of offering thanks for the many polite attentions I received from all with whom I had any intercourse. Although only a few days in the city and its neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of making some satisfactory inquiries respecting the prevalent system of elementary education, and of visiting some of the excellent literary institutions with which the intelligent inhabitants of Boston have had the good taste to provide themselves. The Athenæum, consisting of a library and reading-room, was the finest thing of the kind I had seen in America; for, besides a collection of 50,000 volumes, there was a gallery of paintings and sculpture of a high class. Among institutions of a more popular character, may be noticed the Mercantile Library Association, at whose rooms I was shewn a collection of about 13,000 volumes; also, the Lowell Institute, established by a bequest of 250,000 dollars, for the purpose of providing free lectures on science, art, and natural and revealed religion. Some movements were on foot to widen the sphere of intellectual improvement by means of a free library and otherwise: and from the great number of publishing establishments, it was evident that the demand for literature was considerable. 'Everybody reads and everybody buys books,' said a publisher to me one day, and he added: 'every mechanic, worth anything at all, in Massachusetts, must have a small library which he calls his own; besides, the taste for high-class books is perceptibly improving. A few years ago, we sold great quantities of trashy Annuals; now, our opulent classes prefer works of a superior quality.' At the same time, I learned that a number of copies of instructive popular works which I had been concerned in publishing, had been imported for the use of school-libraries; and that there are about 18,000 such libraries in the United States, the amount of books of various kinds required for this purpose alone may be supposed to be very considerable.

Like most visitors of Massachusetts, I made an excursion to Lowell—a manufacturing city of 37,000 inhabitants, at the distance of twenty-five miles north-west of Boston. A railway-train occupied an hour in the

journey, which was by way of Lexington—a small town at which the first shots were fired (April 19, 1775) at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle. The country traversed was level, enclosed, and here and there dotted over with pretty villages and detached dwellings, in the usual New England style. Lowell may be described as a village of larger growth, composed of houses of brick or wood, disposed in straight lines forming spacious and airy streets. Several railways centre at the spot, but there is little noise or bustle in the thoroughfares. All the children are at school, and most of the adult inhabitants are in the several manufacturing factories. The day is sunshiny and pleasant, and a few infants are playing about the doors of neat dwellings in the short streets which lead to the mills. These mills are of the ordinary cotton-factory shape—great brick-buildings, with rows of windows with small panes, and all are enclosed within courtyards, or otherwise secluded from intrusion.

The whole of the Lowell mills being moved by water-power, we agreeably miss the smoky atmosphere which surrounds the Lancashire factories. The power is derived from the Merrimack, a river of considerable size, which is led by an artificial canal from a point above a natural fall in its course, to the various works. In 1853, there were twelve incorporated manufacturing concerns in Lowell and its neighbourhood; principally engaged in cotton spinning and weaving, carpet-manufacturing, calico-printing, and machine-making. The chief and oldest of the various corporations is the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, established in 1822, and possessing a capital of 2,500,000 dollars. Its operations are carried on in six large buildings; it has at work 71,072 spindles, 2114 power-looms, employs 1650 females and 650 males, and makes 377,000 yards of cloth per week. The goods it produces are prints and sheetings. Besides going over the extensive works of this establishment, I visited the mills of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, where I found 800 females and 500 males employed principally in the spinning of wool and weaving of carpets—the designs of these articles being good, with bright and decided colours.

Cotton-spinning and weaving factories are pretty much the same all the world over, and I do not feel entitled to say that there was any remarkable exception in the establishments which here fell under my notice. In each there prevailed the greatest neatness and regularity. The females employed were tidy in dress, yet not very different in this respect from what I had seen in factories at home; for the nature of the work does not admit of finery, and it is only at leisure hours and on Sundays that silks and parasols make their appearance. In the windows of one of the large factories, I saw that flowers in pots were a favourite subject of culture, which I accepted as a token of the good taste of these young lady-artisans. Boarding-houses, generally the property, and under the supervision, of the mill-owners, are situated at a short distance from the factories. These houses are of brick, three stories in height, and have exteriorly the aspect of what we should call dwellings of the middle classes. Of the orderliness of these establishments, their neatly furnished rooms, pianos, and accommodations of various kinds, it is unnecessary for me to go into particulars; neither need I call to remembrance the literary exertions of the female inmates, demonstrated by the *Lowell Offering*, and *Mind among the Spindles*. Among American girls, the general objection to domestic service is not attended with any dislike to working in factories. Many young women, the daughters of farmers, do not therefore disdain to employ themselves three or four years at Lowell, in order to realise a sum which will form a suitable dowry at marriage, to which, of course, all look forward as a natural termination of their career at the mills; and as no taint of immorality is attachable to their conduct while under the roof of

any of the respectable boarding-houses, they may be said to be objects of attraction to young farmers looking out for wives. I was informed that, latterly, a number have come from Lower Canada, and return with quite a fortune to the parental home.

Undoubtedly, the strict regulations enforced by the proprietors of the mills, along with the care taken to exclude any female of doubtful character, largely contribute to the good working of this remarkable system. But as human nature is the same everywhere, I am disposed to seek for another cause for the orderly behaviour and economic habits of the Lowell operatives—and this I believe to be the hope of a permanent improvement of their condition. The sentiment of *hope* is observed to enjoy a vigorous existence in America. Prepared by education, the way is open to all; and so easily is an independent position gained, that none need to sink down in despair, or become tipplers in mere desperation and vacuity of thought. Even in working at cotton-mills, hope has its aspirations in a way not permitted by the customs of England. The factories of Lowell have been spoken of as belonging to incorporations. These are joint-stock companies, established by a charter from the state legislature, and have the validity and privileges accorded only to such companies in England as are established by special act of parliament. To procure such an act, supposing it would be granted to an ordinary manufacturing concern, would cost at least L.500, or more probably L.800; but in Massachusetts, or any other state of the Union, the entire expense of a charter would be thought high at 100 dollars, or L.20; and I heard of cases in which charters did not cost more than L.5. At whatever expense these state-charters are procured, they enable small capitalists to unite to carry out with safety a particular commercial object. The shareholders are responsible only to the extent of their shares, unless they become managers, when they are bound to the limit of their fortune. For anything I know, there may be inherent weakness in the principle of these organisations, but they seem to go on satisfactorily at Lowell, and other places in the New England states; and if they do not command the respect of large capitalists, they at all events do not give rise to feelings of hostility between employer and employed. The stock of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, which has been stated at 2,500,000 dollars, consists of shares of 1000 dollars each; and I have the authority of Mr Isaac Hinkley, the resident manager, for saying, that the persons employed by the company own more than eighty shares of the capital stock, or 80,000 dollars; and as the market-value of a share is at present 1820 dollars, it is tolerably evident that the concern is paying well, and in good credit. While it may be acknowledged that the management of factories established on this plan is not likely to be so prompt and vigorous as those owned by a single individual, it is surely a matter of some importance to have arranged a scheme, by which operatives have the power of becoming proprietors, to a certain extent, of the mills in which they habitually labour. Whether with the hope of obtaining this distinction, or of investing accumulated capital in other kinds of property, the operatives are depositors to a very great amount in the savings-banks in Lowell. Mr Hinkley mentioned, 'that the Lowell Institution for Savings, had at last report about 1,060,000 dollars of deposits, mostly belonging to persons employed in mills; and he thought the City Institution had about half that amount.' In a published account, it is stated that the number of depositors last year was '6224, nearly all of whom were persons employed in the mills.' Facts such as these say more for the good habits of the New England operatives than the highest eulogy.

All the manufacturing establishments in Lowell concur in issuing a printed table of statistics annually. In the paper of this kind, dated January 1853, the

average wage of females, clear of board, per week, is two dollars; and of males, clear of board, four dollars eighty cents. If we add that one dollar twenty-five cents is the price of board for females, and two dollars for males, a fair idea will be obtained of the wages of labour in the Lowell factories. In English money, the average weekly earnings of a female may be set down at 13s. 6d., and of a male at from 19s. 6d. to 21s.; and, keeping in view that the practice is to secure on an average twelve working-hours each day, English factory-operatives may draw for themselves a comparison between their own position and that of the workers in the mills of Lowell.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the prosperity of Lowell, and the agreeable circumstances of the operatives, rest on a somewhat precarious foundation, owing their existence as they do to a tariff which excludes the more cheaply produced goods of England. America has, indeed, strong prejudices in favour of paying high prices within herself for clothing, as contrasted with being supplied more cheaply from a distance; but, after what we have seen of the instability of a protective system in our own country, no one can tell what revolutions of sentiment a few years may bring about amongst so quick and intelligent a people as those of the United States. Were it not for this consideration, I should be inclined to express my surprise that the mill-operatives of Lancashire and Lanarkshire have never struck upon the idea of removing to one or other of the many fields of demand for their labour across the Atlantic.

It appears from statistical returns, that there are now upwards of a thousand cotton manufacturing establishments in the United States, fully one-half being in New England; and of these, Massachusetts has 213, the value of the goods produced in which, in 1845, was above 12 millions of dollars. Considerable as was this item, it formed only a small amount in a general estimate of manufactures in Massachusetts, which reached a total of 115 millions of dollars. Leaving to Connecticut much of the trade of fabricating clocks and other light and ingenious articles, Massachusetts owns many concerns in which the great staples of industry in textile fabrics and metals are produced. Among the trades which it may be said to have made peculiarly its own, at least as regards the eastern states, is that of boot and shoe making. I may state on credible authority, that in 1845, the value of leather tanned was 3,800,000 dollars, and that boots and shoes were produced to the value of 14,799,000 dollars. Probably the value is now as much as 20 millions of dollars; and that anything like such a sum (£4,000,000 sterling) should be realised every year for these articles, in a state with no more than a third of the population of Scotland, is not a little surprising; and the fact is only comprehended by referring to the vastly extended territory over which the manufacturer finds a market. No inconsiderable quantity of the coarser kind of shoes, called 'brogans,' is disposed of for the use of slaves in the south, where manufacturing arrangements are on a limited and imperfect scale; and as these shoes are only one of many varieties of articles made in the free, for sale in the slave states, it is tolerably evident that, so far as material interests are concerned, the northern manufacturers, and all depending on them, have little reason to wish for a speedy termination to slavery. Lynn, a seaport town in Massachusetts, I understand, takes the lead in the boot and shoe trade; the quantity made in that place alone being 4,500,000 pairs per annum, mostly of a fine kind, for ladies and children. Recently, a machine has been introduced for fixing the soles of shoes by means of pegs; the inventor being a person in Salem, in Massachusetts. I was shewn some boots which had been prepared in this manner, and was told that a pair could be pegged in two minutes. One can imagine from all

he hears, that the shoe manufacture must exercise a commanding importance in the state; and if any doubt be left as to the fact, it will be removed by knowing that a few years ago there were as many as fifteen members of the 'gentle craft' in the legislature of Massachusetts.

W. C.

## NINE MONTHS AT VALLONVERT.

BY AN ORGANIST.

My friends in England thought my fortune made, when I sent that letter from Paris, stating how M. le Marquis de Mayall had presented me with the situation of organist to the parish church on his estate of Vallonvert. Indeed I thought the same thing myself when I wrote; and I well remember how, on leaving the hotel of my patron, I rushed into the nearest café and penned the letter, how every second word had a dash under it, and with what a hurried hand I put it into the letter-box at the Bureau de Poste in the Rue de l'Echiquier. The salary, to be sure, was not much; but then 750 francs per annum looked a great deal upon paper, and my kind uncle and aunt in their Suffolk farmhouse little knew how that important sum stood for only thirty good English sovereigns. I knew the fact myself; but my superior knowledge availed me little, for I was but a lad, fresh from the class-rooms of the Académie Royale, and 750 francs seemed to me, if not a luxurious, at least a respectable income.

Vallonvert lay in a southerly direction, about eight-and-forty miles from Paris, and the nearest railway station was at the post-town called Charmenteuil, four leagues from my destination. It was evening when I alighted from the train. I could not afford eight francs for a fiacre; and although it was already late, and unusually warm even for June, I was compelled to walk the whole distance. It was a dreary, hilly road. There had been no rain for more than six weeks, and my boots were covered with white sandy dust at every step. Night came on, lit faintly by the stars; and it was near midnight when I reached the little silent village of Vallonvert, and knocking up the sleepy host of a small auberge, was installed in one of the narrowest and dirtiest little cribs imaginable.

I awoke the next morning to an agreeable surprise, for on looking out of the window, I saw at a glance that the village was charming. There were hills and vineyards all round—a forest close by, and the spire of a church peeped above the trees. I hastened down to a mean room with whitewashed walls and sanded floor, with the words 'Salle à Manger' painted on the door. The landlord was officiating as waiter to a couple of soldiers, who were intently breakfasting, and drinking his sourest Chablis as if it had been the richest vintage of Burgundy.

'Tell me, monsieur,' said I, 'is yonder church Saint Celestine de Vallonvert?' It was. Would monsieur please to take breakfast? But I was too much excited to think of breakfast just then. I went quickly from M. Meunier's salle à manger, and through the village, with the steeple still visible before me, nor paused till within the little church-yard wicket, half-way up the hill. It was a lovely quiet spot, dotted with iron crosses, all hung with wreaths of white and yellow immortelles, and planted here and there with trees and rose-bushes. There was a modest white cottage, quite fenced in with acacias and lindens, at the further end, close beside the gray old church; and in one

corner stood a grand white marble monument with cast-iron gates, through which could be seen the interior fittings of a tiny chapel, an altar, a crucifix, and a large pair of candlesticks. A cypress was planted beside the tomb, and an inscription on the pediment told how the father of M. le Marquis was there buried; but not a single garland decorated the grave. Somehow, the sight of this formal monument made me sad; I turned towards the open doorway of the church, and entered slowly.

The interior was spacious, the rafters high, the walls whitewashed, weather-stained, and cheerless. A few benches of dark wood and two or three chairs occupied the aisle. Before one of these a boy was kneeling, with his face buried in his hands. A plain oaken pulpit; a richly carved confessional of mediæval date; an altar decked with a few tawdry images and artificial flowers; an apparently old but large organ over the door; and half-a-dozen wretched engravings, representing the martyrdoms of St Justine and St Lawrence, the communion of Ste Therèse, the scourging of St Gervais, the apotheosis of Ste Celestine, and a Holy Family, were suspended against the walls. These, with the exception of a font and an iron stand for votive tapers, were all the decorations of the church. Everything looked blank and poverty-stricken, and the echo of my own footsteps struck painfully on my ear as I ascended the little narrow staircase leading to the organ-loft. The doors of the instrument were open, and the keys thickly covered with dust. A tattered fragment of one of Mozart's masses was on the music-deck; one or two of the stops were still out, and yet it seemed as if no hand had touched those dusty keys for many weeks. Listlessly, I took the vacant seat, and passed my hand along the notes.

'I can blow, if monsieur desires to play,' said a plaintive voice at my elbow. It was the boy whom I had seen kneeling below. He was a pale lad, of perhaps thirteen years of age; his features were not handsome, but his dark eyes were fine and full of meaning, and his long hair hung almost to his shoulders. His blue rustic blouse became him well, and his appearance interested me.

'What is your name, mon enfant?' I asked.

'Charles,' he replied; and added with a sigh: 'I used to blow always for Monsieur de Calandre.'

'Who is Monsieur de Calandre, Charles?'

'Alas! monsieur, he is dead. He died two months ago. He is buried in the church-yard yonder. He played upon the organ many years. Shall I blow, monsieur?'

I nodded, and as the boy went round to the back of the organ, I saw that he was lame. I felt very melancholy. The first chords I struck sounded strange and mournful, and wandered echoing round the church. I thought of the poor organist who had last awakened those tones, and longed to know his history. Insensibly, I found my thoughts connecting themselves with the harmonies I was playing; a solemn requiem grew under my fingers; gradually, I put on the whole power of the instrument, and filled the church with its deep sound. Then I caused that power to die and fade away, as if rising far into the heavens—slower, fainter, sweeter, till the last long note was hushed, and the last reverberation stilled. Then I rose and looked into the church; an old white-headed

and stick beside him, and his hands resting on his knees, in the attitude of listening.

'It is Monsieur le Curé,' said Charles in a low voice. I looked attentively at the boy, and could see that he had been weeping.

'What is the matter, Charles?' I asked. The lad blushed.

'It—it was the music, monsieur,' he said, turning away; and I was vain enough to feel flattered by this simple tribute to my playing. I introduced myself to M. le Curé, who kindly shook me by the hand, and said that he had heard me with considerable pleasure. After a few words of casual conversation respecting M. le Marquis, my journey, and the situation of Vallonvert, the good priest invited me to breakfast with him.

'I was just about to seat myself at table, Monsieur Warrington,' he said, 'when I heard the organ pealing in the church. I knew then who had arrived, and I hastened to welcome you.'

'Monsieur le Curé'—I began, with a blush and a bow.

'Do not call me by that title, my son,' he interrupted; 'call me Father Ambroise.' And so I called him Father Ambroise ever after, and the time soon came when I could scarcely have loved a father better.

The old curé occupied the white cottage in the church-yard. His rooms were very barely and poorly furnished, but exquisitely clean. An old housekeeper and a mastiff were all his household; a few books of devotion, all his library; a thousand francs per annum, all his wealth. Marie had prepared for my company during her master's absence, and my welcome was most hospitable. During the meal I made some inquiries respecting my predecessor, and Father Ambroise confirmed what the boy had told me.

'Monsieur de Calandre,' he said, 'was a broken, but not an aged man. He came here fifteen years since, and held the situation to which you have succeeded until the day of his death. He was a gentleman—a gentleman, Monsieur Warrington, and one who had not been used to poverty. He had some sorrow on his heart, but he was silent—silent and proud. He died very suddenly. You had better occupy his apartment, monsieur; it is the only fit lodging for you in the village. I will shew it to you by and by.' So, after breakfast, we went there. As I passed the church-yard gate, I saw the boy again, and pointed him out to the curé.

'Ah, poor Charles!' he said gently; 'he has been lame from his birth, and he has neither father nor mother. Poor Charles! he is a good child.' The late organist had rented a small but comfortable chamber, over a shop in the village, and in this room I was speedily installed. There were many little tokens of its last occupant about; some papers—I destroyed these the instant I found them—some French and Latin verses; a little pocket volume of Homer; a rusty pistol, and a faded miniature of a young lady, which I suspended over the fireplace. At first, these things shocked and disturbed me; but soon, I am ashamed to say, the natural insouciance of youth effaced those first impressions.

This country-life delighted me beyond measure. Every morning I would wander away with a book in my hand, and traverse hill and dale and forest with untiring rapture. Educated all my life in cities and schools, this freedom, and the scenery around Vallonvert, filled the day with enjoyment. Sometimes I went out with a gun borrowed from my landlord, and sometimes, with a rude fishing-rod of my own manufacture, I have lingered for hours on the banks of the little river that skirted the domain of M. le Marquis de Maxwell. Often, on a summer evening, I have not

returned till the angelus was ringing; and often, too, when the hour of vespers was past, I used to sit in the old church, and play till the moonlight came streaming in upon the keys. At such times, Charles would stay and blow till midnight if I chose; and when I rose to go, would say: 'Déjà, monsieur?' with a sigh.

'The music is so much more beautiful at night, monsieur,' he once said; 'I always feel then as if it came from heaven, and the blessed Virgin were listening up above.' Very often I played a game of chess in the evening with Father Ambroise, or lent my assistance in the culture of his little garden. Then he gave me Latin lessons twice or thrice in the week; and such little offices were always being exchanged between us. It was a happy time; but I soon felt the want of books, and the few the good priest possessed were by no means to my taste. Religion was the only shadow in our intercourse. I was Protestant—he tried to convert me. He was simple, earnest, and sincere; he argued, lent me breviaries and pamphlets—all the books of devotion he could find; but it was of no avail. I respected, I loved him; but I could not believe with him. His faith was not my faith, and he lamented it bitterly. In time he relinquished the hopeless endeavour, and the subject was mentioned no more; but I could see that he still grieved over it, and still the shadow was between us. One day I found him kneeling before the altar. He rose and turned towards me.

'Do not go, my son,' he said, perceiving me about to retire—'do not go. You have come to play—I came to pray. My prayers were for you.' I felt a pang of sorrow as I watched him going feebly across the church-yard, and back into his cottage, for I fancied that his steps and voice were weaker lately than when I first arrived in the village. He was an old man, and his duties were not light. He performed three services on Sundays, fast-days, and festivals, and every day we had matins and vespers; but my assistance was never required during the week-days, unless on particular occasions. Our congregation, even during the Holy-week, or on the festival of the Annunciation, never exceeded forty persons, and generally numbered about a dozen. We had no choir, so I trained some of the young boys in the village to chant a few simple movements for the mass; an aged peasant acted on Sundays as our sacristan; and the grandson of this old man officiated as acolyte. The organ was tolerably good, and bore the date of 1785. Though somewhat harsh in the reeds, it contained a tolerable Cremona stop and a flute of delicious quality; the pedal pipes were deep and powerful, and the diapasons sweet. It was built with three rows of keys, and was, on the whole, a much better instrument than one might expect to find in so mean and unfrequented a place. I heard that the father of M. le Marquis, being exceedingly fond of church-music, had purchased this organ, and sent it hither from Paris, and that it had been his chief delight to come down from the château, and play upon it during the summer evenings when he visited his estates.

The children soon learned to sing very sweetly and correctly; the organ, Father Ambroise was pleased to say, had never been under such good hands before; and by and by, as the fame of our services spread, Ste Celestine was frequently honoured with the presence of some towns-people from Charenteuil during the high-mass on the Sundays. I confess that this success elated me not a little; old Marie became more particular than ever in dusting the seats, and gathering fresh flowers for the altar; and I observed that the sermons of Father Ambroise aspired to a more flowery style, and were sprinkled with an unwonted supply of Latin quotations; but I liked his old homely discourses, with their simple heartfelt eloquence, far better.

Vallonvert was inhabited only by the vine-dressers on my patron's estate. Though better paid than the generality, these peasants were miserably poor, and

toiled from daybreak to nightfall. Poor creatures! they had but little time to pray; yet on Sundays it moved me to see their earnest devotion at high-mass, though at first I found it difficult to reconcile this morning mood with their evening gaiety, when young and old met to dance and sing, to the accompaniment of a rude cornemuse; or sat outside their cottages, playing games of chance, and drinking the sour wine of M. Meunier's cellarage. But these extremes belong peculiarly to the French character, and I soon became accustomed to them.

I had not been long at Vallonvert, when we were visited by a heavy thunder-storm. It came on at night. I was awakened from a profound sleep by the fury of the elements; and finding it impossible to rest, I rose, dressed, lit a lamp, and tried to read. Several times I paused and listened, for every now and then, amid the lulls of the tempest, I fancied I heard the pealing of a bell. At last I extinguished my light, opened the casement, and listened attentively. The rain and wind dashed in my face; this time I could not be mistaken.—It was the bell of Ste Celestine's beyond a doubt! I wrapped myself hastily in a travelling-cloak, made my way softly out of the house, and in a few minutes reached the church-door. It yielded to my touch; the candles were lighted upon the altar, and Father Ambroise was kneeling before the host, and chanting, in a feeble voice, scarce audible above the external tempest, the service of the mass. At first I felt as if it must be some ghostly delusion. Slowly I advanced up the aisle. There was no creature there save the priest himself, and, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the altar, the whole building was in the deepest gloom. Just then, Father Ambroise turned and saw me. He smiled, and I was reassured. When the mass was concluded, he told me that he performed a service whenever there was a storm, to entreat the intercession of Ste Celestine that the vines might be preserved from injury. For this act of piety he received from M. le Marquis a small present, in addition to his annual stipend. I have since learned that this is a frequent practice in Burgundy, where the prosperity of the landowners is entirely dependent on the vintage; but I had never heard of it before that night, and the effect was strange and solemn.

I had been nearly five months in my situation, and the winter had quite set in before I saw even the outside of the Château de Mayall. As I have before observed, I frequently fished in the streamlet that skirted what in England we should term the home-park, but the house itself was so completely bowed in with trees, that not a chimney was visible. The marquis had not visited the place more than once or twice during the twenty years that he had possessed the title, and I had frequently heard how Le Capon Duplaisset and his wife were the only inhabitants of their master's residence. Duplaisset was one of the Old Guard of Napoleon; he had served at Marengo and Austerlitz; he had suffered all the horrors of the Russian campaign; he had been one of the first to welcome his Emperor from Elba, and one of the last to fly upon the field of Waterloo. I often met this old soldier near the church on Sundays, where his tall, spare figure, his long white moustache, and his little cross of the Legion of Honour, made not the least imposing part of our congregation at high-mass. At length I happened, one bright cold morning, to meet him on my way home from the matin-service, and was so fortunate as to receive the long-desired permission to visit the château. So we walked on side by side, and the hard road, glittering with hoar-frost, rung sharply to the sound of our footsteps. The trees were quite leafless, and the vine-fields deserted. Now and then we passed a countryman bending under a heavy load of firewood, or heard the quick blows of the axe among the pines in the forest.



'You see, monsieur,' said the caporal sententiously, 'I have fought against your country, but I bear no enmity to you or to your generals. You are welcome to my house and my table.' He spoke as if he was the marquis himself.

'Under what general did you serve, mon capitaine?' I inquired. Duplaisset liked to be called mon capitaine, and all the village indulged him in this foible.

'My division was commanded by the father of Monsieur le Marquis,' replied the soldier. 'He was a brave officer, and the Emperor'—here he touched his hat—'the Emperor loved him dearly. But we are at the château, monsieur—le voilà.' The house was large, old, and gray, and was surrounded by a spacious courtyard, which we entered through a great wooden gate studded with huge rusty nails. Long grass, now withered by the frost, was growing up between the paving-stones; and the water of the fountain was frozen to a solid mass in the basin, and hung in fantastic icicles from the broken jaws of the old stone lions in the midst. Passing through an oaken door with a single step, I found myself at once in a long narrow hall with a rafted roof, oak panelled walls, and a floor of the same wood, retaining now but little of its antique polish. At the further end, there was an immense fireplace, richly carved and decorated, and the iron dogs were ready piled with fuel, as if for the coming of the master, who never cared to visit the old place. The next apartment, carved and panelled precisely like the former, contained some fragments of armour, some chairs and footstools in the renaissance style, and a couple of rare ebony presses. The third was the dining-hall and picture-gallery, where were hung the cracked and faded portraits of a generation long passed away. Here, 'clad in complete steel,' frowned Gaston de Mayall, a constable of France under Louis XIII.; here an heir who fell in the Crusades; yonder hung the last memorial of a celebrated beauty of the house, now crumbling into dust; and that withered courtier with the long flowing wig and white satin waistcoat, was Polidore, first Marquis de Mayall, who was elevated from the rank of baron by the letters-patent of the Grand Monarch. The Caporal Duplaisset was profuse of these historical details; and it filled my boyish imagination with awe to hear of the chivalry and beauty that had lit up these old halls with glory in the times gone by.

In the upper rooms there were great carved beds, with stiff tapestried hangings whose colours had faded away to sickly tints, and whose gold inwoven threads were black and tarnished. Here were more presses and armoires, and immense carved chairs and tables; but what surprised me most, was to find the floors in this story paved with small red tiles. I must not forget, either, that I saw an ivory or ebony crucifix in every bed-chamber; and that a small oratory, with its altar and cushion, and window of old stained-glass, was attached to one or two of the largest. Descending from this suite of apartments by a wide gloomy staircase, we came to the library, at whose dusty folios, behind their impenetrable fence of tarnished wirework, I cast many long and anxious glances. The caporal then led me through the dark kitchens, dungeon-like and damp; and finally conducting me up a narrow back-staircase, ushered me into a cheerful room with a blazing wood-fire, and windows that commanded a pleasant view of the garden and park. Here Madame Duplaisset was busily knitting; a large dog was sleeping in the deep embrasure of the casement; the soldier's gun and sword were suspended over the fireplace; a string of beads and a missal, with a pair of large spectacles, were lying on the old lady's work-table; and a fragrant steam of soup proceeded from a little stew-pan on the fire.

'Jacquette,' said the old militaire, twirling his moustache with his left hand, 'I have the pleasure to

introduce to you Monsieur Varrinton, an English monsieur, who is very great'—très-fort was the expression he used—'upon the organ.' The poor old lady, who was a cripple, and whom I had never seen till then, smoothed her apron nervously, and bent her head.

'Dame! mais m'sieur est le b'en'nue!' And such was my first visit to the Château de Mayall, and my introduction to Madame Duplaisset.

I frequently paid a visit to the old couple after this event, and always received a hearty and respectful welcome. The caporal was fond of relating his military adventures; and although his description of the campaign in Egypt and the burning of Moscow, or his famous anecdote of how the Emperor Napoleon, on the field of Arcola, transferred the cross of honour from his own breast to that of Antoine, Antoine Duplaisset, then in the ranks of the Old Guard, and said: 'Mon enfant, you took those colours bravely: vive la gloire!'—though these tales were stale enough to the inhabitants of Vallonvert, they were new and delightful to me.

Madame Duplaisset was likewise rich in anecdote; but hers were all of the ancient glory of the family De Mayall—how its lords had fought for the holy sepulchre, and how princes of the blood had, in the old times, visited the château, and hunted by torch-light in the forest. To all these stories I was an eager and a patient listener; for in the dearth of books, I found some food for thought in the military and historical reminiscences of this old couple. In return for the entertainment which they thus afforded me, I brought them game and fish, and I was not too proud to remain occasionally and partake of madame's savoury ragouts.

During one of these little festivals, to which I had contributed a bottle of M. Meunier's best Chambertin, I heard a ghost-story, which I will endeavour to repeat as faithfully as my memory will permit.

'My tale is connected with the church yonder, Monsieur Varrinton,' said Madame Duplaisset, 'and that is the reason why I tell it to you; for I would not relate it to many, especially during the lifetime of Monsieur le Marquis. Eh bien, you must know, then, that our master's father—the same who purchased the church-organ—was a general of division in the Grande Armée; a fine, proud, passionate man, but very gracious when he was not angered, and the bravest of the brave. He had two sons—Monsieur le Comte Leon, the eldest, who was passionate like his father; and Monsieur le Comte Auguste, the younger, a cold studious boy, and the same who now enjoys the title and estates. At the time of which I speak, their ages were about fifteen and seventeen. Monsieur le Marquis was away in the wars, and his sons were left in the château with their tutor, Monsieur l'Abbé, and about a dozen servants. I was a femme de chambre here then; and I can tell you that we cared little enough for Monsieur Auguste, but as for Monsieur Leon, we would have died for him! Well, at last something began to be whispered about the village and in the servants' hall; but the tutor knew nothing, and none of us would have betrayed Monsieur Leon for the wealth of the king! The secret was this: the daughter of a vine-dresser in the village had bewitched our young master avec ses beaux yeux. They were seen walking together; and certainly Monsieur Leon was out oftener and longer with his gun than ever he had been before. However, it came at last to the knowledge of Monsieur l'Abbé and of Father Eustache, then curé to Ste Celestine's; and one day they called Monsieur Leon into the library, and charged him with it before Monsieur Auguste, his brother. I was in the ante-room at the time, with one or two of the others, and we listened tremblingly to the high voices within. All at once we distinctly heard Monsieur Leon say: "It is false, messieurs! I am a gentleman, and the good name of the humblest peasant on this estate is as dear to me as my own! It is false! and sooner than this

scandal shall be repeated, I will marry her!" And immediately the door was flung wide open, and Monsieur Leon, with his cheeks flushed, his hand in the breast of his waistcoat, and with the air of a king, strode out of the library, across the hall, and straight away into the park.

'Well, this passed for a mere idle threat; but soon, whether by bribes or entreaties, he won over Father Eustache so as to promise to perform the marriage-service between Pierrette and himself; and on one tempestuous night, when the rain was flooding the fields, and the wintry wind howling through the forest, Monsieur Leon left the château by a side-entrance, and went down to the church, where, sure enough, there was Father Eustache and Pierrette, and that designing man, her father, all ready waiting for his arrival, with the candles lighted, and the book open upon the altar. So the service was performed, and the ring just placed upon the finger of the bride, when the door burst violently open, and Monsieur le Marquis rushed in, followed by his younger son, the tutor, and some of the men-servants.

"Scélérat!" cried Monsieur le Marquis in a terrible voice, "what wouldst thou do?"

"Mon père," said Monsieur Leon, putting the girl aside, and turning upon his father as proud as himself—"you are too late!" Stung with fury, the marquis dealt him a fearful blow with his powerful arm, and in an instant the young man was lying on the ground with the blood pouring from a wound in the temples. His head had struck against the sharp stone altar-step, and in a few minutes he was dead. I have heard those say who followed him to the church, that Monsieur le Marquis raved and wept till the roof rang with his cries. He was brought home insensible upon one shutter, and the corpse of his son upon another. Poor man! he never recovered the events of that night, and he died shortly after of pure grief, monsieur.

'But this is no ghost-story, Madame Duplaisset.'

'Pardon, monsieur!—the spirit of the poor youth will not rest. He was buried in the chancel of Ste Celestine; he still walks the church in the moonlight, and even glides about the forest; for our neighbour Jean has seen him! Do not shake your head, monsieur, for I am not the only person who believes the tale. Monsieur le Marquis never comes to the château, for fear of meeting his brother; and, indeed, it is said that he has cause to dread his spirit, and that he played the traitor to his brother, and betrayed him, to win his father's favour. But we have all our sins; the Virgin pray for us! And, Monsieur Varrinton, sometimes on a stormy night he comes and knocks for admission at the courtyard gate. I have heard it myself, and that not a month ago!'

Shall I confess it? After hearing this tale, I never practised again by night in the organ-loft of Celestine's.

The spring-time came, and it brought me an English letter, informing me of the dangerous illness of my good uncle, and desiring my instant return to my native country. On the same day I wrote to M. le Marquis, tendering my resignation; and after walking up to the château to bid farewell to the good caporal and his spouse, I went to the church, collected my music, and looked with a sigh upon the dear old keys I was to touch no more. As I came down into the aisle, I found poor Charles standing near the door.

'Adieu, monsieur,' he said in a broken voice, 'I hear that you are going to leave us.'

'Adieu, Charles,' I replied, 'do not forget me!' and I placed a five-franc-piece in his hand. He turned his head away and said no more. In this attitude he remained till I entered the curé's cottage, and when I came out again, he was gone. Dear Father Ambroise! he wept, and gave me his blessing, heretic as he deemed me! He is dead now, and buried in the little church-yard where he resided during life.

When I reached England, my uncle was no more. I

inherited from him a small property, which has enabled me to relinquish music as a profession; but more than once I have indulged myself in an autumn visit to the village and church of Ste Celestine de Vallonvert.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

As the 'season' advances towards its close, our learned societies finish off their sessions with more or less of éclat, and shew that theirs is not a mere nominal existence, ere breaking up for the long vacation. The Royal Society wound up with sundry ingenious papers on subjects which, though not easy to popularise, yet have an important scientific value and application. Among them was Colonel Sabine's résumé of certain phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, shewing by diagrams the complete identity of the phenomena observed at places distant from each other by the whole diameter of the earth—to find the cause is now the grand desideratum. The Society have filled up the blanks in their list of foreign members by choosing as *confrères* Charles the geometer, Wöhler the chemist, and Von Baer the physiologist. The last is a Russian, and second to none in his special branch of science; and the appearance of his name on the distinguished list may be accepted as another instance, if such be wanted, that science is of no nation or country, but cosmopolitan. And carrying out their improved mode of election, which makes it a real honour to become one of their body, the Society have recruited their ranks by fifteen new members who, we may hope, will worthily keep up the reputation of the incorporated savans. The Geographical Society have given one of their gold medals to Admiral Smyth, for his numerous marine surveys, and his able work on *The Mediterranean*; and the other to Captain Maclure, for his discovery of the North-west Passage. It will gladden the gallant captain to receive this recognition of his enterprising services when he returns to England next autumn. The Civil Engineers have had another discussion about the prevention of smoke in furnaces, which, by pointing out defects, and suggesting improvements in existing contrivances, will help to promote the object in view. Having regard to the actualities of their profession, they have given a hearing to a paper on the 'Fatigue and consequent Fracture of Metals,' the drift of which is, that iron beams, if subjected to heavy and intermittent loads, become *fatigued* by the constant strain and recovery, and at last break from sheer exhaustion. The same holds good of locomotives and other machines which are liable to be overworked; and in this theory we have an explanation of many inexplicable accidents. A small apparatus for making infusions, or extracts of dyeing or colouring matters, the invention of M. Lorys, exhibited at one of their late meetings, is worth notice. The substance to be operated on is placed between two diaphragms in a cylinder; the liquid is then forced upwards from below, and when it reaches the top, it is made to descend again by turning a cock. This double passage through the same mass is said to carry with it all the available extract; no unimportant consideration in manufactories, to say nothing of the making of tea and coffee—an operation which the apparatus performs to perfection. We hear that it is to be used at the Sydenham Palace, where it will produce 1000 pints of tea or coffee in an hour.

Photography continues to be, as for some time past, one of the most progressive arts. A report by the Photographic Society, informs us that the *Hecla* steamer, during her late survey of the Baltic, carried a photographer, who, while the vessel was going ten miles an hour, took collodion views of parts of the coast, the

headlands, and fortified places. These views are so well defined as to be highly satisfactory; and what is more, they give the relative dimensions of heights better than can be done by the hand of the artist. Views of the fleet sailing from Spithead, were taken in a similar way, and there will be no lack of others from the East; for some of the Sappers and Miners have been instructed in the art, and will take pictures under direction of their officers. A difficulty is removed by the discovery that collodion-plates may be made to retain their sensibility four or five days, instead of four or five minutes, as hitherto. This is effected by dipping the plates in a bath containing a solution of nitrate of zinc and of silver. The possibility, too, of converting photographs into engravings, has been further demonstrated at Paris, in various ways, of which the one proposed by M. Baldus is thus described by the authority above mentioned:—

'A copper-plate impressed with a photographic image upon bitumen, and prepared for etching—as in Niepce's process—is attached to the positive pole of a Bunsen's voltaic pile, and placed in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, with another plate of copper connected with the negative pole. The lines of the image—the parts unprotected by the bitumen—are dissolved out in the voltaic action, and the copper precipitated in the other plate, as in the electrotype process. When the lines are bitten deep enough, the connections with the battery are reversed, and then, consequently, an electrotype impression in *relief* is deposited upon the original plate. It is requisite that the voltaic action should be very moderate; a deflection of the electrometer amounting to five degrees is found sufficient.'

The Society of Arts have appointed an 'Industrial Pathology Committee,' who are to inquire into the 'accidents, injuries, and diseases incident to various bodily employments.' This is a great subject; and if the Committee will take up its several branches *seriatim*, and follow them to definite conclusions, they cannot fail to do good. It will not be the first time that the question has been taken up; for French and English writers have examined into it, and published their results, which form valuable data for renewed investigations. The Trade Museum, in process of formation by the Society, is getting on favourably: the Lords of the Treasury have issued an order that all produce and manufactures arriving from abroad for it, shall be sent direct to the Museum, and there examined, duty free. The Society's Educational Exhibition, too, is now open at St Martin's Hall: it places on view the *matériel* of teaching, as used in schools in different parts of the world; and when we consider that means and appliances such as these lie at the root of all the Society proposes to accomplish, we cannot fail to see how deeply art and science are interested in an attempt to find out the best instruments of knowledge; while, at the same time, individuals experienced in the question of education are brought together. The newspapers have already announced that government is about to establish a university at Melbourne, the salary of the professors to be £1,000 a year, and have appointed a commission of first-rate savans to examine the candidates for the professorships. We understand that the number of eminent men applying for these chairs has been quite beyond expectation. Our School of Mines here, in Jermyn Street, has just lost one of its ablest professors, in the person of Edward Forbes, who now fills the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh: he is a loss to London in more senses than one. His place in the School of Mines is occupied by Mr Huxley, a young and promising naturalist, well known, among other researches, for the excellent use he made of his three years' opportunities in the late surveying-voyage of the *Rattlesnake*.

Dr Arnott having taken effectual means to make his improved smoke-consuming fireplace public, by

showing and explaining it at a meeting of the Society of Arts, we may add to our former notice of this useful contrivance, that the space between the grate and the hearth is filled by a close iron box, inside of which is a movable bottom, made to rise and fall by a rack and lever. This box being filled with coal, the fire is lighted in the grate above it; and as the coal burns downwards, so is the bottom to be raised till all is consumed. Due provision is made for refilling and other requirements. The principle, as admitted by Dr Arnott, is not new: he claims only to have been successful in his adaptation of it. We have no doubt that the result will be beneficial, if admirers do not spoil all by overpraising and promising too much. There is something further to be said also about Dr Stenhouse's respirator: this instrument can now be produced in a thoroughly efficient form for seven shillings, and may be kept in use for a long time, as the charcoal, when saturated, needs only to be exposed to heat for a few minutes to become as serviceable as before. Four of these respirators have been sent out with the Niger Expedition just sailed, that they may be tested in the noxious malaria of the African coast.

The underground telegraph-wire from London to Liverpool is completely laid, and in such good working-order, that the latter port and Manchester have been holding direct communication with Paris. By August next, if all go well, they may have a telegraphic talk with Madrid, and in a few months more with Cairo, for a telegraph cable has been spun at Greenwich in one single length of 110 miles, weighing 800 tons, to be laid down across the Mediterranean from the Sardinian coast. At this rate, we shall soon be getting news from India within the day. Neither are we to be backward in the West: Lieutenant Maury reports as one result of the American survey of the Atlantic, that the flat ridge said by old Dutch navigators to extend all across the ocean, does really exist, and at a comparatively moderate depth. Hence it is presumed there will be no unconquerable difficulty in laying a wire from the west of Ireland to Newfoundland. After this, one must doubt of nothing in which electricity is concerned.

The joint oceanic survey by the British and United States' governments is not to be a mere formal dilettante operation, but such as will best promote the interests of science and navigation. The appointment of Captain Fitzroy as chief of a staff for the classification and reduction of the meteorological observations that may be taken, is a proof that practical results are not to be lost sight of. Apropos of navigation, the fact is not so widely known as it ought to be, that since the stir made about great circle sailing, the Admiralty have published tables for that particular branch of nautical science, by which it is rendered as easy as any other employed by mariners. They are sold at a low price; and such is their importance, that they have been promptly taken into use by the governments of the United States, France, Belgium, and Russia.

Those who have a mind to exercise their inventive genius, will find an advertisement in the *Times* offering a thousand pounds to whomsoever shall, within a twelvemonth, discover a really satisfactory method of making paper fit for writing and printing, of some material which is *not* rags. We think it not unlikely that the prize will be carried off before the year is over. It is meanwhile worthy of notice, that a movement is making for the development of the great powers of India, to produce a flax of short fibre, which may be found economically applicable to the manufacture of paper. Some aid of this kind is needed to a degree beyond what many are aware of, as the increasing price of the article is threatening many popular works with ruin, and undoubtedly many of the less decisively successful cheap periodicals must be extinguished if the price be not lowered, either through

greater abundance of material, or reduction of the duty.

In Paris, the Bréant legacy of 100,000 francs for any one who shall discover the cause and cure of cholera, has inspired some theorists to compete for it, but as yet without success. One says that ozone is the developing cause of cholera in men and certain quadrupeds, while at the same time it is developed by the human organism; and that an excess of ozone in the atmosphere produces disease in plants containing sugar, glucose, and secula—such as the vine, beet-root, and potato. Seeing that nearly a hundred observers here in England, and on the continent, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, are taking observations of ozone twice a day, and sending the results to Schoenbein for discussion, we shall perhaps get to know whether this potent atmospheric principle is or is not harmful, as represented.

The great comprehensive measure for the drainage of London is still, unfortunately, in the region of debate, and likely to remain there. If we had but the long-talked-of open quays along the Thames, the difficulties of the journey to the Crystal Palace would be materially and pleasantly diminished. The suggestion has been thrown out, that if all the sewage of the metropolis were conveyed far enough to *débouche* in salt water, the saline matters would tend to consolidate the refuse by a process of natural chemistry, and at a small expense. The product would be more than usually valuable, as marine manures are said to be specifics against the vine-disease, and highly beneficial to plants generally. While waiting for this suggestion to be reduced to practice, we would call attention to the fact, that a company at Manchester has for some time been making guano from the sewage and other noxious waste, and with good profit.

In these days of gold-digging, when we still hear of monster-nuggets from Ballarat, and of discoveries of the precious metal at the Cape and in the mountains near Adrianople, we may naturally expect increased applications of it in the industrial arts. Something ingenious in this way has just been done at Paris by M. Levot, who, taking advantage of the property phosphorus is known to possess of precipitating metals, forms moulds of this substance by melting it in glass vessels of the required shape plunged in a hot-water bath. After cooling, the glass may be removed by breaking, when the phosphorus moulds are ready for use; which use consists in placing them in a solution of perchloride of gold, whereupon a deposit of the metallic particles immediately begins, and may be continued until the article is of any desired thickness. The phosphorus mould is then removed in the same way as it was formed—by melting—and the gold is ready for the burnisher.

M. Pouilly has a galvanoplastic method of treating silk, by which gilded dress or drapery is produced of unequalled magnificence. He metallises the silk, throws down upon it a coating of copper, and last of all, a coating of gold; and so perfectly is this accomplished,

that the texture, while appearing to be metallic throughout, retains all its flexibility. The richness of effect is said to be truly marvellous; and we may yet hear of a *Field of the Cloth of Gold* far surpassing that which old chroniclers tell us of.

M. Provenzani, of Rome, puts forward a fact not without its value to those who are investigating the phenomena of electricity—that by covering the conductor of an electrical-machine with a thin sheet of gutta-percha, much larger sparks are obtained than with a conductor prepared in the usual way. It would appear that gutta-percha is a most effectual check to dispersion. And makers and users of steam-boilers would do well to examine into Mr Normandy's statement—that the spheroidal state of water may be produced in a boiler not heated before the water is put in. If this be true, the many 'mysterious' explosions will be mysteries no longer.

#### ON THE CLIFF-TOP.

FACE upwards to the sky,  
Quiet I lie;  
Quiet as if the finger of God's will  
Had made this human mechanism still,  
And the intangible essence, this strange 'I,'  
Went wondering forth to His eternity.

Below—the sea's sound, faint  
As dying saint  
Telling of long-spent sorrows, all at rest;  
Above—the unscared sea-gull's shimmering breast,  
Painted a moment on the dark-blue skies—  
A hovering joy, that, while I watch it, flies.

Alike unheeded now  
Thou Grief, and thou  
Quick-winged Joy, that like wild bird at play  
Pleasest thyself to flit round me to-day;  
On the cliff-top—earth dim, and heaven clear—  
My soul rests calmly, above hope—or fear.

But not (Thou, God, forbid!  
By Him whose lid  
Stainless looked up to Thee, then tear-stained down  
On Lazarus' grave and Solyma's doomed town),  
Oh! not above that human love divine  
Which—Thee loved first—in Thee loves all of Thine.

Is't sunset? Keener breeze  
Blows from the seas;  
And close beside me, vision-like, one stands  
With her brown eyes and kind extended hands.  
Love! we'll go down together, without pain,  
From the cliff-top, to the busy world again.

The present number of the Journal completes the First Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ARTS.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME II.

Nos. 26 to 52. JULY—DECEMBER, 1854.



WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

1855.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.



# INDEX.

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

	Page
Alms-house in Shropshire, an,	193
April-day, Last: a Poultry Idyl,	1
Art, the Schoolmaster of,	86
Babies, Travelling, -	400
Bachelors, a Day with the,	292
Blind and the Deaf, the,	238
Camp at Boulogne, the,	232
Cantonment, Indian Life in,	413
Carpet-bag, the,	209
Char-woman, the London, -	119
Croft, the Goodman's, -	65
Crystal Palace, the Kitchen at,	93
Daily Newspaper, the bringing forth of the, -	129
Day with the Bachelors, a,	292
Deaf and the Blind, the, -	238
Desert, Tadmor in the,	267
Dream-land, -	53
Episode in Monkey-life, an,	340
Evils of Life, the,	17
Fellow-traveller and I, My,	241
Freshmen, Philosophy for, -	49
Genoa under Two Aspects, -	273
Going a-Soldiering; or the Camp at Boulogne, -	232
Goodman's Croft, the,	65
Indian Life in Cantonment,	413
Jack, Our, -	177
Kitchen at the Crystal Palace, the,	93
Life, the Evils of, -	17
London and Langley-Lea, -	58
Char-woman, the, -	119
Long Vacation-party, the, -	305
Lower End of the Table, the,	422
Mirror, the Truth of the, -	11
Monkey-life, an Episode in,	340
'Mop,' the: a Rural Sketch,	402
My Fellow-traveller and I, -	241
Naval Rendezvous, the,	248
Newspaper, Daily, the bringing forth of the, -	129
Omnibus Conductor—Views of Life from a Fixed Stand-point,	380
Our Jack, -	177
Philosophy for Freshmen, -	49
Poultry Idyl, a: Last April-day,	1
Rendezvous, the Naval, -	248
Revelations, Whist, -	353
Rural Sketch, a: the 'Mop,' -	402
Schoolmaster at Sea, the, -	218
of Art, the, -	86
Smith, you Know! -	22
Reveries, -	279

	Page
Stand-point, Views of Life from a,	380
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! -	220
Table, the Lower End of the, -	422
Tadmor in the Desert, -	267
'Tis an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good,' -	369
Travelling Babies, -	400
Truth of the Mirror, the, -	11
Vacation-party, the Long, -	305
Views of Life from a Fixed Stand-point, -	380
Whist Revelations, -	353

## POETRY.

	Page
Birthday Verses, -	192
Bridal Song, -	205
Cupid and Campaspe, -	204
Day among the Mountains, a,	432
Death-bell, the, -	205
Dirge, a, -	205
Eudoxia, -	256
Even-time, Soft fell the Shade of,	64
Fairies, the Reply of the, -	352
Four Years, -	16
Grace of Simplicity, the, -	204
House of Clay, the, -	336
Jealousy, -	205
Lebewohl, -	272
Leonora, -	128
Locks of Hair, the Two, -	313
Love for Love, -	206
the Pursuit of, -	205
Love's Hue-and-Cry, -	205
Marriage-table, a, -	48
Melancholy, -	204
Mine!—(for a German Air), -	96
Mountain Idyl, a, -	163
October, -	384
Parables, -	304
Poet's Grave, the, -	288
Sad Song, a, -	204
Sea-shore, the, -	80
Stars, the Light of, -	311
Tombs, among the, -	416
Traveller's Apostrophe to an English Landscape, a, -	224
Valentine, a, -	160
Work-girl's Song, the, -	204

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

	Page
Algae, Sea, -	369
Aquarium, the, -	35
Assyria, Visit to the French Excavations in, -	197
<i>Canis latrans</i> , -	366
Charcoal Ventilators for Dwelling-houses and Ships, -	64
Clay, how it can be turned into Coin, -	278
Flowers and Exotics at Sydenham, the, -	211
Flowers, Facts and Fables about,	117
Industrial Pathology, -	355
Land and Water, Conflict between,	182
Metal, Music in, -	303
Month, the: Science and Arts—61, 143, 206, 268, 334, -	411
Photography, Improvements in,	160
Productions of Japan, -	96
Projectile, a New, -	320
Sea-water, How to make, -	174
Silver in Britain, -	63
Studio, the, 79, 126, 223, 287, 351, -	431
Sulphur, -	112
<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i> , -	109
<i>Vesicle</i> —the Radical Member of Society, -	72
What is an Oval Gun? -	202

## TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

	Page
Ahasuerus, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem, -	390
Arabic Masters, My, -	172
Awful Predicament, a Rather, -	329
Bear, the Grizzly, and an Adventure with One, -	42
Blind and the Deaf, the, -	238
Cabaret of the Break of Day, the, -	46
Cantonment, Indian Life in, -	413
Career of a Line-of-battle Ship, -	270
Carpet-bag, the, -	209
Change for Gold: in Two Parts, 18, -	37
Cossack of the Don, a, -	378
Day, the Cabaret of the Break of, -	46
Deaf and the Blind, the, -	238
Duels, Remarkable Naval, -	153
Emigration, a Home, -	198
Episode in Monkey-life, an, -	340
Fellow-traveller and I, My, -	241

	Page		Page		Page
Gold, Change for: in Two Parts, 18,	37	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF		Evils of Life, the,	17
Grizzly Bear, and an Adventure		INSTRUCTION. AND ENTERTAIN-		Exodus, the West Highland, of	137
with One,	42	MENT.		1837,	130
Heir-at-law, the: in Three				Experiment at Leeds, a Curious,	401
Chapters, - - - 81, 100,	121	Aberdeenshire, a Glance at the	161	Facts and Fables about Flowers,	117
Home Emigration, a,	198	Highlands of,		Fellow-traveller and I, My,	241
Hunting the Tapir,	419	Ahasuerus, the Shoemaker of		Fens of England, the,	321
Indian Life in Cantonment,	413	Jerusalem,	390	Finnish Nationality and Finnish	
Jack, Our,	177	Alms-house in Shropshire, an,	193	Literature,	338
Lantara, the Landscape Painter,		America, Things as they are in.		First Visit to the Czar, Our,	285
Story of,	46	By William Chambers—		Flowers and Exotics at Syden-	
Last of the Quesadas, the,	69	6, 54, 88, 113, 167, 214,	242	ham, the,	211
Lézardière, Mademoiselle de,	127	American Glencoe, the,	342	Flowers, Facts and Fables about,	117
Line-of-battle Ship, Career of a,	270	Jottings. By William		French Excavations in Assyria,	
Louis XVIII. of France—Visit to		Chambers,	417	Visit to the,	137
Hartwell,	133	April-day, Last: a Poultry Idyl,	1	French Pattern, a,	127
Maretime. By Bayle St John—		Arabic Masters, My,	172	Freshmen, Philosophy for,	44
I. The Lee-shore,	225	Art, Commercial,	327	Gazette, the Reformer of Turkey	
II. The Island of Maretime,	251	—, the Schoolmaster of,	86	and his,	194
III. The Story of the Prisoner,	262	Arts and Science—		Genos under Two Aspects,	273
IV. Expiation of Love,	281	61, 143, 206, 268, 334,	411	Glance at the Highlands of Aber-	
V. Walter finds Himself in a		Assyria, Visit to the French		deenshire, a,	161
Land of Intrigue,	297	Excavations in,	197	Glencoe, the American,	343
VI. The Palazzo Belmonte,	315	Babies, Travelling,	400	Going a-Soldiering; or the Camp	
VII. Bianca,	324	Bachelors, a Day with the,	292	at Boulogne,	233
VIII. On Board the <i>Filippa</i> ,	345	Banquet, the London,	385	Goodman's Croft, the,	65
IX. Walter engages in a Ro-		Bear, the Grizzly, and an Adven-		Great Iron Steam-ship, the,	213
mantic Adventure,	357	ture with One,	42	'Great Social Problem,' the,	158
X. Angela,	372	Betting-houses—One-sided Law,	377	Grizzly Bear, and an Adventure	
XI. A Conflict between Cun-		Blind and the Deaf, the,	238	with One,	43
ning and Chance,	395	Borrowing and Lending in Old		Half-pence, a Handful of,	34
XII. Incidents of a Chase at		Times,	15	Hartwell, a Visit to,	133
Sea; and how the		Boulogne, the Camp at,	232	Health Preservatives—Industrial	
<i>Filippa</i> behaved,	407	Britain, Silver in,	63	Pathology,	355
XIII. The Land of Sicily proves		Cabaret of the Break of Day, the,	46	Henry W. Longfellow,	348
Fruitful in Dangers,	425	Camp at Boulogne, the,	282	Highland, West, Exodus of 1837,	150
Marston, J. Westland,	363, 432	Cantonment, Indian Life in,	413	Highlands of Aberdeenshire, a	
Masters, My Arabic,	172	Cape Horn,	106	Glance at,	161
Monkey-life, an Episode in,	340	—, Jottings from the,	76	Hindoo Wedding, a: a Recollec-	
My Fellow-traveller and I,	241	Career of a Line-of-battle Ship,	270	tion of 1806,	75
Naval Duels, Remarkable,	153	Carpet-bag, the,	209	Hood, Thomas, the Serious Mask	
Old Woman's Reminiscence, an,	155	Char-woman, the London,	119	of,	126
Orphan Winny,	138	Chiffonnier of Paris—Vested In-		Horn, Cape,	166
Our Jack,	177	terests,	302	How Clay can be turned into Coin,	228
Pattern, a French—Mademoiselle		China, Table-turning in,	151	— to make Sea-water,	174
de Lézardière,	127	Clay, how it can be turned into		Hunting the Tapir,	419
Plighted Troth,	13	Coin,	278	Illustrious London Room, an,	257
Prairie-wolves, a Scramble among,	366	Commercial Art,	327	Indian Life in Cantonment,	413
Predicament, a Rather Awful,	329	Conflict between Land and Water,	182	Industrial Pathology,	256
Quesadas, the Last of the,	69	Cookery, Curiosities of,	260	Interests, Vested,	208
Remarkable Naval Duels,	153	Copper-money, a Chapter on,	84	Iron Steam-ship, the Great,	213
Reminiscence, an Old Woman's	155	Cossack of the Don, a,	378	Jack, Our,	177
Scramble among Prairie-wolves,	366	Croft, the Goodman's,	65	Jottings, American. By William	
Shoemaker of Jerusalem, the,	390	Crystal Palace of Wieliczka,	381	Chambers,	417
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!	220	—, the Kitchen at,	83	Jottings from the Cape,	38
Stolen Shoes, the,	51	Curious Experiment at Leeds, a,	401	Kitchen at the Crystal Palace, the,	38
Tapir, Hunting the,	419	Customs and Manners under the		Land and Water, Conflict between,	339
Teniers, David, the Wives of,	145	Water,	35	Lantara, the Landscape-painter,	45
Troth, Plighted,	13	Czar, Our First Visit to the,	285	Last Days of an Old Acquaintance,	369
Wandering Jew—Ahasuerus, the		—, Russia and the,	289, 308, 332	Laudation of Trash, a,	38
Shoemaker of Jerusalem,	390	Daily Newspaper, the bringing		Law, One-sided,	423
Whorting-party, the,	108	forth of the,	129	Leeds, a Curious Experiment at,	400
Winny, Orphan,	138	Day with the Bachelors, a,	292	Lending and Borrowing in Old	
Wives of David Teniers, the,	145	Deaf and the Blind, the,	238	Times,	35
Wolf-hunters, the,	164, 185	Desert, Tadmor in the,	267	Liability, Limited,	35
Woman's Reminiscence, Old,	155	Dick Bequest—Something done in		Library, the, 77, 125, 221, 286, 348, 350	
		the Meantime,	148	Life, the Evils of,	30
		Disasters, Steam-vessel,	406	Line-of-battle Ship, Career of a,	270
		'Divina Commedia,' Dante's, Origin		Literature and Nationality of the	
		of,	160	Finns,	338
		Don, a Cossack of the,	378	London and Langley Lea,	38
		Down Stairs in Somerset House,	337	— Banquet, the,	265
		Dramatists, Songs of the,	203	— Char-woman, the,	118
		Dream-land,	33	— Room, an Illustrious,	257
		Duets, Remarkable Naval,	153	— Turkey in,	194
		Educational Exhibition at St		Long Vacation-party, the,	385
		Martin's Hall,	97	Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth,	348
		Engine-drivers' Contract System,	40	Louis XVIII. of France—Visit to	
		England, the Fens of,	321	Hartwell,	133
		Episode in Monkey-life, an,	340	Lower End of the Table, the,	428
		Kras of Ocean Steam-navigation,		Lucifer and the Poets,	136
		the Three,	188	Mahmoud, the Reformer of Turkey,	124
		Europe, Eastern, Peoples and		Manners and Customs under the	
		—, Western,		—, Western,	

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Dobell's Balder,	26
Gosse's Aquarium,	35
Masey's Babe Christobel; with	
other Lyrical Poems,	26
Menzies' Report on the Dick	
Bequest,	148
Neale's Islamism,	124
Quinet's Ahasuerus,	391
Russell's Shilling Clock,	369

	Page		Page		Page
Marston, J. Westland, -	363, 432	Schoolmaster at Sea, the, -	218	Whorting-party, the, -	108
Martin's Hall, St, the Educational Exhibition at, -	97	of Art, the, -	86	Wieliczka, the Crystal Palace of, -	381
Mask, the Serious, of Thomas Hood, 108		Science and Arts—		Wives of David Teniers, the, -	145
Masters, my Arabic, -	172	61, 143, 206, 268, 334, 411		Wolf-hunters, the, -	164, 185
Meantime, Something Done in the, 148		Scramble among Prairie-wolves, a, 366		Workers of Paris, the, -	319
Member of Society, the Radical, 72		Seamen's Prize-money, -	12	Workshop, Our Great, -	229
Mirror, the Truth of the, -	11	Sea-water, How to make it, -	174	World, the most Popular Plant in the, -	393
Monkey-life, an Episode in, -	340	Serious Mask of Thomas Hood, the, 103		Young Russia, -	66
Month, the: Science and Arts—		Shilling Cookery for the People, 260			
61, 143, 206, 268, 334, 411		Shoemaker of Jerusalem, the, -	390		
Month, the: the Library and the Studio, 77, 125, 221, 286, 349, 490		Shropshire, an Alma-house in, 193			
'Mop,' the: a Rural Sketch, -	402	Sign-painting—Commercial Art, 327			
Most Popular Plant in the World, the, -	393	Silver in Britain, -	63		
Museum, Turkish, -	179	Small End of the Wedge, the, -	40		
Music in Metal, -	503	Smith, you Know! -	22		
My Fellow-traveller and I, -	241	Smithfield Market—the Last Days of an Old Acquaintance, -	360		
Names, the Fun upon—More of it, 4		Social Problem, the Great, -	158		
Nationality and Literature of the Finns, -	338	Somerset House, Down Stairs in, 337			
Naval Duels, Remarkable, -	153	Something Done in the Meantime, 148			
Rendezvous, the, -	248	Songs of the Dramatists, -	203		
Newspaper, Daily, the bringing forth of the, -	129	Sonnateers, Our, -	175		
Nova Scotia—the American Glencoe, -	342	Spectacles, -	279		
Occasional Notes—		St Martin's Hall, the Educational Exhibition at, -	97		
Publicity, -	289	Stand-point, Views of Life from a, 380			
Sanitary Improvement, Local Exertions for, -	239	Steam-ship, the Great Iron, -	313		
Ocean Steam-ship, the Three Eras of, -	183, 256	vessel Disasters, -	405		
Old Acquaintance, the Last Days of an, -	360	Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! -	220		
Old Times, Borrowing and Lending in, -	15	Studio, the, 79, 126, 223, 287, 351, 431			
Omnibus Conductor—Views of Life from a Fixed Stand-point, 380		Sunrise and Sunset, -	234		
One-sided Law, -	877	Sydenham, the Flowers and Exotics at, -	211		
Origin of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' -	160	Table, the Lower End of the, -	422		
Our First Visit to the Czar, -	285	turning in China, -	151		
Great Workshop, -	229	Tadmor in the Desert, -	267		
Jack, -	177	Tapir, Hunting the, -	419		
Side and the Russian Side, -	255	Teniers, David, the Wives of, 145			
Sonnateers, -	175	Things as they are in America. By William Chambers—			
Oval Gun, What is it? -	202	Rhode Island, -	6		
Paper Difficulty, the, -	285	Washington, -	54		
Paris, the Workers of, -	819	Richmond, in Virginia, -	88		
Pathology, Industrial, -	855	Congress, -	113		
Pattern, a French—Mademoiselle de Lézardière, -	127	Philadelphia, -	167		
Peoples and Prospects of Eastern Europe, -	24, 44	Railways, Telegraphs, and Other Things, -	214		
Philosophy for Freshmen, -	49	General Observations, -	242		
Plant, the most Popular, in the World, -	393	Three Eras of Ocean Steam-naviga- tion, the, -	183, 256		
Poetry, Recent, -	26	'Tis an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good,' -	369		
Poets, Lucifer and the, -	135	Tobacco—the most Popular Plant in the World, -	393		
Poultry-Idyl, a: Last April-day, 366		Travelling Babies, -	400		
Prairie-wolves, a Scramble among, 29		Truth of the Mirror, the, -	11		
Privateers and Privateering, -	12	Turkey in London, -	179		
Prize-money, -	12	the Reformer of, and his Gazette, -	124		
Problem, the Great Social, -	168	Vacation-party, the Long, -	305		
Fun upon Names, the—More of it, 4		Vested Interests, -	302		
Radical Member of Society, the, 72		Views of Life from a Fixed Stand- point, -	380		
Recent Poetry, -	26	Visit to Hartwell, a, -	133		
Recollection of 1805, a: a Hindoo Wedding, -	75	the Czar, Our First, -	285		
Reformer of Turkey and his Gazette, 124		French Excavations in Assyria, a, -	197		
Remarkable Naval Duels, -	153	Wandering Jew—Ahasuerus, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem, 390			
Rendezvous, the Naval, -	248	Water and Land, Conflict between, 182			
Revelations, Whist, -	353	Manners and Customs under the, -	35		
Rural Sketch, a: the 'Mop,' -	402	Wedding, a Hindoo: a Recollec- tion of 1805, -	75		
Russia and the Czar, -	289, 308, 332	Wedge, the Small End of the, -	40		
Young, -	66	West Highland Exodus of 1837, the, -	190		
Russian Side and Our Side, -	255	What is an Oval Gun? -	202		
Salt-mines—Crystal Palace of Wieliczka, -	381	Whist Revelations, -	353		

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

American Statesmen, -	128
Author, a Luxurious, -	112
Blackberry, Variety of the, -	240
Brandy of the Mountains, -	80
Burglars, Hint to, -	256
Butter, no more Rancid, -	384
Charcoal Ventilators for Dwelling- houses and Ships, -	64
Chinese Newspaper in California, 192	
Circassian Women, Dress of, -	368
Claqueurs of Paris, -	256
Correspondents, Notice to, -	352
Crimes, the, -	352
Damascus, a Room in, -	400
Dog, Nervousness of the, -	240
Fire-engine, Steam, -	208
France, Costume in, -	160
Gentleman, Externals of a, -	128
Greek meeting Greek, -	228
Gunpowder, -	352
Hallucinations of Great Men, 80	
Hymeneal Altar, the, -	128
Inland Conveyance, Proposed Changes in, -	32
Japan, Productions of, -	96
Ladies, Drapery for the, -	240
Launch of the Royal Albert, -	80
London, -	416
a Hundred Years Ago, 288	
Manchester Drunken Returns, 192	
Manuscripts, Old, -	192
Old Cook, the, -	224
Country, the, -	112
Olives of Gethsemane, Antiquity of the, -	272
Opposition, Advantage of, -	32
Pera, Cemetery of, -	96
Photography, Improvements in, 160	
Picture Sale at Birmingham, -	384
Portarlington, Notabilia of, 416	
Potatoes, Substitute for, -	144
Press, Errors of the, -	240
Projectile, a New, -	320
Public Men in England, Youth- fulness of, -	176
Railways in Russia, -	384
Rub Softly, -	384
Sandwich Islands, Cloak of the King of the, -	224
Shell, What it can do, -	48
Steam-naviga- tion, Three Eras of Ocean, -	256
Sulphur, -	112
Sultan, the, -	208
Tailed Men, -	368
Toys and Games of Different Nations, -	176
Tradesmen, Illustrations, -	144
Turkish Country Gentleman, 384	
Weather-glass, New, -	112
Women in Turkey, Power of, 352	



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 26.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## LAST APRIL-DAY:

### A POULTRY IDYL.

It is a pleasant sunny Saturday—no less than April-day in the present year. I am writing in a very quaint, stone-floored, high-latticed room of ancient date, when a lady steps into its still shadows, and asks me to accompany her in her afternoon's drive, to a little country town some five miles off; our return to be by a different route, and to include rest and tea in a village amid lovely scenery. I gladly consent, for I have been working hard the week through, and need a holiday for both body and mind. So I close my books, put by my papers, lock with a jailer-like key the door of the quaint room assigned to me as a study during my temporary stay with an aged relative in this noble building; then, after a few paces up and down in a sunny cloister that a Dominican might envy, I go in and dine, and after dinner we sally forth. There is an ineffable stillness and beauty in this golden afternoon, influencing everything that is best and gentlest in my nature. I am literally in a vernal mood; I see freshness and beauty in everything; I am prepared to enjoy, and I do enjoy.

Our way lies for a time through portions of a low-lying moorland tract, which drainage and cultivation have reclaimed within the last century. Parts of it even yet remain a wild morass. It is most of it, acre by acre, the property of one of our great dukes, who is undoubtedly a good agriculturist as well as landlord. You see and know the duke's hand everywhere. His cottages and farmhouses are all in excellent repair; the gardens neatly kept and well stocked; the gates and fences in admirable condition; and miles and miles of excellent roads, canals, and plantations shew what capital and power can effect when combined and well directed. In this district of comparatively slovenly agriculture, these are significant facts, which prove that the duke has the art of choosing his deputies—no mean accomplishment in one who governs. All this is pleasant to consider as we drive gently through the still and sunny lanes; more particularly as we have contrasts that sometimes flagrantly disobey the rule of the Cairds and Puseys.

To vary this pleasant trimness of homesteads, fields, and woodlands, nature has her unadorned and loveliest aspects also. We pass rapid brooks; little trickling runnels; patches of unenclosed common, thick set with furze, or else with mossy hillocks, that shelter in their hollows countless tufts of budding primroses; and reaching one more wild and sequestered than the rest, we stay our little carriage. We descend; leave our pony for a few minutes to graze at will; gather our

first primroses; search for our first violets; step amid the plashy stones of a little rivulet, to taste the young water-cresses; sit down to rest upon a fallen tree; speak to one another of the vernal joy that fills our souls, to the utter absence of all care or retrospect; and then proceed on our way in a mood as sunny as the landscape itself.

It is three o'clock when we reach the little country town, and as it is market-day, it is filled with country-folks. They, and the quaint market-cross they fill to overflowing—the booths and their miscellaneous wares—the piles of country produce heaped upon the pavement—carry the mind back two centuries in civilisation—at least compared with London. We enter a linen-draper's shop, the best in the town; it is filled as densely as the market-cross, principally with country-women bearing huge baskets and parcels, which they set with much nonchalance upon the wide counters, and, leaning upon these, make gay-coloured purchases, and chat familiarly with the assistants. The favourite hues seem to be blue, red, yellow, and green, no matter how much these prevail in shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, nor how amazing or bizarre the pattern. In gown-pieces and coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, the designs are sometimes tremendous in effect—the latter revealing whole dioramas of the Crystal Palace, of the life and doings of our good Queen, the funeral of Wellington; and so on. In this respect, their taste for textile art is like that of children or Hottentots. Every young assistant seems to have a personal friend amongst these worthy dames. Many bring them messages and letters, and occasionally, from the recesses of a cavernous market-basket, a cream-cheese, a dozen of rosy apples, a pork-pie, or plumcake, is brought forth, slid with a shy hand across the counter, received with thankful winks and nods, and deposited in some private corner. The master, a portly, good-looking man of about fifty, occupies a prominent place behind the counter, to the right of the door. To him important comers address themselves—wealthy farmers, who step in to buy broad-cloth for a new coat, or else a Sunday neck-tie—clergymen's wives, who have driven over from their snug parsonages to purchase charitable supplies of calico and flannel—ladies, who call in to look over the last 'London parcel;' and as the afternoon wanes, and the market draws to a close, the Goodman is sorely tempted to purchase a 'last pair of fowls,' a remaining cream-cheese, or a pound or two of butter left unsold.

'It is such a pity, Mr Turner,' says a farmer's rosy wife, 'to take back these fowls eleven miles or more. Come, you shall have 'em cheap; and I'll take it out in net and ribbon for a cap: I want one for a Sunday.' But we cannot stay for the sequel of the

dialogue, although it is obvious enough that the fowls will change hands: we leave the shop and town on foot, as our little carriage is to follow us by and by.

The afternoon is waning gloriously; our vernal humour comes back to us once more. We stay to notice the ancient church of red stone, and its execrable renovation with unsightly brick; we stay to admire the fine old timbered gabled-houses of the age of Elizabeth; we get glimpses of pleasant bowery gardens in the rear, and of a fine country beyond; we descend an acclivity, cross a canal, and gain a hilly road, winding amid scenery of unsurpassed beauty and of great historical interest. Along it had tramped Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the ruins of the castle he had successfully besieged, lay gray and ivied on the heights above.

A walk of some two miles brings us to a most German-like village of scattered farms and cottages. The former are chiefly timbered gabled-houses of great antiquity, coloured with ochre, or alternate black and white—and lying with sombre yet unleaved orchards about them, and rustic gardens newly dug and trimmed, with lanes between, winding upwards to a broad belt of woodland: there is much to favour our strong impression, that we are wandering in some village of Germany or the Dutch Netherlands. A long way up the tree-shaded street, we come to a coach-house and stables abutting on the road; then to a paved yard, in which a quaint, middle-aged man is working; then to a cottage profusely covered with new-clipped ivy, and with its narrow strip of garden betwixt it and the road, set with nothing but laurel-trees, amidst which stands an ancient draw-well, and on the low wall dividing the garden from the road, a vast horse-block of lichen-covered stone. We knock at the door, and are soon admitted into a pleasant parlour with a cheerful fire; a singular window placed high and near the ceiling; a piano, books, and a vast number of beautiful shells, finely grouped beneath a large glass-shade. In addition to these is a bouquet of wax-flowers of singular excellence; and though I am but a rare admirer of these imitations of nature, I am enough of an artist to be aware that here a naturalist has worked *con amore*.

The door opens, and a young woman of sweet looks and singularly gracious manners enters. I have—with my usual taciturnity in such matters—asked no questions, so I take for granted that she is a daughter of the cottage owner, and that father, mother, brother, or sister will presently appear; but half an hour wears by in pleasant talk, and still we are alone.

At length the lady—with whose manner I am greatly charmed—says to me: 'Will you see the poultry?' and I, not knowing the wide meaning conveyed by the article, politely, though, I fear, too coolly, assent; for I am ignorant of what lies before me. We pass into a pretty hall, which winds old-fashionedwise towards the rear of the cottage; we stop to admire some paintings on its walls, and this leads to a talk touching art, and so by degrees to what constitutes a love of nature.

'I am very fond of nature,' says the lady gently; 'so is my sister, who lives with me. At present she is absent on a visit to a friend.'

As she speaks, she leads the way into a parlour fit for a poet's study. It has some really fine paintings on its walls—amongst others, an undoubted three-quarter length picture of Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely, and the wonderful painting of the hands bespeaks its genuineness: there are recesses filled with books; there are

shells and flowers again, as in the other parlour; there is a large number of brilliant-coloured foreign birds, stuffed and set upon the branches of a natural tree, which has been dried and fixed in a stand for the purpose; there are the splendid cocoons of last year's silk-worms, which were made to wind their profuse gifts round a gnarled bough; and, lastly, there are two windows on each side of an angle of the room—the one looking over an old-fashioned garden, with bee-hives, flowers, privet-fences, old apple and mulberry trees, to the woodlands of a distant park; the other window shewing a very large undulating paddock belonging to the cottage, a pool in the midst, a belt of sheltering trees next the road, and the yellow beauty of a thousand new-blown daffodils. It is, as we say, a room fit for a poet and his songs!

Passing into the garden, with its borders full of early flowers, and its fine collection of standard roses trained, festoonwise, to chains, we pass to the low gate and fence which divide it from the paddock, and behold the first instalment of 'the poultry,' or rather, as we suppose in our simplicity, the whole stock. The lady opens the wicket, stoops down, and in an instant a pair of pure white fowls, of great size and beauty, run towards her, and search for food in her hand with the utmost tameness; but disregarding these, though they are favourites, she puts her hand in a movable coop set in the grass, beneath which is a brood-hen with some thirteen chicks, only a few days from the shell. The hen is a pure buff Cochon fowl of large size and beauty, and the chicks miniature likenesses. They are running about in all directions; but expecting food from the hand which invariably feeds them, they come running to the stooping lady, peck her fingers, climb her hand, enter the folds of her wide sleeve, and suffer themselves to be caught and imprisoned in her gentle grasp without a flutter or sign of trepidation. We have seen nothing like this wonderful tameness before: they rest perfectly in the restraining fingers; even coax with their callow bills moving to and fro, and shew the wonderful beauty of their eyes in doing so. This feature in the Cochon fowl is extraordinary, and seems peculiar to the breed. We remember nothing like it, except the eye of the gazelle. Soft, large, and of great size, it would thus appear to be as much a distinct feature of high and perfect breed in the fowl, as in the horse and human being.

'How much these lovely chicks like you!' say I, as the lady rises with a nestling chick in her hand.

'They are accustomed to me,' she replies quietly, 'and therefore know me. I partly freed them from the shell; I have fed them ever since, and begin to do this as early as half-past five o'clock in the morning.'

'Indeed!' for the truth begins to dawn upon us; 'then you are a fowl-fancier, and make a pursuit and art of the matter?'

She replies only with a smile; then calling a little attending servant, bids her remove the feathered charge, as the dew begins to fall, and then asks us to accompany her elsewhere. We obey without a word, and crossing the garden, are led into the yard in which we first saw the quaint old servant-man at work. Here, in coach-house, harness-room, tool-house, cow-house, stable, we find brood upon brood in various stages of progress. Some hens are yet sitting in still recesses—some on real eggs, others on dummies of wood; and the coach-house holds two pens constructed on the



most scientific principles, each holding a hen and chicks of great value and beauty. Nor are remnants of last year's broods unseen. Gigantic cockerels and young matronly pullets peck about the yard and the precincts of the garden; and these, as tame as the chicks, suffer themselves to be handled and caressed. One noble bird, in incipient comb and wattles, permits himself to be lifted, carried up and down, and caressed like a child. The result of unvarying kindness can go no further. It is exquisite to behold, and teaches us, I think, a grave as well as affecting lesson.

We are now invited to cross the garden to the greenhouse, wondering whether it is plants or poultry we shall behold. All this while we have been expecting to see the before-mentioned supposititious father, brother, uncle, or mother, issue from the house; but as no one appears, and our curiosity is wound up to a considerable pitch, we make bold to ask the question:

'Do you and your sister actually live here alone? Have you no father, uncle, or brother? And do you really carry on all this scientific process of rearing poultry on so large a scale without assistance?'

'We do—simply as a pastime, though it pays us well. For the rest, we live here alone, perfect mistresses of all you see through the will of a dear uncle, who died two years ago.'

I am immensely interested, and standing in the rich waning sunlight of that April afternoon, our pleasant chat proceeds.

'Charlotte and I,' continues the lady, 'first took to rearing poultry about a year and a half ago. A friend gave us those white fowls you first saw; we became interested in the care of them; and reading and hearing much of the poultry mania, we thought we should like to add to our stock, and become purchasers of some real Cochins. We did not mention our desire to our neighbours or few relatives, lest we should be laughed at, but resolved to act instead, and to set out at once to Greys in Essex, where the greatest fancier and prize-holder resides. We intrusted the secret of our temporary absence to no one but John, our old man-servant; and set off one very cold December day by express-train to London. We were perfect strangers there, having never been beyond Birmingham in our lives. We slept at a hotel that night; started by steam-boat next morning to Greys; found Mr S—from home; but saw his bailiff, and concluded the purchase of a young cock and hen of the pure buff Cochins breed for five guineas. They were placed in a proper basket, and we returned the same night with our precious charge to London. A tribulation, though one rich in humour, now occurred. We must have a room for ourselves and fowls, for it was necessary to keep them under our especial care. We were refused admission by no less than five hotels. "Can't be having them things up stairs," said the head-waiter of one of them with much contempt. We assured him of their great value and tenderness. But he condescended to make no reply, tucked his napkin tightly under his arm, and turned away upon his heel. At another hotel, the landlord himself was summoned. We made our request with great politeness. "It cannot be, ladies; it is not only against the rules, but the cock would be crowing in the night, and alarming everybody." We laughed, and assured him that the cockerel had not yet arrived at a crowing age; but he was inexorable. At length, at a hotel near Euston Square, we gained admittance, and were attended by a chamber-maid who had a pet-dog, and consequently sympathy for our taste, and who was thus very kind to us. This was fortunate, as we were quite exhausted by cold and fatigue. Next day, we travelled homeward, got a conveyance from the little town you saw to-day, and arrived here in the evening. If John, our old servant, was surprised at the quickness of our journey, he was more so at the

size of the basket that held our feathery treasures; and this surprise waxed into astonishment when the basket was brought into the parlour, the lid opened, and the long-legged creatures stalked out and shook their feathers on the floor.

"Why, missis—why, missis," gasped John, "you don't mean to be saying that these big, stalking, tailless things be fowls? No, surely not; only some new sort o' turkeys or pea-hens."

"It is a real fact, John, that they are fowls: the breed has been brought from Cochins-China, within a few years. The parents of these are of immense value, and for what you see, Miss Charlotte and I have given five guineas."

"Five guineas! miss—five guineas!" repeats John with yet more astonishment: "somehow, it's a thing as masters me." Then, as he beheld their grotesque want of tails and long legs, he burst out into convulsions of laughter, in which our two little maids joined, and which did not soon end. But in spite of this, John took immensely to them, and has been a most able assistant.—But step this way, you have yet to see two other broods.'

As I have already conjectured, the greenhouse holds poultry instead of plants. There are, to be sure, a few young geraniums placed along the margin of the sunny windows; but the floor is occupied by wire-pens of scientific construction, in which are two hens of vast size and great beauty of colour, and their chicks. These are as tame as those we have already seen, and the eye of the chicks even yet more striking.

'You must have nearly a hundred little ones,' I remark.

'There are ninety-five, and others that will be from the shell in a few days. These you see here will sell, when of the proper age, for three guineas a couple: that is what we obtained last year.'

'Then you have not lost by your poultry mania?'

'By no means, though we have occasionally to make large outlays. We keep a strict account, and find we derive a considerable profit. But you must be really tired: let us now go in and take tea.'

We return to the parlour with the fine shells and pleasant fire, and find tea ready. We had been asked if we would taste Cochins fowls' eggs; and here they are, with delicious cakes and cream and hot bread, and a glass dish full of apricot jam. It is something, I think to myself, to be the heiress of such a home, as I hear orders given, and keys, that more plate may be brought; but it is something still more satisfactory to see wealth thus creditably expended, taste taking such an innocent direction, and womanly love and solicitude, unoccupied by maternity, directed into the path of the naturalist. There were feelings and tastes here present that Audubon, or Wilson, or Kirby, or Spence, or Bewick, would have honoured and encouraged.

Our talk is so delightful during tea, so perfectly frank and kindly, that our vernal mood is even richer still. When it draws to a close, we join hands, thank Providence that we have met, and with regrets that I am about to leave for town, promise one another to meet again next year: which, Fate willing, we shall certainly do.

We now go up stairs to see countless unoccupied rooms—some filled with very ancient and splendid carved furniture; another as a studio; another as a writing-chamber; for both the young heiress and her sister have artistic tastes, and the one that is with us draws with skill.

We at length leave the cottage to climb a hill at the end of the German-like village, where there is a splendid view of many of the Welsh hills; but when we get there, it is too dark. We therefore cross a moorland tract, and coming to the road, find our little carriage at the spot we mentioned. We join hands again; we are sisters in spirit, though not in relationship; our

mood is something more than vernal, for words can give it no expression.

The dear lady passes away into the shadows on her return; we are driven home along a causeway raised across a once terrible morass, where man and horse were often sunk, and seen no more; and in the splendid moonlight we reach our cloistered hall as the clock strikes ten.

Such was my April-day. It was fine and vernal, and I would have its spirit refresh others as much as it refreshed me.

### THE PUN UPON NAMES—MORE OF IT.\*

Palter with us in a double sense.

FROM the complimentary puns, and those which are expressive of grief and despair, we proceed to a numerous class—those, namely, which give vent to rage and indignation, scorn and mockery.

The Wars of the Roses, as portrayed by the writer of the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.*—whether Shakespeare or not, we do not here pause to inquire—are especially prolific in examples of this kind. In the Second Part of this drama, we find the old nobility declaiming in indignant terms against the pride and power of Queen Margaret's favourite, the Duke of Suffolk.

*Gloster.* Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Regnier.

*York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle.

This worthless upstart, whose name was De la Pole, seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to this kind of witticism. He is banished from England, and being taken prisoner in the Channel by a privateer's boat, the captain orders his execution.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thine own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole!

*Cap.* Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Again, we find Jack Cade, who at the head of his rabblement has routed the king's troops and seized the Tower, thus disporting himself with the name of the Lord Say, whose capture has just been announced by a messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, my lord! a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, who sold the towns in France—he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens and one shilling in the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter George Bevis with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well! he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah! thou say,† thou serge, thou buckram lord: now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.

The gallant Sir John Talbot is bemoaning the fate of his friends, the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave, who have just been struck down by a shot

from the town of Orleans, when a messenger interrupts his lamentations:—

*Mess.* My lord, my lord! the French have gathered head.  
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,  
A holy prophesie, new risen up,  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury groans.*]

*Tal.* Hear, hear! how dying Salisbury doth groan!  
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged!  
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.  
*Pucelle or puzzel,\** dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

The Duke of York, who was so facetious upon Suffolk's name, is in his turn exposed to similar mockery. Queen Margaret getting him into her hands, slaughters him in cold blood, and then wreaks her indignation against the corpse:—

Off with his head! and set it on York gates:  
So York shall overlook the town of York.

From a late life of Sir Edward Coke, whose name, provocative of punning, we need hardly observe, is pronounced Cook, we learn that when Sir Edward was sent to the Tower, the lodging allotted to him was a room which had formerly been the kitchen. On entering it, the disgraced patriot read the mocking inscription:—'This room wants a cook.'

We now turn to the Father of History, amidst the infinite variety of whose pages one seldom searches in vain for an example, whatever may be the subject in hand; and we find that when the haughty Darius sent envoys to the different Greek states to demand earth and water, in token of subjection, the people of Ægina complied with the requisition, and by so doing, incurred the indignation of Sparta. One of her kings, Cleomenes, was accordingly despatched to the offending island with instructions to demand the surrender of the advisers of this disgraceful measure. An influential party amongst the Æginetans resisted his demand, and Cleomenes was on the point of leaving Ægina, when, on a sudden, he turned to the most zealous of his opponents, and inquired his name. 'Crius,' was the reply; on hearing which, the infuriated Spartan exclaimed: 'Make haste, then, Ram [Crius], and get your horns gilded; for before long, you'll meet with a mischief'—alluding in this to the practice of the ancients of gilding the horns of victims appointed for sacrifice. The joke, however, proved to be no joke to the Ram; for Cleomenes returning with his fellow-king at the head of some troops, the Æginetans dared no longer hold out, but gave up ten of their principal men, amongst whom was the Ram. These were then placed by Cleomenes in the hands of the Athenians, who, being old and inveterate enemies of Ægina, were not very likely to be lenient jailers.

The odium theologium, as may easily be supposed, has not neglected to add this kind of pun to its inexhaustible armoury of virulence and abuse. One specimen will doubtless suffice. The orthodox Walsingham speaks in these terms of our early reformer:—'That old hypocrite, that angel of Satan, that emissary of Antichrist, the not-to-be named John Wickliffe, or rather Wicke-beleve, the heretic,' &c. Truly, as Mistress Quickly says, these be very bitter words.

We now give a few instances of the pun upon the names of places.

In the third act of *King John*, when the English monarch subjects himself to the anathema of the

\* See No. 16.

† Say, a kind of serge—probably a corruption of the French word *soie*. It is probable that Jack Cade having termed Lord Say a buckram lord, has in view a stuffed man set up as a mark for archers who are practising; and that in the next sentence he keeps up the allusion.

\* *Puzzel*, wanton, a corruption of the Latin *puerile*. With respect to the word *dauphin*, the origin of the title is unknown. It is, however, certain that it is not derived from the name of the province Dauphiné, but, on the contrary, the name of the province is taken from it.

cardinal-legate, the much-injured Constance joins her maledictions:—

O lawful let it be  
That I had room with Rome to curse awhile.

And in a somewhat higher strain, the lean and wrinkled Cassius expresses the jealous hatred with which he regards the supremacy of Cæsar.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

*Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Scene iii.

Again, the ill-fated Richard II. being besieged in Flint Castle by high-reaching Bolingbroke, the Earl of Northumberland proposes an interview between the king and his usurping subject.

North. My lord, in the base court\* he doth attend  
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. In the base court? Base court where kings  
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

We now turn to the merely sportive or facetious play upon names, which is indeed common enough; so much so, that our only difficulty here will be an *embarras des richesses*.

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio thus addresses the refractory Katherine:

Thou must be married to no man but me,  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates.

In the same drama, Lucentio is introduced into the house of Baptista under the assumed dress of a music-master and the name of Cambio; and in this disguise he wins the affections of Baptista's daughter, Bianca. Baptista then meeting him in the street, dressed and attended as a man of wealth and rank, exclaims:

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

To which Bianca replies:

*Cambio is changed into Lucentio.*

The lady's own name admits of a similar play, which Petruchio avails himself of; and when boasting of the superior docility of his own wife, he thus rallies Bianca's husband:

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white.†

The facetious knight, Sir John Falstaff, is of course not lacking in this kind of wit. The two worthy magistrates, Master Silence and Master Shallow, are thus sported with:—'Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.' And again: 'I do see the bottom of this Justice Shallow.' His mirth upon the names and appearance of his gallant recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf, seems inexhaustible; but for this we must refer the reader to the play itself. On the field of Shrewsbury, he thus intimates his valiant intentions against Hotspur. 'If Percy be alive, I'll pierce† him; and when 'ancient Pistol' is raising a disturbance in Mistress Quickly's tavern, he reproves his obstreperous conduct with this sally: 'No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.'

If we turn to *Othello*, we find another 'ancient,' honest Iago, thus consoling his dupe Roderigo—

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.

In the Second Part of *King Henry VI.*, while Jack Cade is pompously setting forth his pretended

genealogy, one of his rabblement, Dick, the butcher of Ashford, thus turns it into ridicule—

Cade. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*]

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*]

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

Dick. She was indeed a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

[*Aside.*]

We may here remark, *en passant*, that the sallies of Dick the butcher are incomparably the poorest to be found in the whole range of Shakspeare's plays, our great dramatist having far too accurate a knowledge of human nature to put any but the humblest witticisms in the mouths of uneducated persons. The highly lauded Sam Weller, however amusing, we confess appears to us entirely out of nature, Mr Dickens having furnished him with a stock of *mots* and repartees sufficient to supply all the footmen and cabmen in London, and yet leave a large surplus remaining.

Our instances of mirthful puns hitherto have been cases in which they seemed congenial to the temperament of the speaker. Gaiety, however, has a more striking effect when persons of stern and saturnine disposition indulge in it, as they will do at some time or another. In one of Uhland's ballads, the stout old Count Eberhard,\* of Wirtemberg, is introduced to us, recruiting his wearied frame, which is almost worn out with years and hardships, in the healing waters of the Wildbad. While he is thus engaged, his youngest page comes running, and announces that an armed band is pouring down the upper valley. The armorial bearings of their leader being described, the good count recognises the enemies of his house, the *Schlegler*, and makes an attempt at a pun which we cannot term felicitous:

Mein sohn! das sind die *Schlegler*, die *Schlagen* (strike) kräftig drein.

Next arrives a poor herdsman in breathless haste, who brings tidings that another troop is pouring down the lower valley—the device of their leader being three axes, and his armour glittering and glancing in the sun. The aged hero, warming with the danger that encompasses him, somewhat improves on his former effort:

Das ist der *Wunnensteiner*: der glüssend Wolf, genannt:  
Gieb mir den Mantel, Knabe, der glanz ist mir bekannt:  
Er bringt mir wenig *Wunne* (joy): die Beile hauen gut.

This second sally of the count's brings to our mind an attempt made by a respected divine who resided not far from Oxford, and speaking of Mr Joy, the well-known tailor of that city, facetiously remarked: 'Ah, no joy to me: he makes my coats too tight under the arms.'

A yet higher and more important use of this kind of pun remains to be noticed: in many cases, a name is found to be suggestive, and being taken as an omen, originates some great undertaking, which influences the history of a nation, and even in some cases that of the world. Thus we read that Gregory, who was afterwards pope, and surnamed the Great, happening, when a young man, to pass through the slave-market of Rome, his attention was caught by some boys with fair long hair and blooming complexion, who were exposed there for sale; and asking the slave-dealer of what country they were, he answered that they were *Angles*. 'Rightly,' cried he, 'are they called *Angles*, for they are as fair as *Angels*; and I would they were cherubims in heaven.'

\* Base court. Base cour, lower court.

† Cambio, exchange. Bianca, white.

‡ The name of Percy, according to Boetius, was derived from 'piercing the king's eye'—an etymology not altogether to be trusted to.

\* This Count Eberhard was the friend and patron of John Reuchlin, better known by the name of Caplio, who himself was the friend of Erasmus and instructor of Melancthon.

But from what province of Britain are they?' inquired Gregory. 'From Dëira,' said the slave-dealer. 'Dëira; that is good,' returned Gregory: 'they must be delivered from the wrath [de ira] of God. But what is the name of their king?' 'Ella,' said the man. 'Ella!' replied the saint; 'Hallelujah then must be sung in his dominions.\*' The result was, that Gregory, on ascending the papal throne, sent out a mission with Augustine at its head, and Britain was converted to Christianity.

Another example of this kind we find in Herodotus. The Grecian fleet being anchored off the island of Delos, certain Samians of rank came on board, and entreated the commanders not to lose the opportunity of liberating the Asiatic Greeks from the Persian yoke. The commanders hesitated, but Leotychides, the admiral, asking one of the Samians his name, he replied that it was Hegesistratus [Leader of Armies]. The Greeks at once hailed the omen, and setting sail for the coast of Ionia, engaged with the Persian fleet, the result of which was the far-famed victory of Mycale.

Not only, however, has a pontiff by this means been invited to the conversion of distant barbarians, and a great people aroused to effect the liberation of their enslaved brethren, but, by similar agency, the fainting spirits of a *chevalier d'industrie* has been revived, and himself encouraged to renewed exertion. This instance we derive from the *Confessions of a Swindler*, the candid writer of which informs us, that in the course of his peregrinations, he arrived at Bury St Edmund's, in Suffolk, his pockets empty, and his mind dejected, almost, indeed, entertaining the idea of abandoning his craft for some more lucrative profession. 'Lost in these gloomy thoughts,' continues he, 'I was strolling down the Abbeygate Street, when on a sudden I happened to cast up my eyes; and over a shop on the other side of the way, which was that of a silversmith, I saw staring me in the face the name of *Gudgeon*. This sight at once raised my declining hopes, and pointed out to me a new sphere of action.'

The mention of a *chevalier d'industrie* brings us, by a concatenation of ideas not altogether unnatural, to the imperial wearers of the crown of Monomachus. That the sagacious Catharine was well aware of the true use and value of this species of pun, is evidenced by her introducing into her encroaching house the significant name of Constantine. This name, first imposed by that aspiring grandam upon the second son of Paul, has again made its appearance in another generation, and manifestly indicates an intended successor to the long-vacant throne of the Byzantine emperors.

So attached, indeed, is the house of Romanoff to significant appellations of this kind, that, as we lately learn from the public prints, the infant child of the Grand Duke Constantine has been baptised by the name of *Wiera*, or *Faith*, as indicative of the grand principle in support of which its august grandsire has lately challenged the whole civilised world to combat.

We may here remark, that to the name of *Napier*, though it is evidently derived from the first bearer of it supplying the royal *napers*,† has been frequently assigned the impossible origin of 'he hath *nae peer*'—a eulogy, indeed, to which many members of that remarkable family gain a title by their talents and virtues, but with which their name certainly has no kind of connection.

We shall conclude with an instance of the punning epitaph, of which we find no more striking example than that inscribed on the vault at the nunnery of Godstowe, which enclosed the mortal remains of the once fair Rosamond. Its Latinity, indeed, is not

exquisite, but its language, which, though coarse, is not wanting in vigour, ably brings out the contrast between the living and breathing paramour of a monarch, and the poor inhabitant of the tomb:—

Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:  
Non redolet sed olet, quas redolere solet.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### RHODE ISLAND.

CRAMPED into a small space between Massachusetts and Connecticut, we may see on the map a state called Rhode Island—the island from which it derives its name being a mere speck within a bay on the sea-coast, and the bulk of the state being in reality on the mainland. How this little state came into political existence, is one of the most interesting circumstances in American history.

I have had occasion to refer to an unfortunate feature in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers—their extreme intolerance. Though fleeing from religious persecution in England, and suffering for conscience' sake, their polity admitted of no departure whatever from their own tenets and practices. Themselves in exile as Nonconformists, they sternly repressed by fine, imprisonment, and even the gallows, everything like nonconformity to their own favourite form of belief. The early history of New England abounds in the most revolting instances of this species of oppression; and no case appeals so warmly to modern sympathy as that of Roger Williams. This was a young English divine of good education, who arrived in America in 1631, and became a much-esteemed Puritan preacher. Being, however, of a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he could not reconcile the legalised principle of intolerance with the injunctions of the Gospel; and in spite of remonstrances against a continuance in 'error,' he at length boldly proclaimed the doctrine of freedom of conscience, which till that time was practically unknown. The proposition that no man should be troubled on account of his religious opinions, was intolerable to the magistracy of the settlement; and Williams, abandoning family and home, was constrained to flee from place to place for personal safety. The account of his wanderings and privations among the Indian tribes who hung about the borders of Massachusetts, forms the subject of a deeply-affecting narrative, which has lately been given to the world by one every way competent for the task. Passing over the history of his sufferings in the wilderness, we find Williams still undaunted, and resolute in carrying out his opinions to a practical issue. Borrowing a canoe, he sets out with five adherents on what may be called a voyage of discovery; his object being to find a spot where every man might live and enjoy his religious opinions in peace. In this adventurous excursion, Providence seemed to guide the frail vessel to the banks of a small arm of the sea, projected inland from Narraganset Bay. Here, according to tradition, being hailed from a rock by a friendly Indian, Williams and his party landed, and were hospitably received by the chiefs of the Narragansets, from whom he received a grant of territory, to which, in pious gratitude, he gave the name of Providence. This event occurred in June 1636, and was the foundation of a new English settlement—place of shelter, as Williams described it, 'for persons distressed for conscience.' Being situated beyond the

\* Keightley's *History of England*.

† *Napery*, linen, from the French *napper*, from which is formed *nappier* or *napiet*, as *drapier* from *draps*. The reader may perhaps not remember that the person we now call a *draper*, was formerly called a *drapier*—as an instance, we may mention the celebrated *Drapier's Letters*.

jurisdiction of New Plymouth and Massachusetts, the magistrates of these colonies had no proper title to interfere with the settlers in Providence, and they satisfied themselves with prognostications of disaster and ruin to a state which was so deficient in the elements of authority. Contrary to these anticipations, the young settlement thrived amazingly, by the flocking in of persons desirous of liberty to profess their peculiar religious opinions. To all who came, Williams, like a benevolent patriarch of old, gave freely of the lands he had acquired, and he is said to have left nothing for himself or family. As population accumulated, he felt the inconvenience of acting without legal sanction; and he accordingly proceeded to England in 1644, and procured a charter from Charles I., constituting an English colony under the title of the Plantations of Providence and Rhode Island. On the occasion of a second visit to England in 1663, Williams obtained a more comprehensive charter from Charles II.; and curiously enough, through every phase of history, the provisions of this latter document have continued, with certain modifications, to be the constitution of the state of Rhode Island.

The opportunity of visiting a spot hallowed by one of the noblest struggles for civil and religious liberty of which history offers an example, was not, I thought, to be neglected. I had only two days to spare previous to going southward, and these I resolved on devoting to a pilgrimage to the small commonwealth founded by the immortal Roger Williams. So numerous are the railways diverging from Boston, that no difficulty is experienced in proceeding in the required direction. On a bracing and clear Saturday morning, I took the line to Providence, situated at the distance of about forty-two miles in a southerly direction. The route pursued lay through a country of hill and valley, dotted over with rough shrubby woods, enclosed pasture-fields, and villages of white houses, where manufactures of some kind appeared to be carried on. These seats of industry are seen chiefly nestling in hollows, on the banks of small streams, where they enjoy a command of water, either for moving machinery or to aid in the process of manufacture. Everything denotes that we are passing through a district of the usual orderly New England character. At the several stations along the line, a respectable class of persons drop into and depart from the cars, and it seemed to me that the cars themselves were the neatest and most commodious I had yet seen in my excursion.

After clearing the minor places on its route, the train entered a spacious valley with an arm of the sea at its lower extremity; and here, on both sides of a tidal basin connected by bridges, stands the venerable city of Providence. It was my good-fortune to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the place in the course of my voyage across the Atlantic; and hospitably entertained by him on the present occasion, I was enabled to acquire much useful information respecting the locality. To get to my friend's residence, it was necessary to drive up a steep street leading from the central part of the town in an easterly direction towards a high level ground above, on which rows of handsome villas have recently been erected. The villas are, indeed, mostly of wood, but they are very pretty, with neat gardens in front, and gateways by which you may drive up to the door. Some have glass conservatories for flowers and tropical plants, connected with the drawing-rooms; and it is seen from other indications, that we have got among a class of dwellings inhabited by families of taste and opulence.

Temporarily settled in one of these suburban structures, I requested as a favour to be conducted

settlement. It was at no great distance. The site of the city of Providence, and this part of its environs, is a stretch of land between two indentations of the sea; and we have only to walk about a mile to the eastern boundary of the peninsula to find the subject of our research. A short ramble along a broad and newly laid out avenue, offering frontages for building-lots, led us to the brink of a high bank, from which we could look down on the memorable scene. Before us is a sea-water inlet, of no great breadth, with a sandy and rocky shore on each side, surmounted by rough, shrubby banks; all being as yet untouched by art, though probably destined to be involved in the traffic which in the first instance has settled around the harbour of Providence. By a rough path, we scrambled down the declivity to the water's edge, and there stood on the dark slaty rock from which Williams is said to have been saluted by the Indian. According to the legend, the words 'What cheer,' were employed on this occasion; and till the present day the seal of the city of Providence represents Williams's landing, surmounted by 'What cheer' as a motto. 'What cheer' is the perpetual slogan of the Rhode Islanders. It is seen stamped on their public documents; and in the principal street of Providence, there has lately been erected a remarkably fine building, entitled 'What Cheer Hall!'

After visiting the landing-place of Williams, I proceeded towards the town in quest of other memorials of the apostle of toleration. Of these, however, not many are in existence. Williams, at his death, left nothing of an enduring kind but the memory of his good deeds, and over his mortal remains no monumental stone has been erected. The humble edifice in which he ministered has long ago been succeeded by a larger and more handsome church pertaining to the Baptist communion. It is situated in the midst of an open piece of ground, on the slope of the hill near the town. On the brow of the eminence, from which a fine view is obtained, there has been erected a neat edifice for the accommodation of the Historical Society of Providence. Here, among many curiosities of an old date referring to colonial affairs, were shewn some crown-charters, and in a mass of detached papers I had the pleasure of seeing several letters of Roger Williams, written in a small cramped hand, and yellow with age—almost the only relics which Providence can shew of its celebrated founder. Across the way, and at the same elevation, are situated various stone buildings devoted to the purposes of the Brown University—an institution directed by the Baptists, and under the presidency of Dr Wayland, author of a well-known treatise on moral philosophy. I looked through the library of the university, which consisted of 20,000 volumes of choice literature, kept in the finest order. In a more central part of the town, is the Athenæum, an establishment which combines a large library for general use with a reading-room, where I found a choice of English newspapers and periodicals. Providence possesses a variety of benevolent and disciplinary institutions, and is not behind any city of its size in New England for the number of its schools. On the Sunday during my stay, I attended one of the Congregational churches, in which a good practical discourse was delivered to a respectable audience. The population of Providence is about 37,000, who possess among them thirty-five churches of one kind or other; so that it can scarcely be said the tolerant doctrines of Williams have led to a neglect of religious ordinances.

Rhode Island possesses several other towns of importance, one of them being Newport, a place of fashionable summer resort, situated on the island which gives its name to the state. In its general industrial features, Rhode Island resembles the neighbouring New England states, being thickly studded with cotton,

for which water-power presents numerous facilities. But more interesting than any of its material pursuits, is the singularly democratic character of its constitution, which, as has been said, differs little from that which was imparted by Charles II. to the colonists. While Massachusetts was placed under the authority of a governor delegated by the crown, the settlers of Rhode Island were empowered to elect a governor from among themselves, and the routine of the election has proceeded uninterruptedly since 1668. The revolution which overthrew the English authority in the states generally, was therefore attended with no novelties in the administration of Rhode Island. A governor, senate, and house of representatives are elected annually by the citizens of the state, the ordinary expenses of which, derived from a population of 147,000, and an area of 47 by 37 miles, are only 50,000 dollars. Besides this sum, the state expends directly from its treasury for education 35,000 dollars per annum, to which may be added 55,000 dollars raised by local assessment for the same purpose. The yearly salary of the governor, I understand, is 400 dollars. Think of £80 a year for a governor; and think also of another fact which excites equal surprise—a state in which more is expended for education than for the whole apparatus of civil government! Happy little state, which seems to go on flourishingly under a taxation of a dollar a head, everything included! And yet in this elysium there has been a rebellion. In 1842, an extreme party, much to the discredit of Rhode Island, took up arms to vindicate their irregular proceedings; but the community plucking up courage, quelled the insurrection with little trouble; and in 1848, the existing modified constitution was adopted with general approbation.

Settled into the condition of an old country, Rhode Island, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, does not offer a field for copious immigration; but I am warranted in saying that artisans, and almost every class of manual labourers, would have no difficulty in getting employment at good wages. At Providence, I was told of an Irish labourer who had contrived to save 1500 dollars, with which he cleared out for the western states, where land is still easily acquired. In the course of my conversation with gentlemen who called on me during my short stay in the place, I was questioned respecting the condition of the working-classes in Great Britain; the subject being apparently a matter of interest to those intelligent inquirers. The description I was able, from personal knowledge, to give of the ploughmen in Scotland was listened to with much surprise. 'A rural labourer of this class,' I said, 'is born and lives all his days in a humble cottage, thatched or slated, consisting only of one apartment, which contains two beds. The floor is of clay beaten hard, and is generally damp and productive of rheumatisms. The inside of the walls is usually whitened, seldom plastered; and a ceiling is ordinarily made of old mats nailed to rafters, about seven feet from the floor. The furniture consists principally of half-a-dozen deal-chairs, a deal-table, some plain crockery, one or two iron pots, and a flat disk of iron, whereon to bake oatmeal-cakes or bannocks of pease-meal. Besides this kind of bread, the food of the family consists of oatmeal-porridge, milk, hard cheese, and a little fried bacon; occasionally broth, with a modicum of meat. In the house of a thrifty ploughman, no tea, coffee, sugar, nor any luxury whatever is used, except on very rare occasions. To take up the ploughman at infancy, I continued, he goes to the parish school, which is perhaps three miles distant; and he is there instructed to read, write, and cipher, for which his parents pay the teacher a fee of from two to four shillings every quarter of a year. They also furnish him with books; one of these is a Bible—the reading of which as an ordinary lesson, with the committing of a catechism and some

psalms to his memory, as a task, usually constitute what in Scotland is called "a religious education." If the family is numerous, one juvenile, in corduroys and bare feet, is indulged with schooling only in alternate quarters. The schoolmaster may be good or bad; but over him the parents of pupils possess no control whatever. He is a fixture for life, and amenable only to the clergy of the Established Church, to whom he probably becomes a kind of sycophant. Should his life be extended to superannuation, no assistant can be legally imposed on him; and in some instances, accordingly, the education given is most miserable. What with this poor sort of schooling, herding cows, or helping at farm-work, the youth grows to manhood, and is hired at a country-fair to act as a ploughman. Young unmarried ploughmen are in some places lodged in huts by themselves, or accommodated with beds in the haylofts over the stables—in either case, greatly to their demoralisation. Getting over this critical period of his life, the ploughman marries, and a fresh family routine ensues. The cottage he occupies is one of four or five, built in a row, not far from the farm-steading, and called collectively, "the hinds' houses." Each cottage is provided with a small garden for growing vegetables; but seldom has it a single exterior accommodation of any kind. Coal, sticks gathered for fuel, and a dunghill lie heaped in front or rear—a scene of dirt and confusion. In this habitation and the adjoining fields, the ploughman passes his days. For his remuneration, he has the use of his dwelling rent-free; and besides a money-wage, has so much meal and other perquisites as make up a total of about £80 per annum; to which liberty to keep a pig and fowls are considered to be important additions. What he gives for all this is a hard servitude, admitting of little relaxation or intellectual improvement. He possesses no political privileges whatever. Publicly, he is not recognised, further than being under the protection of the law, or as forming material for the militia ballot, when that is in operation. He is not called on to serve on any jury, or to take part in any parish or county meetings, or to vote for one thing or other. His condition, in short, when considered apart from religious consolations, is *without hope*. From his miserable earnings, after rearing a family, what, in old age, can he have saved? Unless aided by his daughters, some of whom may be in domestic service, or employed to work in the fields, he probably dies a parish pauper. Latterly, I added, 'an attempt has been made by the gentry to render the ploughmen's dwellings more consistent with decency and comfort, and in some places considerable improvements have been introduced.'

'It appears to me,' said a gentleman present, 'that the condition of your rural labourers is little better than that of unprivileged serfs.'

'There is this great difference,' I observed, 'our rural, and all other classes of labourers, are not a degraded or despised caste. They are free, and, under fortunate circumstances, may rise from a humble to a high station.'

'True, so far,' was the reply. 'But the freedom you impart is associated with such depressing influences, that the chance of rising is very slender. The state of popular education in Scotland, according to your own account, is very bad; and in England it is worse. Only one-half of the women who are married in England can sign their names. Great numbers of the rural labourers cannot read. Your aristocracy, having insured the ignorance and incapacity of the peasantry, turn round and say they are unfitted to exercise any political privileges—a pretty kind of liberty that! The Americans are amused with the schemes resorted to in England for the purpose of promoting improved tastes among the humbler classes. Parties who, as members of the legislature, habitually vote against every reasonable plan for extending education



white with benevolent ladies and gentlemen to offer premiums to the best cultivators of flowers, bees, and cabbages; and we observe by the *Times*, that a society in England holds out expectations of a prize of a new coat, with fancy metal-buttons, to every peasant who reaches sixty years of age, without demanding or receiving relief from the parish! Anything rather than educate the people—charity rather than justice!

I was glad to say in answer to these remarks, that at present considerable efforts were being made to extend education in Great Britain, which would at no distant day be successful. The circumstance of so many English travellers inquiring into the methods of popular instruction in the United States, shewed that attention was directed to the subject.

'As you, then,' said my acquaintance, 'are making inquiries of this nature, be pleased to understand—that the education of all is a paramount necessity of our condition. For our own safety, we must educate the people; whereas in Great Britain, where the humbler classes have no political privileges, it appears to be a matter of indifference whether they are educated or not.'

It is unnecessary to continue my notes of this conversation. The last remark may be said to have brought out the philosophy of the question. Elementary education, so far as to enable every freeman to exercise the duties of citizenship with credit to himself and without danger to his neighbours, is a state-necessity in America. But we should be doing injustice to leave it to be supposed, that this guiding principle dates from the era of American independence. It is English, not American; and originated with the rule of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, with all their pragmatical and intolerant notions, had so high a sense of the advantages of elementary instruction, that one of their first public acts was to 'enjoin upon the municipal authorities the duty of seeing that every child within their jurisdiction should be educated.' This was as early as 1642; since which period, the system of elementary schools has been improved in various ways, and firmly established throughout the New England States, whence it has extended to other parts of the Union.

A few facts respecting the system of education in the parent state of Massachusetts, may here be adverted to. In the first place, the education is conducted at the public expence, and therefore no fees are paid by pupils. The doctrine on this point is—that 'the public highway is not more open and free for every man in the community, than is the public school-house for every child; and each parent feels that a free education is as secure a part of the birthright of his offspring, as Heaven's bounties of light and air. The state not only commands that the means of education should be provided for all, but she denounces penalties against all individuals, and all towns and cities, however populous or powerful they may be, that shall presume to stand between her bounty and its recipients. In her righteous code, the interception of knowledge is a crime; and if parents are unable to supply their children with books, she becomes a parent, and supplies them.\*'

The next remarkable feature of the common-school system of Massachusetts is, that it is under the administration of a general board of education, with local boards elected by all who pay school-rates. No corporations, lay or ecclesiastic, have anything to say in the matter. Schools are erected in districts, or divisions of towns, according to the wants of the population, as ascertained by a periodical census. The laws regulating the number of schools are exceedingly minute in their provisions. In 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,499, or close upon a million. Two years later—that is, in 1852—there were in the state 202,890 children between

five and fifteen years of age, for whose education the sum of 921,532 dollars was raised by public means, being very nearly a dollar for every inhabitant. Of the above number of children, the mean average attendance at the common schools was 144,477. It appears, however, that 20,812 attended private schools and academies; so that the entire number of children habitually at school was 165,289, or about 1 in 6 of the population. In none of the reports coming under my notice is any explanation given of the cause why the attendance falls so far short of the actual number of children. On inquiring into the circumstance, it was said that many parents were satisfied with sending their children three months in the year to school; the extreme temperature in winter and summer was also said to cause irregularity of attendance; and a heavy complaint was made against foreigners, more particularly Irish, for not taking care to send their children regularly to the free-schools. In Massachusetts there are laws against truancy; parents who neglect to enforce the attendance of their children at the free-schools, or any private school of their own choosing, being liable in penalties; but I fear these laws are loosely executed.

In the appointment of teachers, no religious test is imposed; it being sufficient that they are of a sound moral character, and competent for their duties. I believe that much difficulty is experienced in finding teachers who will attach themselves permanently to their situations; and the constant shifting tends to interrupt and injure the routine of instruction.

The state, in enjoining universal education, does not consider itself entitled to prescribe instruction in any specific religious doctrines—these being left to be taught by parents, by religious pastors, or by other private agencies. The teacher, however, is recommended to begin the duties of the day by reading a portion of the Scriptures, or by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The absence of direct religious instruction is represented by a recent English traveller as a defect in the New England system, which is leading to universal demoralisation. I feel assured that this, like some other faults with which the Americans are charged, is a gross misrepresentation, founded on the views of interested parties—for even in New England, certain denominations are chagrined at not being allowed to monopolise the duty of imparting, at the expence of the state, their own peculiar tenets.\* Much, I was

\* In connection with this subject, I may introduce the following passage from the *National Magazine* (December 1853), a respectable periodical published in New York:—'At the present moment an important discussion is going on [in England] in reference to popular education; and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a wide-spread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of parochial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service, however; for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath-schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was that, on an average, 90 per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been, connected with the Sabbath-school, and were receiving, through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made—that the Sabbath-school is the evangelist of

\* Report on Common Schools of Massachusetts, by Horace Mann.

told, is done to extend religious instruction on a footing of kindly interest, by means of Sabbath-evening classes; and so far as I may judge, from what fell under my notice at Boston, an extraordinary degree of attention is given to this kind of instruction by young persons of both sexes, connected with different congregations. I may add, that if the people are not animated by moral and religious convictions, they greatly belie outward appearances; for it is certain that no such scenes of loathsome vice or intemperance are seen in Boston as may be witnessed in the streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purposes of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school-system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, even in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals. In Massachusetts, and generally in the States, the plan of imparting a free education according to abilities, is pursued through several grades—primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, such as have been noticed in New York; and I would, from the bare knowledge of this fact, ask any one to compare so wide a range of instruction at the public cost, with the meagre and antiquated routine of elementary education legally maintained in Scotland, and which some persons complacently represent as the perfection of human wisdom. Boston, with a population of about 150,000, appropriates 330,000 dollars for the support of public schools, being more than a fourth of the whole city taxes; and as the number of pupils is nearly 23,000, the yearly cost of educating each child is therefore about fifteen dollars. In what city in Great Britain could we find the inhabitants voluntarily taxing themselves to give every child an education at L.3 a head? Besides her elementary and advanced schools, her normal schools, and her university, Massachusetts supports a State Reform School at Westborough. It is on the principle of an industrial institution—work of various kinds, including field-labour, being given to the inmates. To this school, young persons from seven to eighteen or nineteen years of age are sent by courts of justice, for petty offences. Of 724 committed since the opening of the school, 115 were born in foreign countries, mostly in Ireland.

Looking at Massachusetts as a small and comparatively sterile state, of only a million of inhabitants, it is matter of astonishment that she does so much for social amelioration. 'For public, free education alone,' says Horace Mann, in the paper already quoted, 'Massachusetts expends annually more than a million of dollars. To support religious institutions for the worship of God and the salvation of men, she annually expends more than another million; and what she gives away, in the various forms of charity, far exceeds a third sum of equal magnitude. For the support of the poor, nine-tenths of whose cost originate with foreigners, or come from one prolific vice, whose last convulsive energies she is now struggling to subdue, she annually pays more than 300,000 dollars; for the support and improvement of public highways, she pays a much larger sum; and within the last dozen or fourteen years, she has invested a capital in railways, within and without the state, of nearly or quite 60 millions of dollars.' Whence comes all this wealth? asks this

fervid writer; and the answer is ready: 'One copious, exhaustless fountain supplies all this abundance. It is Education—the intellectual, moral, and religious education of the people.' I am glad to be able to present this as the opinion of one who may be presumed to be better acquainted with the kind of instruction which is generally imparted, than any stranger who makes a casual visit to Massachusetts.

I have elsewhere had occasion to refer to the general neatness of the dwellings of the operative-classes in America, their self-respect and orderly conduct, their love of reading and anxiety to improve their circumstances; and that these qualities are in no small degree a result of a system of universal school instruction, we have the best testimony in the special Reports of Mr George Wallis and Mr Joseph Whitworth, concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition, laid before parliament a few months ago. A few passages from these interesting Reports may not be here out of place.

Speaking of American workmen, Mr Wallis observes, that no one can 'fail to be impressed with the advantages derived from the long and well-directed attention paid to the education of the whole people by the public-school systems of the New England States and of the state of Pennsylvania. Here, where sound and systematic education has been longest, and, in all probability, most perfectly carried out, the greatest manufacturing developments are to be found; and here it is also where the greatest portion of the skilled workmen of the United States are educated, alike in the simplest elements of knowledge, as in the most skillful application of their ingenuity to the useful arts and the manufacturing industry of their country, and from whence they are spread over the vast territories of the Union, becoming the originators, directors, and ultimately, the proprietors of establishments which would do no discredit to the manufacturing states of Europe.' Mr Wallis goes on to say—'As there is no apprenticeship-system, properly so called, the more useful the youth engaged in any industrial pursuit becomes to his employer, the more profitable it is for himself. Bringing a mind prepared by thorough school-discipline, and educated up to a far higher standard than those of a much superior social grade in society in the Old World, the American working-boy develops rapidly into the skilled artisan; and having once mastered one part of his business, he is never content until he has mastered all. Doing one mechanical operation well, and only that one, does not satisfy him or his employer. He is ambitious to do something more than a set task, and, therefore, he must learn all. The second part of his trade he is allowed to learn as a reward for becoming master of the first; and so on to the end, if he may be said ever to arrive at that. The restless activity of mind and body—the anxiety to improve his own department of industry—the facts constantly before him of ingenious men who have solved economic and mechanical problems to their own profit and elevation—are all stimulative and encouraging; and it may be said, that there is not a working-boy of average ability in the New England States, at least, who has not an idea of some mechanical invention or improvement in manufactures, by which, in good time, he hopes to better his position, or rise to fortune and social distinction.'

At present, a body of operative carpenters in a large town in England have struck work, in consequence of their employers having introduced machinery into their establishments. Facts of this kind continually occurring in Great Britain, contrast strangely with the statements presented by Mr Whitworth respecting the eagerness with which American operatives, through a superior intelligence, assist in promoting mechanical contrivances. He says, 'wherever machinery can be introduced as a substitute for manual labour, it is universally and willingly

resorted to; of this the facts stated in my Report contain many conclusive proofs, but I may here specially refer, as examples, to plough-making, where eight men are able to finish 80 per day; to door-making, where twenty men make 100 panelled doors per day; to last-making, the process of which is completed in 1½ minutes; to sewing by machinery, where one woman does the work of 20; to net-making, where one woman does the work of 100. It is this condition of the labour-market, and this eager resort to machinery wherever it can be applied, to which, under the guidance of superior education and intelligence, the remarkable prosperity of the United States is mainly due.' He afterwards mentions, that 'the results which have been obtained in the United States, by the application of machinery wherever it has been practicable to manufactures, are rendered still more remarkable by the fact, that combinations to resist its introduction are there unheard of. The workmen hail with satisfaction all mechanical improvements, the importance and value of which, as releasing them from the drudgery of unskilled labour, they are enabled by education to understand and appreciate.' Mr Whitworth concludes by saying, that 'the principles which ought to regulate the relations between the employer and employed seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated in the United States; and while the law of limited liability affords the most ample facilities for the investment of capital in business, the intelligent and educated artisan is left equally free to earn all he can, by making the best use of his hands, without let or hindrance by his fellows. It rarely happens that a workman who possesses peculiar skill in his craft is disqualified to take the responsible position of superintendent, by the want of education and general knowledge, as is frequently the case in this country. In every state in the Union, and particularly in the north, education is, by means of the common schools, placed within the reach of each individual, and all classes avail themselves of the opportunities afforded.' But in the United States there is another element of improvement in ceaseless operation—the press. 'The desire of knowledge so early implanted is greatly increased, while the facilities for diffusing it are amply provided through the instrumentality of an almost universal press. No taxation of any kind has been suffered to interfere with the free development of this powerful agent for promoting the intelligence of the people; and the consequence is, that where the humblest labourer can indulge in the luxury of his daily paper, everybody reads, and thought and intelligence penetrate through the lowest grades of society. The benefits which thus result from a liberal system of education and a cheap press to the working-classes of the United States, can hardly be overestimated in a national point of view; but it is to the co-operation of both that they must undoubtedly be ascribed. For if, selecting a proof from among the European states, the condition of Prussia be considered, it will be found that the people of that country, as a body, have not made that progress which, from the great attention paid to the education of all classes, might have been anticipated; and this must certainly be ascribed to the restrictions laid upon the press, which have so materially impeded the general advancement of the people. Wherever education and an unrestricted press are allowed full scope to exercise their united influence, progress and improvement are the certain results; and among the many benefits which arise from their joint co-operation, may be ranked most prominently the value which they teach men to place upon intelligent contrivance, the readiness with which they cause new improvements to be received, and the impulse which they thus unavoidably give to that inventive spirit which is gradually emancipating man from the rude forms of labour, and making what were regarded as the luxuries of one age to be looked

upon in the next as the ordinary and necessary conditions of human existence.'

It would be easy, if room permitted, to extend our observations on the subject of elementary education in the New England and other states. What has been said is enough to show that in this department of public affairs, the Americans—and I may add, the Canadians—have got completely the start of the people of Great Britain, who indeed, in this respect, are behind the English Puritans of the seventeenth century—behind even John Knox, a century earlier. While generation after generation in England is passing away imperfectly instructed for the present, and as imperfectly prepared for a future state of existence, our American brethren, unimpeded by obstructions of any kind, have shot far ahead, and are carrying the triumphs of free and universal education to limits scarcely so much as dreamed of in this country. W. C.

#### THE TRUTH OF THE MIRROR.

MIRRORS have been in use since the days when Eve made her toilet by the streams of Paradise; and all her daughters—ay, and her sons too, if truth must be told—have resorted to them, whether in the form of the clear fountain, or the polished steel, or the modern looking-glass. But we do not mean to treat of their history or manufacture. We take them as we find them—a necessity of life. What house does not possess a mirror?—from the large cheval mirror, with its gorgeous gilding, in which the high-born beauty arrays herself for the ball, reflecting the floating lace, the wreath-bound tresses, and even the satin-shod feet, down to the little cracked disk, bound with red painted wood, hanging on the wall of the garret where the poor seamstress plies her task, in which she smooths her hair, and sees it growing gray so soon, and in which she looks upon the face of her only friend.

It is not with the outward form, but with the *morale* of the mirror we have to do; and we presume that the morality of a mirror consists in its truth, a virtue we believe capable of producing every other—the quality of sincerity standing highest in our esteem. Many are the accusations brought against the mirror on the score of flattery; but we set them down as altogether groundless. At anyrate, the glass of nature is, we think, more open to this charge than any other. The rustic beauty of whatever clime, who has to rise from her couch and proceed to the fountain before she can arrange her sleep-dishevelled tresses, as she looks down into its watery depths, sees a more flattering representation of herself, in the clear yet softened outline it gives to view, than if she beheld herself reflected in the crystal of the boudoir. Mirrors have been likewise accused of the opposite and far less pardonable breach of truth. Now, we will not deny that there are individuals of the class to be met with, though chiefly of great age and plebeian origin, which have a quite wonderful propensity for elongation and extension of the visage, or of some one of its particular members; and we have met with one which, at a certain point of view, reflected double; but, in general, they bear a deservedly fair character for singleness and truth, so as to render their testimony worthy of credit.

'You are very beautiful,' says the mirror, as one looks into it with glancing eye, and cheek of damask, and brow of snow; and she who looks therein, twines the jetty curl round her finger, and, with a smile that shews the pearly teeth, acknowledges the truth; and

that consciousness makes her lovelier still. It is an exalting thought, that she is the fairest thing in nature; and she can no more help rejoicing in it than the flower can help expanding in the sunshine, or waving in the breeze.

'You will spoil that pretty face and graceful figure with your affectation,' says the mirror to the lady before it, practising attitudes, and trying the effect of various smiles, from the faintest possible motion of the lip, to the teeth-displaying, dimple-compelling laugh; but the monitor speaks in vain, while it mocks her grimaces with its calm clear integrity. She only sees it return her own admiring gaze. Be consoled, good mirror; thou art not the only neglected truth-teller in the world.

'You are very plain, miss,' pronounces the mirror; and the quiet smile that answers says:

'I know I am; but I want to look as well as I can, for all that.' Again the mirror speaks unheeded, while it declares that the glow of inward satisfaction from that unknown deep of beneficence and kindness, or that unacknowledged act of self-denial, has diffused itself over those uninteresting features, and made them almost lovely.

'And you will be an old maid,' resumes the mirror, though with a little shade of hesitation.

'What although?' is the return: 'I think it possible for an old maid to be happy. Affections which have no near objects on which to expend their wealth, need not therefore lack, in a world like this, their legitimate exercise.'

'But if, after all, your affection and your sympathy should meet with no return? if these should be as unsought as your love?' The lip quivered a little, and the eyes were suffused, but the mirror answered itself: 'They will serve to beautify your own soul.'

'You are growing old,' the mirror whispers daily to the man and woman of the world. Oh, would they but listen to the solemn truths it preaches from the text of their gray hairs! But he does not stop to notice the hard lines of eager worldliness that have gathered round his lips and on his brow; and she, whose glass sees her only as she is, as she arrays herself in her false graces, forgets that her life is falselier still.

'You are a villain, and you know it,' frowns the faithful mirror on its *vis-à-vis*. She was a wise mother who brought a looking-glass to her child during a fit of passion, to let her see its deformity in the workings of her face; and let any one come to the mirror after the commission of a deed of meanness, cruelty, or vice, and he will assuredly find an accuser there. We have fancied there was something solemn in standing face to face with ourselves; the facts of our life read strangely in that book; the reflection seems a second conscience. Action always leaves its traces, more or less distinctly, more or less permanently, on the features. Sometimes these traces are gradually obliterated in the lapse of time by means of a change in the conduct and its attendant thoughts; but if no change takes place, the lines, by imperceptible touches, become ineradicable. What are the hideous faces to be met with among the outcasts of society, but extreme examples of this? Men are naturally physiognomists. We remember our own intense predilection in our childhood for those who were possessed of personal beauty, and we believe the feeling is, more or less, common to all children. And though we have since then learned to discriminate better, and to know that moral and physical beauty are often dissociated, we still believe that, however separated for a time, a unity subsists between them which will manifest itself in the end. This we know—a life spent in virtue and benevolence, never fails to make the exterior of the man a sharer in its beauty; the light within radiates outwards,

and penetrates in some measure its veil of flesh; while avarice, harshness, and sensuality never fail, on the other hand, to stamp their degrading impress on the face of age.

## PRIZE-MONEY.

Sweet is prize-money—especially to seamen.—BRYAN.

ACCORDING to an old story, once upon a time a sailor on board a ship just going into action, was observed in an attitude of prayer; and in answer to a question, he made known unto all whom it might concern, that he was praying that the enemy's balls might be apportioned like prize-money—the lion's share among the officers! The joke may excite a curiosity to know what are the relative proportions of prize-money assigned to officers and men. We shall adduce a famous instance by way of answer to the inquiry. In 1799, the four British frigates,  *Naiad* ,  *Ethalion* ,  *Alcmène* , and  *Triton* , captured the two Spanish frigates,  *Thetis*  and  *Santa-Brigida* , bound from Vera Cruz to Spain with specie, &c. The treasure in the  *Thetis*  was worth £311,690; and the other prize contained as much or more specie, besides a valuable cargo of cochineal, &c. The prizes were safely carried to Plymouth, and the treasure was forwarded, with much pomp, to London, and deposited in the Bank of England. The prize-money, exclusive of the value of the hulls and stores of the Spanish frigates, was distributed among the officers and crews of the British frigates in the following rates:—

Captains, - - - -	each	£40,730 18 0
Lieutenants, - - - -		5,091 7 3
Warrant-officers, - - - -		2,468 10 9
Midshipmen, &c. - - - -		791 17 0
Seamen and Marines, - - - -		182 4 9

When a ship is captured, a prize-crew is immediately sent on board to take possession, and navigate it to the nearest available port, where, if it proves a legal capture, it is condemned by the Vice-Admiralty Court, and the vessel and all it contains then becomes the sole property of the officers and crew of the ship or ships which effected the capture. Her Majesty's new order in council, dated March 29, 1854, clearly defines the mode in which the distribution of prize-money is now to be effected:—'Ships being in sight of the prize, as also of the captor, under circumstances to cause intimidation to the enemy, and encouragement to the captor, shall be alone entitled to share as joint-captors.' Such is one of the clauses, and we quote it for the purpose of making a remark on the subject. It is perfectly fair so far as it goes, but it is not comprehensive enough. We understand that considerable dissatisfaction has already been expressed on this point by the seamen serving in the largest ships of the grand Baltic fleet. Their grievance is this: A number of line-of-battle ships cruise twenty miles, it may be, off some port of the enemy; and meanwhile one or two small frigates or sloops belonging to the fleet boldly venture in and pick up numbers of the enemy's merchantmen, which become sole prizes to their captors; for as the line-of-battle ships are not in sight, they can claim no share of the prizes. On the other hand, the frigates and sloops dared not have gone inshore to seize their prey had not the line-of-battle ships been in the offing—a fact which, of course, served to intimidate the enemy, and prevented him from sending forth his own ships-of-war to resist the English frigates. It really is as though the jackal seized prey in the name and by the authority of his patron the lion, and then impudently kept all for himself! In a sea so shallow as the Baltic, huge ships of twenty and five-and-twenty feet draught cannot possibly run inshore to pick up prizes; and unless an action takes place on a large scale, the jackals will wax fat, whilst the lions famish! As concerns the residue of the order in council, we need

only mention here, that after providing, in the usual manner, for the right of the *flag*—or commanding-officer of any fleet, squadron, &c.—the residue of the net prize-money is divisible in ten classes: the first class receiving each person forty-five shares, and so on to the tenth class; namely, youngest boys, who receive only one share each. Government also pays *head-money* for taking, sinking, burning, or destroying ships of war or privateers of the enemy—that is, so much for each of the enemy's crew who are proved to have been on board at the commencement of the engagement. We have read that the French used to pay, according to their prize-law, the sum of 3500 francs for each long gun or carronade on board any of our men-of-war captured. We may also here add, that when an English man-of-war on a cruise or a station in war-time, fits out a *tender* or small vessel, and sends it forth to cruise for the enemy's merchantmen or privateers, all the prizes made by this tender are shared equally with the crew of the man-of-war to which she belongs. Mr James, the naval historian, has noticed this, and justly observes, that 'it is not the sole misfortune under which the commanding-officer of a tender labours, that, while he incurs all the risk and all the responsibility, he only shares prize-money as one of the lieutenants of the flag-ship: the case is harder where that flag-ship remains idle in port; otherwise the prizes she might make by cruising would perhaps afford to the tender's commander a counterbalancing advantage.' By the new regulations, the common seaman's share of prize-money is increased. If the law continues as it was formerly, Greenwich Hospital receives a percentage on all prize-money, and also from unclaimed shares, and shares belonging to men who have deserted.

When a prize is carried into port, it is put in the hands of a *prize-agent*, whose duty it is to see to her condemnation by the court, and to effect a fair and proper distribution of prize-money among the captors, from the sale of the hull and all it contains. Many of these prize-agents, during the last war, realised immense fortunes by iniquitously abusing their very responsible trust. They made enormous overcharges for their services, and in various other ways scandalously robbed both officers and men of that which they had won at risk of life and limb. At length, in 1811, Mr Geo. Rose, of the Navy Pay-office, exposed their doings to the Lords of the Admiralty, and brought to light almost incredible delinquencies, as we learn from copies of his official letters lying before us. In one case—that of a Russian frigate and store-ship, detained by the fleet at Spithead—the net sum to be distributed as prize-money was £73,000, and the agent charged no less than £9306, 6s. 9d. for his labour! He was compelled to refund £6680 of this, and to pay all costs of the suit-at-law for its recovery. This was by no means an unusual case. Some prize-agents managed to pocket more than one-half of the money passing through their hands. Enemy's vessels captured on foreign stations were condemned there by courts appointed for the purpose, and the captors were fleeced of their prize-money by agents and proctors in much the same manner as in England. During the first eight years of the war—1803 to 1811—about 6000 vessels were condemned as prizes in Great Britain, and at least 3000 were similarly condemned in colonial jurisdictions. Prizes to the amount of a million and a half sterling were, on the average, condemned annually. So systematically did the prize-agents, &c., at some foreign stations, pocket the greater portion of the net proceeds from condemned prizes, that Lord Cochrane declared in the House of Commons, when moving for the production of returns relative to the Admiralty Court at Malta, that it was hardly worth while for English cruisers to seize the vessels of the enemy, and to risk the expenses of their condemnation, &c. He shewed the House a Malta proctor's bill, which measured *six fathoms and a quarter*

*in length!* He said that this person acted both as proctor and marshal of the court, and 'in one character charged for attending on himself in the other!'

In numerous cases, when a prize was legally condemned, years elapsed ere any distribution of the proceeds was announced, and in the interval, very many of the claimants for shares had died, or were scattered over the globe. We have a curiously constructed table before us, shewing the distribution of prizes from 1803 to 1810. We perceive that the proceeds of eighteen prizes taken in 1803, were not distributed to the captors till the seventh year after capture. How many men survived to receive their shares in this instance? At the time when the distribution was advertised, how many were at home to receive their due? When the *Rattlesnake* returned home in 1811 from the East Indies, only one man of her original crew remained in her: death, removals, and desertions had disposed of all the rest. But the prize-agents had a short and easy method of providing for such contingencies. They used to persuade ignorant seamen to make wills in their favour, and in this way alone reaped much ill-gotten gain. Mr Rose says, in one of his letters to the Admiralty, that 'one agent for seamen, resident near Chatham, had wills by him with his name printed on them as the *friend of the persons who were to execute them*; and this man lately produced at my office a will made by a private marine, bequeathing to him £180 personal property, besides all his pay, prize-money, and clothes, although he had a brother and two legitimate children living.' This will was legally executed; but Mr Rose managed to induce the cormorant agent to surrender his claim in favour of the orphan children of the deceased marine.

We have given the above details relative to the gross malversation of prize-agents in the last great war, principally to shew how our seamen were formerly plundered on every hand. Thousands of poor fellows fought desperately, and huzzaed when the enemy's colours came down, fancying they had won ships which would yield them plenty of prize-money, when, in reality, they had only risked their lives to enrich an agent living like a lord on shore; and the odds were ten to one that poor Jack himself did not live to touch a dollar of the thousands he had won by his skill and valour. We presume that a very different system will prevail during the present war. It surely is not too much to expect that the government will take care that captured vessels are adjudicated with the least possible delay, and, if condemned, their proceeds promptly distributed in an equitable manner, instead of melting away in the hands of unscrupulous agents. Worse management than prevailed fifty years ago is scarcely possible. In 1810, the proceeds of thirty-seven prizes were advertised for distribution, which had been withheld from nine to fifteen years, owing to the cupidity of the agents!

#### PLIGHTED TROTH.

ALTHOUGH every day, and almost every hour, a Flemish *ménage* is scrubbed, scoured, waxed, and put in order, the Saturday is not the less consecrated, from time immemorial, to an especial cleansing, which, though nearly useless, is nevertheless accomplished with singular punctuality and fidelity. Floods of water deluge the red slabs of baked earth that compose the paving of the apartments; and when the busy housewives cease at length to lash the water with their brooms, considering that they have done their duty by the floors, they then fall upon the furniture and utensils. Bath-brick replaces water; and with the aid of a few soft rags, every door-handle and copper

sauce-pan assumes the appearance and the brilliancy of the most precious metal.

It was in such labours that old Brigitta, who had been in the service of the Schaurmans family thirty years, occupied herself one Saturday with unrelaxed solicitude and perseverance. The object of her especial care was an enormous skuttle of fine copper, in which, so bright was it with incessant polishing, were reflected the smallest details of the court in which Brigitta was engaged at her task. What does the active servant behold in her copper mirror, that can cause her to start so violently, and gaze upon it with so blank a countenance?

The reason of her dismay was this: at one of the windows of the house, to which her back was turned, but which was clearly reflected upon the skuttle, she observed her young mistress in the act of leaning towards a young man, and allowing him to kiss her forehead. Then the indiscreet mirror shewed the thoughtless couple exchanging rings, kneeling side by side, and holding their hands towards heaven.

What would people say if it ever got to be known in the town of Swal? The daughter of the richest citizen of the province of Overysel to love a poor painter without fortune and without reputation! What was to be done? Ought not Brigitta herself, like a faithful and devoted servant, acquaint her master with what she had discovered? But this would be to betray a secret she had arrived at accidentally—a secret, too, whose revelation would entail tears and endless despair upon her dear young mistress. The old merchant, her father, would doubtless be pitiless, and conduct himself with the utmost rigour towards her. Brigitta's tears fell upon the brilliant skuttle, where they glittered like pearls. The good woman wiped them away, re-entered the house, and busied herself in preparing the family-supper. While thus occupied, her mind unceasingly dwelt upon the scene of which she had been the involuntary witness. Nightfall came at length, and she ascended to Marie's chamber, where she found her young mistress without a light, and sobbing violently.

'What is the matter, dear child?' asked Brigitta compassionately, pressing the poor girl's hand.

'Oh, my dearest nurse, it is a very sad secret, that I dare not confide even to your tenderness. Brigitta, listen—O no! no! I dare not.' And Marie hid her face on the bosom of the old domestic.

'Well, to save you the pain of confessing your secret and your fault, dear, I will tell you that accident has discovered to me the love with which you have inspired the young painter. I saw you this morning allow him to take a kiss; then you exchanged rings; lastly, you prayed and wept together.'

'You know all, Brigitta! How is this? Never has a single word of tenderness escaped the lips of Gerard Terburg; only for some time he has been exceedingly absent and melancholy. To-day he said to me: "I depart to-morrow for Spain, there to make myself a name, to become rich, and then return to Flanders for a wife." At these words, I nearly fainted. He continued: "For all this, four years are necessary. If you were the young girl whom I love, would you have confidence in the success of the poor painter? Would you wait four years to become his wife?" Then I leaned towards him, Brigitta; he kissed my forehead; we exchanged rings; we prayed and wept together.'

'And messire your father, mademoiselle, what will he say to all this?'

'I shall hide my secret until Gerard's return.'

'But if your father should decide upon marrying you?'

'I shall refuse all proposals of the kind.'

'But if he insists upon obedience?'

'I shall die!' cried the young girl with the resolution of despair.

Brigitta, as might have been expected, became from this time the consoler and confidante of her youthful mistress. It was to Brigitta that Marie related all her inquietudes; it was to Brigitta she would sometimes say: 'My father has this evening proposed another lover. I have refused, and have had to endure his anger and his complaints.' The good servant was not merely a passive recipient of Marie's confidence, she had likewise become the accomplice of her love and her resistance. She even partook of the affection of the young enthusiast for her absent lover, whom they now expected daily, for the four years had at length expired.

But, alas! Terburg did not reappear. Marie was at first devoured by anxiety, then resigned herself to despair; for thus to fail in the sacred promise he had given, her lover must be dead. Brigitta endeavoured to combat this belief, while adopting it as the sole probability; for the idea of treason or forgetfulness on the part of Terburg could not occur to the pure and upright imaginations of these two simple-hearted women.

However the case might really stand, Marie's despair merged by little and little into a species of gentle and resigned melancholy, which, nevertheless, totally precluded the idea of her forming any other engagement. She dismissed all suitors for her hand as she had formerly refused the lovers presented by her father, for the old gentleman had died five years after the departure of Terburg. Free to please herself, she resolved to devote to celibacy the life which she had not been able to consecrate to the happiness of him whom she yet loved, and whom she believed to be in heaven, with her father. Like all tender, deceived, or isolated souls, she found in religion a mysterious solace for her woes. Her immense fortune was devoted to works of charity, in which she had a zealous coadjutor in Brigitta, who grew old without becoming infirm. Together they visited the poor, and spread around them happiness and ease by large and judicious alms. Every one in the little town of Swal knew and loved the *Demoiselle Schaurmans*.

Forty years thus elapsed. Brigitta was now ninety; and the pretty little fair-haired Fleming, whose graceful features had formerly been reflected in the copper mirror, had become a sober personage of fifty-eight years, whose plump figure harmonised in the happiest manner with her benevolent physiognomy. However, neither this *embonpoint* nor the great age of Brigitta had had the power to deprive the two women of any portion of their activity. This was still so unimpaired, that towards the autumn of 1678, they undertook a journey to Haarlem upon we know not what business.

There they alighted at the best hotel in the town. But, unluckily, all the rooms were occupied, with the exception of one, which was disputed by a traveller who had arrived at the same time with *Mademoiselle Schaurmans*. He was a blunt little old man, and not at all disposed to cede his rights. *Mademoiselle Schaurmans*, habituated in her small town to the deference and the regard secured to her by her large fortune, and the respect her character inspired, was much wounded by the rudeness with which the stranger insisted upon his claim; and Brigitta could not refrain from observing aloud, that a lady being in question, it was the duty of a polite man to yield his rights, if he had any, to her mistress.

'At our age,' replied the contradictory old fellow, 'there is neither sex nor gallantry. We are two old people, that is all; we need the same cares. A bad night would be equally disagreeable to me as to



madame. I have a right to the chamber, and I shall keep it.' So the two tired women were compelled, at eight o'clock in the evening, to seek refuge in another hotel, where they arrived shivering with cold, and in the worst possible humour.

'Well, indeed!' exclaimed Brigitta, as she examined the mattresses of their beds, which were hard and uncomfortable; 'what a brute that man is!'

'I never beheld a more ugly and disagreeable countenance,' said her mistress.

'Such a singular appearance, with his toothless mouth, his bald pate, and his great gouty feet!'

'We are two old people,' said he. Like his impudence! to compare a woman of fifty odd to an old *podagre* of eighty at the least.'

'Yes, he is most disagreeable. I am certain he can never have been supportable, even in his youth.'

'From the moment I entered the hotel, he inspired me with instinctive aversion.'

The stranger, on his part, expressed himself with no more moderation than the two females. 'Upon my word,' he said, 'to be expected, for the sake of a fat old woman like that, to put myself out of the way, and expose myself to take cold. It would comport well with my age and appearance to commit such a folly!'

His valet-de-chambre interrupted him in the midst of these uncivil reflections. 'The ladies that have just left,' he said, 'have taken with their own luggage one of your cases by mistake; and I believe it is the one containing a picture.'

'My picture!' cried the old man—'my picture! probably my best! The only work of my youth I have preserved. Run, Pierre, run to the neighbouring hotel, where these two old women are lodged. Stop: I will go myself.' And with the vivacity of a young man, he took his stick, and went hastily to the two ladies. Entering without any announcement, he found them in tears.

Like worthy daughters of Eve, they had opened the case. The picture therein contained represented the farewell that had taken place forty years previously between Gerard and Marie. Mademoiselle Schaurmans and her ancient lover regarded each other for a long time in silence, without being able to discern in the withered visages of either any trace of the features so lovingly preserved in their remembrances, and still doubting whether they really stood before each other. Then they approached, and joined hands. 'Marie!' exclaimed Terburg, falling on his knees before her, 'can you ever forgive me?'

'Alas! what matter,' exclaimed she with a calm joy—'what matter at our age the past follies and errors of youth? I find only a friend, a brother. Thank God for it!'

'A husband, Marie! Why not realise now, old as we are, the dreams of other times?'

'O no—no!' murmured the comely old lady, a slight flush suffusing her still smooth cheek. 'There is no marrying nor giving in marriage for us. The feelings of the past cannot be revived. What have you or I to do with love?'

The old painter would have sued, as if he had still been the handsome youth of other days; but Mademoiselle Schaurmans was firm. Brigitta supported her mistress in her resolution. So M. Terburg was fain to put up with friendship instead of love. He followed his ancient mistress to Swal, and there took a house in the same street with hers. The friends saw each other daily, enjoying the tranquil happiness suited to their age and increasing infirmities. They died within a year of one another, and were buried side by side in the old church-yard.

Brigitta, their heir, caused a magnificent monument to be erected to their memory, and shortly afterwards

provision for the numerous pensioners of her beloved mistress. The poor and infirm of the town of Swal had reason to bless the foresight which, continued to solace their afflictions for more than a century.

## BORROWING AND LENDING IN OLD TIMES.

It may be worth while—when the actualities of the credit-system are so intimately connected with our polity, public and private, when the existence of every nation and every individual is constantly under the influence of what is owing on one side or other—to take a short survey of the march of borrowing and lending. It must have been an awful moment when the earliest debtor pledged himself to the earliest creditor: a Greek poet would have sent the streams back to their sources, bowed the forests, and brought flames from the mountains at the tremendous juncture.

The old Romans, when they found their debts peculiarly oppressive, usually took the matter into their own hands—they retired to the Mons Sacer, or raised a tumult, which commonly ended in a special insolvent debtor's act, intended only for the moment, like our wise measures of the last century. It is intelligible that in those days, when such matters were managed by a small revolution, debtors should get relief by fits and starts; but in our times, when a peaceable parliamentary act did the business, why insolvents should be released in the year of grace 1766 or 1788, rather than any other year, is a question only to be answered by the wisdom of our ancestors.

Sometimes the thing took a different turn. A centurion once was hauled off for debt, when Manlius, the conqueror of the Gauls, rushed into the crowd, exclaiming, that he had not saved the Capitol with his own right hand, in order that a fellow-soldier should be chained and marched off, as if the Gauls had been the conquerors. What could these have done more? was the idea of the honourable and gallant general.

In those days, imprisonment for debt—although it had a good many harsh conditions—was at least founded upon a sensible principle. The debtor was, at any rate, not shut up in a common jail, where he could be of no use to himself or to any one else. He was taken off to his creditor's house, and there made to work out the debt by manual labour. There is something comprehensible in this. Senates were ever the great jobbers, and the senators were the general creditors; hence a senator's house was known as the private prison. The creditor's abuse of his privilege brought about an abolition of imprisonment for debt—things ran before our era in the same rut in which they have run since—and then, as now, the abolition was merely nominal; it contained provisions and exceptions, which enabled creditors to imprison very nearly as before.

The money-lenders at Rome had no *Times* in which they could advertise 'advances to noblemen and gentlemen on personal security;' but they could stand in the Forum, and offer their coin to the passers-by—a more tempting lure to ruin to the heedless even than an advertisement. What spendthrift could resist the sight of the yellow metal, or hear the chink unmoved? No creaking stairs to mount—no grim clerk to face—the money amiably and invitingly brought under your very nose. They had a thriving business, those Roman money-lenders: the legal interest was one per cent. per month; but all the laws in the world could not restrain it within this limit.

The business of debtor and creditor became, in consequence, a matter of state; the debtors formed one section, the creditors another; and a judge, supposed to be favourable to one party, sometimes paid the penalty of his life. Every now and then the circum-

frightened by the amount of private debt—new regulations were established—the immediate difficulties postponed—people got tired of the subject—and all went on just as before. But, it should be observed, almost the entire debts of those times were due to the money-lenders; credit scarcely existed amongst the tradesmen. Why should it? A man who could not get credit from a lender, whose profession was credit, had no business to ask credit from a baker, whose profession was baking. The latter was not up either to the present or the future steps of the loan-system; and he very wisely left them to those that were. As for the merchant, his business was merely barter, without any risk except from the north wind; speculation, as we understand it, was unknown, and with it the concomitant debts and liabilities.

The usurer, notwithstanding his greatness in Rome, was singularly obnoxious to the laws. 'The thief is to restore double—the usurer fourfold—of the value taken,' was one of their maxims. Cato put a usurer in the same category with the assassin, and would visit him with the same punishment. This unfortunate member of society fell, besides, under the ban of the poets, comic and didactic, who both found the usurer of wonderful utility in pointing their morals and adorning their tales. This did not prevent him from being a personage of immense influence, and able in other ways to console himself for the sibilations of the populace, than by counting his coin at home. In fact, he had all the great world to keep him in countenance. The proconsul proceeded to his province—levied exorbitant taxes which the inhabitants could not pay—and gave them time, at eighty per cent. The proconsul's son remained at home—outran his allowance—and borrowed of the usurer at fifty per cent. The latter transaction might be the most convenient for the satirist; but for the moralist, it is infinitely the less questionable of the two.

After all, debt was the exception in the ancient world; it became the rule in the modern. Spendthrifts and oppressed provincials borrowed in the one; all the world borrowed in the other. We know not the extent of credit amongst the Goths and Vandals in their primeval forests; but no sooner had they emerged from them, than we find kings and nobles, priests and clergy, merchants and artisans, incessantly working up credit of all kinds. It took a thousand years after the dawn of the old civilisation to produce the usurer, and he was then a rarity. It took a very few centuries after the dawn of the new to produce bankers and pawnbrokers, Jews and Lombards, and these were anything but rarities.

The grandest instance of a growing debt upon record is that of the king of Leon, mentioned by Mariana. Ferdinand Gonzalves had sold this prince a falcon upon credit. The interest was high, and it compounded itself in the course of a few years into a sum so enormous, that the king was forced to make over to Gonzalves his rights on the kingdom of Castile, to be quit of the liability.

But it is no wonder if the debts of the middle ages were on a grand scale. Neither king nor subject knew his income. The subject was to-day master of an estate, was driven out of it the next by an invading monarch; recovered it again by deed of gift; then pawned it to go crusading to the East; regained it by a wealthy marriage; lost it by a divorce; obtained it again upon petition—and lost it finally because he trod on the toe of one of the king's favourites when out of humour. For the monarch—whether the sum wanted was for some private caprice, or the urgent necessities of the nation; to buy a new suit of tapestry, or undertake the most necessary war; to pay for a new house for his mistress, or to build a fortress or a cathedral—he had just the same trouble in convincing his loyal subjects of the utility of his demand. In

consequence, he ran into debt, trusting to the necessity of the case for getting him out—a worthy example, well known to builders of churches and philanthropic societies of modern times. In fact, it has been said that no society can be called really flourishing in Great Britain, till it is a hundred thousand pounds in debt. The complexity of the modern system began early. Complexity is a Gothic principle, to be found in its constitution, its buildings, its trade; and it thus commenced the credit-system, which soon learned to grow by its own force.

During the middle ages, the credit-system was made, in France more especially, a matter of obligation. The feudal lords had the right of demanding it. The abbot of Compeigne enjoyed by royal charter the privilege of receiving flesh, bread, and fish from the inhabitants on credit for three months: if he failed to pay, they were not bound to furnish him any further. The Count of Montfort used to compel the people of Dieppe, by feudal ordinance, to give him fifteen days' credit during the time he resided amongst them. To be sure, the sum on credit was limited to fifteen livres, which would not make a terrible show before an insolvency commissioner. One wonders whether the inhabitants were as anxious for his lordship's custom as a modern tradesman, or whether they served him with sour bread and stale eggs, to induce him to transfer his favours elsewhere. The king himself had the right of credit in many localities, and what was odd enough, many of his nobles had the same right in the same localities for a longer period. He was often forced to give security, as were the nobles. In some places, when the lord visited a town, he had unlimited right of credit till he left it. At Poiz, in Picardy, the lord had the right of credit from each individual once in his life, but not oftener, and then only to the value of twopence-halfpenny. When the dealers concealed their goods, they were liable to a fine. The *coutumes* of the French provinces are full of these regulations. The archbishop of Vienne was expressly precluded from all right to demand credit. It might be curious to trace the origin of this flaw in archiepiscopal trustworthiness.

#### FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Said I, mournful: 'Though my life is in its prime,  
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;  
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are  
turning brown,  
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down.'

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,  
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—  
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs—all in her  
simple gown;  
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;  
Low-pled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;  
Red-eyed, the sun out glared, like knight from  
leaguered town,  
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer, all the hay is down;  
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,  
Praying: 'God shield her till we meet in Paradise;  
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and  
crown;  
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also  
sold by J. M'GLASSAR, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and  
all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE EVILS OF LIFE.

Most persons regard the evils of life as a fixed quantity. To resist or lessen them seems hopeless. They fly to the virtue of resignation as next to a cure. Let us not undervalue or sneer at resignation; often, indeed, not to be very easily distinguished from fatalism, but more frequently a beautiful and amiable—in a word, a religious sentiment. Let us, however, combat the idea, that evils are either fixed in amount or necessary. In reality, in the progress of society and of individual enlightenment, they are continually narrowed within less and less space. Vigilance, knowledge, prudence, are so many enemies constantly busied in cutting them off, or preventing their existence.

Let us take into consideration one evil of a very painful kind. We see a worthy couple doing their best to rear a young family to maturity. They rejoice in the smiles of children, and their house is full of young life and its hopes. But one after another of the young people, as they reach a certain age, manifest a tendency to decline. It is found that a phthisical disease, with which the mother is partially affected, and which is known to have made great ravages in her family, is now beginning to shew itself in the constitutions of these once hopeful children. The eldest-born sinks, and has his share of bewailment. Another, if possible more loved and more grieved over, follows. In short, one after another, this family fades away, leaving the parents at last utterly desolate. Nothing can be more affecting than this—nothing can make a greater demand upon the sympathy of friendly neighbours. We feel bound to offer every suggestion of religious consolation to the hapless pair. It seems ~~wrong~~ to hint, in the faintest manner, that they ~~have in any degree~~ been the cause of drawing such a ~~heart-break~~ upon themselves; and yet, when we take ~~an extended~~ view of the case, we can be at no loss to see that, with judicious forethought, the calamity might have been prevented. There being hereditary predisposition to disease in the mother's family, it was wrong for her to put herself in a condition to extend the evil into another generation—~~wrong~~ both with regard to her own future happiness and that of the person proposing to be her husband. A kind of duty not yet much reflected upon is here brought before our attention. Some will scout the possibility of such foresight giving a guidance to conduct; but they are undoubtedly in a mistake. There are many men and women known to us who act upon this maxim of a high morality, and who are, accordingly, safe from such wringings of the heart as we have described. Some will feel little disposed to sympathise with a sense of duty so extremely refined, and which resists such

universal natural impulses. With that style of feeling we cannot contend. We must rest content with the conviction, that whatever a sense of right and wrong towards others bids to be done or left undone, ought to be done or left undone accordingly, even though it affects a question of marriage; and happy are they who in such cases can give obedience.

An immense number of other calamities connected with disease, are now clearly seen to be preventable; all that is required for this purpose being an observance of the conditions and rules of health. Pestilence and fever are themselves but expressions of erroneous conditions of life. Let these conditions be reformed in accordance with the laws ordained by Providence for human weal, and the diseases vanish. The astounding fact, that half the children born in most communities die under five years of age, in like manner only exposes extensive systems of mistreatment of children, and the too general subjection of the young to influences which work injuriously. If those systems of mistreatment, and those noxious influences, were replaced by others of a healthy kind, the groans and cries of mothers would be immensely abated. Beholding, sympathetically, the calamity when it comes, we feel that it were a kind of cruelty to a bereaved parent to point out how the lost one might have been preserved, or even to intimate the general fact, that such calamities are preventable. But we also feel, on the other hand, that this tenderness to those who are afflicted, ought not to be carried so far as to keep knowledge from those who may be so. There is a duty to the living as well as to the dead.

There is a great and well-known range of evils which may be comprehensively grouped under the one bitter word—Poverty. They have always been, and, we may well believe, they will ever in some measure be. But the evils of poverty are no more, in any case, necessary or unavoidable than those of disease. Look at the grim evil in any of its shapes, thoroughly scan it outside and in, and you will always find that it depends on circumstances more or less accidental and liable to be altered. Mr Mayhew and Mr Godwin have described the hosts of the London poor in the most striking manner; scores of thousands of people, not regular artisans or labourers (they are comparatively an aristocracy), but persons engaged in mean street-traffic and supplying trifling articles to those who may need them; bivouacking, rather than lodging, in wretched half-furnished or unfurnished houses, half starving upon miserably small gains, and often wholly without means of livelihood. It is the extremest and most distressing picture of poverty we could see, perhaps, anywhere on earth—far beyond anything that ever was presented in our northern land, once considered so beggarly—

throwing wholly into the shade any kind of misery that ever occurs among the North American Indians. One is apt to suppose this poverty and misery to be past hope. Well, we do not say that it could be easily remedied; but neither can we admit that it is necessary or unavoidable. When a philanthropic visitor goes into some unplenished den, and finds a family living in wretchedness, it does not seem ever to occur to him to ask how it happens that this husband and father can do so little good in the world. He has a brain and hands—wonderful things when rightly directed and used. Why does this poor man not turn them to account? Most probably, he is an utterly ignorant man, who does not know how to use his brain and hands to any good account; who thinks, if he goes out every day with a few bunches of radishes, and tries to sell them, he is doing his duty—trying to turn an honest penny, as he calls it—while he is only trifling away his time and misusing his natural powers. Perhaps his error consists in refusing to move to a place where his exertions, being called for by his fellow-creatures, would be sure to turn to his own profit, instead of being here mispent in a scene where they are superfluous, or come into collision with the exertions of others better qualified than he. Such a man cannot but be poor, and poor he will be while he continues to make such a wretched use of the wondrous faculties for good with which he has been endowed. But let this man be instructed, so as to see that it is possible to be very busy with nothing, or to be trying to do *something* in a wrong place, and he may have a chance of succeeding somewhat better in the world. Our poor man may be not devoid of abilities and knowledge, but wanting in industrious habits and all right discipline of mind; which comes to nearly the same results as ignorance. He will, of course, have been continually losing situations and failing in business adventures, till he at length has lost all hope, and begun to let things go as they will. Now, this man might also have been saved from poverty, if from the first he had been subjected to proper training, and made to see that nothing could affect his fate but his conduct.

Lord Ashburton, in a late remarkable speech, asked, why is it that one family can live in abundance where another starves? Why, in similar dwellings, are the children of one parent healthy—of the other, puny and ailing? It is not, he answers, luck or chance that decides these differences; it is the patient observation of nature, which has suggested to some gifted minds rules for their guidance which have escaped the heedlessness of others. His lordship instanced a village-dame who had lately been heard observing: 'I should like to know why they have gone and raised the price of bread?' 'Is it right,' asks Lord Ashburton, 'that the poor should be left under the impression that they owe the price of their bread to the baker or the government, the price of their labour to the free-will of their employer?' Beyond question, a vast proportion of the ills that afflict humble people is traceable to simple ignorance—and ignorance, we know, can be exchanged for knowledge and reflection.

An immense class of evils are those which depend on troubles in worldly affairs. Men *will* spend more than they ought to do. They *will* take no heed for tomorrow. And they suffer the well-known consequences. The proper course for avoiding such evils is plain before us all—plain to triteness—no one can have the excuse of saying that he had no reason to foresee the danger of a misrelation between his desires and his means. If any one, then, does transgress in this respect, he should be prepared to think the penalty no evil; otherwise, he can only be regarded as a fool. The one point, however, which we are here called upon to consider, is the fact, that this class of the evils of life is preventable. Let the reckless study and follow the

example of the wise, and, by universal acknowledgment, they are safe.

Not merely among the poor and so-called uneducated is there much evil incurred through ignorance. It could easily be shewn, that the classes which consider themselves as educated, have the whole texture of their life spotted with troubles and distresses in consequence of precisely this—that they have no distinct idea of what this world is, and their situation in it. Some know that there is a physical mechanism of the universe, which goes on under fixed laws of divine appointment, but are not aware that there is a moral mechanism likewise, of precisely similar character, so that every movement of their nature, every social process and transaction, has its own definite and inevitable consequence, for the good or evil of all concerned. Men, in general, wander through life as they would ramble through a forest in an unexplored country, taking their chance of what they may fall upon, or what may befall them. Were they well informed on the subject, they would know that at every step they take they form relations to circumstances; all of which relations are capable of being precisely ascertained, and which, according as we understand and act by them, may serve to make our course happy or otherwise. When this general truth shall be known to the bulk of society, men will have clearer conceptions of what is required of them, in duty to themselves and their fellow-creatures. They will feel, for the first time, the true force of the maxim, that as they brew they must drink, no penalties being ever remitted in the system of Providence.

## CHANGE FOR GOLD.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

No man knoweth me, whence I come, or who I am. My brother met me yesternoon, and brushed my shoulder; I looked into his eyes, and he into mine, and we walked on our diverse ways like strangers; my mother mourns her dear son yet, that died twelve years ago, and yet he lives, and has been in her company, and shaken friendly hands with her not six months back. My wife—who, since I married her, has become the widow of another man—I saw this very morning, beautiful, still beautiful; and with a word I could have crushed her heart and turned her brown hair gray. To myself, I seem to have two separate beings: my first existence still is in my every thought, and usurps heart and brain; my second self—my present—dwells in my frame alone, rules my mere outward action, and is loathsome and contemptible to my whole soul. I write this life for more than common eyes, for an end, too, I yet half dread to contemplate, so fearful, nay, so fatal, may be its consequences. But to the general reader, shocked at my strange narration, and disbelieving in its awful truth, I would say: 'Beware, lest you, too, suffer through a like unrest; beware, lest some foul fiend be tugging at your heart-strings, and leading you, satiate, from the broad highways of duty and honour, to that isolated place which I have reached at last, where lover and friend have forsaken me, and kinsmen stand afar off.'

I was born in the far north: in Shardale, fairest valley in Westmoreland, guarded by the mountain genii, and quite secluded from the hum of men, my father built his home. His whole life long had been employed in commerce, and that so busily, he hardly had a thought apart from it: a prudent man, and well to do, such as had worship and honour in his native town of Liverpool, even to the statue-length: an effigy in stone of my deceased parent is indeed painfully obvious in one of its public edifices. His neighbours thought him mad, who, at the green age of sixty-five, removed himself so suddenly to Shardale, and dug and stretched

himself for ever in that living tomb. It may have been that the same wild whim and impulse which has cursed my every step, and ruined me at last, was latent in my father too, and came to light at that one single epoch.

His affairs were wound up in about a week; every tittle of his interest in the great firm of Branksome & Co., of which he was the head, disposed of; his connection with all his former associates entirely cut off; and never, to my knowledge, did he receive, or at least reply to, a single business communication of any sort or kind for the remaining five years of his life. He came from his city-home a stern, almost morose old man; whom his family had never seen from breakfast-time to dinner all his days, whose talk had been of stock, and whose thought had been of stock from youth to hoary age; and from the hour of his arrival in the valley, he never missed a meal with us, until his last sad illness; nor ever read a column of 'Money-Market' and 'City Intelligence' again. He took myself (his eldest son James), and Charles, my brother—youths of twelve and eleven years of age—a mountain-walk soon after sunrise throughout the summer, with a more sprightly step than ever left the Stock Exchange: his conversation was as that of a boy to boys, and that not gradually and induced, as might have been expected by a novel life, fresh air, and genial exercise—but at once; and so it remained for ever.

His heart expanded beneath the influence of those glorious scenes, as though it were a child's, and never had been dried and withered in the heat of bustling life, or blunted by the hardness of its fellows, or chipped away by contact with hard and bitter men's.

I look back on those mornings now with the regret, almost despair, of a fallen angel. The one delight that yet is left me is to revisit those bright scenes again, to tread once more the summits of those hills, and see God make himself 'the awful rose of dawn'—in solitude—a melancholy pleasure, that draws tears

To glad the withered thought, and clear the clouded brain.

Only on the tarn upon the mountain-top I dare not gaze—only where the old man and his two happy sons stood mirrored in the flood, I dare not stand. What hideous metamorphosis! what dreadful change should I not see hath fallen upon one of them—worse than the mouldering bones and eyeless sockets that have long ere this replaced the stalwart form and the still radiant look of him I once called father.

My love for nature, though more or less at different times, is still the one steady desire of my soul; often rising to passion, it never has sunk to indifference; and of any thing or creature under heaven, I scarcely dare to say that much. My fickleness in other things, my fatal changefulness of heart exhibited itself first towards my darling sister. She had been away from all of us, for her health's sake, in Madeira, until we left Liverpool, but at Shardale we thought it safe that she should come home amongst us; and she did come—to her grave. So beautiful, so glorious a being my fancy never drew in dreams; that voice I do not think could be ever otherwise than gentle, that placid brow ever tortured to a frown: we all loved her from her first fairy kiss—for she was too delicate and fragile to be called woman—but I may truly say my love was doting. Ah! miles and miles of mountain by her pony's side have I walked on untiringly and gladly, leaving her an instant for some lofty peak, to see if there were view enough to tempt her thither, but else keeping as closely to her side as lover, loud with the poems she loved best—war-songs, the stormful roll of battle, were the favourite strains of that weak, loving girl—learned long and late to please her, full of the legends of each rock and tarn her ear delighted in, and ready to lay down limb and life at any time to serve her.

Our Ellen lived here but sixteen months before the death-flower blushed upon her cheek; she died, I say,

in less than two years of our first meeting, and I was not beside her death-bed, though I was in the house, nor cared to hear her dying words, although the last prayer she uttered was for me. Never was that artless manner less kind to me than of old; never were those lips pressed unto mine less tenderly; but ice formed round my spirit from within, and numbed the grasp of my cold hand, and froze the tears that never reached my eyes. I trust and hope that I was mad; I do most truly pray that it has been madness that through all my life has blighted friendship in its perfect bloom—that has made me eager and delighted with the first appearance of affection—the mere pleased look of chance acquaintances—but that has taken from me at different periods of my life as ardent intimates as a man could have—that has left me, at this present, a very very few whom I have known a month ago, and shall have lost before the next; and that—I hope at no distant time—will cause my dying eyes to lack a hand to close them.

How I strove to overcome my hideous carelessness! what honeyed words did not I force my stubborn tongue to utter—what miserable and useless disguise did I not wear, in order to deceive the ear and eye of love! 'Leave me, my dearest James,' said my poor sister, 'leave me to the remembrance of what you were; it will sweeten the last few weeks I have to live, which your presence can but, alas! imbitter; and when I see you again, may it be in that blessed abode, wherein indifference can never enter, and pure eternal love hath no satiety.'

She took all blame upon herself and the caprice of her disease, affected to be pleased to be away from me, and uneasy at my approach. My dear mother and the rest never knew the sad truth, but implored of me with tears to be of good heart, and to bear patiently with this strange treatment. I do not doubt at all that Ellen's death was hastened by my fiendish and inhuman conduct. When I leant over her grave in Shardale church-yard, night after night, as I have done, it was not love that led my restless feet—although I cherished every thought of her, as the nun clasps her crucifix to her heart, as soon as they became but *memories*—but rather the morbid feeling that brings the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime; and the winds about the yew-tree seemed to murmur at my presence, and the stream that circles round the holy spot to grow angry as my shadow fell athwart it; and the very grass upon that hillock to make haste to rise, to efface the impress of my penitent knees.

Three years from this, my father's bones were laid in the same place; and truly it was strange how anxious he had been upon this point—that his final resting-place should not be within hearing of the hurrying street, to add another unit to that sum of human corruption that at noonday festers in our towns. He left but little money—far less than had been expected—an income of £500 to my mother, and £200 a year apiece to each of his sons. She, with the utmost liberality, gave us an allowance of £100 per annum besides, during our stay at the university—whither, to Trinity College, Cambridge, we went the next October.

I always used to fancy Charles was her pet-boy, although she loved me very dearly, and proved it in a thousand ways; and that supposition of itself was quite sufficient to prevent the excess of affection on my own part which was always sure to end in cold indifference. My brother and myself were friendly, and never, to my recollection, had a single quarrel; but our tastes were quite dissimilar, and our lives at college diverged so greatly, that we never passed a day in either's company. He attached himself to a steady reading set; ate jam at breakfast; walked on the Trumpington Road; dined in hall without pudding; kept chapels regularly; was made a scholar in his second year; became king of a coterie; and puffed up with

mathematical acquirement; and finally, caught a very high wranglership, from which his constitution was not strong enough to rally; and he is now a Don. I, on the contrary, knew everybody from the 'Sims' (disciples of Simeon) to the 'Fighting-men'; was treasurer of the C.U.B.C.; a committee-man on 'the Drag'; president of 'the Union'; a member of 'the Apostles'; scraped through my 'little go'; crammed for the ordinary degree; and left college the most popular man of my time. I was principally indebted for all this to my intense desire to please, and high pressure of animal spirits; but I had great vivacity, and a warm and winning address. In whatsoever society I was thrown, I became one of them at once, because I could not help it, and not by any effort or compulsion. I had a better chance of being considered a wit than most men, inasmuch as I restricted myself to no subject whatever. In my mouth, blasphemy lost its sinfulness; coarseness, its vulgarity; and the sneer from my ever-smiling lips, its bitterness; above all, I never said an ill-natured thing of any man, and always spoke affectionately of my acquaintances behind their backs. It was through these qualities that I became 'a great brick,' and 'the best-hearted fellow breathing.'

I never cut a man at all, so never made an active foe, but 'dropped' my nearest and my dearest friends in periods varying from one month to a year. I had therefore three sets of men, in my three university years, who had been in their seasons my intimates; who had confided to me their 'young men's secrets,' their likes and dislikes, even their religion, or the want of it.

Their intercourse with me ran in this fashion: First, I was much enchanted with them; second, devotedly fond of them; third, on the most friendly terms with them; fourth, rather indifferent about them; fifth, exceedingly bored by them; sixth, vexed to death by their approach—but always civil to them, and always smiling. I could no more help the change of feeling than account for it, but I was sensible of its injustice, and did what in me lay to make amends for it; with what success, let him who has attempted to affect affection, at any time, declare.

Even at college, however—the very place for such a man as I to gather friends—this fickleness had nearly ruined me. Clement, a fellow-commoner, friend of my early days, was amongst my oldest acquaintances; an honest, hearty youth—rare qualities amongst the grade to which he belonged—whom I both dearly liked and respected. I felt the demon rising within me, but resisted him so stoutly, that he had to call the fiend of jealousy to aid his evil work. I was much too confident in my own powers to dread this last in general, but whenever I have felt a sting of his, ever so slightly, both jealousy and love have taken flight together. I could not bear a rival, even where rivalry on my own part must of necessity have been out of the question. If I had met a stranger in a railway-carriage, whom I 'took to,' as the phrase goes, and he had mentioned that his father or his brother was the dearest, or the most agreeable, or the wisest man he had ever seen, I am sure I should have felt annoyed. If comparisons are odious, superlative expressions are at least one degree more so: 'best,' 'handsomest,' 'cleverest chap I ever knew in my life,' are adjectives better diluted if applied to others than the persons we address. It was at my rooms that Clement had first met Lacy: I had introduced them to each other as kindred spirits, and imagined that I was still their principal bond of union; but I was soon undeceived. One evening, at supper-time, a letter was brought to the former by a special messenger, and he left the table instantly without a word. I could not well leave my guests, and I thought, besides, if there was any bad news from home, it would be better he should be by himself; but early next morning—at least early for me—I called at his rooms to see after him. I found him deadly pale, with Lacy, who had

sat up with him all night, beside him. 'Ah,' said he gaily, 'I shan't have many friends now; my dear Branksome, besides you and Francis.' He never had called me James. 'I am almost ruined, and must change those "spangles," that you used to laugh so much about, for the pensioner's gown.' Almost all his property, indeed, had gone in some great 'smash' in the City, and he was obliged to descend from the high table and fellow-commoner's privileges. I congratulated him merrily upon 'assuming the purple' of my own rank, and did what I could to comfort him; but the presence of Lacy put triple steel about my heart.

Poverty, sickness, reverses of any kind, I have the greatest pity for and sympathy with. I would infinitely rather insult a great man than a beggar; the last baseness that I would willingly commit, would be the desertion of a friend deprived of fortune or position. Nobody can tell how hardily; how painfully, I strove to shew that my regard for Clement was quite undiminished; how I thought by night and day upon what might be done for him, and used what influences I had to get him an appointment he wished for. But even as I write, my words grow cold and feeble; my heart could not go with him; and first affection, and then interest itself, began to flag and tire. His sensitiveness soon perceived this, and a letter, couched in the haughtiest language, forbade me from his rooms for ever. Then, indeed, it began to be whispered that Branksome cut his friends as soon as they ceased to be useful to him—was a hanger-on of the wealthy—a toad-eater—and everything else that was most abhorrent to my disposition. Only by the greatest efforts at pleasing, and by the most distorted accounts of our estrangement, could I reconcile myself to our common acquaintances. Still, as I said, I left college, popular; though, it is true, that popularity had been purchased by other means besides smiles and witticisms. I owed some heavy bills at Cambridge, and had borrowed a considerable sum of money: my mother, even if I had not been ashamed to ask her, was unable to assist me; my pride revolted against applying myself to any of my richer friends; and I spent my first graduate year at Shardale with a mind tormented by suspense and fear, haunted by the demon Debt, and unable to be soothed, as it was wont, by the contemplation and communion of nature.

At Wellingfirth, the nearest town to our lone valley, we had a large acquaintance. I myself, from a certain softness of manner and gentleness of nature, have always been welcome to female society; and in return, have preferred it to that of my own sex. Two ladies of this place were especially my favourites and confidantes: one exceedingly good-looking; both young; and possessed of a sufficient independence. To do myself justice, this last matter never entered into my thoughts at all. I liked the wit, the nobleness of mind, the bold originality of the one, and the beauty and accomplishments of the other. We read together such plays as suited us, sang glees, and accompanied each other in music. People talked, as people will talk to the end of time—were sarcastic upon 'Platonic attachments,' sympathies of thought, and such like—in short, the common-place objections vulgar natures make to companionships they do not understand, were made. But Ellen was much too sensible to care for them, thinking as much of matrimony, indeed, as I of mathematics; and Lucy, not being talked about, but admitted into our society, as was said, only to 'do propriety,' fell in love, poor girl, with me.

I wonder why difference of sex should be conceived to be an insurmountable bar to the purest and most elevating friendships? I wonder why sympathy of thought and similarity of disposition should not exist between two people without the passion of love? I wonder whether those who decry such things, have any knowledge of love themselves at all, or whether they



are not perhaps altogether of the earth, earthy? I preferred Ellen Newby to Lucy Ward; but I had not the faintest wish to marry either of them; nor was I the victim of the Newgate hero's mishap, who would have been so happy with either were t'other away. Had bigamy been permitted, I should have had quite as little desire to take advantage of that. Why should I have wished to make other use of those pleasant lips that so charmingly warbled my pet-songs?—to press those fingers so well employed at the piano? It appears to me, indeed, once for all, that while a flirtation is but one degree above a Casino conversation, the intercourse I have been describing is of the least worldly, the least vicious, and the least false. I spoke to Ellen quite unreservedly on every point, with exception of my pecuniary embarrassments and habitual fickleness, and she was equally communicative to me. I say again, upon my soul, that whatever of good is yet left within me, whatever sorrow for sin, whatever endeavour after the right, I am indebted for, my dear, dear girl, after Heaven, to you. Oh, if you should set your eyes on these sad revelations, I know you will not ascribe them to unworthy motives. I know that if I came to you this day—as come I might, for but two streets divide us—and offered myself again to be your friend, you would not trust me, though I took Heaven to witness. I know too well how you would disbelieve, even if you did take me to your heart again, the possibility of reviving that dead joy—how infinitely worthier you hold a noble memory, than the re-enactment of a past pleasure. Were not these words your own once?—

Disinter no dead regret,  
Bring no past to life again;  
Those red cheeks with who are white,  
Those ripe lips are pale with pain.  
Vex not thou the buried bliss,  
Changed to more divine regret:  
Sweet thoughts come from where it lies  
Underneath the violet.

One morning, that I had intended to have spent with her in a congenial task of translation, I received a very alarming letter—no less than a threat of arrest for a sum of £400—incurred in borrowing £250—in case of its not being paid within a certain early date. That date, through some mistake of the postman's, was already past, so that the writ might already be upon its way. If I was in a frame of mind for translating anything that day, it would have been, from choice, a certain poem of Dante's called the *Inferno*. I took my way to Wellingfirth, sorrowful indeed; I told a hundred specious fibs to explain away my depression to Ellen; but I might as well have tried to hoodwink Argus. 'You owe money, and can't pay it, James,' at last she said; 'and you are proud about asking me to help you, as though I were one of those who change heart and tone at once upon that subject; and our friendship is but like that of those we have so often laughed at, after all—eh? Now, don't you see me frowning, and hear me speaking slower, like Mr Cheeks the banker, when one wants to overdraw.' And so, with a tumult of words to prevent my thanking her, which indeed I did not know how to do, she put into my hands a blank-order, and bade me fill it up as I pleased. I wrote an IOU for £400 in return, which she instantly made a 'spill' of, and set a light to; and I promised to pay her interest quarterly, which she playfully assented to, and we had a delightful lesson.

I had never taken money from another in this way before; I was not arrived at the wisdom of a celebrated poet-philosopher, who 'knew on which side the obligation lay;' but I certainly trod homeward with a lighter step with the cheque in my pocket, and the load upon my heart replaced by an easy burden of tender gratitude: even then it gave me no slight shudder to

see Solomon Levi, the atrocious money-lender—like the devil for a lost soul at almost the minute of forfeit—at the very portal of the cottage, with two other ginger-faced gentry, his companions, come to do me honour. What a hideous shadow he cast upon the rose-trellis, set up by my dead sister's hands! His Jewish nose was thrown there in all its prominence. I could not help thinking what miseries this creature would have had power to bring upon the innocent as well as the guilty, had it not been for Ellen's generosity. Between her and him, what a monstrous gulf—both human creatures, but God's child and the Fiend's! Thank Heaven, neither Charles nor my mother caught a sight of him; I sent him back appeased, and even jocular.

For weeks and weeks after this business, I was filled with increased affection for my companion; my regard for her, indeed, as my benefactress, never diminished; but when I at last found myself expressing so much continually to her own ears, and to her manifest distress and pain—when I began to be solicitous and unhappy in myself about the means of repaying her—I did not need her reproachful looks, and faded, rayless manner to inform me, that the curse was fallen, and the dream of my delight dissolved.

One day, that I had resolved inly should be my last visit, I found Lucy Ward with Ellen in the garden. I came in at the lattice-gate, as was my custom, and through the ivy-walk that shut me from their sight till close upon them. I could not have helped hearing their conversation had I had the courage to forego it. Ellen was speaking—I knew it by the tone at once, without the words—of myself; the words, as I know now, of honest warning from a noble woman to a weak one of her own sex—bitterer a thousand times to her that uttered them, than to the living heart that heard.

'I did not say false, Lucy, nor deceptive, but fickle—fickle as the winds themselves. I do not know whether he loves you; but indeed—indeed, dear girl, I fear that he does not. I know right well that if he does, it will not be for long. He never told me of this fault of his—this natural and inborn disease; but I found it out long since in the case of others, and prayed—ah, how I prayed!—that he might not so act towards me. Alas! he looks upon this house as a truant on his school-room. I tell you, the sole feeling that brings him here at all is, that lowest of all incentives—the sense of obligation. He comes to-day, and you yourself shall judge of his constancy.'

'And so you shall, Lucy,' said I, confronting them. 'As you have thought fit to disclose that circumstance, Miss Newby, on which you enjoined my secrecy so strictly, I may confess at once that I do owe you four hundred pounds, with the interest accruing thereto, for two months and five days. Although you burned my bond, it seems you are anxious to have, at least, a witness; and stung to madness by what I had overheard, I was still continuing this cruel strain, when Ellen on a sudden grew deadly pale, fainted, and would have fallen, but for Lucy's arm, to the ground. I carried her into the drawing-room, the glass-doors of which opened out upon the lawn, and as soon as she shewed signs of returning animation, imprinted a kiss on Lucy's beautiful forehead, and left the cottage, never to enter it again.'

From that hour, I set my whole heart upon marrying Lucy Ward; not that it was set of itself, not that I affected even any ardent enthusiasm upon the matter, but knowing for certain, and by her own confession, that she loved me, I did my best to reciprocate the sentiment. Moreover, from the fact of my feeling so calmly upon the subject, I drew favourable auguries that the esteem, which I truly had for her, would last. How but by this marriage, indeed, was I to pay off my debt to Ellen—an obligation that by this time had become well-nigh intolerable? This last reason, I fear, weighed as heavily as any.

My mother and friends were much pleased; they had greatly preferred Lucy, of my two favourites, all along: the knowledge of their own inferiority—insufferable to women, if felt in regard to one of their own sex—had opposed them to Ellen from the first.

I was proud of my young wife, and almost entirely happy on the day I was married. With her assistance, I had paid all my debts, and above all, Miss Newby's. I felt thankful to Lucy, and kindly, 'and her beauty made me glad.' People expressed their satisfaction at seeing so wild and reckless a young gentleman safely landed. There was great rejoicing in all Shardale valley; the little bell pealed as joyously as it could—the same that had tolled for my sister's funeral—the young girls strewed with flowers our path that led beside her grave.

For a whole week, I loved my wife exceedingly; I began to have some hopes of living happily with her to the end; I even wrote verses about her—which is indeed a rare proceeding in a husband—for I was an author and a poet. It was to prosecute my literary labours more advantageously that we lived in London. Our fortune, though small, was yet sufficient to shield us from much of the early bitterness of that kind of life. I was young and sanguine, and found that there was a battle uphill and against odds to be fought, such as I had never dreamed of. I experienced all ills that authors are heir to—rejections, delays, misprints, alterations, and publications without pay from the serials, unfavourable reviews, no reviews, and little or no sale of original works. One day, my wife observed upon one of these casualties: 'Lucky for you, my dear James, you have not to get your bread by your wits.' It was a coarse, thoughtless remark, and as soon as it was uttered, she strove to erase the effect of it by caresses; but I never forgave her from that hour. To think that in what interested me most on earth, I should meet from my life-companion not sympathy, but sneers; that she should have—as it seemed to my morbid mind—the baseness thus to hint at her superiority of fortune. I never looked upon her beautiful face without these thoughts; and it became a burden to me to have her eyes to rest on me. I fled her presence day and night. The more her nature shewed itself repentant and loving towards me, the colder grew my feelings towards her; from indifference to antipathy, from antipathy to downright hatred; and then my hideous characteristic had attained its worst. Anything like cruelty, insult, or even rudeness, I never committed, or had any desire to commit: I was shewn to be a monster only by the negative proof. Wandering aimless over London, eating solitary dinners at chop-houses, unable to apply myself to any action, unstrung and jaded, and dreading always to return to my unhappy home, I passed those weary days. I wondered, as I watched the lonely well-dressed men that saunter all the noon about the streets, or those of an inferior grade that hang in knots at corners of the mighty thoroughfares, but clustered there only for a few hours, and clearly not habitual companions, whether there could be one so desolate as I—I, that had wife and mother, and acquaintances in crowds; and whether there was one who, looking in my heart, would come to change his lot with mine, who had a house, at least, to cover me, and food and even money at command.

But I had not money enough, nor nearly so; I wanted pleasure, excitement, the fever and delirium of life, to waken me from my gloomy torpor, and I was still not selfish enough to purchase that at the price of another's ruin. Our income was just enough; the little beyond it I had once been able to procure by my pen, I could procure no longer: that 'Lucky you have not to get your bread by your wits, James,' paralysed my brain.

It was about six months after marriage that the event occurred which withdrew me from my former

existence, and placed me in my present life. I was gazing in at the great printshop beyond the Haymarket Theatre, one afternoon, looking earnestly at the mouldings of the frames, at the names of the engravers, at the titles of the dedicatees—at anything, in short, that would not interrupt my course of meditation—when I became suddenly aware that I was being watched: in the dark shadow of a print before me, I caught the reflex of a pair of eyes that seemed to read right through me. I turned round slowly, and recognised at once one whose name, and wealth, and writings were at that time the talk of half the civilised world—a little sawn old man, dressed in an attire of nearly 'sixty years since;' his tall, narrow-brimmed hat, his drab breeches, his bright Hessian boots, at once declared to me that mysterious being, hard, dry, and cynical, who had exhausted life at an age when most men were commencing it, and was looking, according to his own confession, for death—as, it might be, for a novel sensation; at one time the richest, at all times the most accomplished man in Europe, whose experience had been equal to that of the Preacher's of old: 'Whatsoever his eyes had desired he had kept not from them; who had withheld not his heart from any joy.' And the like result had happened to him also, for he 'had looked on the labour that he had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.'

'Young man,' said he, fixing those merciless gray eyes upon my face, 'you were thinking whether death itself were not to be preferred to the life you live. You have no friends—no, not one; you are poor—dependent, perhaps, upon another; you would change lots with nine men out of ten that are passing by at this moment.'

'My lord,' said I, 'I would change lots with any one of them.' The face of the old man lit up with interest at these words.

'You know me, then, and therefore know that I can do whatever takes my will. Now, would you give up parents, children, wife, and name, and even country; would you be content to begin the wide world afresh—I say, would you become *another man*, for gold enough and lands and houses in exchange?' I knew this man could do whatever thing he would; my heart beat high with hope of escaping from my bonds.

Firmly, and quite collectedly, I said: 'I would do this.'

'Remember, boy, this lies at your own door, then,' said Lord Fordyce. 'A whole week yet shall elapse before you cross a gulf that cannot be passed over from the other side. At this spot, and at this time, we meet again in seven days. Take thoughtful heed to what you then shall do.'

### SMITH, YOU KNOW!

In the passages of life, if there be a theme truly grateful to the heart and absorbing to the mind, which sovereignly interests, nay, takes the whole soul captive; if there be any one topic calculated to awaken to a sense of the positive, and snatch us from the misty regions of romance, which, compelling us from the contemplation of the vague, the visionary, the ideal, forces us face to face, heart to heart, with the things of earth, and hurries us into the very council-chamber and stately presence of the real; if there be a subject omnipotent in expression, powerful in mystic meaning, wide-spread in its influences, unchangeable in its essence, and marvellous in its destiny, assuredly that theme, that subject, that all-absorbing topic, is comprised in that wondrous impersonation—*Smith!* Not Smith in the abstract; not a Smith of dreams or poetic reveries; not Smith disembodied, fantastic, unsubstantial; but Smith as you and I know him—animated, vigorous, robust; Smith in the actual presence; pure

flash-and-blood Smith. The happiness, the fortunes, enterprises, joys, sorrows, triumphs; in a word, all that concerns the earthly lot of that time-honoured and respectable individual, are of great moment to the whole community. What heart does not throb with delicate sentiments; whose pulse does not beat with pleasurable emotion; what cheek is not suffused with joy; whose blood does not run more genially; whose spirit is not moved to the very depths, whenever the mystic monosyllable is pronounced! Does it not open up vistas of cordial remembrances and neighbourly associations, of merry meetings and hours of goodly enjoyment? And who does not feel, and think, and sympathise with Smith, were it only for the general memories he awakens; who does not sympathise even from a higher and nobler motive? For to every class and in every rank he is a familiar, a *salutateur* (not a demon): from the topmost round of the social ladder even down to the lowest, he has friends, relatives, and acquaintances. Now, wishing as we do to be on the best possible terms with all the world, is it not natural that we should try to be hand-in-glove with Smith—*qui est le frère de tout le monde*? Half of us have seen him, spoken to him, shaken hands with him; how the other half manage to get on without knowing him, we can hardly conjecture. All who do not know him, ought to lose no time in seeking his acquaintance, for no one, we will venture to assert, has a larger connection, or does a more considerable amount of business in social relations. He seems to hold an equal partnership with most people, only monopolising their esteem, and everything else worth having; he is a miscellaneous dealer, who has a running-account with everybody, a stockbroker paramount on 'Change, an Indian merchant, a banker; in fact, wherever an honest penny is to be turned, depend upon it, there you will find Smith. In fine, there is nothing he has not been: he has had a trial of every profession, and has illustrated them all; has put his hands to every trade, and mastered them all; has turned the tide of commerce into fresh channels; and a good thing he has made of these transactions, if we may infer anything from the good understanding that exists between him and the world at large.

If ever there was a pet of the public, Smith certainly is the prime and principal: his praise is in every one's mouth, his fame ubiquitous, his virtues genealogical. Wherever or by whomsoever the mellifluous patronymic is uttered, whether at Almack's or at the *dear* Philharmonic, whether in the Cider Cellar or classic Cremorne, quip and crank are at once evoked, pleasant memories are awakened: it provokes a familiar nod or knowing wink, a kindly smile wreaths the lips, and a whole alphabet of faces greets your vision. Smith is a household word, and very useful as a moral utensil. When anything goes wrong in your domestic concerns, lay the blame on Smith, and you are sure to get off scot-free. When you would indulge in mirth, and display your innocent powers of fun, Smith is a safety-valve for much wit, which, though small, is not the less pleasant. How many simple stories, pointless anecdotes, and puny puns, pass current, merely because inscribed with the revered legend—Smith. He is a familiar guest at board and hearth; the very sound of his coming is cheering and jubilant like a well-toned chime, for it awakens many a merry peal. As Mrs Pardiggle said of her basket-chair: 'Truly, Smith is a great institution.' Take away his name, and you absorb his individuality; substitute Jones, for instance, the powers of Smith, for good or for—let us charitably suppose a parenthesis—are at once circumscribed; he topples down from the airy height where our imagination had placed him; he becomes a man even as the rest of men—a complex tissue of accidents. A Jones!—as well might you have persuaded Samsón to wear a wig when he had his hair cut. On this euphonious patronymic, wondrous and

protean changes have been rung; but experience proves that they alter not the native simplicity, and take naught from its sovereign excellence; neither can its sweet resonance be checked. Should an ambitious godfather, when conferring the conventional spoon on some incipient Smith, infatuatedly express a wish to bestow his own name and surname on the young hero, would not this sound like profanation? What, for instance, has Julius Cæsar Muggins in common with Smith? What has he to do with Smith, or Smith with him, that they should be thus hustled together during the wide space of a lifetime? Would not this be gilding refined gold, adding a perfume to the violet? Such harsh combinations could not, however, suspend the flowing cadence, mar the wondrous harmony, or break the final close. Smith, with its native dignity, would redeem a whole Rubicon of Julius Cæsar Mugginses.

Young S., of Tower Hill, who is the exact counterpart of his governor, even to the tortoise-shell spectacles and wooden leg—some folks even say he was born with both, and look upon them as family features—has interfered with his respectable patronymic, as though it were redolent of cheese; with desecrating hand, he has put out an *i*, and substituted a *y*, though why he assumes *y* to the detriment of his *i*, no mortal can tell. Of course the public, who hold his venerable parent in high honour, will not be thimble-rigged; the trick will not take. Young S. perseveres, notwithstanding; discretion and he are sworn enemies; he is rich in pelf, and anxious to sink the shop; he would fain hobnob with his betters; he is '*ivre de gentilhommérie*,' of a decidedly aristocratic turn, but considers his patronymic a stumbling-block, an eternal blister, an everyday misfortune; forthwith he cultivates his nascent moustache, and the tail of his name, into which he inserts his *j*, unmindful of that bird in fable which was stripped of strange ornaments, and shamefully plucked. O rash mortal! disguise thyself as thou wilt, thou art a Smith still—pure, simple, undefiled, the true worshipper will ever feel thy presence; thou art still recognisable; assume any mask thou wilt, or even veil thy time-honoured features, yet thou art a Smith. Smyth, Smytjhe, Smithett, Smithies, Smithsonc, Smythers, Smithurst, Smythwaite, Szlinxmydijhskikoff, Honble. Montgomery - Byron - Dudley - Fitz-Smytjhoille, Herr von Kazenellenbogen Schmidt, El Señor Conde Don Carlos de Smittio; these, and a thousand others, still are modifications, free-and-easy combinations of the prime original: its powers of adaptation to all requirements and fancies, surpass comprehension. Smith is a fact which contradicts the nature and fortunes of fact in general; it bends to every exigency, sways and swerves with every wind of fashion, submits to the caprice or whim of the individual, and yet is able to abstract itself from its surroundings, from the mere accidents of time and place; it rides triumphant through the shock of opinions and the storms of change, comes forth unscathed from the fiery furnace, and can resume at will its primal condition, and resolve itself into its first essence; it is unextinguishable, inalienable. It need not fear the fate of many a brother fact, which, after having served a hard apprenticeship in this work-a-day world—after having been jostled, and brow-beaten, and belaboured, and been everybody's servant, is shamefully neglected, trampled on, despised, hurried out of sight and remembrance into the lumber-rooms of the Past. No! a thousand times no! Brown, after an eventful life, may disappear from the busy throng of men, from the whirling wheel of toil; his name may no longer drop lovingly from their lips, his voice be no more heard in their councils: Jones may become the memory of his former self, an enigma to future Rawlinsons and Layards, a hieroglyph, an unresolved problem, a puzzle, a mute mystery to antiquaries yet unborn: Robinson may be whirled away into the

current of things that were, may lapse into a myth, a fable, a heathen deity; an object for a museum of antiquities; one and all may vanish from the world's history; but Smith is an evergreen, a perennial, a flower always in bloom, replete with beauty and vigour, ever new, a true '*immortelle*,' which decay can never touch; the delight of every eye, the charm of every heart, a hymn of welcome, a magic spell, a talisman, a theme for poets, historians, philosophers, in itself a sublime epic. Who shall unsmooth Smith?

We pause for a reply.

## PEOPLES AND PROSPECTS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

THE relations of Russia and Turkey, which have led to the present crisis of affairs, are perhaps among the most singular in the history of nations. A complete account of them, uninfluenced by national feelings or contemporary passions, is much wanted. But this is scarcely the time to undertake it. We propose to touch only on a few points, which it will be interesting to consider in the intervals that must occur between the various instalments of important intelligence so anxiously waited for in this country, whose material prosperity and moral influence must be greatly affected for good or for evil in the struggle at present going on.

The Turkish Empire, as it now exists, contains the cradle, not only of its own religion, but of that of Russia, by whom it is menaced, and of Western Europe, by whom it is defended. Mohammedanism, according to the doctrines of which the Ottoman constitution is framed, claims, indeed, to be the direct heir of the traditions which form the basis of the faith of its enemies and its friends; so that, historically speaking, we are now witnessing what may perhaps prove the final contest between races which have been moulded into different forms by ideas more or less legitimately derived from ancient Judea. It is a strange thing to notice how slowly, and yet how certainly, principles and opinions that have a common origin, developing in different ways, under different conditions, apart one from the other, do ultimately, according to some mysterious law, come into collision to contend for the mastery—not always in a direct or patent manner, but generally disguised in a political garb—seemingly for the purpose of satisfying the ambition of princes, or the instinct of national aggrandisement. If we stand aside from the discussions of the day, we cannot but perceive that the fulcrum on which statesmen who do not seem in all cases to share the convictions of which they make use, are now leaning their levers in the East, are almost exclusively religious passions; and, indeed, in both East and West, among Protestants and Catholics, as well as among Greeks and Turks, far greater reference has been made of late to spiritual matters as grounds of action, than has been noticed for more than a century. It is this circumstance, more than the strength and determination of the parties who have taken the field, that gives a momentous character to the war; because, when political objects alone are sought, it may be foreseen that mutual exhaustion may lead to compromise; while, when people arm themselves for conscience' sake, it is impossible to calculate of what amount of sacrifice they may be capable—what direction their energies may take—how far, when once roused, they may be stable in alliances, contracted at first for mere convenience—or what amount of success or disaster may induce them to revert to a state of repose.

At present, the war, so far as its external appearance goes, is not chiefly a religious war. Its leaders have definite and comprehensible motives of action of a political nature; and one at least of the allied powers is completely governed by considerations of prudence

and expediency. But every day tends to bring out more clearly the fact, that the Turks and all their Moslem fellow-subjects consider that they are fighting, not for this fortress or that province, not in defence of frontiers or treaties, but for their very existence as disciples of the Koran. The Turks have long been afflicted with belief in a prophecy which assigns the termination of their political supremacy to about the present period; but all their brethren have, besides, recently, by contemplation of the wonderful progress of the Franks, been awed into the belief that the faithful may possibly be uprooted from the land, and that infidelity is destined to achieve a decisive temporal triumph. This idea has not been articulated by many, but it is evidently busily at work in the innermost recesses of Mohammedan thought; and partly explains the supineness and indifference which have been displayed by certain important classes in the Turkish Empire. Newspapers do not seem inclined to admit this truth. At least, we have been entertained throughout the winter by narratives of patriotic enthusiasm which would have done no dishonour to ancient Rome. That enthusiasm does exist in some classes and individuals, and forms the justification of our interference as allies; but the notion that it is general is dangerous, and might prove fatal. No good man of business would like to carry on his operations without a perfect knowledge of the means and disposition of his partner. No nation should sign treaties with a people with whose temper and character it is unacquainted. Let us remember then, that however judicious our conduct has been in a diplomatic and political point of view, we have the misfortune to be engaged in a struggle in behalf of a people which neither believes in itself nor in its allies; and which can be revived only by a new development of bigotry and superstition, that would render it perfectly abhorrent to us, and would indeed entirely preclude the possibility of action in concert. The most cheerful prospect is that according to which we shall be able to defend Turkey without any great call on its national enthusiasm. As we have already seen in various instances, the impulse of the fanatical party is to attack friends as well as foes, to suspect all foreign aid; and, as extremes meet, it is quite possible that those who now, with various appeals to the beard of the Prophet, urge the wildest measures of resistance, may be the first to be disgusted, and clamour for peace.

The chief danger of Turkey is the heterogeneous nature of its subject populations, and the identity of their religion with that of a powerful neighbour and traditional enemy. Were it not for this latter circumstance, government would be easy. Our Indian experience tells us, that a very small dominant class may keep almost countless millions in subjection, provided that the frontier be surrounded by weak and anarchical principalities; whilst the rise even of a comparatively small organised state, like that founded in the Punjab by Runjit Singh, is dangerous. Russia, irrespective of the personal ambition and traditional policy of its sovereigns, has as many motives as opportunities for interfering in the political affairs of Turkey. It received its religion from priests of the only race that possesses much intellectual capacity among the subjects of that empire. Russia was converted to Christianity by Greek missionaries, long before it was capable of harbouring the projects of aggrandisement it has since entertained. A constant communication has been kept up by this means between the two empires. For many centuries, knowledge and faith went from the south to the north. But as the Greeks became more and more degraded under Ottoman rule, and as the political organisation of Russia became more perfect, the tables were turned. For the last century, every movement that has taken place in the Greek or Hellenised population of Turkey, has had its origin at St Petersburg; by various means, the czars have contrived to assume,

as it were, a papal character; they are looked up to with respect and hope by all the ignorant subject populations throughout the Ottoman Empire; and it must be admitted that the Greek revolution, which assumed the forms of a patriotic struggle, and led to some good results, was at bottom little else than a diversion in favour of Russia. This is the reason that, whilst poets, students, and the public generally were enthusiastic in its favour until it fell short of its brilliant promises, statesmen always exhibited a hostile feeling towards it. This hostility is experienced by them in a still greater degree at the present day. Not without reason they believe that a nation which can only struggle for its freedom at times when the freedom of Europe is menaced by its only ally, and is compelled to appeal to the sacred principles of liberty in order to further the designs of despotism, occupies an anomalous position, and can claim but comparatively cold sympathies.

We must not, however, keep out of mind the fact, that, if Russia is enabled to exert a disturbing influence in the Ottoman Empire, it is not merely on account of her community in religion with the subject inhabitants of the nearest provinces: this community furnishes her with the machinery of action; but the secret of her power lies in the discontent created in the Rayahs by the stupid misgovernment of the Turks. Here, however, we must guard against exaggeration. Many persons seem to believe that Turkish tyranny has now reached its climax, and that if the Greeks have revolted, it is against unbearable oppression. This is a mistake. The Turks of the present day are, in a great measure, bearing the penalty of the sins of their forefathers. Their rule is anything but just and mild, it is true; but a considerable improvement has taken place. The proof of this is the increase of prosperity, on which the Christian populations, by their advocates, base their claim to independence. It is undeniable that the Turkish yoke is lighter than of yore; but history tells us that it is not in human nature to be grateful for a diminution of oppression. Many of the abuses which caused the great French Revolution had been removed before it burst forth. In the case of the Christians of Turkey, they have suffered so long, that their minds have been moulded into a hostile shape. The name of Turk is so abhorrent to them, that if a King Alfred were to obtain the sultanship, and govern with perfect justice, they would seize every opportunity to overthrow him.

These remarks will suggest that the difficulties of the Eastern question are much greater than the majority of the public is disposed to believe. In spite of all that has been written and published, very vague notions seem to be entertained in England of the state and prospects of the various races that inhabit the Ottoman Empire, as well as of the nature and forms of the Russian claim of protection over them. We shall endeavour to embody some of the principal facts connected with this intricate question, in order to assist our readers in better comprehending the events which are at present taking place. Everything tends to shew that the affairs of Europe have reached an important crisis, and that a question to which imperfect reference has been so often made of late—that of the revival of nationalities—is about to force itself on our attention.

By its geographical position, and the character of its government and its people, Russia must always exert great influence on the fortunes of Eastern Europe, and, consequently, on those of civilisation. The emperor, though nominally restrained in his actions by certain institutions very difficult to be defined, is perhaps invested with more nearly arbitrary power than any other prince or potentate in the world. We cannot, however, easily realise to ourselves his exact position, and are apt sometimes to fancy him wielding his authority as capriciously as a man might wield a weapon of offence,

ambition, or zeal. But this it would be impossible for him to do. He is obliged to work by means of an established machinery, consisting of individuals brought up according to certain rules, and capable, therefore, only of acting in a definite way. Peter the Great, as he is called, achieved with immense difficulty the task of creating the present form of Russian administration. It would require a much abler man, now that the empire has increased in bulk, and has grown accustomed, as it were, to perform certain movements, to give a new direction to its energies. The czar is, indeed, almost like the soul in the human body; but he can only make use of the faculties and members that have been given to him.

This is the reason why Russia, whatever may have been the personal character of its sovereigns, has steadily pursued what is called its traditional policy. We hear much talk of wanton aggression; but the aggressions that have recently taken place, as well as other aggressions more important, yet which excited less opposition, are to be accounted for on two principles: first, that according to which every powerful state, the constitution of which is not based on pure justice, seeks to absorb the dominions of its neighbours; secondly, the tendency of races of similar origins, or, which produces precisely the same result, of similar religious beliefs, to unite under one head. Both these principles are hostile in their developments to the progress of civilisation. One of the great achievements of the French Revolution was to destroy the old division of the country into provinces animated by bitter rivalries; the great misfortune of Spain is, that a similar work has not been accomplished; and it would be a great disaster for Europe if its map were ever modified so as to unite under the same forms of government all peoples of similar origins or similar creeds.

It is a singular feature in the actual position of Europe, that this appeal to the principle of nationality is made by the advocates of two extreme political doctrines. The Pan Slavonic theory of Russia—identified with the fate of arbitrary government—has its counterpart, though on a smaller scale, in the theories on which are based the parties who recently raised the cry of independence in Hungary and Italy. We must observe in both cases, that, however effectual an appeal to the passions of races may be as a weapon of war, nothing can in the end be more dangerous or demoralising. The success with which it meets in itself evinces a low state of intellectual cultivation. 'Hungary for the Magyars,' and 'Italy for the Italians,' are watchwords not more respectable, however necessary may be their employ, than 'One government for the Slavonians.' They prove the existence of an impulse which may shatter the existing constitution of Europe, but which is not likely to lead to a satisfactory settlement. When men group into families, they descend in the scale of civilisation, the chief mission of which is to efface the distinctions, not only of various classes, but of various races, and to make all pedigree a mere matter of historical curiosity. We observe, therefore, with much anxiety the unmistakable manifestations of the fact, which cabinets seem disposed to make somewhat light of, that, under the aspect of a mere political struggle, in which one party is popularly represented as a ruthless aggressor, whilst the others believe themselves to be acting as the policemen of the world, a signal has been given for the assertion of claims incompatible with the progress of social ameliorations and rational liberty.

Incompatible, at any rate, if the ultimate developments of events always corresponded to the impulse from which they originally proceed. We are far from despairing of the fortunes of civilisation, though we think it necessary to point out the dangers which present themselves. The most imminent of these seems to be, that a population of sixty millions, almost inac-

what comfort it has been accustomed to on prosperous commercial relations, may be grieved by misery, as well as inflamed by religious bigotry, into enabling its government to give to this war the character of a war of invasion. It is quite possible that the North may again send forth, not only organised armies which do damage, and then retire, or are destroyed, but colonies of men allured by promises of rich booty in the south. If the tribe of Tatars which, in the last century, escaped from the heavy yoke of Russia to seek refuge beneath the wall of China, had taken the direction of the Turkish Empire, the destinies of Europe might by this time have been changed. Should the present war be prolonged, such another migration is not impossible. Its effect might overpass the calculations of the Russian court, and of all diplomatists and statesmen. However this may be, we may feel certain that peace will not be restored in the East without some unexpected event of this kind—the rise of a new race to seize on the fragments of the Ottoman Empire, or the formation or appearance of new political entities until now not thought of. It is difficult to believe in either of what may be called the simple developments of the war—the utter checking and humbling of Russia without any modification of its territorial or political state; or the defeat of Western Europe, and the indefinite enlargement of the power of the czar. Great conflicts like this, on the threshold of which we have arrived, generally lead to a catastrophe as surprising as it is dramatic. We do not pretend to prophesy. Our desire is to prepare our readers for some of the events that may happen, by a cursory examination of the condition and antecedents of the various races that inhabit the Ottoman Empire, and those provinces of Russia which are conterminous to it.

To complete our view, however, it will be necessary to state, in as summary a manner as possible, the origin of the actual quarrel; for by so doing we shall be enabled to shew how different are the relations of the Muscovite and Ottoman Empires from those of any two other states in the world, and how absurd it is in our reasonings concerning them to appeal to any of the ordinary rules of politics or diplomacy. Turkey is an amalgamation of various races, all of which are day by day tending to manifest their individuality more and more. Russia is an amalgamation of various races rapidly shaping themselves to one standard. Both processes may be checked; but if they are not, it is impossible to doubt the result.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

THE poets of the rising generation are going sadly astray. Forsaking the old paths, they have mistaken the porch for Mount Parnassus; and we shall not be surprised if, at no distant day, they give us a new system of metaphysics in blank-verse, or serve up some of the speculative philosophers in rhythmic cadences. In 'our hot youth, when George the Fourth was king,' the aspirant to the laurel-wreath would have thought of some one whose brows it had before adorned. More recently, a Wordsworth or a Tennyson would almost imperceptibly have influenced them; but now we have little else save mist and moonshine. 'Free-will, foreknowledge absolute,' man's relation to the infinite, the mystery of life, and riddles equally formidable, have now to be propounded in lyrics, or solved in semi-dramatic dialogues. Poets are going to the dogs—or, at the very least, their books are going to the pastry-cook and the buttermilk—not to the people

and the heart of ordinary humanity. Subjective, speculative, metaphysical verse-making has become a disease, and it is all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as it has affected those from whom we might have expected something worthy of literature—something likely to save the age from being considered an unpoetical one.

The poetry to which we have been alluding, has recently received a contribution of some importance in a work, or the first part of a work, entitled *Balder*, by a young author, who excited a good deal of attention a few years ago through the publication of a dramatic poem, entitled *The Roman*. Mr Dobell—for such is the real name of the poet, who has hitherto been known only by his *pseudonym* of Sydney Yendys—will never, we think, command anything like popularity even among the ordinary readers of poetry. By those who desiderate that what they read should not only be easily understood, but be obvious and interesting in its design, his rare gifts are never likely to be fully appreciated. *Balder* is destitute of almost everything which would give it a chance of popularity. Its design is obscure; the evolution of that design slow; and the work, as a whole, monotonous.

Unlike most of the strictly subjective poems in our modern literature, however, *Balder* has, we believe, nothing of the autobiographical in its design. The hero is, as we take it, an impersonation of genius without the regulating principle of faith; and the poem, so far as it goes, is designed to illustrate the history of a mind so constituted and conditioned. For any purpose of dramatic interest, it is very incomplete. Strictly speaking, there are only three or four characters; and the history, if such it can be called, proceeds in monologues, rather than in the usual way. The scene is chiefly laid in the study of Balder, or in some other part of 'the tower' which he inhabits, and page after page is filled with the poet's aspirations. Something like an ordinary human interest is occasionally given by the introduction of his wife Amy, and the recital of her sufferings; and one or two of the scenes are enlivened by songs of a light and graceful kind. The continually recurring soliloquies would produce weariness, however, but for the remarkable beauties of sentiment, and the rich and varied imagery which these present. Nor is the story, when we have really got at it, of an inviting character: quite the opposite. It is for the sake of detached passages—beauties which have little or no connection with the story—that *Balder* deserves attention from general readers; and leaving the purpose of the poem to shift for itself, we propose to look for a little at some of these. Morning and evening, noon and night, the spring, the mountains, and the sea—all those aspects of nature, indeed, which the poets from Homer downwards have gloried in, and which the poetasters have hackneyed, receive from Mr Dobell some additional charm, for true genius cannot touch save to beautify. Here, for example, is a picture of Morning, altogether original and exquisitely conceived:—

Lo Morn,

When she stood forth at universal prime,  
The angels shouted, and the dews of joy  
Stood in the eyes of Earth. While here she reigned,  
Adam and Eve were full of orisons,  
And did not sin; and so she won of God  
That ever when she walketh in the world  
It shall be Eden. And around her come  
The happy wots of early Paradise.

Once more to live is to be happy; Life  
With backward streaming hair, and eyes of haste  
That look beyond the hills, doth urge no more  
Her palpitating feet.

\* *Balder*: a Poem. Part I. By the author of *The Roman*.—*The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, with other Lyrical Poems. By Gerald Massey.



poets; how finely her tears and laughter are typified here:

Spring, who did scatter all her wealth last year,  
Had gone to heaven for more; and coming back  
Flower-laden after three full seasons, found  
The Earth, her mother, dead. Far off, appalled  
With the unwonted pallor of her face,  
She flung her garlands down, and caught distract  
The skirts of passing tempests, and through wilds  
Of frozen air fled to her, all uncrowned  
With haste—a bunch of snow-drops in her breast,  
Her charms dishevelled, and her cheeks as white  
As winter with her wo.

Of this quality are almost all Mr Dobell's impersonations of Nature. Let us take one other extract from his panorama of the seasons: it describes the feeling of Summer, rather than the things which awaken that feeling:

Alas! that one  
Should use the days of summer but to live  
And breathe but as the needful element,  
The strange superfluous glory of the air.

The imagery in *Balder* is seldom if ever confused. The flowers are perfect in their kind, but they often bewilder us with their profusion. We look in vain sometimes through the thick trellis-work of many lines for the form of the thing it is meant to adorn, and are forced to content ourselves with the beauty we see. Many of the images, however, are of that kind which will not only bear to be taken from the connection in which they are placed, but give vividness and light to the truth or the sentiment lying beneath them. Here is an example of this:

The uncommanded host  
Of living nations, swaying to and fro  
Like waves of a great sea, that in mid-shock  
Confound each other, white with foam and fear,  
Roar for a leader.

And the following, of a completely different order, is not less perfect nor less original:—

The repose  
Of Beauty—where she lieth bright and still  
As some lone angel, dead-asleep in light  
On the most heavenward top of all this world  
Wing-weary.

It would be vain to extract more of these gems from the pages of *Balder*. The book absolutely teems with them. We know of no modern poem, indeed, in which the imagery is more abundant or more exquisite. Here and there it is elaborated—figure succeeding figure as line follows line; but seldom is there the slightest trace of what a painter would call 'hatching.' The fancy evolves itself with extraordinary fullness, and is always fresh.

But while we are decidedly of opinion that *Balder* contains manifestations of poetic power such as are rarely to be found in modern literature, it cannot, of course, be regarded as a work at all worthy of that power. The very circumstance of its evincing the author to be a writer capable of achieving great things in his art, leads us to regret all the more that he set himself to a purpose which, so far as we can judge of it, is scarcely worth the thought he has already expended. The tendency to the speculative and the metaphysical, which seems to be apparent in recent poetry, is not a healthy one. It is leading to a sacrifice of what is touching and simple for the sake of mystery, and to a disregard of art for the mere effect of isolated brilliancy.

Gerald Massey, the author of a little volume, entitled *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems*, though not, strictly speaking, of the class to which we have been referring, may be considered as to some

extent connected with it, both through the merits and the defects of what he has written. But for the remarkable promise which this young man's little volume bespeaks, and the circumstance of his being obviously surrounded by dangers which may prevent that promise from ever being fulfilled, we should scarcely have thought of noticing it at any length. The first production of a young poet is, generally speaking, only to be regarded as indicating the tone of the mind from which it has emanated, and the chances of a successful devotion to the gentle art when it has been strengthened and matured. Gerald Massey's first flight 'on the wings of poesy' has not been taken on a wavering wing. Apart, altogether, from the circumstances of his early life and his present position, his book evinces the possession of more than ordinary ability. Considered in connection with his obscure station and his adverse fortunes, we have seldom seen anything better fitted to illustrate the triumph of genius over the pinchings of poverty, and the dangers of an untutored and uneducated youth. From a brief biographical sketch given in the second edition of his book, we learn that Massey spent more than twenty of his twenty-seven years in circumstances little fitted either to awaken or to foster a love of poetry. The prose of life, and that, too, in its hardest and severest forms, was his. The son of a poor out-door labourer, whose scanty earnings scarcely sufficed for the most pressing daily wants of his children, he was sent, when only eight years old, to a silk-mill, where he toiled from dawn till dusk for a shilling or two a week. Education, in the ordinary sense of the term, he never obtained. He learned to read a little at a Penny School; and his mother, who seems to have had tastes somewhat above her station, strove to make the most of what was thus received. She placed the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress* in Gerald's way; and when, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to London to earn his bread as a message-boy, he had read little else. He struggled on, however, and the love of reading became something like a passion with him—a feverishness, which drove him to all kinds of schemes and sacrifices in order to get at books. He then began to rhyme; fierce and fiery denunciations of the wealthy and the powerful, whom he considered the oppressors of his class, being doubtless his earliest essays. Something of this kind he has given us in his volume; and we regret that it should ever have been written, or at least that it had not been allowed to remain in the corner of the obscure penny print, to which, in all probability, it was originally contributed.

Self-educated men, especially when their opportunities of cultivation have been so few, and their sphere of intellectual action so narrow as his, are of all others most likely to suffer from a too indulgent estimate of their abilities. To a man of Massey's genius and temperament, unqualified praise is mistaken kindness; and as a good deal of it has been lavished upon him, the result may be a repugnance to receive the lessons which must be learned sometime, and which may be most safely learned now, if his career as a poet is to be at all worthy of the promise he has held out. Hitherto, the love of nature and of everything beautiful has kept his heart right. The harsh and jarring tones of his political lyrics do not seem to have marred the true music of his soul; for while we find in one page inflated absurdities, in close proximity to them there are strains of pure and touching melody.

We have already said that Massey is to some extent connected with that class of writers who do not seem to have aimed at the constructive in poetry, so much as the merely expressive. In some of the best pieces in his volume, the want of a thorough coherence is very manifest. They lack that unity—that wholeness, so to speak, which is as necessary, even more necessary, in fact, to the effect of a lyrical poem than richness of

imagery. The pearls are so often strung at random, that a number of them might be detached without greatly affecting the slender thread on which they are strung. Time and cultivation will lead to the proper application of the poetic power thus, as it were, squandered, but the cultivation must be of the right kind, and it will infer the unlearning of false conceptions as well as the learning of true principles. The tendency of that style of writing which leads to a dependence upon mere felicity of expression, or vividness of imagery, however much these may contribute to the effect of a well-sustained poem, is almost always to a straining after such things, to a confusion of metaphors, and often to what is altogether unintelligible. We could point to instances of this in the little volume before us; but ascribing these to the author's untutored youth, we prefer noticing a few of the fine sentiments which some of the pieces contain. They are often, as we have already said, mere sparkles, but they are lit up with the pure fire of genius. Here is one of them in a single line:—

Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel side of life.

And here is another running through a short passage as felicitous in expression as it is tuneful in its rhythm:—

No star goes down, but climbs in other skies.  
The rose of sunset folds its glory up  
To burst again from out the heart of dawn;  
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste,  
And sorrow makes the chastened heart a deer;  
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,  
And faith can trust for heaven behind the veil.

A poem upon Hood, almost every part of which is striking for the clear apprehension of the subject, as well as for the earnestness of the feeling, affords us such beautiful imagery as the following:—

His wit?—a kind smile just to hearten us;  
Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life,  
That flash'd o'er precious pearls and golden sands.

In sooth, his wit was like Ithuriel's spear;  
But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,  
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain  
Of tears.

There is no more cheering promise in the writings of this young poet of the people, than that which springs from his fervent worship of the household gods, the large spaces he has given in his heart and his heart's utterances to the domestic affections. Some of his love-songs, making due allowance for an occasional ruggedness in the versification, are among the sweetest we have seen. They are simple and beautiful, the lack of purpose in them being much less apparent than in his more ambitious efforts. Here is one which has all the characteristics of a true song:—

The lark that nestles nearest earth,  
To heaven's gate highest sings,  
And loving thee, my lordly life  
Doth mount on lark-like wings!  
Thine eyes are starry promises,  
And affluent above  
All measure in its blessings, is  
The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter, 'mong the hills  
Spring dances at my heart!  
And at my wooing, nature's soul  
Into her face will start.  
The queen-moon in her starry bower  
Looks happier for our love;  
A dewier splendour fills the flower,  
And mellower coos the dove.

And if life comes with cross and care,  
Unknown in years of yore,  
I know thou'lt half the burden bear,  
And I am strong once more.  
And blessings on the storm that gave  
Me haven on thy breast,  
Where life hath climaxed like a wave  
That breaks in perfect rest.

The sentiment in these verses is tender and full of delicacy, while the imagery is almost faultless; the structure of the verse, too, is musical, and admirably adapted to the feeling. Although there is often a voluptuous richness in Massey's imagery, the themes it adorns are pure and elevated. His most beautiful flowers, even those of the warmest hue, are laid on the domestic altar. It is the torch of Hymen rather than that of Cupid which lights up the fire of his love-poems; and hence we find, in the lines addressed to his wife, some of his most glowing and varied imagery. Of her he sings:—

I looked out on the sunny side of life,  
And saw thee summering like a blooming vine  
That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice  
By the ripe armful with ambrosial smile.  
The flying cares but touched thy life's fair face  
Lightly as skimming shadows dusk the lake.

The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charmed palace  
Woke at Love's kiss. My life was set afish  
As roses redden when the spring moves by,  
And the green buds peer out like eyes to see  
The delicate spirit whose sweet presence stirred them.

One of the most complete, and at the same time most luxuriant, of Massey's poems, is entitled *The Bridal*. Some of its stanzas are slightly obscure, and, as a whole, it has less of spontaneity than his songs; but the elaboration of imagery, the flush of warm life in every verse, is in exquisite consistency with the character of the subject. We can give only a portion of it, and our quotations must be taken almost at random:—

She comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn  
With her Auroral splendours on,  
And green earth never lovelier shone:

She danceth on her golden way  
In dainty dalliance with the May,  
Jubilant o'er the happy day.

High up in air the chestnuts blow,  
The live green apple-tree's flush bough  
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow!

Cloud-shadow-ships sail faerily  
Over the greenery's sunny sea,  
Whose warm tide ripples down the lea.

Alive with eyes, the village sees  
The Bridal dawning through the trees,  
And housewives swarm 't the sun like bees.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims  
With rainbow robe on dainty limbs,  
The bride's rare loveliness o'erbrims.

She wears her maiden modesty  
With tearful grace touched tenderly,  
Yet with a ripe expectancy.

And at her heart Love sits and sings,  
And bodeth warmth, begetting wings  
Shall lift her up to higher things.

The unknown sea moans on her shore  
Of life; she hears the breakers roar;  
But trusting him, she'll fear no more.

The blessing given, the ring is on;  
And at God's altar radiant run  
The currents of two lives in one.

If the extracts we have already given do not suffice to show the promise with which Gerald Massey's little volume abounds, we must plead guilty to a misapprehension of what constitutes poetry of a high order: lacking to a considerable degree the artistic element, it is true, but full of originality and freshness of feeling. It only remains for us to notice the principal poem, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, into which, as it seems to us, the poet has poured the whole wealth of his fancy, and in some parts of which he has been more successful than in any of his other productions. Pathos, often of the deepest and tenderest kind, is its chief characteristic; but in the evolution of the story—if we can apply that term to the mere expression of the feelings awakened by the birth and death of a little child—fancy is manifested in great exuberance; nor is there wanting occasional glimpses into the secret springs of sorrow, which evince a still higher quality. The opening verses of the poem are fresh and beautiful:—

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,  
And, fed with April's mellow showers,  
The earth laughs out with sweet May-flowers,  
That flush for very happiness;

And honeyed plots are drownd with bees,  
And larks rain music by the shower,  
While singing, singing hour by hour,  
Song like a spirit sits i' the trees.

When fainting hearts forget their fears,  
And in the poorest life's salt cup  
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up  
Her rainbow over Memory's tears.

It fell upon a merry May-morn,  
I' the perfect prime of that sweet time  
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb,  
The dear Babe Christabel was born.

The dirge which the poet sings o'er the dead child is, in our opinion, still finer than the above. The effective change in the rhythm, the strong feeling so exquisitely expressed in some of the lines, and the fine close which is made with the melancholy cadence of the last verse, are all very near approaches to that artistic completeness in which we believe Massey will soon learn to mould his poetry:—

With her white hands clasped she sleepeth; heart is  
hushed, and lips are cold;

Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary  
way I go,

Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry  
norland wold,

With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widowed nest my heart sits moaning for its  
young that's fled

From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her  
starry peers;

And my light of life's o'ershadowed where the dear one  
lieth dead,

And I'm crying in the dark with my fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost  
beloved bird,

Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind  
and rain;

And I called across the night with tender name and  
fondling word,

And I yearned out through the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead: 'Eyes cannot see her; they are blind  
with tears of pain;'

And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life, to look  
and hark

While I call her once again; but there cometh no  
refrain,

And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

Most of the extracts we have given afford illustrations of the effect with which the poet can make the

emblems and features of nature and of human life typify the emotions of the heart. The last verse we have quoted is as fine an example of this as any; and it is exquisitely musical.

It is obvious, we think, that if Gerald Massey is disposed to make a full and proper use of his gifts, he has a high vocation open for him. It is one, however, upon which he cannot thoroughly enter without having to contend with and to overcome many difficulties. There is a future of great usefulness open to him, for we apprehend that no one endowed as he is, tutored as he has been by severe experience, and possessing, as he does, such keen sensibilities and expansive sympathies, can fail to benefit those for whom he sings.

#### PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING.

So far as England and France are concerned, the present war bids fair to be conducted on more humane principles, and altogether in a less savage and vindictive manner, than any previous great European contest. France assumed the initiative, we believe, in refusing letters of marque, or commissions to privateers; and England has hitherto done the same; nor is there the least probability that any licence will hereafter be granted to privateers by the British government. Formerly, it was not unusual for letters of marque to be granted even to the subjects of neutral nations, and fears have been expressed that Russia will grant such licences to American privateers. We have not much apprehension on this score, relying securely, as we think, on the honour and policy of the United States' government to suppress any such attempts; for by Acts of Congress in 1794 and in 1818, privateering was denounced, and the Americans are not a retrograde people in any respect. But it is certainly to be dreaded that some of the half-lawless and wholly unprincipled republics of South America may be inclined to avail themselves of Russian commissions to plunder our merchantmen; although if they do so, they will pay dearly for it in the end. It is not improbable that Russia herself will send forth privateers from such of her ports as may escape blockade—but short will be their cruises!

Privateering is, or was—if we may venture to speak of it in the past tense—a mere system of piracy under legal sanction, and proved a monstrous aggravation of the evils of war. Not one spark of patriotism animated the owners and crews of privateers. They neither sought nor desired to meet with the enemy's armed cruisers, for to them glory was a thing of naught. Their sole object was to make money by plunder, and to do this with as little fighting as possible; but if hard knocks could not be avoided, we must do them the justice to say that they did not shrink from the combat, as many an action fought with a gallantry worthy a better cause bears witness. The officers and crews were almost invariably desperate men, and no private peccadilloes whatever could disqualify them for the service, but rather the reverse. The hulks, the gallows, and the privateers refused no man. As a general rule, the owners of privateers were not very honourable nor reputable citizens; yet, half a century ago, hardly a voice was audibly raised in condemnation of their enterprises. The fitting-out of a privateer was a sort of gambling speculation, for the vessel might be captured within twenty-four hours of leaving port, or it might send home a dozen valuable prizes in a cruise of as many days. All was a lottery, and one of the most exciting nature. The captain of a privateer had generally some share in the ownership of the vessel, and officers and crew sailed with a distinct agreement as to what percentage each would receive of the booty. Under such a system as this, the inevitable consequence was, that privateersmen became demoralised and brutal to the last degree. Privateers

and pirates were, in fact, almost convertible terms. In many instances, if a privateer had not the fortune to fall in with any of the enemy's merchantmen during a cruise, he would have little or no compunction in seizing a neutral ship, rather than return empty-handed, and boldly risked all consequences resulting from the piratical act. But the system had yet darker traits, as the following startling statement—anonymous, however—testifies: 'It must be admitted that in more than one flagrant instance, the system was not only brought to bear on English commerce by English capital, but even the very parties who sent out the merchant-ship, and insured her against the king's enemies, sent out also the privateer that captured her, and thus made a double gain—from the insurer of the captive vessel, and by the sale of her cargo and hull as lawful prize. Many a French privateer was owned by Englishmen, and manned by piratical renegades; and some English privateers were chartered by Frenchmen for the capture of their own merchant-ships. In the conduct of such crews, wilful cruelty towards their captives was alone wanting to complete the character of the pirate. On either side of the Channel, the day of the merchant-ship's sailing, and her course, was duly notified to the privateer that did the dirty work of the firm; and thus, under the pretext of honourable warfare, innocent individuals were swindled by their fellow-countrymen, and the honour of a nation tarnished for filthy lucre.' We have no means of verifying this appalling charge, but judging by all we have read upon the subject, we have no reason to disbelieve it.

Privateers, both French and English, were of all sizes and rigs—from mere luggers of twenty tons, carrying a couple of 4-pounders and a dozen men, to fine full-rigged ships of 500 or 600 tons, heavily armed, and manned by crews of 200 to 300 men. In a word, the latter were formidable men-of-war, and capable of exchanging broadsides with regular king's frigates. Many privateers on both sides the Channel were fitted out at immense cost; nothing was spared to render their equipment perfect, for the owners well knew that one successful cruise might pay for all. The main object of all was to insure swiftness; and to effect this, strength of hull was sacrificed to such a degree, that some privateers were mere shells, that a close, well-directed broadside from a man-of-war would send to the bottom in a moment. This, however, was by no means always the case, as we shall hereafter shew. Not a few privateers were expressly built for their intended service, and more beautiful vessels never floated. The total number sent forth both by England and France was almost incredible. They prowled in every direction, and the narrow seas literally swarmed with them. The largest and best appointed would take long swoops out on the main ocean, to fall in with convoys of both outward and homeward bound ships; and if not taken themselves by men-of-war, they were sure to pick up all unfortunate stragglers or slow sailers. If the reader only glanced over a file of old newspapers, or pored—as we have done ere writing this article—through the 'Home News' and Gazette extracts of the old magazines, and the dry details of our chief naval histories, he would soon have a vivid idea of the enormous risk merchantmen ran of being taken by privateers during the last war. Sometimes we read of five or six privateers of the enemy captured in a single day.

We are not aware that the British government ever aided or had any share in the equipment and sending forth of privateers; but it appears that it was otherwise across the Channel. In one instance, a French company hired five swift-sailing ships of their government to cruise as privateers; and official documents prove that many others were lent to adventurous merchants for the same purpose. The charter-party, on the above occasion, says that 'the vessels are to be completely

fitted out by the government; the freighters being only obliged to provide for and pay the crew. The cost of revictualling and touching at any place, to be also at the charge of the freighters; but the cost for repairs of masts, for cordage, ordnance, &c. to be defrayed by the republic. The freighters to propose the commanders, who must be approved by the minister of marine. The freighters to choose the station for cruising, and the places at which the vessels are to stop. The net produce of the prizes to be divided as follows—One-third to the crew, and a third of the remaining two-thirds to the republic; the sale of the prizes to be confided to the freighters.' Many of the French privateers were really splendidly equipped and manned vessels. We find an instance to the point in the *London Gazette* of 1810. In September of that year, Captain Wolfe of the *Aigle* man-of-war, reports that he had captured, after a chase of thirteen hours, *Le Phanix*, a celebrated ship-privateer belonging to Bordeaux, mounting eighteen carronades, and manned with 129 men, whom he describes as being exceedingly fine young seamen, commanded by a very experienced and able captain. This privateer had done great injury to the British trade, and hitherto had outailed all our men-of-war. A still more famous French privateer of similar force, manned by 140 men, *Le Vice-amiral Martin*, was captured in the following year by His Majesty's ships *Fortitude* and *Saldanha*. This very famous privateer had been remarkably successful in all her former cruises, and had defied all attempts to capture her. Nor would she have been taken at last by one ship; for we are told that 'from the style of her sailing, and the dexterity of her manœuvres, neither of his majesty's ships singly, though both were going eleven knots with royals set, would have succeeded in capturing her.'

Several instances are on record of really gallant actions fought between large French privateers and English frigates. A noteworthy affair of this kind occurred in 1798. The British 40-gun frigate *Pomone*, Captain Reynolds, chased the *Cheri* privateer of Nantes; and as the latter made no attempt to escape, the two ships were soon yardarm to yardarm, and a furious battle ensued. At length the privateer struck, after losing her mizen-mast and receiving great damage; so much so, in fact, that she sank almost before the wounded and prisoners could be removed. The privateer mounted twenty-six guns of various calibre, and was manned by 230 men. Her captain and fourteen men were killed, and nineteen wounded. The English frigate also sustained considerable damage. Considering the immense disparity of force, this was certainly a most gallant defence on the part of the privateer. Later in the same year, a memorable action also occurred between the British sloop-of-war *Trincomali*, of 16 guns, and the French privateer *Iphigénie*, of 22 guns. It lasted upwards of two hours, when by some accident the *Trincomali* exploded, and all the crew but two perished with her. The two vessels touched each other at this awful moment, and therefore it was not surprising that the privateer also was so dreadfully shattered, that she sank in a few minutes. All her crew, with the exception of about thirty, perished. A more calamitous finale to a well-fought action has rarely occurred. While on this topic, we must not omit to mention a third important and singular affair about the same time. The British 38-gun frigate *Révolutionnaire*, chased a strange ship off the coast of Ireland; and after a run of 114 miles in less than ten hours, the stranger hauled down her colours, and proved to be the *Bordelais* privateer of Bordeaux, a splendid ship of more than 600 tons, with a crew of 200 men, and mounting 24 guns on a flush-deck. She was reckoned as fast a sailer as any privateer belonging to France, and on her first cruise captured the immense number of twenty-nine valuable prizes! Her second cruise proved thus fatal to her. Concerning this

privateer and the frigate that captured her, Mr James, in his *Naval History*, gives the following curious information:—"It was a singular circumstance, not merely that the *Bordelais* was constructed by the same builder who had constructed the *Revolutionnaire*, but that the builder, at a splendid dinner given by the owners of the *Bordelais* to her officers soon after the termination of her first trip, should have said: "England has not a cruiser that will ever touch her except the *Revolutionnaire*; and should she ever fall in with that frigate in blowing weather, and be under her lee, she will be taken." The *Bordelais* was added to the British navy by the same name." It appears by the above, that the frigate herself had previously been taken from the French, and adopted into our navy. Whatever may now be the case, nothing is more certain than that during the last war the French built the finest men-of-war in the world. Most of the crack frigates then in our navy had been taken from the French, and with them we captured more of their vessels—a fact which must have been bitterly mortifying to that gallant and sensitive people.

Owing to the extreme swiftness of most privateers, it rarely happened that large men-of-war could capture them, unless under particular circumstances. Corvettes of war, and handy gun-brigs, were the vessels to hunt down and destroy these pests of commerce; and they did their duty manfully. Sometimes, however, it happened that they caught a Tartar in the shape of a privateer, and had much ado to escape being captured themselves. As a general rule, both English and French privateers carefully steered clear of all contact with men-of-war, for they knew they could have nothing to hope for but hard blows, and probable discomfiture. It did, however, occasionally happen, that when a privateer fell in with a sloop-of-war, or other small armed ship of the enemy's royal navy, and knew the latter to be of decidedly inferior force, he would risk an attack. Several instances are on record of king's ships being captured, after a hard fight, by one or more daring privateers. For example, the British gun-brig, *Grouler*, well armed, and commanded by Lieutenant Hollingsworth, with a crew of 50 men and boys, was engaged, along with other men-of-war, in convoying merchant-vessels; and when off Dungeness, the *Grouler* was suddenly attacked in the night by two French lugger privateers, the *Epiègle* and *Rusé*; and in spite of a gallant defence, in which her commander lost his life, was captured, and triumphantly carried into Boulogne. It is supposed that the privateers at first mistook the *Grouler* for a merchantman. A somewhat similar affair occurred about the same period. The British armed sloop *George*, Lieutenant Mackey, of 6 guns and 40 men, was attacked and captured in the West Indies by two Spanish privateers, one carrying 109, and the other 68 men. The British crew made a most heroic defence, and did not surrender until eight were killed and seventeen wounded, out of her forty men. The Spaniards had thirty-two killed. On the other hand, some French privateers made quite as determined a resistance against hopeless odds. The British 14-gun brig-sloop *Amaranthe*, with a crew of 86 men, chased the French privateer *Vengeur*, a schooner of only six 4-pounders, and a crew of 36 men, including passengers. At length the two vessels engaged at pistol-shot distance, and the combat lasted upwards of an hour. When the privateer surrendered, her loss amounted to fourteen killed and five wounded. If the immense disparity of force is taken into consideration, this is one of the most desperate defences on record, and proves that the issue of the combat would have been very doubtful had the force been more equal. We could give dozens of similar instances of the desperate courage often displayed both by English and French privateersmen; and this is about the only redeeming trait in their character. It may, however, be safely assumed, that, as a general rule, privateers only fought

when fighting became unavoidable. On rare occasions, French and English privateers fought each other, just as tigers and sharks will sometimes do when lacking their natural prey.

The damage done to British commerce—and vice versa—by French, Danish, and American privateers, was altogether incalculable; and it must also be borne in mind, that the prodigious risk of capture raised the rates of marine insurance to a ruinous degree, so that merchants whose vessels made safe runs, seldom realised remunerative returns on their invested capital; and if, on the other hand, they sent their ships to sea uninsured, they risked total ruin, for it was about an equal chance that a ship sailing to and from many ports would be captured. It is not fair to draw a parallel between regular men-of-war and privateers, as regards making prizes of enemy's merchant-ships. The mere act of capturing an enemy's merchantman is only a sort of episodic performance on the part of men-of-war, their main business being to defend the coasts of their country from hostile invasion, and to fight and subdue the ships of war belonging to the foe. The prize-money they receive from occasional captures is only a legitimate extra reward for the services they perform to the state; while a privateer is sent forth wholly and solely to pursue and capture merchantmen, that its crew and owners may be enriched by their confiscation, the privateers neither defending their country, nor fighting its armed foes, unless reluctantly compelled to do so. These views of the question are now generally held by civilised states; and England, France, and America, the three foremost nations of the earth, seem to have tacitly arrived at the somewhat tardy conclusion, that there is hardly a hairbreadth of practical difference between privateering and piracy. Henceforward, pirates and privateersmen will alike swing from the yardarm whenever captured in pursuit of their kindred professions.

#### A LAUDATION OF TRASH.

It is not many years since *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was the only extensive distributor throughout the country of wholesome knowledge and as wholesome entertainment. The case is very different now. Whether that work created a taste, or merely supplied a want, is of little consequence: the great fact is, that the demand did increase, gradually but rapidly, and in that brief interval has been answered by the appearance of other journals, variously modified, which, without diminishing the popularity of the *magna parens*, have more than doubled the circulation of this kind of literature. The importance of the fact, taken by itself, no one will question: it stands incontrovertibly thus—that there are at present at least double the number of persons who seek in the cheap periodicals interesting information and refined amusement than there were a few years ago. This increase is not accounted for by any decline in the sale of expensive books: even if such existed, it would be much more than compensated, so far as the number of readers is concerned, by the popular libraries and reprints, whose name is Legion.

We have heard it said that the progress thus distinctly marked is counterbalanced in another way—that the new demand for wholesome literature is not a tithe of the new demand for what is either positively pernicious, or at best vulgar and trashy. Now, as for the positively pernicious, it does not fairly come, we think, into a question of this kind; for its existence is attributable solely to the supineness of government in not enforcing the laws it has made, or to its stolidity in so constructing the laws as to make the enforcement impossible. But with regard to the immense body of literature distinguished merely by bad taste and low intelligence we have something more to say; for we hold

that the demand it meets is as indubitably a step in advance as the demand for wholesome literature.

The half-million, or more, readers of such works had no existence a small number of years ago. Their minds had not begun to awaken, and they had not yet entered upon that course of progression which is the natural state of human beings. The first stirrings of their untutored thought, when these at length began, found no sympathy in the higher class of literature. They yearned instinctively for something they could feel and comprehend: and the something came. It came in a form of thought just higher than their own, in a play of fancy their humble taste could appreciate, in romantic fiction that could be delightedly enjoyed by minds which had not opened to a conception of the artistical, and had no higher standards of comparison. The thing that came is pronounced by the supercilious to be Trash. Be it so: that name will do as well as another. But we have a profound respect for this Trash; since it has enabled vast masses of the people to enter upon a course of progress, and has commenced a development of their moral and intellectual powers which nothing can stop. It is as impossible to prevent its readers from rising beyond Trash, as it would have been impossible to land them on higher ground without using that as a stepping-stone.

It is vain to talk of the higher class of periodicals competing with the low: they cannot do so without changing their character and becoming low themselves. If the demand had been for high-class literature at a cheaper rate, it would have been met in spite of the paper-duty; but the demand was for low-class literature, and that alone; and if the price of all kinds were equalised, the very same relative circulation would be maintained that exists to-day. And why?—Because readers whose minds are in the earlier stages of development are, and probably always will be, by far the most numerous class. The hostility of the better journals to Trash is unfair and ungrateful, for the latter is their grand recruiting field. Without this training seminary, it could be only by slow and painful efforts they would gain over a single man. They might remain as steady as the journal mentioned at the beginning of this article did for many years; but they could not increase and multiply as they have done, and they would not now spring forward individually as some of us are doing.

Trash is not bought because it is cheap. The cheapness merely brings it within the reach of those who will buy it because it is trash, and who would buy nothing of a better kind at any price. Literature, in so far as the demand and supply are concerned, is subject to the ordinary laws of political economy. It finds its own channel, and will not yield to force; but it is unlike material commodities in this, that it has within itself a principle which insensibly elevates the character of the demand. The reader rises above the lower quality unconsciously to himself; he exhausts the nutrition it affords; and, to appease the continuing hunger and thirst of the soul, he at length seeks a new and richer pabulum.

The real competition is among works of the better class; and this competition, when its object is mere circulation, is not of a wholesome kind. All such works are valuable; and all answer a positive demand, and address themselves to a distinctive class. Some are light and gay, some serious and earnest; some impart information, as if they wished it to penetrate to the mind; others give it through the menstruum of a joke, as good-natured doctors exhibit medicine to children, wrapped in sweetmeats; some minister specially to tastes of one kind, some to tastes of another kind; but all supply a demand, and all represent, respectively, the intellectual status of particular portions of the community. Competition among such works should not neglect circulation, for that would strike at the

root of utility as well as profit; but it should take the character of a generous rivalry, as to which competitor, without compromising its popularity, should do the most to inform, enlighten, and refine.

But our present business is with Trash—praiseworthy and respectable Trash. Let it not grudge the recruits it educates and turns over to a higher service, for this loss will be more than compensated by a daily addition to its own numbers rising from the denser and darker masses of the people. It will never be otherwise than a great and powerful estate in literature, so long as there are children of men born in ignorance and misery, and impelled by the instincts of their nature to grope after light and knowledge. It is true, there are powerful influences at work against it; for the connection between taste and virtue has been recognised even by government, and, so far as material objects are concerned, there are now schools of design throughout the country, in which refinement is taught as a matter of policy. This, no doubt, will eventually contribute towards the general elevation of the people; but it is comfortable for Trash to think that the process will be so slow as to be hardly perceptible, the new movement not being in the direction of literature, but of the arts—the education considered necessary not being that of the mind, but that of the eye.

We end as we began. Trash is one of the great facts of the age; and we trust that its half-million patrons may increase rather than diminish. They cannot increase from the higher ranks of intelligence—that is impossible; for the spirit of man ascends as the sparks fly upwards. Teach a little gamin merely to read and write, and he takes to Trash as naturally as a duckling takes to the ditch; but, unlike the duckling, he is by and by hungered upon the nutriment he finds in it—his taste expands, his aspirations soar, he becomes ambitious of the pond—then of the lake—then of the ocean. *Vivat Frivola!*

#### ADVANTAGE OF OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the wind to struggle when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.—*John Neal.*

#### PROPOSED CHANGES IN INLAND CONVEYANCE.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, at the very juncture when companies are making a merit of using iron sleepers, as well as of adding to the strength of their rails, a project should be submitted for public consideration by which iron is to be banished from railway construction. According to Mr Daft's prospectus of his infant invention, not only are sleepers to continue to be made of wood, but wheels, axles, springs, and all their complexities and combinations, are to be abolished, and carriages made to glide by a glass groove upon a tri-edged wooden rail. This, however, is a mere adjunct to the invention itself, the chief innovation of which consists in making the engine-wheels of brass, and strongly coating them with vulcanised India-rubber, the tenacity of which is strikingly exemplified on the model, on which they remain stationary at any gradient, even 1 in 8.—*Railway Times.*



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## DREAM-LAND.

Artists and poets have alike fallen short of the finer and more ideal embodiment of the wonder-worker—'care-charmer, sleep.' The cry of the guilty thane:

*Macbeth hath murdered sleep—the innocent sleep,*

conveys but one of the numerous morals lying obviously on the very threshold of a beautiful idea. In depicting 'Death's half-brother,' Thorwaldsen has touched but its outward semblance, while giving us the deep and solemn hush of an apparently unbroken repose. This is not enough. As a creation, vital in itself and life-producing, as the still partner of the soul and gracious mother of dreams, sleep has never yet been worthily portrayed:

Our life is twofold. Sleep hath its own world;  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and Existence.

Sleep has a reality of being essentially its own, however distinguished from the life of waking fictions in the midst of which we walk daily, and where the things we see, and the deeds we do, and the thoughts that strive within us, have scarcely a more distinct vitality than the stuff of which dreams are made. Take from us our Dream-land, and the beauty of life—nay, the very world itself—were incomplete. The marvellous significance of the shapes we meet within its filmy shades, growing out of darkness and reappearing into shadow—shapes, crowning the brief torpor of our outward sense with a dazzling glory such as we meet not on this side the great sleep-barrier; the wonderful depths of soul therein revealed to us, as in a magic glass, through silent trances of the night, from whose waking is agony; the exalted, almost superhuman purity of thought and act, which in such visions shews us something of what we are capable, and shames the waking sense of what we are—these are at once the solace and the boon, the privilege and the blessing, of Dream-land. In our frailer, living hours we may cry:

Let the dead Past bury its dead;

but in Dream-land there are no dead—or rarely those over whose dust we are left weeping here. The loved and the lost are ours again. We hold them, gathered to our inmost hearts, with an intensity of joy, into whose Eden there will sometimes creep, serpent-wise, it is true, the strange, cruel, vague misgiving that it is all a dream—for, alas! the trail of the destroyer is even here. But seldom do such doubts force themselves

from that imaginary world, and entering once more upon the confines of that which we in sober parlance call real, waking life. So the pang is dealt by the watchful, world-day mind, after all, and Sleep and Dream-land are innocent of this Saturn-like demolition of their own offspring.

Dream-land, too, has other phantoms than those of the beautiful and the loved. Some of its presentments, Gorgonite and grotesque, at times glide unbidden through the silent chambers of the brain, 'making night hideous.' Yet, by a strange anomaly, our sense of wonder is most dormant when its exciting forces are the strongest. We marvel at nothing; everything is taken for granted. We sally forth for a morning's ride across the mountains of Kong, or trace the sources of the Senegambia, perched on the shoulders of a tough-hided Cheiropotamus, yet are not 'afraid with any amazement.' We undertake a journey to the setting sun, ensconced between the outspread wings of some giant condor of an elder world, yet neither wink nor wince. Our faith is as perfect, and our enjoyment as keen, during these somewhat startling innovations in the ordinary laws of human progression, as those of a child when he listens to the recital of similar feats in his first fairy-tale. If we cannot take the 'wings of the morning,' we can at least take those of the night; and the power and strength of its broad pinions are illimitable. Strange combinations, too, of romance and terror will occasionally 'disturb our souls with pity.' I once noted down a dream suggested by the reading of an eccentric American story; and in which certain features of the tale became oddly enough mixed up with more solemn matters. The story was that of a certain Texan colonel; and in its effect on the train of thought during sleep, is a somewhat curious instance of the power of passing and trivial occurrences to call up in dreams a chain of corresponding or analogous ideas. The story was something to the following effect:—The aforesaid colonel, at once a settler in the backwoods and a lawyer, being engaged to defend a man for cow-stealing at the distant town-court—for which defence he is to receive two bushels of meal—and being in want of a suit of clothes to appear in, procures from an Indian a suit of deer-skin. This he is recommended to dye in dogwood ooze; and as the trial is to take place on the following day, and the meal is sadly wanted at home, our colonel, obliged perforce to set out in all haste, puts on his deer-skin—wet. Speeding along under a broiling sun, his condition may be imagined. As the skin grows drier and drier, the unfortunate wearer describes himself as 'screwed together, bound up, and strangled.' He can move neither hand nor foot: till at last some mad Samaritan

rips him up, or rather his borrowed skin, amidst peals of laughter. It is enough to add, that, relieved of his shrivelled-up deer-skin, our lawyer, finally adopting some more commodious form of enrobement, reaches the court in time, 'clears his man, and gets his meal.' Amused with this story, I fell asleep. I was immediately transported, in thought, to a narrow, gloomy lane. Before me was a man running at full speed, from whose shoulders hung a long fur-cloak. Prompted by some unaccountable feeling of curiosity, I gave chase. Swiftly as he fled, he was soon outstripped by his pursuer. As I passed him, the wind for a moment turning his fur-cloak aside, shewed me the lining dabbled with blood. I was told that he was a murderer escaping from justice. All at once, my dream changed. I found myself seated in some public place, which looked very like a theatre; and turning to my friend, Mr M., the dramatic poet, who stood beside me, I was informed by him that it was in reality a court of justice, and that I, as well as he, was 'had up' to give evidence against the culprit, who turned out to be no other than the above-mentioned runner in the fur-cloak. Here—for at this interesting juncture I awoke—the trial for cow-stealing was converted, by the force of a drowsy imagination, into a trial for murder; while the improbable colonel and his impracticable suit of deer-skin became, by a similar agency, converted into a very truculent culprit, figuring in a handsome coat of fur. Though I was not the lawyer, I was the witness, and thus found myself cutting a questionable figure in a court of justice. Whether 'I cleared the man,' or 'got the meal,' I have no positive recollection.

Such are among the apparently meaningless combinations of things that haunt our night-watches, leaving behind, when they depart, no lasting impression. There exist, however, mysterious forces of the spiritual world which carry their influence long after through the silent vigils of our waking and world-weary hours. What the pressure exerted by those forces must be to the mind laden with premeditated guilt, or goaded by the stings of remorse, we have no imagination strong enough to depict. No phantom can rise before our ordinary sleep-vision at all comparable in horror to what such a nightmare must present; neither, to the culprit, can any throes of waking agony equal in terror those of the inner soul of sleep. When the stricken Queen Elizabeth, in her last hours, grovelling in the dust—her finger in her mouth, idiot-wise—sat, gazing vacantly on the clock, were her hauntings of conscience more terribly real than the wandering horrors that pursued her in her dreams? In such daylight reveries, the presence of outward objects tends to break the links of thought, and disjoin the retrospective chain within the mind; and to the royal culprit's ear, the click of the time-piece, with its warning beat, would at last lull the sense that ached at its monotonous sound. But her *dreams*! No visible object then would stand between her and the block, crimsoned with the blood of her beautiful foe—no sounding knell of the passing hours muffle to her ear the last sigh that was ever to pass the sealed lips of her much-prized yet slaughtered friend. All would rise before her soul in its naked horror; till, easier and lighter to bear were such waking idiocy, than the wilder madness which shrieks on the confines of that ghastly borderland of dreams.

But—thanks to the Giver of all that is good within

us—there are gentler and more soothing influences also at work within that wondrous region—

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent between the high and low!

Sometimes, it is but the touch of a hand—a smile, or a sigh, that thrills through, beams upon, or sounds to us, as nothing in this our so-called actual world can do. That a benevolent purpose—a wise, forecasting care—lies at the root of even the most seeming strange phantasms of Dream-land, we cannot but believe. The crushing anxieties of the outer world, its crosses, its pangs and desperations, fall off from us like mists at the sun's call, before the heavenly aspect of some face whose idolised memory, dwelling apart in the hidden treasure-house of the brain, and cherished by the dreaming heart of love, is roused anew, and touched with a more solemn glory, in the great phantom-world of sleep. Even our night-sorrows—for mortal agonies will find us out even here, and Dream-land has its

hurrying to and fro,  
And starting tears, and tremblings of distress,

and pale fair cheeks, and

sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts—

even those sorrows have a tender and subduing influence, and do their work of regeneration, as all trials must, whether they come to us from the world of shadows or of realities. As the deeper impressions of the night cling to us, undissipated by the pale spectral light of day, we rise to our duties, hard though they may be, with a freshened heart and a renewed spirit. We are no more forlorn, who can turn—even though with tears—from the harsh looks or unquiet voices of earth, to the sweet, placid, angel-like greeting of a dead love in Dream-land. There is no barrier to separate us from that bliss; it is ours to have and to hold, to rejoice in, and to be thankful over. If it be but a phantom—what of that? It is 'a thing of beauty;' it is 'a joy for ever.' Gathering round us, and prolonging thus—even though as shadows—the pure and blest associations of a perished youth, we live our failing and degenerate days to better and holier purpose. Blessed be all dreams, sleeping or waking! The greatest and most profound woman-writer of our age—perhaps of any—has well said: 'By the gentle leave of Heaven, all human beings have visions.' So be it! and let none despise the dim but certain manifestation of the spirituality within them, nor dare to ignore the lightest indication of those divine laws whose meanings lie beyond their ken. What is memory itself but a dream? Yet how vast is its range—how blessed are its uses—how full of soul its marvellous resurrections! We all alike confess to the beauty of its tender revelations of past joys and sorrows, when our eyes gaze wide upon the moving world before us. How doubly to be prized, then, are such visitations, and all that are akin to them, during those hours of darkness, when the rapt sense, no longer clay-controlled, beholds, as it were, the very heavens themselves unveiled.

Jean Caspar Lavater has said: 'Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.' Keep him, say we, distant three

paces more who can smile in derision at the silent and solemn teachings, the incomparable joys, of Dream-land.

## CUSTOMS AND MANNERS UNDER THE WATER.

SCIENCE has become intimate with animal life on the land—even with those creatures that are too minute to be seen with the naked eye; but, till recently, the ocean appeared to baffle its researches, and in its turn to say to man, in the hollow and mysterious voice that threatens as well as charms: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!' But all was in vain. Science, which explores the further heavens, was not to be arrested in its progress by the waters; and moving steadily onwards in this new direction, it has now invaded the depths of the sea, and examined, with its calm, observant eye, the forms and manners of its inhabitants. This has not been accomplished by means of perilous adventure—and, indeed, no perilous adventure could have achieved the feat. The French zoologist who proposed, some time ago, to pay a domestic visit to the fishes of the Mediterranean, provided with a water-tight dress and a breathing-tube, would have come back doubtless well able to furnish a pleasing superficial sketch, but quite ignorant of those minute details of individual life which form the materials of natural history.

This is well illustrated in a beautiful little work now before us, in which the author declares that the records of animals which form the foundation of all our correct generalisation, are strictly biographical.\* He traces an idiosyncrasy in the lower orders of creation somewhat akin to that of man; remarking that the shepherd recognises every sheep of his flock by its face—that the groom is a physiognomist in horses—and that he himself comprehends the expression of birds. By this alone he was able, while in Jamaica, to tell one from another the wild doves in his cages, although they were perfectly alike in colour. 'Shakespeare and Scott,' adds Mr Gosse, 'who treat of man as an individual, are not inferior, in their walk of science, to Reid and Stewart, who describe him as a species.'

To visit the inhabitants of the sea, in the constrained manner that would have been compulsory in a being formed like man, would have been of little use as regards biographical details. What, then, was to be done? To bring them to us, to be sure, since we could not go comfortably to them—to have them up in a witness-box, and make them give an account of themselves. But it was necessary to do this in a particular way, for fish are no more at their ease out of the water, than we are under it; it was necessary to bring a portion of their element with them, and to have all their little comforts about them, such as stones, sand, mud, and marine-plants; it was necessary, in short, for the purposes of science, to have a *piece of the sea* laid upon our table: and, being necessary, this was done. The principle upon which the Aquarium is constructed—the mutual dependence of animal and vegetable life, the former supplying the carbonic acid essential to the latter, and the latter the oxygen essential to the former—is already known to our readers; and we have only to add, that the desired portion of the sea, with its animals, plants, rocks, and sand, is contained in a glass tank, and that thus the philosopher has nothing to do but to sit down in his night-gown and slippers, and watch the goings on, and pry into the family secrets—using his lens when necessary—of the inhabitants of the deep.

To preserve the transparency of the tank would seem a difficult matter, from the floating myriads of spores

or seeds of the algae that are constantly finding a resting-place on the glass, and trying to curtain the whole from the water's edge to the bottom. To avert this danger, we employ a couple of little slaves, the common periwink, and as common top (*Trochus*); and these creatures go constantly about, shearing away the tender growth of vegetation as soon as it is formed, and taking the crop in lieu of wages. Mr Gosse watched, through his pocket-lens, a top at his work; and this was the *modus operandi*: 'At very regular intervals, the proboscis—a tube with thick fleshy walls—is rapidly turned inside out to a certain extent, until a surface is brought into contact with the glass having a silky lustre: this is the tongue. It is moved with a short sweep, and then the tubular proboscis infolds its walls again, the tongue disappearing, and every filament of conferva being carried up into the interior from the little area which had been swept. The next instant—the foot meanwhile having made a small advance—the proboscis unfolds again, the tongue makes another sweep, and again the whole is withdrawn; and this proceeds with great regularity. I can compare the action to nothing so well as to the manner in which the tongue of an ox licks up the grass of the field, or to the action of a mower cutting down swath after swath as he marches along.' The tongue with which the confervoid plants are swept away, is a curious instrument: 'It is, in reality, an excessively delicate ribbon of transparent cartilaginous substance or membrane, on which are set spinous teeth of glassy texture and brilliancy. They are perfectly regular, and arranged in three rows, of which the middle ones are three-pointed, while in each of the outer rows a three-pointed tooth alternates with a larger curved one, somewhat boat-like in form. All the teeth project from the surface of the tongue in hooked curves, and all point in the same direction. The action of this sort of tongue is that of a rasp, the projecting teeth abrading the surface of the plants on which the animal feeds, just as the lion is said to act with the horny papillæ of his tongue on the flesh of his victim.'

Among the strange animals described by our author as inhabiting his Aquarium, is the cephalopod called the *Sepioida vulgaris*; a curious little creature, which, when first taken from its native haunts, betrays much agitation, but finally suspends itself in mid-water, 'like a brown moth hovering over a flower,' with its protuberant eyes gazing on either side. 'While thus hovering motionless in the water, the sepoida presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of colour, which are great and sudden. We can scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or pellucid, with a faint band of brown specks along the back, through which the internal viscera glisten like silver; in an instant the specks become spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarily. The whole body—arms, fins, and all—the parts which before appeared free, display the spots, which, when looked at attentively, are seen to play about in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a coloured fluid, injected with constantly varying force into cavities in the substance of the skin, of ever-changing dimensions. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again, the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful netted pattern of brown; which colour increasing, leaves the interspaces a series of white spots on the rich dark ground.' These and other phases are every instant interchanging, and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost irregularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his colour pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him: with the

\* *The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c. London: John Van Voorst. 1854.

quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to a uniform deep brown, the rich full colour suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep sienna-tint of tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of colour.

The Black Goby is a ferocious little cannibal, about three inches long. Like other robbers and murderers, he loves the dark, lurking at the bottom under the shelter of rocks and weeds. If very hungry, however, he will dart up even to the surface to seize his prey; but turning instantly, he will dive down again into his lair. A youngster of the same tribe, but of a different family, was put into the tank, and unfortunately caught the eye of the skulking goby, who at once made a dash at him, and caught him by the tail, ingulfing it in his capacious throat. 'The Blackie glared like a demon, as, with dilated head, he held fast his victim, clutching further and further hold by repeated jerks: the delicate, pellucid head of the unfortunate prey, projecting from the cavernous mouth, panted and rolled its eyes in pain, but there was no escape; for now nothing was visible but the head, when the ferocious victor shot under an umbrageous weed, and on my next sight of him all trace of his meal was gone.'

Among the denizens of the Aquarium was rather a rare animal, the strawberry-crab, so called from its being studded with pink tubercles on a white ground; and between this creature and the orang-outang Mr Gosse traces a somewhat striking analogy. 'The strawberry-crab,' says he, 'is a climber. If it were a terrestrial animal, I should say its habits are arboreal. True, it now and then wanders over the bottom of its abode with slow and painful march, the hind-feet held up at an angle above the level of the back; but generally it seeks an elevated position. We usually see it in the morning perched on the summit of some one of the more bushy weeds in the Aquarium, as the *Chondrus* or *Phyllophora rubens*, where it has taken its station during the night, the season of its chief activity, as of most other crustacea. It interested me much to see it climb: seizing the twigs above it by stretching out its long arms alternately, it dragged up its body from branch to branch, mounting to the top of the plant deliberately, but with ease. While watching it, I was strongly reminded of the orang-outang at the Zoological Gardens: the manner in which each of these very dissimilar animals performed the same feat was so closely alike as to create an agreeable feeling of surprise.'

Every page of this fascinating work is quotable; but perhaps nothing will be read with more pleasure than the account of the *Aphrodite*, or sea-mouse. 'In the Aquarium the sea-mouse crawls restlessly to and fro, and round the margin of the bottom; once or twice I have seen it essay to burrow under the fine gravel, but generally it lives exposed. It is uninteresting in its manners, though the brilliance of its changing colours will always attract admiration. Perhaps it is most beautiful by candle-light, when red and orange reflections predominate; by day, pearly greens and blues prevail. This difference is owing to the position of the light, and the angle at which it is reflected. Thus, if the eye glance along the bristles towards the light, which is reflected at an obtuse angle, the reflected rays will be lilac, passing into ultramarine; if the angle of reflection be a right angle, the rays will be green; if the light be between the observer and the animal—not directly, but obliquely, so as to make the angle of reflection more or less acute—the reflections will take yellow, orange, scarlet, and crimson hues.'

The most curious part of the sea-mouse is the expiratory machinery. 'As it crawls, the *Aphrodite* usually elevates the tail, which is so folded together as to form a deep groove beneath. By watching this, we see now

and then ejected a stream of water, with considerable force. I found that the jet occurred once in twenty-five seconds, with punctual regularity. This is a respiratory act. The grooved orifice through which the jet is poured is not the termination of the intestine, as we may at first suppose, but the exit of a capacious chamber, which is external to the body, though concealed. A very marvellous and quite unparalleled structure here comes into view. If we take a sea-mouse into our hand, we see the whole breadth of the back occupied by a woolly substance, closely resembling felt, and formed by the interlacing of fine hairs. If we insert a penknife into the tail-groove, and slit up this felt-like cover, we expose an ample cavity running the whole length of the animal, the floor of which is the true skin of the back, on which are set two rows of large overlapping plates, or membranous scales (*chitra*). The dense tissue of interwoven hair resembling felt acts as a filter for the water to be respired, straining off the earthy particles held in it, which thus accumulate in its substance, and impart that peculiar dirty appearance which it possesses. The scales, according to Dr Williams, are periodically elevated and depressed. In the former action, the water permeates the felt, and fills the vacuum formed between them and the back. As soon as it is full, they collapse, and the filtered fluid, now deprived of its oxygen, is forcibly expelled at the anal groove.'

Mr Gosse throws much new light upon the manners of the soldier-crab, a creature destitute of the usual defensive armour of his tribe, but making up for the want by courage and address. He seizes upon any empty shell of suitable size, and makes it his habitation; and it is curious to observe him in the Aquarium becoming discontented with his house, and looking out for a new one. This process, however, has been frequently described; but it is less known that the soldier has generally a fellow-lodger inside, while the roof of his dwelling, the spire of the shell, is often the chosen abode of an anemone. This extraordinary creature is a parasite, although it has been known to exercise some volition in choosing its site. When displaced from a shell, it will plant itself on a stone by means of its suckers; but of its own good-will, it would always get upon the roof of another individual's wagon, and so enjoy the pleasure of being carried about. The anemone resembles a tall, thick pillar, surmounted by a fringe of tentacles, that wave gallantly at every motion of the Sinbad chosen for his porter by this Old Man of the Mountain. The companion who chums inside with the soldier is a worm—but we will allow our naturalist to introduce him: 'While I was feeding one of my soldiers by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized with one claw, had transferred to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell, the head of a beautiful worm (*Nereis bilineata*), which rapidly glided out round the crab's right cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and, retreating, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab, and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments, aware, probably, by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the *Nereis* when it seized the morsel, and with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the

piece when it would not yield. Occasionally, it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell: sometimes, in this case, he put in one of his claws, and recovered his morsel; at others, he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm, and made it let go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his foray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret. The worm is itself a striking, and even handsome animal; and there is in its colours and their distribution—two bright white lines running through the whole length on a light red ground—a curious similarity to the colouring of the crab. This worm, we may add, is much prized by fishermen as bait; and so commonly is it found in the companionship above described, that at Weymouth they always break the shells tenanted by the soldier-crab to look for it.

The common cockle, one would think, has not much more facility of voluntary motion than the anemone; but in reality its gymnastic feats are of some note. The tuberculated cockle, however, the giant of the tribe, is quite a formidable vaulter; and when a number of them are thrown into a heap, they seem to defy the riot act. Our author once turned out some of these creatures into a dish, as he knew they liked the air sometimes; but by and by, when the family were quietly reading, an awful uproar began among them, as if a crowd of flint-stones were battling and rattling over one another.—We must now have done, however: many of our readers will doubtless get the volume for themselves; and, independently of its other merits, they will find it a fitting ornament for the drawing-room table, on account of the gorgeous chromo-lithographs with which it is illustrated. Some will likewise find it important to be able to obtain, in so agreeable a way, full instructions for forming a marine aquarium, with the cost of the different sizes.

## CHANGE FOR GOLD.

### PART II.

THAT week I passed in a strange state of exhilaration. I had no doubt of the change awaiting me: I made my preparations as though it would certainly take place. I was more affectionately behaved towards my poor wife for that short time than I could have thought possible. I felt the sort of attachment and melancholy interest in her we feel towards mere acquaintances when we or they are upon the point of setting out upon a long travel and for many years. I put aside, so as to be easily discovered after my departure, a statement of my determination to absent myself from her for ever. All blame I laid upon myself, as, indeed, I might well do, and bade her adieu in kindly but unloving terms. My whole property I placed legally in her own hands. I do not know, even at this time, had my wife shewn much pleasure at my novel kindness, and repaid it with warmth on her own part, whether I might not have been shaken in my purpose. I shall not forget her look of wonder at the unaccustomed kiss I gave her tenderly as I left her upon that fatal morning. I am not surprised that she so readily believed the seeming proofs that subsequently came to light of my having put an end to myself.

In the same place, at the appointed hour, I found the man awaiting me. He saw by the expression of my face that I was still determined to accept his offer, and as we drove along together in a hired cab, rehearsed the conditions of our bargain. I was to submit to any alterations in my personal appearance he thought fit; until his death occurred, or ten years had passed away,

I never was to reveal myself, nor disclose my name to any of my old companions whosoever; I was to come to him whenever he so wished it, and see him at least four times within the year. In return, I was to receive the sum of £50,000.

I thought of every possible contingency—alas, save one!—that could occur to make this bargain insupportable; but the touch and sight of the cheque he put into my hand for the whole amount—the visions of vague but brilliant joys that thronged my brain—the consciousness especially of vast and independent power, would have drowned in a sea of dazzling expectation far greater scruples and objections than mine. I scarcely attended to my companion, such dreams were in my mind. He knew what was beating at my heart, and flushing my forehead, and smiled sardonically. If anything would have made me hesitate, it would have been that curling lip: it told of knowledge, indeed, but of the bitter and forbidden fruit of it; of power, too, but likewise contempt of power. To me, he was as a grown-up man that grimly smiles on a poor boy who has his school-time yet to come; a skilful surgeon watching a curious case he well knows must end fatally—nay, rather experimentalising on it, without more care or tenderness than the sharp, cold blade of his own lancet. We stopped in Golden Square, at a great dingy house, and were ushered into a parlour, lit up by candle-light, upon whose table there lay fruits and wine; some strange preserve of which he ate but sparingly, was more delicious than aught I had ever tasted. In spite of my anxiety and excitement, a dreamy, soothing sensation fell upon me after I had partaken of it. I could not keep my eyes from closing heavily again and again, recovering myself each time with greater difficulty; and at last giving up the struggle, I fell into a profound slumber. I know not how long I slept. When I awoke, I found myself in a hotel in Jermyn Street that was familiar to me—the same, indeed, wherein I had passed my honeymoon. What most surprised me, as I looked around, was the extraordinary suppleness of my neck. Upon reaching my hand up to it, also, I felt a freeness of limb that I had never before experienced. Casting my gaze upon it for the first time, I beheld the skin of a West Indian: I had become a Creole! Upon springing out of bed to the pier-glass, I found the reflex of quite another person than myself. I was metamorphosed, not unfavourably, into a polished 'bronze'; my hair, which had been of a light tint, was now as black as ebony; short black moustaches were upon my upper lip; and, ye gods! earrings, little gold earrings, upon either cheek. An enormous portmanteau lay in a corner of the room, inscribed 'Mr Eugene Lecroix, Antigua.' One frantic effort I made with soap and brush, that reminded me of the washing of the blackamoor, and I sank down exhausted with my fruitless labour, with all the languor that was peculiar to my now native clime.

Putting on a magnificent crimson dressing-gown, that made me look like Othello in the play, I entered the sitting-room: the card of one of the merchant-princes of the city lay upon the table; a note also, informing me that £50,000 had been paid into his house for me, and offering to introduce me, fresh from my far western home—that was, if he had but known it, Paddington—to everything and everybody.

A jerk at the bell brought up a mulatto servant; he had been ordered to attend upon me as cicerone by the great lord. It was a rare notion, and tickled me amazingly, that I, who had become in my wanderings perfectly acquainted with every part of town, should have it explained and expatiated upon by a black fellow.

Rich as I was, it seemed my riches had been magnified. Quite an army of waiters were drawn up in the hall to do obeisance as I left the house; the landlord himself—whom I recognised by *not* having seen him

before when I was plain Mr Branksome—held the great door wide open, and ‘ducked’ profoundly as I passed him. My get-up was of the completest. A private cab, with an unexceptionable horse and tiger, was in waiting, and off I drove, amidst a murmur of applause, to Lombard Street. I strode through the swinging portals into the great changing-room, and thence, by the ‘Open Sesame’ of my name, into the sanctum sanctorum of the merchant. The wrinkles of the dry old man smoothed off at my approach, his white lips puckered into parodies of smiles. ‘His lordship had informed him’—‘Of what?’ I broke out indignantly, for our bargain included silence—my patron’s part equally with my own. ‘Of my vast expectations, and present great possessions in the West Indies. Could he be of any service? His little place down in Surrey was entirely at my disposal. Mrs Guestrode and his daughters would be so delighted.’ I thought the delight of these young ladies would have been mitigated could they but have guessed at poor Mrs Branksome, but professed a proper fervour of desire to be presented to them. I drew L.1000, settled about the investment of the rest, and took my departure, gracefully attended by the old gentleman to the door of his den.

I felt scarcely any scruples about the vexation I must have been causing to my deserted wife and the rest of my relatives; I tried to assure myself that they felt as indifferent to me as I to them; I portrayed to myself the future, and the delights that wealth should offer me, and shut out from my remembrance every picture of the past. I was happy in an anticipation rarely, and in a fulfilment never: the mammon-god had indeed taken me for his own.

The thoughts and acts of the early part of my second life are almost passed away from my mind; but I well remember an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper from my dear mother, that wrung even my heart: ‘If James would return to them, only return, and deliver them from their suspense, a separation between him and Lucy should be effected immediately.’ And shall I ever forget, while life lasts, this second notice, a few months after my change?—‘James, by a father’s name, if you are yet alive, you are entreated to come home, or write, if it be but one single word.’ Yes, I, that had neither name, nor friend, nor tie upon this earth, as I had thought—I, who had dreamed of escaping from myself and all that belonged to me, had now—a son. How I cursed my wealth and him that gave it; the cold, hard, childless man, who held me to my bond for all my prayers, and analysed my father-thoughts and natural love with such proud scorn, and made me butt for his sharp bitter shafts of worldly wit and bad experience: ay, dead though he be, I curse him to this hour!

Through my whole new reckless life, the knowledge that the attention paid to me was due to my wealth alone, I never could cheat myself into forgetting. Naturally of a warm and friendly temperament, but possessing as well a keen insight into the character of others, I found fresh friends—that I could call such even for an hour—impossible to gain. Sometimes, indeed, I met an old one—Clement, for instance, whom I had used so ill at college—and sad, indeed, such meetings were for me. It was at a great colonial dinner-party, where governors, and judges, and consuls were as plentiful as pine-apples, that I found myself next to his Excellency of Boonipootang. Changed almost as much as I myself, was that clever, honest man from the fast fellow-commoner I had known him—but, ah, how much for the better!

I recalled his college-life to him by cunning questions; I interested and drew him towards me, as of old; I dared even to mention my old name to him, as of one unknown to myself, but distantly related. He drew my portrait far more favourably than I had hoped, but his closing words spoiled all: ‘This poor young man, you

should remember, was your relative, and that we should not speak ill against the dead;’ for dead I was supposed by all to be. A body had been picked up down the river, in too decomposed a state to be recognised, and that body personated me.

Whenever I mentioned my former self—miserable eaves-dropper as I was—I never heard much good of it. The publishers trod heaviest on my vanity of all (for my passion for print was as strong as ever, and much more easily gratified, in that the West Indian millionaire, with lifelike sketches of his own luxuriant property, was not a contributor to be sneezed at): my relative, Branksome, I was informed, in answer to kind inquiries, could neither imagine nor describe, told truth ill, and lied ungracefully; and the worst of it was, poor devil! had drowned himself, because his articles were so often rejected. ‘So determined was the act of suicide, that he had put one of his own essays in each pocket to sink him.’ If the wit could but have looked into the heart of his smiling listener, it would have damped his merriment, and altered his opinions on one or two subjects.

Moreover, casually, at club-houses, I met with old acquaintances by scores—men with whom I had been hand and glove, social, friendly, and even sympathetic; and I learned, as few ever learn, how soon and utterly the remembrance of the dead is swept away—how ill it would fare with them could they return among the places that refuse to know them more.

As for my brother, he had long been made a college don; and when I sat next to him once at the vice-chancellor’s, the worst he had to say of me was, that I had ‘thrown my time away at the university, married early, and ended’—I think he said—‘injudiciously.’

My new associates were generally the higher class of ‘men about town,’ guardsmen, attachés, young M.P.s; and such like. They pleased me best, because what little kindly warmth lay in them—the outer coat of artificial ice first broken through—was easily accessible. They were, indeed, incapable of friendship; but, alas! was I the man that dared cast stones at them for that? Arm in arm with one of these *nil admirari* folk, it was a terrible thing for me to meet my fell enchanter. He was getting very old and feeble, and his ghastly smiles struck home through my soul. When young Frank Pretzman, M.P., observed of him, that he was ‘a rich feller, but deals with the dayvil, don’t he?’ it gave me quite a shock. His lordship never asked me any questions now about my state of mind; a look at me from those yet sharp eyes of his was quite sufficient. Indeed, what with my colour, and the dropping in of my cheeks, and lacklustre, used-up expression altogether, it was hard for my very self to believe in my own identity. Ah, how even in writing of these things, do I keep clear of the only subject that really interests me: in describing this second life of mine, how morbidly do I omit the one thing that was the soul of it! How I craved to look upon that single kindred face my eyes had still not tired of—those unknown but beloved features of my fatherless child! How, in the long dark winter-nights I have paced for hours before the house wherein he lay, and prayed God’s blessing on him, and watched for him at all times; and in vain! How I begged of my hard taskmaster to let me but reveal myself to my own son, and he would not! Suppose that I should not be able to persuade the child at all that he was mine! suppose that, if I did, he should grow up in hate and fear of me! What hideous thoughts and dim forebodings filled my heart!

Four years had yet to pass before I should be free, when my wife and child left London in the spring, to stay with my mother in Shardale. To be absent altogether from the boy, I could not bear; and ‘longing to see the ancient haunts as well, I too started northwards, and took a cottage in the valley, not a mile from our old home. Ah! sad and strange seemed every



well-known spot—the wood, the mountain, and the tarn, how stern, how sombre! Not extinct, however, nor even weakened, was the power of nature; and even in my selfish heart again the chords of thankfulness and joy were stirred, and even in my sunken spirit hope seemed again to spring beneath summer airs and upon the windy hills; but chiefly when the storm was loud, I sought the once accustomed walk, and heard again the voices of my father and his son beside me, or stood in sorrow by my sister's grave.

I watched the well-known house, while my heart leaped and struggled; I longed to break my wicked oath, and glad my mother's eyes; for my wife, I had no affection, only pity, and the consciousness of the wrong I had done to her; for my son, doting, boundless love. I had seen the little curly-headed fellow within the garden afar off, but Lucy was with him, and I dared not meet her gaze, nor trust even in such disguise as mine to escape her recognition. One day, however, Charley—named after his uncle—not, alas! his father—climbed the hill in front alone. I had a little telescope carried about at all times for such an occasion, and coming up with him, offered it to the boy to look through. How tenderly I altered it to suit his sight, how lovingly I watched his delighted gestures! No kiss was ever half so sweet as that which I imprinted upon his open brow. A long, long talk I had with him, but took care to put no questions yet. I shewed him the house I lived at, told him to ask leave to visit me; and finally, when voices called him from below, I won his heart by making him a present of the telescope. That evening, as I had expected, Mrs Branksome was 'happy to have the pleasure of Mr Eugene Lecroix's company at tea.' Mother, and wife, and son, I was to meet that night as three utter strangers!

My way lay through the church-yard: a guilty, selfish wretch I felt myself to have been and to be; the steady, silent stars scarcely looked upon a being more humbled and more hateful to himself than I. Now I had reached mid-manhood, and left all my life behind me barren of a friend, fertile in despisers, or at best in commiserators, and dark on every hand with evil deeds; before me, nothingness; in four years' time, leave to reassume my former name, to be branded as an impostor, or hated as a heartless villain! What money could purchase, indeed, for me it had purchased: I had travelled over half Europe with four horses; I had drunk of the cup of pleasure even to excess—the relish was gone; I had gloated over the beauties of painting and sculpture till I had surfeited of both; scenery itself—save that of my native Shardale—had lost much of its enchantment; although, too, my constitution had hitherto held out during a course of life whereto I was driven rather than attracted, I had not the strength of my youth.

Down the gravel-walk, and underneath the sycamore, and new at the little porch where hangs the red May-rose my sister trained, and I can hear two well-known voices from the sitting-room within, and a young child's laughter; and another voice I hear that is unrecognised, nor yet altogether strange: now in the tiny hall; and now, great Heaven! at home once more.

Is this old lady, then, who shakes my hand so warmly, my dear mother? How gray she is! what sadness sits in her mild eyes, and reigns over her quiet smile!—I should not know her, save for those sweet tones. My wife—more beautiful than ever, flushed and happy, with our boy beside her, and a man, who is her lover—there is no deceiving me—on the other side, who is yes—it is Lacy, my old college friend.

'Telescope'—'kindness'—'quite ashamed'—I do not hear what they are saying rightly, but 'little Charley' grates upon my ear, and I answer curtly; and then the agony of commonplace, when the heart is full and the brain burns, for hours.

The boy is my companion daily. Lacy and she have

other things to attend to and to talk of; but they treat him well, I see, or it were worse for them. Shall I let this marriage be, and suffer my wife to sin in the eyes of the law, and make my own child's mother an adulteress? or shall I blast her happiness, and break my oath, and ruin all, to call my son my own? His father, as he tells me, never saw his face, but died ere he was born; Lacy, it seems, knows the doubt that still exists; but there are so many years elapsed, and no trace has been discovered of Mr Branksome's existence, he has persuaded her to have no doubts at all.

'Cause or impediment, as ye shall answer at the last dreadful day of account!' was rung, was tolled rather, in my ears through day and night: my state of hesitation and perplexity was awful; but the terror of the matter with me was in its reference to the boy. A few days ere the wedding, I took a sudden resolution, and posted up to London: my mind was made up to give back the relics of my fortune to his lordship, and to entreat his leave to reveal myself—to do so, at all events, with or without his leave. 'Too ill to be seen to-day; but Mr Branksome, if it was he, should be admitted to-morrow,' was my answer in Grosvenor Square. To-morrow! Scant time there would be, then, to get back to Shardale; but ordering a chaise to be in readiness at a moment's notice, I called again next day at the hour specified. The house was filled with people; the square before it, paved thick with straw, was thronged with gaping crowds; the great lord had but just expired—he, the arbiter of my destinies, the ruler of my being, had himself been forced to own a master. I was released, at length, from that bad vow.

I grew frantic as we flew towards Westmoreland; I writhed and cursed as each fresh calamity occurred: the traces broke—a wheeler fell dead-lame—the boys I had bribed to gallop madly got drunk, and galloped madly in the wrong direction. When I reached Kendal, it was past mid-noon of the marriage-day. . . . . Weeks of raging fever at the inn; death staring in my painted, lying face, putting its cold hand close beside my heart, and yet, when I considered the life that otherwise must be, not horrible, not even unwelcome. As for life beyond the grave, the thought of it was not so fearful as might seem; I had begun to consider myself 'possessed'—unaccountable for those dreadful feelings, and the acts their consequences, that had drawn misery upon so many, and that had yet, perhaps, much more to draw. I was become a fatalist. I do not even now think that it was at any time in my power to overcome my lassitude of affection, the fatigues and wearisomeness of love.

I went abroad as soon as I was able to move, and never saw the shores of England till six months ago. I dared not look upon my boy again through all that time—the boy that paid the debt of love to both his parents over and over again to her alone—the boy whom every year would help to understand more fully, if it ever was revealed, his father's sin, his innocent mother's shame. I thank Heaven that he left this earth without that bitter knowledge—that he died holding my hand in his, and thanking me for a friend's love—the love, his mother added, 'that would ever be a bond between her heart and mine!'

It was in Rome that I next met those three whom I had so deeply wronged. Her husband—he whom the world called such—came to winter there—to die there, in the last stage of a decline: a sun-stroke killed my boy; he was struck down, but lived three April-days—every hour, every minute of which is written in my inmost heart—a sorrow, yet a solace, till it beats no more.

It may be that these words may meet her eyes whom I have used so cruelly, for whose sake partly, too, I have so cruelly suffered: my love for her dear child 'will ever be a bond between our hearts,' she said. Mother! I wonder would that sadness leave your brow,

or broaden rather, had you back your son? Besides you two, there are no beings on earth, save Ellen Newby, whose right hands I would care to clasp again. 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.' Fare you well!

#### THE SMALL END OF THE WEDGE.

THERE is a subject which often occupies the attention of thoughtful men in this country, setting them on speculation whether or not the future may bring forth a cure for certain social inconveniences. This subject has reference to the relations existing between the employer and the employed. We see, from time to time, wranglings and unseemly disputes between those who have money to give for labour, and those who are willing to give labour for money. We see, and hear, and read about 'strikes' and 'lock-outs.' We are told of masters being tyrants and slave-drivers; that they 'grind the faces of the poor;' that they would pinch wages down to the starving-point; that they will themselves combine to strengthen the claims of capital, while disapproving any combination among their 'hands' for the protection of labour; that the masters are the natural enemies of the work-people; that parliament ought to throw a shield of protection around the workers, to enable them to fight the battle of labour against capital.

Why is all this? Is there anything in the nature of honest and intelligent industry which renders such miserable disputes unavoidable? Political economists claim to have settled the question by referring to the well-known law of the dependence of wages on supply and demand in labour. They say that if 500 men offer to do the work which 400 would accomplish, the competition among these men will bring down wages, without any reference to the kindness or unkindness of any particular employer, or of employers generally; and that, on the other hand, if many masters are looking out for 'hands' at the same time, the desire of obtaining labour will raise the wages, without any improvement in the technical skill or the moral characteristics of the men. All this may be true; but still there seems something else wanting—or perhaps many somethings. It is an unhealthy state of things when masters and men deem their respective classes antagonistic the one to the other. Such does not seem to be the case in the United States; owing, probably, to the vast field for exertion in a comparatively new country. It would be sad, however, to think, that because ours is an old country, there must necessarily be these heart-burnings. Many deep-thinking and far-seeing men, among whom is Mr Mill, are of opinion that some kind of partnership might be profitably established between those who do the work and those who pay for the work being done; that something better might be done than simply paying a man for an hour's or a day's work, without exciting any interest in his mind in the welfare of his employer; that a workman ought, by some arrangement or other, to have an incentive to doing his work more quickly, more skillfully, less wastefully, more conscientiously, than before.

Various matters bearing on this subject have been so frequently treated in the first and second series of the Journal, that our readers can be at no loss to understand the general tendency of the question. We take it up again—not with a view to the exposition of any principles—but in reference to a remarkable and valuable experiment which is now being made: an experiment, the success of which may possibly have much influence on many departments of labour.

The London and North-western Railway Company—the most gigantic purely commercial corporation in the world—are trying to what extent they can treat their engine-drivers as independent tradesmen instead of servants. They wish to see whether the Company

can gain by some arrangement which shall also be a gain to the employed; and whether a third party, the terrible 'public,' can gain at the same time. If all this can be done, then perhaps we shall have inserted 'the small end of the wedge:' that social wedge which, when driven home, shall both tighten and rend—tighten the bonds which connect the men of money with the men of muscle, and rend asunder the connection between honest labour and mischievous agitators.

In order to understand the nature of the experimental attempt now being made by the great Company, it may be well to say a word or two concerning the mode of managing the locomotive stock.

Every one knows that the locomotive requires very simple meat and drink—nothing but coke and water. An untiring patient horse it is, ready to work day and night, and harmless to all except the careless or the luckless. Every locomotive, during a railway journey, is under the care of a driver, who is responsible for the safe conveyance of the train, and who has a stoker to assist him. An anxious office is this. In winter and summer, in cold and heat, in sleet, snow, rain, fog, piercing blasts, the driver must be ever watchful on his post—sedulously careful that the furnace is duly filled with fuel; that the boiler has its proper amount of water; that a certain pre-arranged speed shall be maintained; that the train shall draw up at each station at the proper time and in the proper position; and that a sharp look-out shall be kept for any possible but unforeseen obstructions on the line of rails. It is an office requiring skill, nerve, hardihood, promptness; and it is right that such labour should be well rewarded. Most of the men begin their service as stokers, and rise to the dignity of engine-drivers after a certain period; and as soon as they become drivers, they receive a gradually increasing rate of wages. The old and steady hands receive 7s. or 8s. per day, and a few special instances exceed even this rate. The coke, the oil, and the few other stores necessary for the working of the locomotive, are intrusted to the driver and his stoker; and it has for years been a constant aim on the part of the railway officials, to obtain as much working-power as possible for a given quantity of materials. We meet with frequent statements, in the half-yearly accounts of the several railway companies, respecting the attained or the hoped-for savings in locomotive-power, estimated by the number of miles which the engines run with a definite quantity of coke and other stores.

In this system, the driver has no special interest in the economy of coke or anything else. It is true that if he works economically, he will give satisfaction, and lay a claim perhaps to an increase of wages, as a trustworthy servant of the Company; but further than this, he is in no way concerned with the profitableness, or otherwise, of the system whereon the locomotive service of the Company is established. If he has more than an average knowledge of the phenomena of high-pressure steam, and can make a pound of coke produce more working-power than is customary, the Company alone reap the benefit.

Now, the step which has just been taken—evidently an experimental one—by the London and North-western Company, touches at once on this very important matter. The question virtually put is this—Will an engine-driver become more careful and skilful, if it be agreed that he shall have a pecuniary interest in any benefits resulting from his care and skill? The experience of everyday-life would lead one to say pretty positively that such would be the case; but nothing less than full and ample experience would establish the affirmative of the proposition in any particular case. Who it was that first suggested the plan, and how the basis of calculation was established, we do not know; but it appears, from a correspondence which has lately appeared in the public journals, that

in the month of February last one engine-driver, an old and trusted hand, took a contract for working a locomotive; in March, another took a similar contract; in April, two more; and in May, twenty-six more. These men became in effect small masters, instead of servants, under an arrangement which we will endeavour to describe.

The engine-driver takes a contract to convey a particular train every day, or two or three trains a day. His work is definite. He is not to be called off, to drive an engine hither and thither at the behests of the superintendent; he undertakes to do an amount of work, the limitation of which is defined and exact; and he can tell beforehand, barring unforeseen circumstances, where he will be at any particular hour, and at what time he will be free to wend his steps homeward. The Company's offer to him is—'If you will conduct these trains daily in safety, we will pay you so much per mile per train; we will sell you coke, oil, and grease, at prime cost; we will do all repairs to the locomotive requiring shop-facilities, but any slight repairs which can be done on the road, must be effected at your expense: as we shall pay you the same sum whether you use much or little coke, it will be to your interest to economise your stores as much as possible, consistently with the due performance of the work intrusted to you.' This is virtually the offer made; and the engine-driver applies his acquired knowledge to the determination of the question, whether or not the terms are likely to be favourable to him. It is a question of honest bargain between the two parties. There is this advantage attending such a system, that the clever man has a brightened prospect before him; and not merely the clever, but the sober and observant man. Every pound of coke he can save by the exercise of his skill and steadiness, is so much clear gain to him while his contract lasts. Lazy and incompetent men always seek for an equalisation of wages, and always prefer day-work to piece-work; it is they who are chiefly made the tools of noisy agitators in times of 'strike.' The intelligent and assiduous man has an incentive to a system in which he can meet with some kind of reward or acknowledgment for his superior services. In this respect the contract-system—commenced in the railway world as above described—bears some analogy to the 'tribute' system among the Cornish miners, in which the miners undertake to bring the ore to the surface, and break it into small pieces, for a percentage on the value of the copper or tin contained in the ore. The analogy is limited, for other elements enter into the Cornish system; but we mention it on this account—that under both systems an intelligent and clever man has an opportunity to benefit by his talents more decidedly than if he were a mere day-worker.

We need not stop to mention the precise sum contracted to be paid per mile per train, nor why it is that a goods-train requires a higher rate than a passenger-train. Nor need we dwell upon the circumstance which caused publicity to be given to this remarkable system—a temporary disagreement between some of the drivers and the locomotive superintendent on a matter relating to wages. We have so strong an impression that there is a soundness of principle at the bottom of this new system, that we are unwilling to entangle it with any mere local or temporary circumstances.

Now for the results. There are three parties interested in the matter—the Company, the engine-driver, and the public. If the Company can have the work done more cheaply than before, and their locomotives maintained in an efficient state—if the engine-driver finds that he can earn more than he did at daily wages—if the public are carried more punctually and more safely—all parties would, mentally, if not physically, throw up their hats and rejoice. Mr M'Connell, loco-

motive superintendent on the southern division of the London and North-western Railway, has been the means of giving the contract-system a trial; and he has lately given publicity to a Report from Mr Forsyth, chief-foreman at Wolverton depot. He requested Mr Forsyth to report on the result of four months' experience of the new system. Mr Forsyth's statements are so remarkable and important, that it will be well to give an abstract of them.

First, as regards the engine-drivers. It has been found, at the end of each monthly contract, that there has been less coke, less oil, and less grease used than under the old system; the driver is benefited by the saving, and he takes care of every pound or pint of stores. By the terms of his contract, he is guaranteed against loss, while he may make the gain as much as his skill and care enable him to do. Mr Forsyth gives the balance-sheet of one of the men, and shews it to be much more favourable to the driver than under the day-work system; and he observes: 'Perhaps the greatest advantage of the system would be, that a driver contracting for a particular train would have regularly recurring intervals of rest and labour, and thereby be much better fitted to do his duty to himself, the public, and his employers, than he now is while obtaining irregular intervals of rest and labour, involved in the present system of working.' In another part of his Report he says: 'If the contract-system be generally introduced, I believe that . . . the drivers will become in every respect a better class of men; that they will make better use of their intervals between trips, go to bed at proper time, and make better use of their increased earnings.'

Secondly, as regards the Company. It is the engine-driver's interest to keep the engine in a highly effective state, in order that as few repairs as possible may be needed, except the larger occasional repairs which must be done at the engine-shops, and which are paid for by the Company. This efficient state is, in itself, a means of preserving the locomotive stock of the Company, and thereby benefiting the shareholders. 'The greatest proportion of repairs required under the day-work system,' says Mr Forsyth, 'can, without doubt, be traced to neglect alone, and which would in most part be entirely removed by the care required under and inseparable from the contract-system. . . . Under the contract-system, there would be no dirty boilers; no rapidly worn, burnt, or burst tubes; no burnt and exploded fire-boxes; no cut-up pistons; no bad journals, involving risk of broken axles, and waste of drivers' oil, and tallow, and fuel, from increased friction.' Mr Forsyth further states, that additional work could be done with the present stock of engines, and greater earnings worked for, without increasing the capital for additional locomotive-plant; and in summing up all the consequences to the Company, he says: 'I am satisfied that upon this division alone—the portion of the North-western system which lies southward of Birmingham—considering punctuality, freedom from accidents, improved condition of drivers and of engines, reduced cost of working and of repairs—which would at the same time be better done under the contract-system—it would benefit the Company between L.35,000 and L.45,000 per annum, would increase the earnings of the drivers, and tend to secure the public safety.' In respect to the Company's saving, Mr Forsyth offers a significant guarantee of the sincerity at least of his opinions, in expressing a willingness to accept a percentage on these savings in lieu of any future increase in his own salary. In an able letter in the *Times*, a writer, whose opinions, under the pseudonym of 'Amicus,' attracted much attention during the engineers' strike a year or two ago, estimates that if the contract-system were adopted in respect to all the locomotive-working in the kingdom, the companies collectively would save not less than L.700,000 per annum, while the drivers

would receive higher remuneration than at present. A bright prospect, truly—if it be not too bright to be true.

Thirdly, as regards the public. The Company, under the contract, tie down the driver rigidly in respect to time: he has to pay a fine for every *minute* of delay clearly traceable to himself; and Mr Forayth states that, as a consequence of this rule, the trains driven by contract are more punctual than those driven by day-work. If this be so, the public unquestionably gain. Then, in respect to accidents, the following opinion—coming as it does from one who has had so much experience in railway locomotion—is sufficiently noteworthy: 'I am one of those who believe, from the more than twenty years' experience I have had, that, with proper care, nearly all railway accidents can be prevented; and that nothing will tend more towards that most desirable state of things, than a careful application of the contract-system. In a great many so-called accidents which it has been my duty to investigate, I am convinced that almost every one of them could be traced to a cause which might have been prevented by care and vigilance on the part of the driver.'

If all this really be so—if all parties be benefited by a system which calls forth the care and intelligence of the engine-drivers—is not this the beginning of something that may be important by and by, both in itself and as an example? May it not be the Small End of the Wedge?

### THE GRIZZLY BEAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

THE grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*) is, beyond all question, the most formidable of the wild creatures inhabiting the continent of America—jaguar and cougar not excepted. Did he possess the swiftness of foot of either the lion or tiger of the Old World, he would be an assailant as dangerous as either; for he is endowed with the strength of the former, and quite equals the latter in ferocity. Fortunately, the horse outruns him; were it not so, many a human victim would be his, for he can easily overtake a man on foot. As it is, hundreds of well-authenticated stories attest the prowess of this fierce creature. There is not a 'mountain man' in America who cannot relate a string of perilous adventures about the 'grizzly bar'; and the instances are far from being few in which human life has been sacrificed in conflicts with this savage beast.

The grizzly bear is an animal of large dimensions; specimens have been killed and measured quite equal to the largest size of the polar bear, though there is much variety in the sizes of different individuals. About 500 pounds might be taken as the average weight. In shape, the grizzly bear is a much more compact animal than either the black or polar species: his ears are larger, his arms stouter, and his aspect fiercer. His teeth are sharp and strong; but that which his enemies most dread, is the armature of his paws. The paws themselves are so large, as frequently to leave in the mud a track of twelve inches in length by eight in breadth; and from the extremities of these formidable fists protrude horn-like claws full six inches long! Of course, I am speaking of individuals of the largest kind. These claws are crescent-shaped, and would be still longer, but in all cases nearly an inch is worn from their points. The animal digs up the ground in search of marmots, burrowing squirrels, and various esculent roots; and this habit accounts for the blunted condition of his claws. They are sharp enough, notwithstanding, to peel the hide from a horse or buffalo, or to drag the scalp from a hunter—a feat which has been performed by grizzly bears on more than one occasion.

The colour of this animal is most generally brownish,

with white hairs intermixed, giving that grayish or grizzled appearance—whence the trivial name, grizzly. But although this is the most common colour of the species, there are many varieties. Some are almost white, others yellowish red, and still others nearly black. The season, too, has much to do with the colour; and the pelage is finer and longer than that of the *Ursus Americanus*. The eyes are small in proportion to the size of the animal, but dark and piercing.

The geographical range of the grizzly bear is extensive. It is well known that the great chain of the Rocky Mountains commences on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and runs southwardly through the North American continent. In these mountains, the grizzly bear is found, from their northern extremity, at least as far as that point where the Rio Grande makes its great bend towards the Gulf of Mexico. In the United States and Canada, this animal has never been seen in a wild state. This is not strange. The grizzly bear has no affinity with the forest. Previous to the settling of these territories, they were all forest-covered. The grizzly is never found under heavy timber, like his congener the black bear; and, unlike the latter, he is not a tree-climber. The black bear 'hugs' himself up a tree, and usually destroys his victim by compression. The grizzly does not possess this power, so as to enable him to ascend a tree-trunk; and for such a purpose, his huge dull claws are worse than useless. His favourite haunts are the thickets of *Corylus rubus* and *Amelanchiers*, under the shade of which he makes his lair, and upon the berries of which he partially subsists. He lives much by the banks of streams, hunting among the willows, or wanders along the steep and rugged bluffs, where scrubby pine and dwarf cedar (*Juniperus prostrata*), with its rooting branches, forms an almost impenetrable underwood. In short, the grizzly bear of America is to be met with in situations very similar to those which are the favourite haunts of the African lion, which, after all, is not so much the king of the forest as of the mountain and the open plain.

The grizzly bear is omnivorous. Fish, flesh, and fowl are eaten by him apparently with equal relish. He devours frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. He is fond of the larvæ of insects; these are often found in large quantities adhering to the under sides of decayed logs. To get at them, the grizzly bear will roll over logs of such size and weight as would try the strength of a yoke of oxen. He can 'root' like a hog, and will often plough up acres of prairie in search of the wapattoo and Indian turnip. Like the black bear, he is fond of sweets; and the wild-berries, consisting of many species of currant, gooseberry, and amelanchier (service-berry), are greedily gathered into his capacious maw.

He is too slow of foot to overtake either buck, elk, or deer, though he sometimes comes upon these creatures unawares; and he will drag the largest buffalo to the earth, if he can only get his claws upon it. Not unfrequently he robs the panther of his repast, and will drive a whole pack of wolves from the carrion they have just succeeded in killing. Several attempts have been made to raise the young grizzlies, but these have all been abortive, the animals proving anything but agreeable pets. As soon as grown to a considerable size, their natural ferocity displays itself, and their dangerous qualities usually lead to the necessity of their destruction.

For a long time the great polar bear has been the most celebrated animal of his kind; and most of the bear-adventures have related to him. Many a wondrous tale of his prowess and ferocity has been told by the whaler and arctic voyager, in which this creature figures as the hero. His fame, however, is likely to be eclipsed by his hitherto less-known congener—the grizzly. The golden line which has drawn half

the world to California, has also been the means of bringing this fierce animal more into notice; for the mountain-valleys of the Sierra Nevada are a favourite range of the species. Besides, numerous 'bear scrapes' have occurred to the migrating bands who have crossed the great plains and desert tracts that stretch from the Mississippi to the shores of the South Sea. Hundreds of stories of this animal, more or less true, have of late attained circulation through the columns of the press and the pages of the traveller, until the grizzly bear is becoming almost as much an object of interest as the elephant, the hippopotamus, or the king of beasts himself.

Speaking seriously, he is a dangerous assailant. White hunters never attack him unless when mounted and well armed; and the Indians consider the killing a grizzly bear a feat equal to the scalping of a human foe. These never attempt to hunt him, unless when a large party is together; and the hunt is, among some tribes, preceded by a feast and a bear-dance. It is often the lot of the solitary trapper to meet with this fourfooted enemy, and the encounter is rated as equal to that with two hostile Indians. From a celebrated 'mountain man,' I had the following story or stories, which I give in the rude patois of the narrator:—

'Young fellur, when you scare up a grizzly, take my advice, and gie 'im a wide berth—that is, unless yur unkimmun well mounted. Ov coorse, ef yur critter kin be depended upon, an' thur's no brush to 'tangle him, yur safe enough; as no grizzly, as ever I seed, kin catch up wi' a hoss, whar the ground's open an' clur. F'r all that, whar the timmer's clost an' brushy, an' the ground o' that sort whar a hoss mout stummel, it are allers the safest plan to let ole Eph'm slide. I've seed a grizzly pull down as good a hoss as ever tracked a parairy, whar the critter hed got bothered in a thicket. The fellur that straddled him only saved himself by hookin' on to the limb o' a tree. Twant two minnits afore this child kim up—hearin' the rumpus. I hed good sight o' the bar, an' sent a bullet—sixty to the pound—into the varmint's brain-pan, when he immediately cawalpowed over. But 'twur too late to save the hoss. He wur rubbed out. The bar had half skinned him, an' wur tarrin' at his guts! Waghi!'

Here the trapper unsheathed his clasp-knife, and having cut a 'chunk' from a plug of real 'Jee'mes's River,' stuck it into his cheek, and proceeded with his narration. 'Young fellur, I reck'n, I've seed a putty consid'able o' the grizzly bar in my time. Ef that thur chap who writes about all sorts o' varmint—Awdoo-bong, I think, they calls him—hed seed as much o' the grizzly as I hev, he mout a gin a hul book consarnin' the critter. Ef I hed a plug o' bacca for every grizzly I've rubbed out, it 'ud keep my jaws waggin' for a good twelf'month, I reck'n. Ye—es, young fellur, I've done some bar-killin'—I hev that, an' no mistakes!

'Wal, I wur a gwine to tell you o' a sarcumstance that happened to this child about two yeern ago. It wur upon the Platte, atween Chimby Rock an' 'Saramies'. I wur engaged as hunter an' guide to a carryvan o' emigrant folks that wur on thur way to Oregon. Ov coorse I allers kept ahead o' the carryvan, an' picked the place for thur camp. Wal, one arternoon I hed halted whar I seed some timmer, which ur a scarce article about Chimby Rock. This, thort I, 'il do for campin'-ground; so I got down, pulled the saddle off o' my ole mar, an' staked the critter upon the best patch o' grass that wur near, intendin' she shed hev her gut-full afore the camp-cattle kim up to bother her. I hed shot a black-tail buck, an' after kindlin' a fire, I roasted a griskin' o' him, an' ate it. Still thur wan't no sign o' the carryvan, an' arter hangin' the buck out o' reach o' the wolves, I tuk up my rifle, an' set out to rackynoiter the neighbourhood. My mar bein' some'at jaded, I let her graze away, an' went afoot; an' that, let me tell you, young fellur, ar about the most foolichest thing

you kin do upon a parairy. I wan't long afore I proved it, but I'll kum to that by'm by.

'Wal, I fust clomb a consid'able hill, that gin me a view beyont. Thur wur a good-sized parairy layin' torst the south an' west. Thur wur no trees 'ceptin' an odd cottonwood hyur an' thur on the hillside. About a mile off I seed a flock o' goats—what you, young fellur, call antelopes, though goats they ur, as sure as goats is goats. Thur wunt no kiver near them—not a stick, for the parairy wur as bar as yur hand; so I seed, at a glimp, it 'ud be no us a tryin' to approach, unless I tuk some plan to decoy the critters. I soon thort o' a dodge, an' went back to camp for my blanket, which wur a red Mackinaw. This I knew 'ud be the very thing to fool the goats with, an' I set out torst them.

'For the fust half a mile or so, I carried the blanket under my arm. Then I spread it out, an' walked behind it until I was 'ithin three or four hundred yards o' the animals. I kept my eye on 'em through a hole in the blanket. They wur a growin' scary, an' hed begun to run about in circles; so when I seed this, I knew it wur time to stop. Wal, I hunkered down, an' still keepin' the blanket spread out afore me, I hung it upon a saplin' that I had brought from the camp. I then stuck the saplin' upright in the ground; an' mind ye, young fellur, it wan't so easy to do that, for the parairy wur hard friz, an' I hed to dig a hole wi' my knife. Howsomdever, I got the thing rigged at last, an' the blanket hangin' up in front kivered my karkidge most complete. I hed nothin' more to do but wait till the goats shed come 'ithin range o' my shootin'-iron. Wal, that wan't long. As you know, young fellur, them goats is a mighty curious animal—as curious as weemen is—an' arter runnin' backward an' forrard a bit, an' tossin' up thar heads, an' sniffin' the air, one o' the fattest, a young prong-horn buck, trotted up 'ithin fifty yards. I jest squinted through the sights, an' afore that goat hed time, to wink twice, I hit him plum atween the eyes. Ov coorse he wur throwed in his tracks. Now, you'd a jumped up, an' frightened the rest away—that's what you'd a done, young fellur. But you see I knowd better. I knowd that so long 's the critters didn't see my karkidge, they wan't a gwine to mind the crack o' the gun. So I laid still, in behopes to git a wheen more o' 'em.

'As I hed calc'lated at fust, they didn't run away, an' I slipped in my charge as brisk as possible. But jest as I wur raisin' to take sight on a doe that hed got near enough, the hull gang tuk scare, an' broke off as ef a pack o' parairy wolves wur arter 'em. I wur clean puzzled at this, for I knowd I hedn't done anythin' to frighten 'em, but I wan't long afore I diskivered the cause o' thar alarm. Jest then I heerd a sniff, like the coughin' o' a glandered hoss; an' turnin' suddintly round, I spied the biggest bar it hed ever been my luck to set eyes on. He wur comin' direct torst me, an' at that minnit wan't over twenty yards from whar I lay. I knowd at a glimp he wur a grizzly!

'Tain't no use to say I wan't skeart; I wur skeart, an' mighty bad skeart, I tell ye. At fust, I thort o' jumpin' to my feet, an' makin' tracks; but a minnit o' reflexshun shewed me that 'ud be o' little use. Thur wur a half o' mile o' clur parairy on every side o' me, an' I knowd the grizzly kud catch up afore I hed made three hundred yards in any direction. I knowd, too, that ef I started, the varmint 'ud be sartin to foller. It wur plain to see the bar meant mischief; I kud tell that from the glint o' his eyes.

'Thar wan't no time to lose in thinkin' about it. The brute wur still comin' nearer; but I noticed that he wur a gwine slower an' slower, every now an' agin raisin' to his hind-feet, clawin' his nose, an' sniffin' the air. I seed that it wur the red blanket that puzzled him; an' seein' this, I crep closter behind it, an' cached

as much o' my karkidge as it 'ud kiver. When the bar hed got 'ithin about ten yards o' the spot, he kim to a full stop, an' reared up as he hed did several times, with his belly full torst me. The sight wur too much for this niggur, who never afore hed been bullied by eyther Injun or bar. 'Twur a beautiful shot, an' I kudn't help tryin' it, ef 't hed been my last; so I poked my rifle through the hole in the blanket, an' sent a bullet atween the varmint's ribs. That wur, prehaps, the foolichest an' wust shot this child ever made. Hed I not fired it, the bar mout a gone off, feard o' the blanket; but I did fire, an' my narves bein' excited, I made a bad shot. I hed ta'en sight for the heart, an' I only hit the varmint's shoulder. Ov coorse, the bar bein' now wounded, bekim savage, and cared no longer for the blanket. He roared out like a bull, tore at the place whar I hed hit him, an' then kim on as fast as his four legs 'ud carry him.

'Things looked squaly. I throwed away my empy gun, an' drew my bowie, expectin' nothin' else than a regular stand-up tussle wi' the bar. I knowd it wur no use turmin' tail now; so I braced myself up for a deaprate fight. But jest as the bar hed got 'ithin ten feet o' me, an idee suddintly kim into my head. I hed been to Santa Fé, among them yaller-hided Mexikins, whar I hed seed two or three bull-fights. I hed seed them mattydoors fling thur red cloaks over a bull's head, jest when you'd a thort they wur a gwine to be gored to pieces on the fierce critter's horns. Jest then, I remembered thur trick; an' afore the bar cud close on me, I grabbed the blanket, spreadin' it out as I tuk holt. Young fellur, that wur a blanket, an' no mistake! It wur as fine a five-point Mackinaw as ever kivered the hump-ribs o' a nor-west trader. I used to wear it Mexikin-fashion when it rained; an' in coorse, for that purpose, thur wur a hole in the middle to pass the head through. Wal, jest as the bar sprung at me, I flopped the blanket straight in his face. I seed his snout a papin' through the hole, but I seed no more; for I feelled the critter's claws touchin' me, an' I lot go. Now, thunk I, wur my time for a run. The blanket mout blin' him a leetle, an' I mout git some start. With this thort, I glid past the animal's rump, an' struck out over the parairy. The direction happened to be that that led torst the camp, half a mile off; but thur wur a tree nearer, on the side o' the hill. Ef I kud reach that, I knowd I'd be safe enuf, as the grizzly bar it don't climb. For the fust hundred yards I never looked round; then I only squinted back, runnin' all the while. I kud jest see that the bar appeared to be still a tossin' the blanket, and not fur from whar we hed parted kumpany. I thort this someat odd; but I didn't stay to see what it meant till I hed put another hundred yards atween us. Then I half turned, an' tuk a good look; an' if you believe me, my young fellur, the sight I seed thur 'ud a made a Mormon larf. Although jest one minnit afore, I wur putty nigh skeart out o' my seven senses, that sight made me larf till I wur like to bring on a colic. Thar wur the bar wi' his head right athrough the blanket. One minnit, he 'ud rear up on his hind-feet, an' then the thing hung roun' him like a Mexikin greaser. The next minnit, he 'ud be down on all-fours, an' tryin' to foller me; an' then the Mackinaw 'ud trip him up, an' over he 'ud whammel, and kick to get free—all the while routin' like a mad buffalo. Jehosophat! it wur the funniest sight this child ever seed. Wagh!

'Wal, I watched the game awhile—only a leetle while; for I knowd that ef the bar could git clur o' the rag, he mout still overtake me, an' drive me to the tree. That I didn't want, eyther, so I tuk to my heels agin, an' soon reached camp. Thur I saddled my mar, an' then rid back to git my gun, an', prehaps, to give ole Eph'm a fresh taste o' lead. When I clomb the hill agin, the bar wur still out on the parairy, an' I cud see that the blanket wur a-hanging around 'im.

Howsomever, he wur makin' off torst the hills, thinkin', maybe, he'd hed enuf o' my kumpany. I want a gwine to let 'im off so easy, for the skear he hed gin me; besides, he wur trailin' my Mackinaw along wi' 'im. So I galluped to whar my gun lay, an' havin' rammed home a ball, I then galluped arter ole grizzly. I soon overhauled him, an' he turned on me as savagerous as ever. But this time, feeling secure on the mar's back, my narves wur steadier, an' I shot the bar plum through the skull, which throwed him in his tracks, wi' the blanket wropped about 'im. But sich a blanket as that wur then—ay, sich a blanket! I never seed sich a blanket! Thur wunt a square foot o' it that wan't torn to raggles. Ah, young fellur, you don't know what it are to lose a five-point Mackinaw; no, that you don't. Cuss the bar!

## PEOPLES AND PROSPECTS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the history of Eastern Europe in modern times, is the tendency of old races to reappear upon the political stage, and assert their right of independent existence. Although this tendency in itself is opposed to civilisation, which labours to efface the distinctive characteristics of nations, it may be useful, if properly guided, under present circumstances. The Slavonian movement, not so far advanced as some seem to imagine, is probably destined to play an important part in remodelling the map of Europe. But the most interesting specimen of peoples who have long slept, awakening and preparing a new destiny for themselves, are, no doubt, the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Roumans, the Servians, and the Magyars. We intend especially to direct the attention of our readers to the condition of those races which form, or have until recently formed, part of the Ottoman Empire; and may be now discerned with more or less distinctness through the breaches which are every day widening in that antique edifice, which it seems impossible to prop up, and which it will be certainly impossible to rebuild if it once comes to the ground.

There appears to be a misconception existing in the minds of many, that once the Turkish race or government is removed, there will remain only the attenuated remains of a Byzantine Empire, subservient to the designs of Russia. A more careful examination of the state and character of the peoples now inhabiting the European dominions of Turkey, will lead to a different conclusion. It is quite certain that both Bulgarians and Roumans have been to some extent Hellenised, as the popular expression goes—that is, they have been imbued with the Greek religion, and are gradually receiving instruction in Greek literature. But this is a tendency totally opposed to that according to which nationalities are endeavouring to reconstitute themselves, and not at all capable of struggling with it. We shall endeavour to shew that all that can be done by the Greek idea, has already been accomplished in so far as the Bulgarians and the Roumans are concerned. They have accepted their religion from Constantinople, as Spain and Austria have accepted theirs from Rome; and they readily learn the arts of reading and writing, and the elementary principles of knowledge, from the Greek Papas, as Western Europe received new floods of learning from the Byzantine fugitives four centuries ago. But the border provinces of European Turkey have a life of their own, of which they have recently become conscious, and are decidedly yearning for separate and independent existence. There was, it is true, something grand in the conception of a new empire starting up at once in giant proportions on the banks of the Bosphorus, and uniting under its sway all the elements of the empire that was departing. It led away many minds



who have been since forced to admit that there was one thing lacking for its realisation—the presence of an imperial race.

The Greeks are certainly not the base, miserable rabble it has been thought of late advisable to represent them to be. They have many fine qualities—are brave, generous, hospitable, and laborious. But these qualities are possessed in as eminent a degree by many other barbarous races; and unfortunately, the Greek, like the Turk, whenever he attempts to be or appear civilised, rather degenerates than otherwise. This is the true reason why most persons, even travellers, have formed a low estimate of his character. It is difficult to come in contact with the genuine raw material, the peasant, the shepherd, the stuff of which the Klefts were made, the ever-ready soldiers of an insurrection for national independence. We usually meet with persons engaged in commerce or in political intrigue, and find an extraordinary predominance of one faculty—cunning—over all other faculties, and often a very slight regard for the ordinary rules of fair dealing. Throughout the Levant, there is a feeling, which may be a prejudice, though it is hard to believe in a prejudice entertained indiscriminately by Turks and English, by Italians and Germans and French, that it is better not to have to do, in the way of business, with the Greeks. Some of their warm friends say, that this is merely a tribute to their superior cleverness; but it is perhaps more philosophical to admit a fact so generally stated, and endeavour to account for it. The truth probably is, that during long centuries of oppression, the Greeks, like the Jews in the middle ages, were forced, by their unfortunate position of servitude, to acquire the mental habits usual in subject peoples, and have not yet been able to shake them off. This is an excuse which it would be very unfair to suppress; but we have at the same time an explanation of the extreme improbability that any Greek empire, properly so called, can at present be established. Indeed, we believe that this idea was exclusively the product of the present university of Athens, where men of elegant minds suffered themselves to wander in speculative mazes regardless of all practical application. A more serious plan was that of a Christian empire, under a king appointed by Europe, with machinery that would have allowed each race to make its wants and wishes felt—the honest conservative Bulgarians in the centre forming the ballast by which the somewhat Frenchified Roumans, inclined to novelty and adventure, in the north, and the rather unscrupulous Greeks, keen in the pursuit of money, to the south, were to be steadied. Perhaps, however, it would have been wiser to wait until all the tendencies to disorganisation and reorganisation, now at work—some manifestly, others more obscurely—were perfectly well known. It is not our province to prophesy; but an attentive examination of the aspect of Eastern Europe seems to us to render it probable, that at no very distant day, the experiment of a federation of states—perhaps not free, in our sense of the word, but certainly not despotic—with Servia, a new Switzerland, in the centre, will be tried.

We have hinted that we do not attach the same importance as do some to the Pan Slavonic movement—at any rate, as likely to lead to events commensurate to or in accordance with its name. To calculate the orbit in which so vast a body as Russia is ultimately to move, would be a difficult task; but it may safely be said, that the fortunes of Austria and the German powers generally, must be modified by a theory which seems to have been invented for the very purpose of destroying Teutonic influence, and has been eagerly taken up by those who have suffered under Prussian or Austrian rule. To give an idea of the virulence of feeling that exists, the writer of this paper may mention that he was looking, with some Poles, at a map of

Europe, and listening to their projects of reconstruction. Of course, they reproduced the kingdom of Poland with its widest frontiers. But what was to be done with the colonies of industrious Germans which have been scattered here and there, forming a sober urban population, amidst an excitable mass of agriculturists? Western politicians would have accepted with joy this excellent element. The answer of the Poles was, that 'all Germans must be killed, or transported to Kamtschatka!'

This was but a violent expression of the tendency so hostile to civilisation, which exists in nearly all the families that inhabit the east of Europe. They all, with more or less candour, aim at exclusive possession, or, at any rate, exclusive dominion over the land in which they live. The only exception is, perhaps, the not very gracious concessions made by the Magyars to their Slavonian brethren. We have heard Greeks, warming into sincerity, admit that they believe in their right to govern wherever even the outposts of their colonies exist; contemplate the extirpation of the Turks; and promise to treat the subject races of the Bulgarians, Roumans, Servians, Albanians, Bosniaks, and so forth, with due regard to justice, so long as they did not claim imperial privileges. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, hate the Greeks, partly from some unknown religious causes, partly because they know them chiefly in their commercial character, in which, as we have said, the presumed descendants of the ancient Hellenes are nowhere very favourably known. The peasant of the Danube, who, though he has adopted the Slavonic language, remembers his Tatar origin, dreams, as he sits by his mighty river, of a time when he, too, may aspire again to dominion over that degenerate crew which his race, ever since its establishment in Europe, has never seen but in servitude. He has heard of independent Greece, but does not understand what he hears. Independence under a foreign prince scarcely conveys any idea to his mind. He, too, is independent, he thinks, in that sense. He is waiting for some enthusiastic shepherd—perhaps some bandit from the recesses of the Balkan—a man of his own blood and language—to come forward and head a truly national struggle—a Kossuth, a Shaml, an Abd-el-Kader—or rather a new Lakhana, the king-adventurer of the last years of their own independent history.

No Eastern people can comprehend our idea of a state. It is too complicated for them—the product of a stage of civilisation to which they will probably not attain for some time to come. It is the want of power to receive this idea that has checked the progress of the Greeks, who, strangely enough, study their ancient literature without imbibing any of the lessons of civil government it contains. All their political notions are Oriental. Now, the Oriental idea of a state is the authority of one man, controlled more or less by public opinion. Few of what are called Asiatic despotisms are strictly autocratic. The Greeks, and all their Christian brethren, are disposed, like their Moslem conquerors, to look upon a state as a natural being essentially connected with religion. As the Turks cannot be made to understand an authority existing by its own right, or delegated by races of different faith, so neither can their subjects. This is an important fact to notice. The Turk is, in one respect, a step in advance: he fraternises willingly with the Bosniak or the Albanian professing the same creed. The Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians are intolerant also in matters of blood, and have not as yet been able to conceive anything beyond a Greek, a Bulgarian, or Servian state.

It is this divided condition of the races which, in obedience to a mysterious law, are rapidly rising into notice, that has enabled Russia to claim and exercise so great an influence over their fortunes. If similarity of religion has not created sympathy between

neighbouring nations, it has induced them all to look with hope, not unmixed, perhaps, with fear, to a distant power. Strictly speaking, the Christians of Turkey find their *beau-ideal* of government already existing in Russia, and are disposed, at first sight, to consent to absorption. A nearer view, however, repels them. They miss one of the essential details of their organisation—the primary assemblies by which the people can convey to the head of the government their will and their desires. These assemblies they already possess. They appear to be rather of Slavonian than Greek origin, but may best be studied in the provinces of Thessaly and Macedonia. The Turks always made it a rule—if they were not rather governed by chance—to disturb the existing state of things in the countries they conquered only in so far as was necessary to the establishment of their own authority. Everywhere we find, therefore, the villages and boroughs, both of Greeks and Bulgarians, supplied with a kind of municipal government, in which all local interests are discussed. Traces of the same institution are even found in Russia, where it existed in full force until the time of Peter the Great. The existence of the forms enables the partisans of the northern empire to appeal most effectually to the prejudices of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey; but, as we have said, a closer inspection seems to alarm them; and they retire within themselves to meditate on the development of their own particular nationality. The appeals made, however, serve to stimulate their religious bigotry; and the time seems approaching when, no matter under what leader, they may be led to join in an unreasoning crusade against the followers of the Crescent. The question, however, is, whether a unanimous impulse will lead to any political result corresponding in character.

#### THE CABARET OF THE BREAK OF DAY.

EVERY visitor to Paris must have observed the time-worn summit of the tower of St Jacques de la Boucherie rising darkly near the Place du Châtelet, as if in solemn contrast with the gilded statue of Victory upon the pillared fountain in the midst. This tower is one of the finest specimens of the declining style of pointed architecture in France, and is the only remaining portion of the church of St Jacques de la Boucherie, which once occupied the entire area of the cloth-market at its base, and which was demolished during the Revolution.

Close by this old church—so close, indeed, as to lie beneath the very shadow of its tower in the evening sunset—there stood, about the middle of the last century, a mean *cabaret*, called Le Point du Jour (The Break of Day). It was a small, ill-lighted, dirty place enough, with sanded floors, and benches stained with liquors, and tables cut all over with the names of revellers. An old man, gray, withered, and cunning-eyed, served at the bar, and a young boy waited on the customers in the parlour.

Le Point du Jour was, however, a well-known cabaret and a prosperous. M. Perpignan's cellar was famous for old Macon wine, and his parlour for being the daily resort of a celebrated landscape-painter, named Simon Mathurin Lantara, an artist whose genius trod closely upon the footsteps of Claude Lorraine. Like that great painter, he had taken Nature alone for his master and his model; like too many of those who are indebted for their success solely to the spontaneous promptings of native talent, he was indolent, careless, and self-indulgent. Tainted by the sceptical philosophy of the Voltairian school, gifted with a fund of wit and repartee, endued with a natural taste for letters, an enthusiastic lover of beauty in all its phases, generous, thoughtless, affectionate, and kind-hearted, Lantara only needed to have lived a century later to have been

a happy, a prosperous, a respectable man. As it was, the age ruined him—the brilliant, licentious age of Louis XV. At the same time, it must be confessed, that M. Perpignan's old Macon wine bore some share in the errors of the landscape-painter. That old Macon was his fate—his bad angel. For its sake only, he frequented a low wine-shop such as this in the Place St Jacques de la Boucherie; for its sake, mingled constantly with the uneducated crowd of fourth-class actors, strolling musicians, ruined gamblers, and sign-painters, which daily filled the back-parlour of Le Point du Jour; for its sake, sank lower and lower every year in poverty, intemperance, and degradation. Yet, despite the inferior natures by which he was surrounded; despite the atmosphere of low debauchery wherein he moved and breathed; despite the fumes of wine which obscured his better sense, and robbed his hand too often of its steadiness, Lantara was inspired with the true power of a master. To him, the flushing skies and dewy pastures were holy, yet familiar things. Looking upon his canvas, you seemed to see the very freshness of the past shower—to feel the summer wind blowing through the mountain-pass, and shaking the leaves of the forest. Above all, he delighted to represent the fleecy vapours of 'incense-breathing morn,' and those rare sun-mists in which our English Turner has since proved so great. Some of his crayon-sketches, which are yet preserved in the Musée des Dessins, and in various private collections, are wonderfully bold and effective. The materials, too, are sufficiently simple; the whole thing consisting merely of careless touches in black and white crayons on gray or blue paper. Upon the latter, he drew some moonlight views of a magical, dreamy loveliness altogether unique.

But the cabaret spoiled all his prosperity, and fatally interrupted his labours. The back-parlour of Le Point du Jour was Lantara's *atelier*. There stood a table, called 'Lantara's table'; it was stained all over with drops of oil-paint, and heaped at one end with boxes of colour, palettes, brushes, maul-sticks, and old frames. There he sat amid a throng of boozing companions and low admirers—there, inspired by draughts of the old Macon, he dealt the flashes of his wit upon unworthy ears—there he reproduced the sullied bloom of earth and sky in his latest *chefs-d'œuvre*. And to this wretched place all those who desired to purchase his paintings were obliged to come. It will readily be seen how odious such a pilgrimage must have been to the rich and fastidious noblemen of the court of Louis Quinze, and what wealth and honour Lantara must have necessarily lost in the parlour of Le Point du Jour. Here, however, some patrons condescended to seek him; and amongst others, His Grace the Duke de Richelieu.

Carried to the door in a sedan-chair, and attended by servants on foot in gorgeous liveries, the duke made his way, with an air of supreme disgust, into the little noisome parlour at the back. 'Parbleu!' said he with a shrug and a grimace, 'you are a droll fellow, thus to establish your atelier at a wine-shop, in the quarter of St Jacques de la Boucherie! Do you know, Lantara, one must love the arts to excess, before one can summon courage to wade through the sand and dirt of this parlour, for the sake of a picture.'

'Merit is modest,' replied the painter with a merry glance; 'and it is for the noble and enterprising to seek it in the shade. But what can I do in the service of monseigneur? Does he wish for the sacred or the profane? for silver moonlight, for purple sunset, for a rippling lake? Or would he prefer the vestal vapours of the morn? With twenty-four sous' worth of paint, I can supply him.'

'I wish,' replied Richelieu, 'for a landscape such as I will describe to you. It is to fill a particular place in my gallery. You must depict a little chapel and a humble manse, all overgrown with the creeping ivy.'

Let the country around be wild and uncultivated—give a distant forest, a mountain-stream, some rocks: in short, I want something simple, yet savage; and enveloped, moreover, in one of your vaporous hazes. I say nothing to you about price—the Duke de Richelieu never bargains.' The painter bowed low over the nobleman's extended hand, and his Grace went forth from the cabaret, leaving behind him a strong odour of musk.

Lantara applied himself vigorously to his task; but, like the immortal Claude, he could never paint the human figure; and so the duke's picture contained not a single one. It was completed in the short space of one month, and it was a marvel of romantic scenery, of mist, of finish. The Duke de Richelieu came back in about five weeks, and found Lantara stretched idly upon a bench in the back-parlour of the cabaret, drinking and smoking with two or three others.

'Is this the way to work?' asked the duke, with that air of *bonhomie* in which it was his custom to convey a reproach. 'What has become of my picture?'

'*Finis coronat opus*,' said the painter. 'Behold it finished! It is not my place, monseigneur, to vaunt my own skill; but I think you must confess that it is a master-piece.'

'It is very beautiful, Lantara,' replied his Grace, inspecting the canvas through his eye-glass; 'but there is one thing in which I am disappointed.'

'Indeed! and what may that be?'

'I am amazed at the freshness of the colours, at the *vérisemblance* of the scene, at the purity of touch—but you have quite forgotten the figures. I see the forest, the valley, the chapel, the manse—but not a human figure!'

'Monseigneur,' replied the artist, '*all the people are at mass*.'

'At mass, are they?' replied the duke. 'Eh bien! I will pay for the picture when they come out.'

'If that be all, I will make them come out directly, monseigneur.' And Lantara, snatching up a pencil, sketched a grotesque figure half hidden among the trees of the forest.

'There,' he said, when he had finished; 'I have soon satisfied you.'

'But what you have done is nothing! It is a bluish, not an improvement. Monsieur, your jest is in bad taste, and very ill-timed.' And the duke was really angry.

'But, monseigneur,' urged Lantara, 'when the mass was over, the good people hastened home. *They are all gone in*. The proof of what I say is, that this peasant, having lost his way in the forest, is so ashamed of being seen, that he is hiding himself from every eye. It would be scarcely decent or reverential to be strolling out at such a time.' It is almost unnecessary to add, that Richelieu, quite disarmed by this reply, paid instantly for the picture, which was nothing less than a *chef-d'œuvre*.

The money was soon spent in the back-parlour of Le Point du Jour; for Lantara, who, like most artists, was extremely improvident, would play the host to every comer, and was soon more deeply in debt than he had been before.

Shortly after this, a circumstance occurred which threatened for awhile to deprive M. Perpignan of his customer. Lantara rented a miserable garret at the top of an old house, behind the church of St Jacques de la Boucherie—a place with broken windows and an open chimney, and furnished with nothing but a mattress, a chair, a lame table, and a caged lapwing; which last was the sole charm and treasure of his comfortless home. One night, the painter, who had been indulging more than usual in the old Macon, was so intoxicated that he could not find his lodging; so he staggered up the steps, and fell fast asleep under the porch of St Jacques. Here he was awakened by the

sunshine of the next morning. He rose—the cabaret was just facing him—he crossed over, and went in. It was gray evening before he came out again; and this time, although he was sober compared with the night before, his brain was heated, and his step far from steady. He reached his own door—he ascended the staircase—he entered his garret. Alas! in the two days' revel he had forgotten his poor lapwing. There it lay at the bottom of the cage, dead for want of food and water.

The bird had been his only tie, his only affection in the world! Lantara, in despair, would have thrown himself from the window, but that was prevented by a fellow-lodger, an old fiddler, who had been attracted by his cries of grief. Subdued by this man's persuasions, Lantara passed from his first stage of feverish excitement to a condition of listless melancholy. For three days and nights, he hung over the body of his little favourite, smoothing its feathers with his hand, and calling it by the most endearing names. But it was quite cold and dead, and could return his love and respond to his call no longer. 'Alas!' sobbed the painter, 'it is I who have murdered thee, my pretty bird! I have murdered thee, and there is no law to punish me, monster that I am! Thou art dead—thou canst not reproach me! But it is the wine-shop, the wine-shop that has been the cause of thy death; and I swear upon thy corpse, never again to set foot upon the threshold of Le Point du Jour!'

Lantara kept his word—for eight days. The oaths of a drunkard are as readily forgotten as those of a lover; besides, the memory of the dead fades rapidly away. Lantara buried his bird in a field near Paris; and he was very soon to be found as constantly, perhaps more constantly than before, in the parlour of Le Point du Jour. However, he could not endure to stay in his old lodging—he could not sleep in the room which had witnessed the death of his poor lapwing. So he removed to a small room in the Rue du Chantre, which was in every respect neater and more pleasant than the last. The proprietor of this house was a clever, calculating man. He knew his lodger's weakness in favour of old wine and good dinners, and he resolved to profit thereby. Thus, for a fat capon, a salad, some tarts, and a bottle of the old Macon from M. Perpignan, the landlord secured a collection of valuable sketches, for which, at the death of the poor artist, he received considerable sums.

But in the meantime Lantara was getting more and more deeply into debt at the bar of the cabaret, and every inhabitant of the quartier St Jacques de la Boucherie might read the amount of his liabilities scored up close beside the door. This public announcement grieved the painter beyond measure; for with the habits, he had not lost the pride of a gentleman. He proposed to paint two pictures for M. Perpignan, in order to defray the debt. To this offer, the marchand des vins reluctantly consented. Night and Morning were the subjects chosen for illustration; and Lantara set earnestly to work. But such was the luckless painter's penchant for the old Macon, that, long before the pictures were half finished, the amount of his debt was more than trebled, and his score occupied three large slates behind the bar.

Lantara was as well known in the quartier as the tower of the church whence its name was derived, and his presence alone brought plenty of custom to Le Point du Jour. When he used the parlour for his atelier, the place came to be regarded by the inhabitants as a kind of free exhibition, and they used not only to crowd round him, watching every movement of the pencil, but would even assemble outside and peep in through the windows. It was a frequent custom with these visitors to treat the artist with a friendly glass, in return for the amusement his labours afforded them; and from this circumstance Lantara conceived a project

for liquidating his score. This was how he proceeded:—In the first place, he purchased a large canvas whereon he sketched the ruins of an old château, half-way up the side of a rugged steep, and in the background a valley all luminous with the phosphorescent vapours of morning. This picture attracted a large number of spectators, amongst whom were several generous enough to offer Lantara sundry glasses of his favourite wine. But he had one reply for all.

'I have given up wine,' said the painter, 'for Monsieur Perpignan has just imported a supply of capital gin from Schiedam, which I infinitely prefer.'

'Chacun à son goût,' replied they, with evident surprise. 'You shall have the gin, Monsieur Lantara, and we will drink the old Macon.' The Schiedam liquor was, in fact, remarkably good, and that day the painter drank some dozens of *petits verres*. The next morning he rose very early, and made his way to the cabaret, at an hour so unwonted that M. Perpignan could not forbear expressing his astonishment.

'What! up already, Monsieur Lantara?' exclaimed he. 'Surely something has gone wrong. Has anything happened?'

'Nothing. But I wanted to speak to you before the customers assemble, for I have something particular to say.'

'What may that be?'

'I owe you money, Monsieur Perpignan.'

'Parbleu! I know that well enough. Why, here are three slates filled with your scores! Thirty pâtés—fourteen dozen of the old Macon—twenty-six capons—seventeen salads with'—

'Do not trouble yourself to recount the contents of the three slates, Monsieur Perpignan,' interrupted Lantara, somewhat angrily. 'I want to be out of your debt, and I am about to propose an idea to you.'

'I want money,' grumbled the marchand; 'I don't want ideas.'

'But the idea shall be worth money, and that is the same thing. Now listen attentively, and follow my instructions to the letter. I told all the people yesterday that I had ceased to care for anything but the gin of Schiedam. There was not a word of truth in what I said, mon ami. The old Macon still has, and ever will have, my preference. Send me a bottle at once, that I may prove it to you; and put it down to my score.' The wine was brought; he drank a tumblerful at a draught, and then went on: 'And could you for one instant believe that I really preferred the pale Dutch liquid to the red old Burgundy? Alas! no—I only said so; but I said it with a purpose. Attendez! When the customers offer me a glass of the gin, Monsieur Perpignan, serve up a glass of pure water, and thus you can set the price against my debt, and wipe away that horrible list which fills me with shame and anger all day long. Farewell, my old favourite!' he cried with a deep sigh, as he poured the last drop into his glass. 'Henceforth, I must taste nothing but water—truly, it is a punishment I have deserved!' And the painter that day drank no less than twenty-five *petits verres* of cold water, in expiation of his sins, and went home at night in a state of unusual sobriety, singing with a melancholy voice the refrain of a popular drinking-song:

Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau—  
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge!

For several months, Lantara heroically persevered in this course, and the slates in time offended his pride no more. But the immoderate use of cold water, to which his pride or probity had urged the painter, produced the most baleful effects upon his constitution; and before half a year had elapsed, he became so ill that it was found necessary to remove him to the neighbouring hospital of La Charité, in the Rue Jacob.

Here, although his case received the utmost attention, he grew rapidly worse, and it was soon evident that all chance of his recovery was past. For some days, the spark of vitality flickered dimly in the lamp, and during that brief interval, his heart was opened to humility and penitence. On the 22d of December 1778, did Simon Mathurin Lantara close a long career of artistic merits and moral weaknesses; unattended by one familiar face—uncared for by wife, child, or friend—a lonely man without home or human tie, breathing his last sigh within the precincts of a public hospital.

A great portion of this artist's works were lost in the succeeding Revolution; and those paintings and sketches which bear his name, command a high price in the Parisian auction-rooms. Lantara is not so well known in this country as his merits entitle him to be. He was a really great and original painter, and his works deserve a place in our national collection beside those of Turner and Claude Lorraine.

#### A MARRIAGE-TABLE.

THERE was a marriage-table where One sat,  
Meek and unnoticed, till they asked his aid—  
Thenceforth it truly seems that he has made  
All virtuous marriage-tables consecrate:  
Therefore at this, where, without pomp or state  
We sit, and only say, or, mute, are fain  
To smile the simple words: 'God bless these twin!'  
I think that One, who 'in the midst' doth wait  
Ofttimes, would not abjure our prayerful cheer,  
But, as at Cana, list with gracious ear  
To us, beseeching; that the Love divine  
Will ever at their household-table sit,  
Make all his servants who encompass it,  
And turn life's bitterest waters into wine.

#### WHAT A SHELL CAN DO.

Round shot and shells were perpetually whizzing through the air day and night, falling in all directions amongst and through the devoted houses of the city. By night, the shells assumed a magnificent appearance, resembling so many shooting-stars, though, alas! far more formidable. One day, a number of us were viewing the scene of destruction from a battery erected on the summit of a high hill. Whilst we anxiously observed the amount of damage committed by the shells, there arose suddenly from the centre of the fort what at first appeared to us a huge mound of earth, which gradually increased in size until it resembled a hill some 600 feet in height; then it almost imperceptibly changed, and assumed the appearance of an excessively dark thunder-cloud, which eventually spread far and wide, concealing both fort and town from our wonder-struck gaze; a few minutes elapsed, and it entirely enveloped the high position we were occupying, although 900 yards from the explosion. This terrific catastrophe originated in one of our shells fortunately bursting in a powder-magazine, containing several tons of combustible ammunition. The sublime spectacle that ensued will never be effaced from my memory, nor, I imagine, from that of any who witnessed the sight. For several minutes, the atmosphere continued very close, not even a breath of wind stirring, but a deathlike stillness prevailed, precisely similar to that which precedes a dense dust-storm. All the guns ceased firing—all eyes were directed upwards, gazing with awe at the scene thus suddenly presented them. Men even addressed each other in a whisper.—*James's Volunteer's Scramble.*

A chapter of 'Things as They are in America' was prepared for this number, but, owing to other arrangements, cannot appear till the next.

Printed and Published by W. and E. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## PHILOSOPHY FOR FRESHMEN.

THERE is no epoch in the social career of a young man so fraught with danger as that period when, having overcome the probationary struggles of hobbledehoyism, he finds himself launched, with its limited amount of experience, admitted to be even more dangerous than none at all, on the great sea of society. He has acquired self-confidence enough to cut up a tongue without any serious manifestations of alarm; and his conversation, if neither very profound nor very brilliant, has, at all events, become weeded of the slang of the school-room and the college. Young married ladies, it is true, do not notice him particularly; but old ones pronounce him a gentlemanlike young man; and very young ones vote him great fun. The honours of the social world are opening to his view, not as unattainable abstractions, as they have hitherto appeared to him, but as advantages which he feels he one day may be able to make his own. I have frequently, from that arm-chair which, in my character of a sort of oddity, society has been wont to award to me rather before my time, had occasion to notice the chrysalis struggles of this trying period; nay, I am not without a recollection of the difficulties which attended, not many ages ago, my own early efforts in a similar direction. The result has been an earnest desire on my part, from my safe anchorage, to lay down, for the advantage of those enthusiastic adventurers who are following in my wake, a few of the shoals and quicksands they will encounter on their first voyage across the troubled sea of society.

The first secret—to begin at the beginning—which we have to learn on our entry into the social world, and one not among the least difficult, is the apparently simple art of being quiet. It may safely be averred, that the error most usual on the commencement of a career is the

Vaulting ambition  
Which o'erleaps itself, and falls;

the conviction that we are nothing unless we are everything; and the fear lest we should be supposed to be silent because we have nothing to say.

Apprehensive lest society should fail to concede to him the position which is his due, the neophyte will be apt to assume one that is not, and attempt to shine in conversation before he has earned the right to lift up his voice in it at all. An attempt to talk well will inevitably result in failure, since, in conversation, absence of effort is the grand essential to success; failure will induce fresh effort, and fresh effort renewed failure. From being loquacious, he will become in-

trusive; from intrusive, flippant, until persons who, had he been content to be quiet, would never have noticed him at all, are compelled to do so, while they set down his assumption to impertinence, and attribute to excess of confidence what has, in fact, resulted from the mere want of it. It may be well for the Freshman to remember, that, to people accustomed to the world, the silence of reserve is easily distinguishable from the silence of stupidity. Study, then, O youth, ambitious of admission within the inner circles of the social Mæström—study quiet. Not that I would compel you to a mere gaping silence. The word quiet possesses, socially speaking, a far wider signification. It implies an unobtrusive amalgamation with the society in which one is placed for the time being—a power of self-command sufficiently strong to enable us to be content to take rank as one of a number, without aspiring too soon to be the one. The high places in a coterie, like the high places everywhere else, require an apprenticeship. We cannot step at once, full-armed, like Pallas from the head of Jove, into the enviable post of *infant chéri* of a circle.

In the course of his probation, the novice may perhaps observe amongst the most pretentious and successful of the party, men whom he may feel to be his inferiors in the very qualities to which they owe such success. He will, if he is wise, be careful how he yield to the temptation of entering the lists with them too soon; for if he does, he may be sure that, evince his superiority as clearly as he may, the attempt will result in his utter discomfiture. Society around, influenced partly by their sympathy with his rival as one of themselves, and partly by their want of faith in him as a stranger, will regard his challenge as an attack upon their self-love, and will withstand him as a common enemy, were he ten times the conqueror. He must call his self-command into play, and bide his time. Although the age of the worst description of affectation in men went out probably when the dandies died, and 'the Tenth' began to dance, there are still occasionally to be met with a stray weed of the genus, notwithstanding the blighting influence of the common-sense character of the present day. There are two especially observable, generally in not very deep soil, the growth of recent days, which seem to call for some slight notice in passing—the air worldly, and the air blasé. The affectation of worldliness generally comes first. Involving, as it assumes to do, such acute penetration and deep experience, it possesses an extreme charm for very young and not very vigorous intellects. There is my friend Browne, for instance, as well-principled and ingenuous as a fledgling as I know, who edifies his acquaintances by the wariest maxims of human conduct,

and was swindled the other day out of his last quarter's allowance by a cheat so transparent as could hardly have deceived an intelligent school-boy. Our mutual acquaintance, Tom Smyth, the two-and-twenty years of whose life have been passed quietly enough at the Charter-house and the paternal mansion in Bryanston Square—with reasonable facilities for independent ingress and egress—is in the blasé stage of the disease. He enjoys his comparatively limited opportunities of seeing the world with an apparent zest which wiser heads might envy; but I am concerned to learn that this seeming enjoyment has no actual reality, as he assures me that he has long ceased to feel any pleasure in anything—having made the discovery—he does not say where, but I suspect at the Lyceum Theatre—that there is nothing in anything, and that he is literally 'used up.' In vain have I ventured to hint to Browne that a little more worldliness in practice, and a little less in theory, might conduce considerably to his comfort and general respectability; he continues to scandalise ancient ladies, and appal very young ones, by the most Machiavellian theories of human conduct. Fruitlessly have I pointed out to Smyth that the vapid air and wearied step which is excessively appropriate in Mr Charles Mathews as Sir Charles Coldstream, who remembered the comet of 1811, is particularly absurd in Tom Smyth, after the active enjoyment of his fifth polka, and whose social experiences extend no further than to the introduction of that comparatively recent, but happily nearly obsolete, enjoyment.

When the versatile Mr Puff, in that *Tragedy* which we are never tired of seeing *Rehearsed*, succeeded in effectively posing all his characters upon their knees in a row before the footlights, he was made sensible, for the first time, of a simple but rather serious difficulty: he had made no provision for *getting them off* again. How often in society are we reminded of Mr Puff's dilemma! With how many a mortification have we not had to sympathise, arising solely from the omission of some one or other of our aspiring contemporaries to provide for this apparently simple difficulty, and to settle before his entry on the scene how he was to get off again. I happened, a short time ago, to be bidden, in company with my young friend Tom Spooner, to a social gathering at the house of one of those often excellent, but always inconvenient, acquaintances, whose invitations, either from want of experience in the hostess, or from some other cause, never convey the slightest idea of the nature of the entertainments they proffer us. Eight o'clock, the hour indicated on the present occasion, seemed, in these days of late visiting, rather suggestive of a few friends and a little music; but their copper-plate, and a fortnight's notice, appeared to point to something of a more elaborate character. My companion presented himself at my chambers on the appointed evening, apparelled with great magnificence. Much fine linen and buttons, a white ribbon round his neck, gloves immaculate on his hands, a gibus under his arm, and a geranium in his button-hole, presented an *ensemble* of which, but for my misgivings, I should undoubtedly have been extremely proud. As it was, however, I feared. In vain I pointed out that the affair was a very doubtful one, and that something of a rather more neutral tone in exterior would, at all events, be safer. In vain I suggested to my friend to defy the *Hints on Etiquette*, and carry his gloves in his hands instead of on them, until he should be sure of needing them at all; to leave his gibus in the passage, and discard the geranium altogether. In vain: he would leave himself no exit. Not soon shall I forget the discomfiture of that unwary young man when we were ushered into a dubiously lighted room, and welcomed to the hospitalities of a tea-tray and the acquaintance of four matrons in balzarine, a middle-aged spinster in a jacket, and two

school-girls in white muslin. My companion now felt the full value of the 'exit' to which he had attached so little importance. His gloves, which he would have given twice their cost to be rid of, were as tenacious as the shirt of Nessus; the crush-hat, of which, as though it had been a charm, he had resisted all attempts of the servant to divest him, crushed his spirits like a spell; and the odour of the geranium, which imparted an agreeable sense of festivity to the surrounding atmosphere, was as poisonous to him as the breath of the upstree. His earnest denial to the not unnatural suggestion of the lady of the house, 'I am afraid you expected a party,' was scarcely more droll than the air of dolorous magnificence with which he proceeded, in company with a portion of the aforesaid ladies, and one or two subsequent arrivals in frock-coats and reasonable shirt-collars, to devote the remainder of the evening to the relaxation of 'vingt et une' at twopence a dozen. The moral which Mr Spooner, as a reflective man, will have derived from this little experience, will probably be something like this: If we would avoid placing ourselves in a ridiculous position—and if not a point of primal importance, it is always worth a little forethought to escape—we shall take no step in society, even across a drawing-room, without first considering and providing, so far as we are able, against any contingencies which may seem likely to arise from it.

Smartness of conversation is an art much studied by the youth of the present day; but as a means of acquiring popularity in society, it is certainly a mistake. Nobody ever acquired good-will by mere clever talking. On the contrary, it may safely be affirmed, that the persons who are really liked in the world, are the good listeners—those wise people who, like Montaigne, 'always put their company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.' Persevere in this lesson, and be sure that society will not only find out that you are a very agreeable person, but also a very clever one, though you may never have opened your lips, save to ask a question. Do not, O enterprising aspirant, conscious though you may be of an abundant wealth of conversational currency in useful light-change, despise, as unworthy of your genius, the apparently humble rôle of Chorus! Be assured, it is far easier to talk well than to listen well; far less trying to your horsemanship to trot your own hobby, than to ride double behind that of your neighbour.

That effort to gratify the personal feelings of those with whom we come in contact in society, which passes by the name of flattery, is one of the most powerful weapons of social conquest, but it is also by far the most difficult to wield. 'How happy am I,' observed a worthy who chanced to be once seated between Madame de Staël and the lovely Madame Récamier, 'at being thus placed between Genius and Beauty!' This mirror of chivalry—who, by the way, could surely never have been a Frenchman—did not perceive that this ingenious piece of flattery had much more in it of impertinence than of compliment, recalling, as it obviously must have done to each lady, the quality in which she was most deficient. Fortunately for this Solon, Genius was merciful, and came to the rescue. 'This is the first time I was ever called beautiful,' observed Corinne, gracefully referring, with true flattery, the compliment of intellect to her companion, whose beauty needed none. Direct personal flattery is impertinence, and will be always so regarded by any one who is worth flattering at all; because when we assume to a lady the right to praise her, we obviously claim also the title to censure. All flattery, like that of Madame de Staël, should be indirect—all compliment, inferential.

There is, at the same time, one description of flattery which, while it is the most easy, and may be safely employed with all persons, and on all occasions, is also by far the most unerring. Universal in its application,



it may be conveyed in a happy word, or be expressed even more speakingly in a judicious silence; may be visible in a bow, and audible in a tone; eloquent in a smile, and recognisable even in a dissent. I mean that flattery which is involved in an active consideration or forethought for the feelings of others in small matters. There are few of us sufficiently alive to the fact, how large a proportion of the impressions of pleasure and pain which make up our daily life arise from trifles. Every hair can cast a shadow. We may be satisfied that a deferential attention to our words, however unimportant—an evidence of memory of our tastes, however slight—and an anticipation of our wishes, however trivial, is a flattery we can none of us withstand.

Many a small reputation for wit has been gained by saying smart things of people in their absence; for it is by no means difficult to appear rather clever, if we do not mind being very ill-natured. For my part, I never hear a man speak depreciatingly of other men with whom he comes in contact in society, without being irresistibly led to the inference that he is jealous of them. Of course, no man ever speaks ill of women, who desires it to be inferred that he has been well received by them.

Although I by no means regard excessive enthusiasm as a peculiarly marked failing in the character of the ingenuous youth of the present day, and would by no means desire to deal hardly with it if I did, I am sometimes sensible of a slight tinge of it leading to much discomfort and mortification, in the hasty impulses which often prompt us, in the apprenticeship of life, to form ill-considered friendships. Now, it may happen that I may have the satisfaction of meeting at my friend Wigby's rooms a gentleman of 'parts,' who, with me, admires Mr Thackeray, knows the difference between the favourite British Havanna and the real growths of the Val d'Abajo, and possesses the still higher qualification of being able to appreciate the merits of my conversation. But it is by no means necessary, therefore, that I should propose to that gentleman to share chambers with me, smoke calumets of Gebeli with him ten days out of the following fourteen, and, as I find to be the general termination of such acquaintanceships, consign him to the limbo of absolute indifference, nay, intolerance, because he has proved not to possess qualifications which I never had the slightest right to expect of him.

Friendships are not difficult to make; but even the best and most sincere, on both sides, require much wisdom and reciprocal forbearance to retain. In the first place, we must not exact too much of our friends, or expect of them developments of friendship which their natures may not enable them to give. It is not so much what you may be able to offer yourself, or may even have a right to require, that you must look for, but merely such return as the character of your friends enables them to make; remembering that you are probably exacting from them some similar concession in another way. For example, there are some persons—sincerely attached to us, too, in their way—in whose friendship, if we are not advancing, we seem to be going back, with whom we are ever either mounting the hill or descending on the other side. At one time, we find our popularity steadily increasing; the servant admits us at the most unusual hours, and our hostess makes room on the sofa beside her with *empressement* as we enter her drawing-room; our invitation to stay dinner is conveyed in a tone which says: 'You will really gratify us by remaining;' and our pleasantries, good or indifferent, are received with equal enthusiasm, and extensively quoted. At another time, somehow or other, our visits always seem to fall at unpropitious moments; our invitations to stay and dine become less frequent, and ring in our ears not quite like sterling coin when

the warm manner and cordial tone which are its true exponents; our friend's friends, who never did think much of us, and had become rather weary of our praises, smile as they hear of us no more, and congratulate themselves cordially upon our ostracism; and we subside finally from 'Ever most truly yours,' to 'Yours sincerely.' Our first impulse is to renounce such ostracism as worthless, but this is an error. There are many degrees between acquaintanceship and the purest friendship, each worth having, and worth some sacrifice; and he is a poor philosopher who refuses a small pleasure because there are greater pleasures.

A little absence, a little forbearance, or some such small piece of self-denial, will enable us to preserve many a delicate friendship, of which less careful treatment would soon have deprived us.

By the way, speaking of friends' friends, there is no feature of our social experiences that requires more delicate tact than the conduct of our acquaintance with those we are in the habit of meeting at our friends' houses. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*, says the French proverb. Rochefoucauld would never have said so. This social apothegm is to be received with considerable qualification. Our friends will always wish us to like their friends, and be popular with them: it is a tribute to their own taste and judgment. But the sympathy must not be too strong, and must be very gradually developed, or we are very likely to have to make choice between our old friends and our new ones.

There is a word for which I have a peculiar distaste, because it conveys to me an entirely false impression of the meaning which it is usually intended to express—I mean the word politeness. It is ever associated in my mind with the manners of a dancing-master, and the urbanity of a French cook, and in no degree represents that unobtrusive good-breeding which it is employed to describe. This quality—for it is a quality of the heart rather than a lesson of the head—is merely another form of that flattery of which I have spoken before, and which consists of a nice consideration for the feelings of others, and belongs to no age, to no period of life, and to no station in the world.

Such are a few of the ideas which a glance, a very little below the surface of social life, will probably give us, and which, like all just ideas, will be found to be based upon one simple principle. If we desire to attain to the privileges which society concedes to those whom it delights to honour, we must pay the same price for them we have to pay for everything else. We must be content, for a time at least, to put ourselves, our own vanities, impulses, conceits, and conveniences into our pockets, and practise, in the ever-varying forms our social apprenticeship requires, the wholesome duty of self-denial.

### THE STOLEN SHOES.

A DORADO, where gold may be had for the gathering, has formed the subject of the traditions, or exercised the fancies, of most peoples. The Arabs have never had an opportunity of experiencing what such a place really is; but their story-tellers make use of the idea in the following manner:—

In very ancient times, there lived, say they, in Cairo, in one of the streets near the foot of the citadel, a man named Abu Daood, whose poverty and misery were great. By trade, he was a cobbler; but destiny did not permit him to gain a living by the labour of his hands. Sometimes he remained for whole days without having a single pair of babooshes to mend; and when work was brought to him, he was very frequently so beaten down in the price he asked, or cheated by dishonest people, that he found it absolutely impossible to earn even the expenses of his shop.

Fortunately for him he had no wife or relation of

curse that had befallen him, and, strange to say, when he went home in hunger, he regretted he did not hear, as he opened the crazy door of his house, the voice of children, even though they should be crying for food. As he scarcely ever spent any money, or was seen to bring home provisions, the neighbours used to say that he was a magician, or that he lived upon air; but it was evident that this kind of nourishment was not favourable to him, for he was as thin and dry as a nail. The truth was, that he passed a great part of his time wandering up and down the streets, seeking for the news of some marriage or of some death; and then he went with the beggars, and other sons of sorrow, to dip his fingers in the great wooden bowls that are put out at the doors on such festive or mournful occasions. He found that in the scramble of the hungry, it was rarely possible for him to approach the dish more than once; but an old beggar of experience had taught him the art of scooping out, with one single plunge of his hand, the substance of a meal. In this way he managed to keep soul and body together; but as he was a man respectable in his ideas, he never asked for alms with the others when the wants of the moment were satisfied, but repaired at once to his shop, and sat waiting for custom until the going down of the sun.

From time to time, when he could get a little leather, he had actually fabricated some fine red shoes—half-a-dozen pair, which he had arranged in a row in front of his shop; but at first he had asked too much for them, and would not lower his price until their lustre became tarnished, and then everybody passed by, and went to bargain with other dealers. Poor Abu Daood in vain invited the fastidious to come and buy, going so far, sometimes, as to offer his wares as a present. Nobody paid any attention to him. Destiny had decreed that he should not make his fortune as a shoemaker.

One day a very old man, whose dress and appearance revealed him to be a Maggrebby, or Man from the West, came down the street, evidently looking for a pair of shoes, or for a cobbler; for he carried a tattered baboosh in his hand. Abu Daood espied him afar off, and felt inclined to rush towards him, and seizing the skirts of his garment, to drag him by main force to his shop. But the Shah Bomdar of the merchants had married his daughter that morning, and the cobbler had not only succeeded in getting two handfuls of rice, but had snatched a rag of mutton from a greedy blind beggar, who was making off with it after having had his fill. Thus fortified, he was enabled to repress the undignified suggestion of his misery, and to wait in breathless expectation for the result. To his extreme surprise, the Maggrebby passed all his rivals, and coming straight up to him, saluted him by his name, and said:

'I charge thee to mend this excellent pair of babooshes with the utmost care, and in the meantime, I will take of thy stock for my immediate use.' So saying, he slipped on two of the tarnished shoes, promised to return in the evening, and went away, leaving his own rage in pledge for the payment. Abu Daood was so delighted, that he ran immediately to three or four neighbours, and shouted with glistening eyes: 'I have sold a pair of shoes! I have sold a pair of shoes!' He set to work immediately to cobble the babooshes of the Maggrebby, but he found them in such a wretched state, that it was impossible to do anything with them. In vain did he put a patch here and a patch there, first renewing the heels, then the toes—it would have been far easier and cheaper to make a new pair. 'I must persuade this foolish Maggrebby,' said he to himself, 'to throw those miserable things into the street, and to buy new ones instead, if what he has already taken be not sufficient.'

Evening came, and no Maggrebby. Abu Daood had counted on a good supper, and kept his shop open until long after dark. All his neighbours put up their shutters, and went away one by one, but he remained obstinately

at his post, until the fear of robbers—superfluous fear!—overcame him, and he returned sorrowfully to his dismal dwelling. He lulled himself to sleep that night by curses on the Maggrebby, but was up before dawn, and on his way to his shop, still hoping that the owner of the ragged babooshes might come and clear up his character for honesty and fair-dealing. He could not refrain from relating his misadventure to his neighbours, who affected to pity him, but smiled maliciously one to the other, saying: 'Abu Daood has sold a pair of shoes!' and it became the joke in the quarter, when they observed the poor cobbler dozing over his hunger, to cry out: 'Here comes the Maggrebby!' But a whole year passed away, and he did not reappear.

At length one day the cry of 'Here comes the Maggrebby!' startled Abu Daood as usual; and looking forth to cast a reproachful glance at the wags, he actually beheld the same old man advancing towards him. His first impulse was to snatch up the pair of shoes, which he had cobbled during his interminable moments of leisure into something like shape, and thrust them down the throat of the dishonest customer; but he restrained himself, and when the Maggrebby had saluted him, as if nothing had happened, he said: 'The job thou gavest me was very troublesome. It would have been better to take a new pair.' Upon this, the Maggrebby laughed, and said: 'Verily, thou art a wise man, and a circumspect. I came expecting thy reproaches; but, lo! thou sparest me. This shall be counted unto thee.' So saying, he took out a piece of gold, and placed it in the hand of the cobbler, who well-nigh fainted with joy.

'Now, Abu Daood,' said the stranger, 'it will be fitting for thee to invite me to supper this evening. Take these two other pieces of gold, and buy what is necessary. I will come and join thee at sunset; and thou shalt conduct me to thy house.'

When the Maggrebby was gone, Abu Daood related his good-fortune to his neighbours, who shook their heads incredulously, and suggested that the pieces of gold were merely leaves of yellow paper; but the cobbler went and changed his money, and came back triumphant. Then the neighbours, who began to be jealous, warned him to take care lest he should fall into the hands of a magician. But Abu Daood replied: 'What can a magician do to me? He cannot slay me, unless it be the will of God: all he can do is to turn me into an ass, a buffalo, or an ape; and verily, this would be no great misfortune, for the asses, and the buffaloes, and the apes of this world have a more happy existence than I.' So Abu Daood went to prepare the supper of the Maggrebby; and going to meet him at the place appointed at sunset, found him already arrived, and took him to his house.

The supper was magnificent, according to the ideas of the cobbler, and had been prepared at a neighbouring cook-shop. The Maggrebby ate heartily, as did Abu Daood likewise. When they had washed their hands, coffee was brought and pipes; and the Maggrebby began to talk of travel, and foreign lands, and strange countries, whilst his host listened with eager ears, for a long time not venturing to speak. At length, however, he mustered up courage to say what he had upon his mind. It was this: 'I pray thee, O honoured master, if it be not impertinent—in which case, forgive me—tell me wherefore thou didst not return last year and pay me for my shoes. I knew that thou wast an honest man, and waited for thee in patience, until all the neighbours mocked me.'

'My son,' replied the Maggrebby, 'I would have refrained from telling thee this secret, lest it might introduce into thy mind covetousness and uneasiness; but since thou askest me, and since equivocal conduct requireth an explanation, I will state the whole truth; and may God pardon me if the consequence be the troubling of thy thoughts! Know, then, that I am

inhabitant of the city of Taroor, in Fezzan, and that my poverty and misery were great. But one day I learned from a pilgrim who rested in my house, on his way to Gebel Tor, that in the south was reported a land, the ribs of whose mountains, and the sands of whose rivers, were of gold, so that whosoever reached it might collect, in one day, wealth sufficient to make him envied of princes. I eagerly desired further information of this land; but he told me that its access was most difficult, and that, according to an ancient tradition, none of the sons of Adam could penetrate to it but he who should wear the stolen shoes of the cobbler Abu Daood. So I began to seek for a cobbler of this name, and travelled into many countries until age came upon me. I arrived at length in the city of Cairo, and heard of thy story; and stole the shoes in the manner which thou knowest. Then I set forth, and passed rapidly towards the regions of the south, until I reached a valley in the midst of great mountains. Here I found gold lying about like pebbles, and gathered together twice as much as I thought would be sufficient to support me in comfort to the end of my days. But the means of transport were wanting, and I looked round in despair until I saw a man with a yellow skin approaching me, and leading a camel. "Stranger," said he, "it is decreed that if any of the sons of Adam enter this valley, and collect gold sufficient to load one camel, he shall be suffered to depart, but if he collect more, he shall be kept as a slave." On hearing this, I thanked Him who had inspired me with moderation; and having placed my wealth in two small panniers, prepared to return. Then the yellow man said: "Remember that half what thou hast taken belongeth to Abu Daood. Farewell!" and he went away. I travelled for half a day with my camel, and found myself in a large city, whence a caravan was about to start for Egypt, and I started with it; but to my surprise, learned we were distant a six months' journey from Cairo, whereas I had reached that place in a few days. This is the whole of my story, and I am now ready to deliver over to thee half of the wealth which I have acquired.

Abu Daood was bewildered and amazed by this concise narrative, which concluded by holding out to him a prospect of prosperity of which he had never dared to dream. Yet, says the tradition—in this matter eminently philosophical—he soon passed from joy at his good-fortune, to regret at not having been able himself to visit the land of gold. 'Half a camel-load is little,' muttered he, as he gazed with glaring eyes at the Maggrebby. The good old man, noticing the expression of his face, said meekly and kindly: 'My son, thou art young, and I am ancient of days: take two-thirds, and be satisfied.' 'But I should have liked a whole camel-load,' quoth Abu Daood, still talking as if to himself. 'That was impossible,' observed the Maggrebby humorously, 'for thou couldst not steal thine own shoes.' Upon this the cobbler, preserved from wicked thoughts by the will of God, laughed, and replied: 'Think not that I envy thee what thou hast acquired; I receive what thou givest me with joy; but are there no means by which I, too, could visit this wonderful place?'

The old man hung his head for a time, and seemed to ponder deeply. At length he looked steadily at Abu Daood, and said: 'In my regard for thy welfare, I concealed something from thee; but what is written must come to pass. Know, then, that the yellow man when he departed from me gave me a ring, saying: "Should Abu Daood desire, in the covetousness of his heart, to come to this country, let him swallow that which he will find beneath the signet of this ring, and his wishes will be accomplished; but it will be better for him to remain in the quiet enjoyment of the wealth which thou wilt bestow upon him." ' Abu Daood held out his hand eagerly, and took the ring, and found within it a little piece of a greenish substance, which he swallowed. When he had swallowed it, all things

around him seemed to become confused: the Maggrebby's eyes grew round and red, his nose elongated into a beak, his mouth disappeared under his chin, his arms became wings, and his feet claws—in fine, he changed into a bird of strange aspect. The cobbler was at first frightened, and repented of his rashness; but the bird gave him no time to think, and snatching him up, clove the roof of the house, and carrying him high up towards the heavens, flew for the space of a night and a day, when he set him down, and immediately returned into the clouds.

Abu Daood found himself beneath a tree, forming part of a sweet grove, with branches full of birds of wonderful plumage and sweet song. He looked around in wonder, and rubbed his eyes, fearful that all this might be a dream. But having convinced himself that he was awake, he rose and walked until he came to the banks of a river, on the other side of which was a large city. A ferryman, with a very yellow face, spoke to him in an uncouth language; but seeing he did not understand, made signs that he was to get into his boat, which he did. On reaching the other side, he saw many people all bustling about, but all with yellow faces; and he now noticed that every one had a careworn, haggard expression, and that their features were now and then distorted, as if by severe pain. 'Verily,' said Abu Daood, 'all these folks have the cholera. I will hasten to collect gold, and escape at once from the country.' He proceeded along the streets, which were filled with shops of all descriptions, excepting provision-shops. There were mercers and drapers, and shoemakers and saddlers, but there were no butchers, or bakers, or fruit-dealers. 'This is a wonderful place,' quoth Abu Daood; 'verily, it is more wonderful than the valley which the Maggrebby saw.'

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a man touched him on the shoulder, and said: 'Friend, it is the hour of the evening-meal. Thou knowest the law. Come in to my house, for I perceive thou art a stranger to this quarter.' Then it is related that Abu Daood, fearful to transgress the law, obeyed this invitation, and was taken into a room dimly lighted, where was a table, and round the table a number of men and women, all yellow as fever-patients. But when the dishes were uncovered, lo! upon them was no food, but only heaps of gold, which, with moanings and contortions, and grimaces of disgust, the guests began to swallow. Abu Daood, obeying an irresistible impulse, put out his hand, intending to fill his pockets; but he soon found himself eating with the rest, and was unable to leave off until he had swallowed more gold than he had ever swallowed rice at a meal. After this strange supper, the guests dispersed, groaning and complaining; and the master of the house took the cobbler to a chamber where was a comfortable bed, and bade him rest until morning.

The tradition is luxurious in details respecting this extraordinary city, which was inhabited by the souls of misers and usurers, and covetous men of all descriptions, condemned for their sins to live on, performing all the ordinary functions of existence, except that their sole food was gold. A tone of burlesque satire pervades it; and the narrators, often in the true spirit of Dante, introduce amongst the various characters encountered by the cobbler, the marked portraits of people of their own day celebrated for avarice. An hour is sometimes occupied in this way, so that the story becomes merely a vehicle for satire, mingled with moral reflections. At length Abu Daood, well wearied of feeding on so indigestible a substance as gold, presents a petition to the princess of the city, and obtains an interview.

Dahabee, the princess, is a lady with golden hair, not of mortal origin, but a ginneyeh—a spirit. She rules her kingdom with inexorable justice, and severely punishes the fastidious mortals who choose to fast in

order to escape the accursed food alone allowed them. She herself feeds on fat pullets, on quails, on singing-birds, and other delicate morsels. The story of Abu Daood amuses her; and she even confesses that a single life had begun to be rather burdensome. She makes an offer of marriage, is accepted with dutiful resignation, and Abu Daood becomes king of the Golden Land. All traces of avarice, however, have been eradicated from his mind. In vain the princess, who has her secret reasons, exhibits vast treasures; in vain she makes progresses with him through the provinces, where mountains of gold blaze on all sides; he remains perfectly unmoved, without a single access of cupidity, content to eat his quail or his pullet in her society, and condemning the precious metals as viler than dust. A year having passed in this way, Dahabee, with tears in her eyes, confesses, that since he has been proof against temptation, she has no right to retain him any longer, and that she is bound to send him back to his own country. He makes a show of unwillingness, but really feels a longing for Cairo; so one night she takes him up in his sleep, and carries him in her bosom to his own house, where she sets him down, and flies away with a long melancholy cry.

Some women were passing Abu Daood's door, uttering the yughareet, or shrill scream of joy that announces a wedding. He awoke with a start, and dressing in an old habit, was about to run after them, to ascertain where the alms were to be distributed. But he remembered the events of the previous night, and of his dream. He looked round for the Maggrebby, but he was gone. In the place where he had sat, however, was a large bag filled with ingots of gold. There was enough to make him a rich man; and he lived ever afterwards a quiet and contented life, although he sometimes shed a tear to the memory of the Princess Dahabee.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### WASHINGTON.

THE season was now considerably advanced, and I had just time to make a run southwards, previous to the opening of Congress at Washington on the 5th of December, at which I felt some curiosity to be present. The journey would unfortunately take me twice over the same ground; but for this there was no help. I proposed to go through New York to Philadelphia, and thence without stopping through Baltimore to Washington, leaving the return excursion to be performed with somewhat more deliberation. As a chain of railways is extended from Boston much further south than I had any intention of going, it was practicable to make the whole journey in from two to three days.

On a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, I bade adieu to my kind friends in Providence, and taking my place in the cars, hoped to arrive at Philadelphia late in the evening. But in this plan of operations I was destined to experience disappointment. The cars got on admirably for about a dozen miles, when on slowly leaving a station, they were by a sudden concussion brought to an abrupt halt. Quietly and apathetically a few persons sallied forth to see what was the matter—I went with them; and finally, everybody in the train came out to learn the particulars of the disaster.

There we all stood in a group near the locomotive, which, with the tender behind it, was placed in a highly critical position. By an act of carelessness exceedingly common on the American railways, the person in charge of a siding had neglected to adjust the points to suit the up-train, and the locomotive having run

right off the track, was stuck fast in the middle of a rudely constructed wooden bridge; one of its fore-wheels whirling in the air over the abyss beneath. A little more impetus would have sent the whole train to the bottom of the river, which flowed through the ravine. As no personal injury, however, was sustained, the accident was rather amusing than otherwise. I had again an opportunity of remarking the placid impassibility of the American character. In England, there would have been vehement upbraidings of somebody or other. Here there was perfect imperturbability. Everybody looked on in silence, as if nothing particular had occurred. The only person who made himself heard, was an umbrella pedler, who, taking advantage of what he probably considered to be a fortunate assemblage of customers, rushed madly about recommending his wares to public notice, and assuring every one that he would never have such another chance of purchasing a good, substantial, and cheap umbrella. In a moment, I saw that my day's journey was cut short. The railway was only a single line, and the bridge, blocked up by the locomotive, was barely passable on foot. Our only hope was the arrival of a train in the opposite direction, which might exchange passengers and return on its track. Meanwhile, the morning was very cold, and most of us sought the refuge of a small station-house which was provided with a fire in an iron stove. Around the cheering blaze we clustered a solemn band, into the midst of which the everlasting umbrella pedler ever and anon thrust himself with his bundle under his arm, telling everybody that now was the time to buy a right good cotton umbrella. And so an hour was spent in the station-house, till the train from Worcester was heard approaching, and drawing up in time to avoid running in upon the unfortunate locomotive in its path.

'I say, conductor, how are we to get across that new bridge?' asked several passengers. 'You see it is quite open, with only beams for us to step upon, and hardly room to pass.'

The conductor paid no attention to any such inquiries, but began carrying across portmanteaus and carpet-bags, while the conductor of the other train did the same with the baggage under his charge; and for half an hour there was a scrambling of men, women, and children, conductors and baggage-masters, to and fro, till the exchange was wholly effected—the scene reminding one of the Vision of Mirza, no one, however, having the misfortune to drop through the openings in the bridge into the dark pool below. I had the honour of conducting a middle-aged lady and band-box across the gulf, and was rewarded with a warmth of thanks and good wishes which I had not on any previous occasion experienced. Having all successfully achieved the adventure of crossing, we took our places in the train, which then moved on to Worcester, leaving the passengers who had come with it to find their way to Providence as they best might. The last thing I saw was a crowd of them pulling at a rope which was attached to the errant locomotive; but how long they pulled, or whether they got the engine back to its proper position on the rails, I am unable to say. Without further detention, we arrived in Worcester, but so considerably behind time, that the morning train from Boston to New York had long since passed.

I did not altogether regret a delay of five or six hours

in what I found to be one of the prettiest and busiest towns in New England. The wide streets, ornamented with trees, were lined with large and handsome stores, while in the environs there appeared to be various manufactories of some importance. Worcester is a kind of American Birmingham; articles of hardware being its principal products, among which telegraph-wire and pistols have a prominent place. Recollecting the name of a manufacturer of railway-cars, I visited his establishment, and procured some information that promised to be useful. I was gratified with the respectable appearance of the operatives in the town, and learned that, in point of sobriety and other estimable habits, they were not behind their brethren in other parts of Massachusetts. At the hotel where I dined, the bar had been abolished; and as usual, the large company at the table-d'hôte drank nothing but iced-water. As the majority of the persons present seemed to be commercial travellers, the spectacle of such temperance contrasted strangely with what I knew to be customary in England.

Catching the evening train from Boston on its way to New York, I arrived at my old quarters in the Astor, an hour after midnight, and set off again, without delay, in the morning. The journey southwards from New York, begins by crossing North River in a ferry-boat to Jersey City on the opposite shore; and there a train is in waiting to carry forward the passengers. On this occasion, a large number required accommodation; for members of Congress with their families were taking their flight to Washington for the season, and others were on their way to regions still more distant.

The route through the state of New Jersey was tame and uninteresting. Much of the land is level, with a reddish sandy soil, yielding heavy crops of peaches and other fruits, and numberless orchards, some not quite stripped of their produce, were passed in the journey. At the distance of eighty-seven miles, the train was intercepted on the borders of the state by a navigable river, half a mile wide; on the further side of which was seen a large city of brick-houses, faced by at least a mile of wharfs and shipping. In a few minutes, we have exchanged our seats in the cars for the deck of a steamer, and are borne forward on the surface of the beautiful Delaware to the far-famed city of Philadelphia.

Reaching the city of Brotherly Love, I do not stay in my journey; but ungraciously passing over classic ground, hasten to the railway-station, where the cars are ready to set out. Now begins a fresh excursion, the train in the first place crossing the Schuylkill, and then proceeding through an old and settled part of Pennsylvania; but the land is still mostly level, and the soil appears thin, with a scrubby vegetation. It is usually understood that the river Delaware marks a change in climate. Here, we find the air milder than it is in the north; and the number of black faces which make their appearance give token of an approach to new social conditions. In the course of the day's run, several rivers and creeks of the sea are crossed on viaducts—one of them a long and low wooden erection on piles in the water; and at two places the *trajet* is performed, as at the Delaware, in ferry-boats. The first of the ferries is that of the Susquehanna, a large river in Maryland, flowing into Chesapeake Bay. The shifting here, to reach Havre-de-Grace, a small town on the southern bank, is complained of by some travellers; but I accepted it as rather an agreeable variety in the excursion. The interior of the steamer which carried the passengers across was fitted up with a restaurant, where tea, coffee, and other light refreshments were served at a moderate cost. For the accom-

modation of persons of colour, an inferior place of refreshment, fitted up separately, was under the charge of a respectably dressed female mulatto. In this arrangement there was nothing very novel; for in the New England states, as well as in the state of New York, I had everywhere found separate churches and separate schools for the use of the coloured population. By such experiences in travelling, one is partly prepared for the more severe distinctions incidental to the states in which slavery prevails.

Baltimore, which I saw for a short time in passing, and also on my return, occupies a pleasant situation on a rising-ground overlooking the river Patapsco, and is one of the best built, as it is among the oldest, cities in the United States. Placed on a navigable water connected with the Chesapeake, it appears to be a busy mart of foreign commerce, with a considerable number of vessels loading and unloading at its quays. Like other eastern cities, it has competed for the trade of the west; and now, by means of a railway to Wheeling, on the Ohio, has largely increased its operations. Although only about a hundred and twenty years old, Baltimore, in 1850, contained 195,000 inhabitants, and at present is in as thriving a condition as any city in the Union. It is celebrated for the number of its public monuments, one of which is commemorative of those who fell defending the city against the attack of the British in 1814.

Maryland does not contain many slaves, and I believe the number in this state, as well as in Delaware, is gradually diminishing. The harvest being past, and the fields generally stripped of everything but Indian corn-stalks and other refuse, the country had a somewhat dreary aspect. At different places, in passing along, negroes in frieze-jackets and round hats were observed ploughing up the stubble—the work not exactly such as would gain a prize at a match on Tweedside, although both horses and ploughs seemed to be of the best kind. Generally, five or six teams were going in one field, with an overseer riding about on horseback. In the distance might be seen the neat villa residences of the proprietors, with clusters of white cottages for the slaves and their families. The whole routine of farming seemed, indeed, to be different from what is observable in the northern states, where small properties are cultivated almost entirely by the settler and his family—every one working diligently, and nothing being paid away for hired labour of any kind.

Brought thus in sight of slavery, though under no revolting circumstances, I could not, with all my anticipations, avoid feeling somewhat shocked; but what for the moment chiefly occupied my mind, was the apparently uneconomic practice of buying men at a considerable cost to labour in the fields, instead of hiring and dismissing them at pleasure. To a gentleman who was seated before me in the car, I ventured to hint that the practice of using purchased labour must here place the farmers at a considerable disadvantage. He acknowledged that such was the case to a certain extent. 'Slavery,' said he, 'does very well, nay, is absolutely necessary, in the hot southern states, where no negro would work but on compulsion, and where free white labourers could not work at all without falling a sacrifice to the climate. But hereabouts, things are different. Our crops could be cultivated by farmers and their families, as in the north.'

'Then,' said I, 'why is the system of slavery continued—if it can be advantageously done away with?'

'Ah! don't ask me that,' was the reply; 'it is here an old institution, and matters have arranged themselves accordingly. It is an unfortunate state of things, and I daresay will be remedied some day. My opinion is, that much mischief has been done by the rough manner in which the Abolitionists have abused the slave-owners,

many of whom are very worthy people. If the subject were treated calmly, the system of slavery in these middle states would soon drop away. At this moment, considerable numbers of New Englanders are buying farms in Virginia, and introducing their own vigorous method of working. Exhausted estates are constantly to be had at very low prices; and in the hands of the smart Yankee farmers, who know how to plough deep and to lay on plenty of guano, they turn out capital speculations.

'Do these fresh incomers,' I inquired, 'employ negroes?'

'I think not; they trust to themselves, though they may have one or two helps.'

'Will the free negroes readily work for them?' I asked; touching on a rather trying question.

'Not if they can help it. The truth is, sir, the whole coloured races, of every shade, are a poor, listless set of people; not but there are exceptions among them. I never knew any who would not amuse themselves, or idle away their time, rather than follow steady employment. They do very well as porters, house-servants, coachmen, barbers, waiters, or cooks—anything connected with eating they are good at. They also do tolerably well as preachers; in short, anything that does not involve hard continuous work.'

'Would they not make good railway excavators?'

'Not at all; the labour would be too heavy for them. Notwithstanding the numbers of free negroes, our railways have been made principally by Irish. Ah! sir,' was added with a grin, 'Pat's the boy!'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear so bad an account of the poor coloured races. May not their unfortunate defects of character be traced in no small degree to the treatment they have received?'

'Cannot tell anything at all about that,' replied my companion. 'I just know this, that I am heartily sick of them; and should be glad to see the country rid of the whole concern. They are a regular nuisance, sir!'

The person who made these remarks was an officer in the uniform of the United States' navy, on his way to Washington; and they were made with the sincerity and frankness of a sailor. I have thought it proper to record what was said, in order to convey an idea of sentiments, far from uncommon in America, respecting the coloured population.

It was dark before the train reached Washington. About nine o'clock, it drew up at a handsome station, outside of which were in waiting a string of carriages, invitingly open for passengers. By the recommendation of my new naval friend, I seated myself in that belonging to Willard's Hotel, and was in a few minutes riding towards the further extremity of the city. The moon shone out as we passed the Capitol, and by its silvery light revealed a large white edifice, with a dome towering above us on the summit of a commanding eminence. At the distance of a mile westward along Pennsylvania Avenue, the termination of my long day's journey was reached; and I thankfully sought refreshment and repose.

Travellers do not usually speak flatteringly of Washington. Every one seems to think it his duty to have a slap at its pretensions, which fall so very far short of the reality. It is my misfortune in this, as in some other things, to differ from most of my predecessors, and to see little ground for either sarcasm or jocularities. All that can be said of Washington is, that it is a city in process of being built and occupied; and has already, since its commencement about sixty years ago, acquired a population of 40,000, independently of an increase from members of the legislature with their families, and visitors, during the sessions of Congress. After the witticisms at its alleged spectral appearance, I was rather surprised to discover that, instead of a few mansions scattered about among trees, with miles of interval, it consisted of a number of streets lined

with continuous rows of houses, several fine public buildings, and a fair show of stores and hotels. Why the Americans should aim at building a city specially for the accommodation of their government, is not quite clear to the minds of Europeans, who are accustomed to great overgrown capitals in which the wealth and grandeur of a nation are concentrated. Originating partly in the wish to remove the administration beyond the immediate action of popular influences, Washington, I believe, owes its rise chiefly to the desirableness of placing the political metropolis in a locality apart from, and independent of, any particular state. The situation, though no longer equidistant from the several states in the Union, was exceedingly well chosen by the great man whose name was given to the city. The Chesapeake Bay, one of the largest inlets of the Atlantic, receives, about half-way up on the western side, the large river Potomac, itself for a long way up a kind of firth or sea two to three miles in width. Where it narrows to about a mile, at the distance of 290 miles from the Atlantic, the Potomac parts into two branches; and between these, on the left or eastern bank of the principal branch, Washington has been erected. The peninsula so selected, is spacious, with gentle slopes, and would afford accommodation for a city many miles in extent. On a central ridge of ground, with a stretch of open downs between it and the Potomac, stands the principal portion of the city; the Capitol, or seat of legislation, being at the eastern extremity, on a detached eminence, and the house of the President on the top of a rising-ground a mile westward.

Planned wholly on paper before a single house was built, the thoroughfares have been arranged in parallel, rectangular, and diagonal lines; those which run in one direction being called from the letters of the alphabet; and those which cross them being named First, Second, Third Street; and so on. The diagonal thoroughfares, the most important of all, are styled Avenues; and of these Pennsylvania may be considered the principal. I should think this is the widest street in the world. It measures 160 feet in width, the whole of the middle part for carriages being as well paved as the streets of London, and the footwalks laid with stone or brick. Along the sides of these footpaths are rows of trees, imparting an agreeable shade in the heats of summer. Built of brick, red sandstone, or wood, the houses throughout the city are of the smart and tasteful kind seen in the northern states; and as there is plenty of space for mews-lanes, nothing incongruous is obtruded on the eye of the stranger, unless it be the number of negroes of both sexes, principally slaves. At the period of my visit, much was doing in the way of levelling and paving the streets; and I learned that the value of property had lately risen considerably.

Having surmounted the initiatory difficulties, Washington may now be said to be in a course of improvement, creditable to the liberality of the nation; for all public works are undertaken at the expense of the Treasury. The district of Columbia in which the city is placed, a small territory, formerly a part of Maryland, and possessing no separate political character, is under the administration of Congress. Complaints are occasionally heard of the expenses to which the country is put on account of Washington; but if the people only knew the sums lavished by parliament on the palaces, parks, and police of the British metropolis, at the cost of the entire United Kingdom, they would have reason to be thankful for being so mercifully dealt with.

As yet, comprehended within a narrow compass, and open in all quarters to visitors, Washington may be satisfactorily seen in a single forenoon. The first thing done is to visit the Capitol, which is observed standing proudly on its eminence, surrounded by an enclosed pleasure-ground, at the eastern extremity of



Pennsylvania Avenue. In walking down this principal thoroughfare on the morning after my arrival, there was little bustle to remind one of being in a political metropolis of some celebrity. In the long line of street, there appeared only an omnibus on its way to George Town, in the vicinity, and one or two hackney-cabs. As the morning was fine, the steps of the various hotels were already crowded with lately arrived members of Congress; and the various parties clustering in debate, shewed that matters in connection with the approaching proceedings were in agitation.

Built of light-coloured stone, and in the Corinthian style of architecture, the Capitol, with its wings, handsome portico, and lofty dome, is an edifice of imposing appearance. Advancing up the exterior flights of steps, and entering the portal, we are ushered into a central rotunda, ninety-five feet in diameter, and lighted from the cupola above. On the walls around this spacious vestibule, and on a level with the eye, are placed a series of large pictures representing scenes in American history; two of which, the surrender of Burgoyne and of Cornwallis, cannot but bring unpleasant recollections to the mind of the English visitor. Chairs are placed in front of the pictures for the benefit of strangers, who are further accommodated with a printed key to the figures. At different points, doors lead to inner lobbies, whence access is gained to the Hall of the House of Representatives, and to the Senate-chamber, the Library, and other rooms—all so frequently described, that I spare any account of them on the present occasion. I must not omit, however, to mention one thing, from its extreme novelty. This is the perfect liberty to roam at will, without question and without payment, over the whole building. Nor is there any want of attendants ready and willing to afford any sort of information. By one of these, I was obligingly conducted to the top of the cupola, whence a splendid view was obtained of the city beneath; the two envying arms of the Potomac, beyond which were the woody hills of Virginia, forming a framework to the picture. On descending from this giddy altitude, I ventured to offer a gratuity to my conductor, which he respectfully refused, with an explanation worthy of recording: 'I cannot take any money, sir, for doing my duty. I am a public officer, and paid by the public.' If there be a door or gallery keeper in either House of Parliament, who would in this way refuse half-a-crown, let him by all means be named, for he must unquestionably be a prodigy!

The grounds around the building are prettily laid out with shady walks; and near the entrance is a sparkling fountain with a drinking-cup, to appease the insatiate craving for water which seems a kind of disease among the Americans. In the grounds on the east, is the celebrated statue of Washington by Greenough; it is of colossal size, in a sitting posture, and being executed in Parian marble, the effect is striking, though the spectator is not inclined to admire the exploded fancy of representing a modern soldier as a half-naked Roman. There are several other figures connected with the Capitol, but none which appears to require notice.

The public buildings I next visited were the Post-office and Patent-office, two remarkably fine edifices of white marble, near the centre of the town: The Patent-office contains a most extraordinary collection of models of articles which have been the subject of a patent; and no other spectacle could furnish so comprehensive a notion of the inventive faculties of the Americans. A spacious hall, with ranges of glass-cases lining the walls and projected across the floor, is full of every variety of object in mechanical art and science. Adjoining are apartments devoted to the examination and enrolment of articles; and on the floor above is a museum of natural history and objects of antiquarian

Museum, the collection is insignificant; and as centralisation at the cost of a whole people is repugnant to the constitution of the States, it may be apprehended that the national museum will never attain the extent and grandeur exhibited in the collections of European capitals. The articles most worthy of notice are certain relics connected with American history—as, the dress, sword, and camp-equipage of General Washington, and the original document in vellum, declaratory of the independence of the States, bearing the autographs of the signers, very much faded. In a separate glass-case stands the old wooden printing-press at which Franklin wrought when a journeyman in London in 1725-6. Removed from the office in Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the young 'American aquatic' had laboured at his vocation, the machine underwent several changes of proprietors, till it was finally presented to the government of the United States by Mr J. B. Murray of New York. An inscription on a brass-plate narrates the circumstance of Franklin having visited the press in London in 1768, when he came to England as agent for Massachusetts.

Among the latest additions to the attractions of Washington, the Smithsonian Institute is the most important; for it bears reference to the culture of general knowledge, on so liberal a scale as cannot but prove valuable to the community. Originating in the bequest of an English gentleman named Smithson, in favour of the United States' government, a large sum has been appropriated to the erection of a building of red sandstone in the Norman style of architecture, comprising a number of towers and pinnacles. The building occupies a favourable situation in the middle of a lawn, nineteen acres in extent, to the south of the city, near the road towards the Potomac. On visiting it, I found that it was not yet finished. But the main portions, consisting of a library and lecture-room, were open, both being free to all. Some valuable treatises have already appeared for general distribution at the expense of the institution. About a quarter of a mile westward, overlooking the Potomac, a gigantic obelisk was in course of erection to the memory of General Washington—to whom, with all deference, the multiplicity of such testimonials becomes a little tiresome, besides tending to suggest that America has never produced any other person worthy of commemoration. This enormous pile, which is designed to reach 600 feet from the ground, is reared by voluntary subscription throughout the United States. I suppose nothing, since the days of the Pyramids, has been built on so stupendous a scale.

When a stranger has seen these things, there is nothing left to do but take a look at the mansion of the President, and the adjoining buildings devoted to the Treasury and other administrative offices. To this quarter—the court end of the town, as I may call it—I now adjourned, for the purpose of calling on a gentleman connected with the government. Here, I have pleasure in saying, I was received in the same perfectly urbane and unceremonious manner I had uniformly experienced in my interviews with officials in all the places I had visited.

'You will call on the President, of course,' said this newly acquired friend.

'I should be glad to do so,' I replied, 'but I know no one to introduce me. I know nothing of the etiquette to be employed on the occasion.'

'Come along with me, and I will introduce you. The President is perfectly accessible.'

So saying, we set out immediately; and after crossing an enclosed patch of pleasure-ground, arrived at the White House, which has a fine look-out from the brow of an eminence, in a southerly direction, over the Potomac. The edifice, with a lofty portico of Ionic columns on its northern front, has a massive effect,

establishment. Neither as regards exterior nor interior appearances, however, was there anything to remind the stranger that the occupant was the head of a great nation. After seeing pretty nearly all the royal palaces in Europe, and being accustomed to observe that the persons of monarchs were surrounded, either for safety or distinction, with military guards, I was much struck with the total absence of force in any shape around the dwelling of the President; which, undefended from real or imaginary violence, can only, in the simplicity of its arrangements, be compared with a gentleman's residence in a quiet rural district. The only person in charge was a door-keeper, who admitted us to one of the lower reception-rooms, a large apartment, decorated in the French style, in which we paced about a few minutes till our cards were carried up stairs to the President, who was said to be engaged with his cabinet.

'Mention to the President,' said my conductor in giving the cards, 'that this is a gentleman from Europe.'

Whether this recommendation had any effect, I know not; but after a short delay, we were requested to ascend. In going up stairs, my friend introduced me to several members of the House of Representatives who were coming down. Two of them, I was afterwards informed, had been originally operative bricklayers, who, by a course of industry and self-culture, had raised themselves to an honourable position.

Almost immediately on reaching the assigned apartment, General Pierce entered from a side-room, and shaking hands, received me in a most agreeable manner; at the same time stating, that he was now much occupied, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again before my departure from Washington. He was in a plain black dress, apparently about forty-five years of age, and I thought care-worn by the ceaseless and onerous duties he is called on to perform.

I regret that the demands on my time did not permit my waiting for any of the soirées at the White House, which usually commence with the congressional sittings; and it was not, therefore, my good-fortune to see any more of the President, to whom I am, however, indebted for the affable manner in which he was pleased to receive me. Returning to my hotel, I pondered on the singularly simple forms by which the President of the United States regulates his personal intercourse with the world.

I spent another day in Washington, making inquiries of various kinds, and forming some agreeable acquaintances in the place. It had been suggested to me that I should, as a matter of duty, call on the British minister. I endeavoured to do so; but after wandering about for two hours in a straggling suburb, west from the President's house, where his excellency was said to dwell, I failed in discovering his residence; no one to whom I applied knowing anything at all about it.

In these and other rambles about Washington, the number of negro slaves, of both sexes and all ages, in the streets and doorways, and serving in various capacities, was exceedingly conspicuous; and this anomalous feature in the social condition of the capital, within the very precincts of the executive and legislature, was felt to lower the respect which, on general grounds, we are disposed to entertain towards the federal government. It would almost seem as if Congress were ashamed of the existence of slavery within the district over which it exercises a municipal sway. According to a late enactment, no public sales of slaves or slave-pens are permitted within the district of Columbia. By this means, the more offensive attributes of the institution do not meet the eye in Washington; and those who desire to see sales by auction of human creatures, require to travel a hundred miles southward to Richmond, in Virginia. With no vulgar curiosity, but a wish to satisfy my mind as regards various

controversial particulars, I resolved to make an excursion to Richmond; and the account of this trip, a kind of episode in my visit to Washington, will furnish the subject of next article. W. C.

### LONDON AND LANGLEY-LEA.

RETURNING to London after a brief visit to that 'green nestling-place,' Langley-Lea, I seemed as much impressed with the contrast between the two localities, as if I had for the first time entered England's Great Metropolis, instead of being, as I am, an old sojourner in the myriad-peopled city. It was in the first faint dawn of morning—that gray and shadowy light which belongs neither to night nor day—when I alighted from the railway-train; and as I knew that it would be some hours before our little, dirty, industrious Cinderella would be winking and blinking, and rubbing her eyes and gazing on the door-step, I resolved to save the expense of a cab, have a peep at London before it was thoroughly awake, get a breakfast somewhere when I felt hungry, and walk all the way to my little residence in the southern suburbs. The respectable-looking streets I passed through, for some distance after quitting the railway-station, seemed as silent as the stones I walked over; not even the measured footfall of a policeman broke the echo of my own tramp on the pavement, and I could almost have fancied that I had come into a deserted city, so hushed and motionless and lifeless was everything around me. At long intervals, I passed some blue-liveried guardian of the night standing in the shadow of a doorway, as if waiting for the silent houses to awake out of their sleep. Now and then one would walk out of his hiding-place, look me full in the face, as if 'he would know me again; eye narrowly the little carpet-bag I carried; then perceiving somehow that 'I was not wanted,' bid me a kind 'good-morning,' and pass on. A man who can give an account of himself, need not mind where or when he wanders about London: many a highly-respectable gentleman connected with the daily papers walks homie at all hours, while to be seen out at such unreasonable times at Langley-Lea, would ruin his character for ever in the eyes of those primitive 'risers with the lark and lies down with the lamb.'

As I came into the business thoroughfares, and looked at the strongly barred window-shutters and massy doors, the grated fan-lights and iron-barred cellar-grating, I could not help calling up the shutterless windows, unlocked outhouses, the unguarded cattle and fowls, the open orchards and gardens which stood in unwatched security around the hawthorn-encircled village of Langley-Lea. I paused before a 'morning-house'—an early gin-palace, into which the night-revellers were rushing: it had just opened, and the gas was alight. O what a scene! Among the crowd were young women, whose dresses told that they were visitors of casinos, wine and supper rooms, houses licensed for singing and music, that keep no count of the hours nor of anything else but what is eaten and drunk. Better a thousand times, thought I, the rustic ignorance, and homely happiness, and simple innocence of Langley-Lea, than a knowledge of this 'life in death'—than a taste of these poisonous enjoyments; and as I walked along, I pondered over our old 'biting laws' in which we moderns term the dark ages; and thought how the whip, the stocks, and the prison would have been employed by our forefathers to have silenced the brawling of those children of Belial, had they in former times congregated at such untimely hours. Then I pictured the porch of the Old Lamb Inn—the red and green chequers painted on the posts, the snow-white cat that lay asleep, and broke the mass of shadow which deepened that picturesque portico, as I had seen it a few mornings before, when I passed by to traverse the dewy uplands which rose above Langley-

Lea. I turned from the ghastly faces before me—from crushed bonnets and flattened and soiled artificial flowers, to the rosy-cheeked milkmaid, who went singing with her clean milk-pail on her head, along the green lanes that led into the bee-and-butterfly haunted fields of Langley-Lea, and wondered what she would have thought could she have witnessed that scene.

I passed the drowy cab-stand, where the drivers, half-asleep, with bent heads, still raised their arms mechanically as they caught the tramp of footsteps, as if in their dreams they were still plying for a fare, though they had not energy enough to uplift their heads or open their eyes; and I turned from them to the farmer's boy I had seen on the previous morning driving his sleek horses to the beck, where the sweet springs threw up their silver cones of gray sand, and the speckled lark stooped to drink before soaring into the boundless expanse of heaven. A few dirty and draggle-tailed hens were pecking about under the feet of the head-drooping and jaded horses, their plumage the colour of the filth that had accumulated on the uncleansed cab-rank, and looking as if they belonged not to the same species as those I had seen in the early morning sunlight, strutting and foraging by the old horse-block and the long water-trough, and crossing the shadow which the tall sign-post threw across the sunshiny road at the front of the hostile in Langley-Lea. Three drunken youths, arm-in-arm, went by with crushed hats, blood-shot eyes, bawling out: 'We'll not go home till morning!' At that very hour, two days before, the bleating of lambs, the lowing of cattle, the singing of birds, and the hum of the early bee, had fallen pleasantly upon my ear, as I walked forth to see the sun rise above the green and wood-crowned summits that looked down upon the pastoral valleys of Langley-Lea. The very cats that were crossing the streets, or diving down areas, had a low, rakish, town-look—a kind of guilty appearance, as they hurried off, as if afraid of the light; very different from those I had seen at the clean cottage-doors, or sitting on the moss-covered pailings, looking up or lying in wait about the pleasant trees that every way fringed the landscape I had left behind. Even the houseless dogs that were coiled up on the steps before the closed doors, seemed to hear the approach of an enemy in every footstep, and to look suspiciously upon every passer-by, ready to run in a moment if their hard resting-place was approached: no children to fondle them, or shake down a handful of straw for a bed in some concealed corner of an outhouse, as the little rustics would have done for the ugliest mongrel that was ever saved from drowning out of the blind litter, and left to bark at the heels of the peaceful villagers of Langley-Lea. Yet even these dogs have their bedfellows in misery—human outcasts who have nowhere to lay their head, who share with them the dry arches of the railways, throw themselves down on the stony seats of the bridges, or coil themselves up wherever the shadow falls deepest in some receding doorway. None such as these haunt the sylvan solitudes of that far-away village I had so recently visited. I saw a barefooted, dirty girl, with her long, uncombed hair dangling about her face, come out of a dark, narrow court with a few bunches of water-cresses in a basket, that was bottomed with a patch of old cloth: she went up to a cab-stand, and dipped her cresses in the waterman's pail. I inquired of the old waterman where she had purchased them at that early hour, when, with a grin, he informed me that they were the remainder of her unsold stock of the previous day, which she had just brought out of the Common Lodging-house in the court, and would try to sell at the early coffee-houses. So, thought I, these breakfast-table luxuries have been lying all night in some close, unhealthy, and overcrowded room; and I pictured some such a one as I had read about in a police report—the floor filthy, the walls blackened; and

resolved to renounce water-cresses, unless I knew that our greengrocer had them fresh from market. Then I glanced backward to those I had seen growing about the sweet spring-heads and crystal streams that went dancing and singing through the flower-embroidered meadows of Langley-Lea, and thought how even that which nature made so pure and refreshing, might become poison through being kept in those pestiferous and fever-engendering lodging-houses, where human beings are packed and huddled together like pigs in a pen.

As I plunged deeper into the city streets, I soon caught that old familiar city smell, which is a compound of smoke and sewer-gas, and garbage, channels, and undrained cellarage. Oh, how different from the smell of wood-fires, the aroma of trees, the odour arising from the newly-ploughed earth, and the breath I had here and there inhaled from garden-flowers, as I walked forth in the sweet air only the morning before, in that half-awakened village from which I had just been borne away by the swift railway engine! As I stepped over some area-grating, and caught for a moment the poisonous vapour that arose, I marvelled how any one could sleep in rooms filled with the ascending pestilence, or live at all in such a health-destroying atmosphere; and I thought that, rather than dwell in such death-hastening houses, I would inhabit the lowliest cottage, and live on the hardest fare, which the humblest peasant enjoyed in the pastoral hamlet of Langley-Lea. I looked at the uncleansed pavement, the marks of feet on door-steps, the dust and soot that lay thick on the projections of shutters and the beading of doors, and thought of the clean looks of the wind-swept highways I had just left; of the white door-steps, on which the overhanging creepers threw a reflected net-work of leaves and branches; of the wooden porches and little arches of trellis-work, so cool, and clean, and refreshing, and that gave such a picturesque look to the village street of Langley-Lea.

As the morning advanced, I saw boys and girls waiting about the doors of shops and lodging-houses; many of them little, dirty, and half-clad things, with hunger-bitten looks; boys who had come to run errands, and clean shoes and knives in dark unwholesome cellars, where rats that come out of the sewers were ever running to and fro; and girls waiting to wash door-steps and shake door-mats, with a morsel of shawl over their thin, spare shoulders, and who would quickly become initiated in all the mean mysteries of those lodging-houses that had never been anything but lodging-houses. Some of these children are employed only for an hour or two in a morning; but where they go, and what they do, and how they pass the remainder of the day, it would puzzle even themselves to tell at night. I turned from them to those I had seen a day or two before, coming from the outlying homesteads along the green lanes and winding roads, with dinners in their baskets, on their way to school, or to fetch up or tend cattle, setting down their light load every now and then to look for a bird's nest, or a rare flower, or throwing down their books and slates on the roadside grass, to chase a bee or a butterfly—living images of health and happiness, and with no more knowledge of the world than the lambs whose bleating they were ever trying to imitate; and as I walked along, and contrasted the habits of these town and country children, I could almost fancy that they had sprung from different races, and belonged to nations that lay wide and far apart. Those town-children had an old look; there was a gray cunning about the corners of their eyes; the boys knew to a farthing what a marine store-dealer would give for a door-knocker, a scraper, a roll of lead-piping, or a brass or copper tap; the girls, what rags, and bones, and kitchen-stuff, would bring per pound, and what could be saved by fetching beer in their own pots; while the country children only

knew where the finest wild-fruit grew, where the most birds' nests were to be found, and where the sweetest and earliest flowers bloomed in the woods and valleys around Langley-Lea. One class represented cunning and artfulness in the highest natural degree, for they had been grown and reared in it; the other, green simplicity and artless innocence, and cunning so clumsily assumed, that it vanished the instant you gazed full and steadfastly into their large, round, staring truth-looking eyes. I could not help thinking, that there was more truth in the multitude-mouthed line of the poet Gray than the world gives credit for, and that the want of that too-much worldly folly, which made these town-children wise, was less to be deplored than the ignorance which the children at Langley-Lea in their innocence enjoyed. I regretted that the wisdom of the former had to be purchased at such a sacrifice, and that the ignorance of the latter could not be enlightened, so as to place them on an equal footing with the other purchasers of hard-headed and heart-indurating experience, without destroying their trustful nature, undermining the fair foundations on which innocence is built, and upturning the virgin soil in which pure and natural simplicity is rooted.

While these thoughts passed through the mind, my attention was attracted by a loud twittering to a bird-dealer's shop, the occupier of which was in the act of taking down his shutters; and as I paused for a few moments, and looked at the pretty prisoners trying in vain to wing their way into the flood of light which he had admitted, I became like them bewildered, as I thought of the miles of houses and the thousands of hungry London cats they would have to pass over and escape from before they could reach their free and feathered brethren, and in their low, sweet warblings, tell them all, they had endured as they twittered among the boughs and 'sun-goldened' foliage that overhung the 'loosened silver' of the brooks which at that very hour flowed through Langley-Lea. And those town and country children, somehow, became entangled together with the birds, in the same net-work of thought, and for the life of me, I have not been able to unravel the meshes up to the present hour.

I passed through one of the London markets, where the laden wagons came pouring in from the country, with their produce of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and contrasted the groups who were soon busy unlading them, with those who had gathered up and piled together those country treasures. There were coarse masculine women, wearing men's coats and hats, some with short pipes in their mouths, whom you could tell at a glance spent a great portion of their earnings in tobacco and 'drains' of gin, and carrying with ease heavy burdens which many a man would have borne with difficulty. I knew from the names of the places on the wagons, that they had come from a great distance; and many of the far-away villages I had visited, and seen the picturesque orchards, hedge-sheltered gardens, and open fields with the rural population busy at work—busy even then, gathering and piling together other loads which would be travelling all night, like those which had just come in—and which only a few hours ago stood in the dew and sunshine of those pleasant places, and were tended and handled by those peaceful country people, who knew no more of the manners and customs of these gin-imbibing Gibeonites, than the rustic inhabitants of Langley-Lea. I felt sorry for the flowers and the sweet green things, as I thought of the unwholesome shops and filthy streets into which they would soon be removed; and could almost fancy, while I looked on them, that many already hung their heads in grief, and pined for the sunshiny bowers they had left behind; for, like Wordsworth—

'Tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Never more would the fresh dew hang like silver pearls upon their crisp leaves, or change, at a touch of the sun's sudden enchantment, into the burning brilliancy of deep-dyed rubies. As I walked on, the dust from the sweepings of shops caused me to sneeze again, and I thought that a little by-law, which would prevent Her Majesty's subjects from inhaling such kind of stuff, whether they liked it or not, would be very beneficial, and that a few green watering-pans would be quite as useful in those cloud-raising establishments, as in the little gardens of Langley-Lea. I saw a poor miserable cow driven along, and paused until the man milked it before the door of one of his customers. Poor thing! I wondered every drop of milk had not been churned into bad butter, through driving it along so many miles of streets, where it had to run every now and then from the barking curs and mischievous boys. I wondered where and how it lived. There was a cellar-stalled look about it, an appearance of having been fed on the refuse of greengrocers' shops and unpalatable grains. It ought at least to have been shod, for its hoofs were nearly worn off. It looked as if it had never had a holiday—never been out in the green fields for a day in its life; and I could not help wishing that it might have a few days' enjoyment, at least once a year, to plant its poor battered hoofs on the velvet grass, and moisten its mouth with the dew-bent cowslips that drooped their yellow heads on the springy and unploughed pastures of Langley-Lea. A pig that picked up its living in the gutters, arrested my attention in another street. It was a true London pig, made for running: long-legged, long-backed, lank-sided, looking very knowing, as if familiar with every ash-bin and hoard of filth in the neighbourhood. It bore the city-mark; and would, if painted by a Morland, on the same canvas with one of those clean cauliflower-coloured porkers which I had seen the other morning in the village, have stood well beside it for 'Town and Country'—a representative of London and Langley-Lea. I hoped and trusted that no portion of such a pig as that ever found its way in any shape to my table, either as Epsom sausage, York ham, Bath chops, or in any other disguise that such-like flesh is heir to.

I turned from that dusky grunter to the white sow and her creamy litter, which made a bright foreground to the high green bank where I had seen them the other day, and thought that even sucking-pigs had their enjoyments, and led a life of pleasure, equal perhaps to what we received when they were offered up to please our appetites. I heard the knife-grinding noise made by the London sparrows, and could not remember ever having seen one attempt to wash itself, either at sink, gutter, or water-butt; and I thought it not unlikely that in time they became cased like beetles, covered with congealed blacks from the sooty eaves under which they roost, and lost altogether that bright brown primitive sparrow-colour, and wholly changed the country habits which were still followed by the successors of those feathered forefathers, whose long generations had built and chirruped for centuries about the gray church and thatched granges of Langley-Lea. Porters, shopmen, journeymen, errand-boys, hurrying to open and clean, to arrange the windows and serve, to work at their various trades, to run here, there, and everywhere, was the first great stir of life in London as the morning advanced. Woodmen, shepherds, field-labourers, farmer-boys, journeying leisurely along to fell or bark the trees, count the sheep, and look after the lambs, sow and plough, hedge and ditch, fetch up cattle, fodder and water those about the farmyards, was, hours earlier, the life that stirred amid the surrounding landscape of Langley-Lea. The clamour of voices, the clattering of bars and shutters, and the mingled roar of hundreds of vehicles, told the farmer that the deafening day was fully awake: the lowing of herds, the bleating of cattle, the singing of birds, and

the humming of insects, proclaimed to the latter that nature had again shaken off her gentle slumber; and by the stirring of the leaves, they knew that the winds were again combing out her green tresses and drying up the dew, to make her ready to be reclothed in the golden garments, which, fresh from heaven, the world's great comforter, the sun, had ever ready to throw around her. The city streets, the bridges, the long lines of roads leading to the latter—the brown winding highways, the green lanes, the daisy-embroidered paths through the meadows, came and went, and crossed each other, as I regained the southern suburbs of London, while the picture-chamber of my mind was still hung with the fresh green dewy scenes of tree-embowered Langley-Lea.

Yet London has its charms, and these lie in its solemn associations, its gray antiquities, and hoary piles. I should miss the grim Tower, with its grinning and rusted portcullises; Westminster Abbey, with its mouldering monuments; Lambeth Palace, and its pious prisoners; the Bankside, with its memories of Shakespeare; St Mary's Overbury, and ancient Gower; Chaucer's Tabard in the undated borough; and a thousand other places which history has hallowed, were I doomed to end my days amid the peaceful green fields and fragrant flowers of Langley-Lea. The long-lost garden of Eden, could it be replaced and reflowered, could never interest me so much as this great gray old city, over whose buried pavements Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have marched—for there I could not recall Harold, the last of the Saxons, crossing the bridge in the summer sunset on his way to the field of Hastings; nor William the Norman sounding his trumpets, when, flushed with victory, he passed over those very stones—which the brave but ill-starred descendant of Hengist and Horsa never more trod—to take possession of that ancient Tower which now bears his name. Had Wordsworth's child continued to be 'father to the man' throughout life, he might have remained all his days playing with the lambs on Langley-Lea; but he picked up the shell, which the great poet in the same passage dropped unaware, and though inland himself, caught the sound of those murmuring waves, which told of far-away oceans as he held it to his ear; and so exchanged for the sea-like roar of London the Arcadian whisper and pastoral pipings of Langley-Lea.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE have had a few noteworthy lectures of late, which, had they not been delivered at a time when a craving for news of wars proved too strong a diversion, would have occupied greater attention than has in the present instance fallen to their share. One was by Faraday, 'On Magnetic Hypotheses'—a great and pregnant subject, as the learned gentleman shewed in his usual clear and thoughtful eloquence. It is taxing many ingenious minds to find out what may be the meaning of its phenomena; and the lecture may be accepted as another step in the elimination of negatives, whereby we shall at last arrive at the positive. Another, also at the Royal Institution, 'On Silica, and some of its Applications to the Arts,' by Mr Barlow, was of a more practical character. Of all the applications mentioned, that of using flint as a varnish for building-stone seems of most importance. Extraordinary as it may appear to talk of such a varnish, it has long been known, and is made from flint-sand or powdered flint, either of which, when mixed with the carbonate of soda or potash, and a certain proportion of charcoal, and fused, forms a soluble kind of glass, described as 'water-glass.' If the stones of a building are washed over with this, a chemical action, protective

in its effect, takes place, and sufficiently lasting to make it well worth while in practice. It may also be used as a glaze for interior walls, by adding to the varnish a weak solution of carbonate of lime; and if mixed with mortar or cement, it assists in rendering them water-proof. In Berlin, it has been applied with much success in a process called *stereochrome*. A wall is plastered with a preparation of lime and quartz-sand, and lightly washed with the water-glass. The painter then begins, moistening the place on which he works with water from a syringe, and so continues until the picture is complete; after which the whole surface is glazed with water-glass, thrown also from a syringe, until none of the colour comes away on touching it with a sponge. A picture finished in this way on the wall of a house in Berlin, has resisted all open-air influences for a year or more; and so satisfied are the artists and architects of that city with the result, that they are now applying stereochrome to the decoration of their new Museum, which, as many are aware, is a magnificent building. If such things can be accomplished in Berlin, why not in London, where a little decoration and brightening up are so much needed? The process is said to be preferable to real fresco, as the painting can be retouched at any time, no joinings are required, and it is much less liable to injury from damp and other atmospheric influences. Leaving the stereochrome out of the question, London, and some of our larger towns, would be less smoke-begrimed if the houses were coated with the flint-varnish only.

Then there is Professor Graham's lecture on what he calls 'Osmotic Force,' a term intended to describe the endosmose and exosmose, or passage of liquids in either direction through membranous substances. The subject is much more important than appears at first sight, for it has an intimate bearing on the vital phenomena of living beings. The professor has been working at it for some years, and now tells us what are the results. He finds the osmotic force to be, not capillarity, but a species of decomposition of the substance in which it takes place: hence, the vital functions in our bodies are an effect of decomposition—that is, ceaseless waste and renewal. Here we see, therefore, that highly suggestive views are opened into an interesting department of organic chemistry. It shews us in what way chemical decomposition becomes motive-power, or, as the professor expresses it, supplies 'the deficient link which certainly intervenes between muscular movement and chemical decomposition.'

When Sir James Ross was frozen up in Leopold Harbour during his abortive search for Franklin, he employed some of the weary winter-hours in a series of observations on the effect of atmospheric pressure on the surface of the sea; and he has now laid them before the Royal Society. He makes out a distinctly recognisable effect; and the barometer indicates it visibly by the oscillations of the mercury in its cistern. With a high barometer, the surface of the sea is low, and high with a low barometer; rising and falling with variations of the atmospheric pressure. It is believed that a large series of similar observations from many different places, would throw light on the phenomena of the tides. That certain physical effects—such as the rise and fall of the barometer, the swerving of the magnet, &c.—do take place day after day at the same hour, lends weight to the idea, that the influence of periodical laws on the ocean is more intimate and definable than hitherto supposed.

The astronomer-royal, unlike some other public functionaries, is contributing to our national advancement—that is, in astronomical science. He has introduced into the practice of the Observatory the taking of transits by a galvanic apparatus, as used in the United States, where the method was invented and first applied. For accuracy, it is beyond comparison preferable to the old method of taking transits by the

eye. The promised time-ball, too, is now set up at Deal, and being in communication with the Observatory at Greenwich, it indicates one o'clock to all vessels within sight in the Downs.

The builder of the *Lightning*, the swift ship that sailed from Boston to Liverpool in ten days, has just returned to the States with orders in his pocket from some of our leading merchants for first-class clipper-ships to the amount of a million dollars. Quick transport is the grand desideratum; and now that commerce is free to choose, she gets ships built where her purpose is best answered. But it is felt that with improvements in construction, there should be corresponding improvements in navigation: 645 ships and 153 steamers were built in this country last year, and in the same twelve-month 569 ships and 12 steamers were wrecked. The inference is obvious—mariners must work by reason as well as by rule. The project for a 'floating shipwreck asylum' on the Goodwin Sands, is again revived; it may save life, though not property. The float, as the projectors say, 'will be moored in deep water, at the edge of the Sands, furnished with life-boats, and every other requisite for rescue; together with signals, and various appliances to warn vessels of danger, and prevent shipwreck, where the possibility of prevention exists.' Ericsson has not abandoned the intention of crossing the Atlantic in his caloric ship: he has fitted condensed air-reservoirs to his engines, and with air not more than twice its natural density, he gets a sevenfold increase to the effective pressure. Whatever may be the result with locomotive engines, practical men in the States have come to the conclusion, that for all purposes of stationary power, air is three to one more economical than steam.

As regards motive-power, however, the most interesting fact therewith connected is, that a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris have reported favourably of M. Marié Davy's electro-magnetic machine, which will produce either a rotary or an oscillating movement. Their report has been followed by a grant of 2000 francs, to enable the inventor to perfect the machine; and they suggest to him the desirability of doing his best to discover a process for developing electricity, by any means whatever, so that it be cheap. The quantity of electricity held by the molecules of matter is immense: Faraday says, that the force which holds together a single drop of water is equivalent to a little thunder-storm; it is evident, therefore, that we have here a prodigious source of power, if we could but find out the way to work it. As is well known, we can already turn a portion of it to account; but the difficulty is, the recombination which takes place as soon as the bodies operated on are brought into contact. He who shall discover a way of preventing this recombination, so that the whole of the electricity may become available, will win fame and fortune, and be the Watt of electro-magnetic engines.

M. Gauguin has laid before the Académie a paper on the electricity of various kinds of flame, in which proof is shewn, that bodies during combustion are sources of electricity precisely analogous to the hydro-electric pile—a remarkable phenomenon, if true. With respect to the electric-light, the problem appears to be solved at Paris. We mentioned, a short time since, that it was in use to illuminate the works of the Napoleon docks, which were carried on by night as well as by day; and the apparatus was so complete, that for four months the light has been steadily burning. Economy is not its least recommendation, for the cost per night has not been more than 38 francs, which, as 800 men were employed, gives 4½ centimes—less than a half-penny per man. Of other matters which have come before the Académie, we may notice a further communication from Lord Brougham, carrying on his experiments on the refrangibility of light; and Foucault's investigations on the relative velocity of light in air and in

water, which are the more important, as he has discovered what has long been a desideratum—a means of detecting and determining the difference. The result is to shew the theory of emission to be incompatible with the facts.

Professor Abate of Naples, who brought specimens of what he called *metallography* to the Great Exhibition, has now added another to the many different processes for printing brought to light in the past few years. The process, to which he gives the name *Thermagraphy*, is a species of nature-printing assisted by art; in other words, it is the taking of impressions from natural substances, which are perfect representations of the original. It is wished, for example, to take an impression of a block of bird's-eye maple or satin-wood: the surface is washed with some active chemical fluid, such as sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, and wiped so as to leave but a moderate degree of moisture; and then an impression is taken in the usual way on paper, calico, or on another block of wood. This, at first, is invisible; but being exposed to heat, it comes out with every line and shade perfectly reproduced. About twenty impressions may thus be taken, when another moistening with the acid becomes necessary; and in this way any number of impressions may be taken. The effect is said to be best with light-coloured woods, though the darker kinds, such as rosewood, mahogany, &c., shew well on a ground dyed with a light tint of their own colour. Judging from the description, *Thermagraphy* should be neither a difficult nor expensive process: its application to decorative purposes is obvious; among which we shall probably see paper impressions of choice woods used as veneers for articles of furniture.

The French chemists are still pursuing their researches into the chemistry of vegetation, and in their zeal have got up rather a lively discussion, as to whether the azote of the atmosphere does or does not contribute to the nutriment of plants. As yet, experiment is in favour of the affirmative view. Boussingault, studying the composition of the air confined in vegetable earth, finds it notably different from the external air: even in land left without manure for a year, the carbonic acid is twenty-two or twenty-three times more in amount than in the atmosphere. On land recently manured, the difference is ten times greater, due to the slow combustion of organic matters in the soil. There, he says, as much carbonic acid in one hectare of arable land manured within the year, as in 18,000 cubic metres of atmospheric air. These are highly significant questions in the science of agriculture, especially now that we begin to get glimpses of what the productive powers of the soil really are. Payen has proved that carbonate of lime does really exist in certain plants as such, and not, as long contended, merely in the form of other salts, which the heat of the analysis reduced and decomposed.

Among the experiments made for the preservation of food, those by Schröder and Dusch, two German chemists, are worth mention, as much for their philosophical character as their results. They boiled two portions of meat, and placed them with some of the broth in glass jars. One of the jars was left open to the air; the other was so arranged as to receive air only through a tube filled with cotton, which acted as a filter. The meat in the open jar became putrid and offensive in less than two weeks, while the other, though kept shut up from February 9 to March 6, acquired no disagreeable odour whatever, and when warmed up again, had the perfect smell of fresh meat. A second experiment, continued from April 20 to May 14, was equally successful; and on sweet-wort, as well as on the meat, all tendency to ferment being effectually checked. An experiment made in a hotter part of the season failed; it failed also with boiled milk; but these failures are not regarded as fatal to the principle. It is known that heat will deprive the air of certain elements contained in it.



which seem to be essential to the processes of fermentation and putrefaction; and now we find the same effect produced by filtration.

Unger has published his *Essay on the History of the Vegetable World*, a work highly esteemed among the learned. He describes past, present, and future phenomena, the development of different geological periods, and the relations between them; how the geographical distribution of plants was accomplished; and the origin of different types. He shews further, that the work of change is still going on, and, reasoning from analogy, points out the modifications likely to be produced by the lapse of ages.

There is another book, too, which we may refer to, as its publication marks the progress of geological science. It is Sir Roderick Murchison's *Siluria*; a handsome illustrated octavo, on a branch of the subject with which the author's name is intimately associated. To quote his own words: 'Its aim is to mark the most ancient strata in which the proofs of sedimentary or aqueous action are still visible—to note the geological position of those beds which, in various countries, offer the first ascertained signs of life, and to develop the succession of deposits, where not obscured by metamorphism, that belong to such protozoic zones. In thus adhering to subjects capable of being investigated,' he has taken the best means to augment the interest and utility of his researches. Not the least remarkable fact in connection with this work is, that some 1700 copies were sold within a few days of its publication; and no inconsiderable proportion among circulating libraries.

#### SILVER IN BRITAIN.

On the high ground between Linlithgow and Bathgate, silver was dug in considerable quantity in the reign of James VI., the ancestor of the present Earl of Haddington being the proprietor. The king took the mine into his own hands; but it soon ceased to pay expenses. On the Ochil Hills, in Clackmannanshire, a silver-mine was worked at a later period, but ultimately without success. It is related that the proprietor, Johnston of Alva, taking a friend over his estate one day, shewed him a large excavation, with the remark: 'I took thirty thousand pounds out of that hole;' and soon coming to another equally large pit, added: 'And I put my thirty thousand pounds into that one!' At times small quantities of native silver, and some varieties of the ore, are met with in the copper-mines of Cornwall; but their value would hardly justify us in talking about silver in Britain. As we shall presently see, the metal we are in search of comes from other sources. Not fewer than L.160,000 worth was coaxed out of matters brought from underground within the four seas in the year 1850. Silver in Britain is, therefore, no unimportant fact; and seeing that some curious and interesting processes are involved in establishing the fact, we have thought a quarter of an hour's reading might be profitably devoted to this modern alchemy.

Not to keep the reader longer in suspense, we tell him that our British silver is got out of lead. Everybody knows there are lead-mines in England: they have been worked from a very early period, as proved by the 'pigs' stamped with the names of certain Roman emperors, preserved in the British Museum. These were perhaps cast from the ore dug out by poor captive Angles, forced to work under the eye of the grim, iron legionaries. And there is good reason to believe that, long before the time of the Romans, the natives of this country knew very well how to get the lead from the ground, and turn it to profit.

According to late returns, the produce of the lead-mines of Great Britain and Ireland, including the Isle

is more or less of silver; that of Cornwall containing from 10 to 20 ounces per ton; while the lead of Derbyshire has but about one ounce of silver to the ton; and between these two extremes there are various proportions, some localities being richer than others. The best kinds are said to have disappeared. In the reign of Charles I., the Cardiganshire mines yielded 80 ounces of silver to the ton; while in those of Craven, in Yorkshire, the proportion was 280 ounces. Such richness as this would almost bear out the opinion of the old metallurgists—that lead was nothing other than unfinished silver; Nature having from some cause suddenly held her hand in the process of development.

Without attempting to decide the question, we will take a peep at the ordinary method of making the lead give up its silver. The crude ore having been crushed and washed, to cleanse it from impurities, is smelted and cast in thick, heavy bars, or 'pigs,' as it is the fancy of the workmen to call them. These swinish masses may be sold at once, or exported, at the pleasure of the owner, who, however, if there be hope of a profit, will prefer subjecting them to the refining process, which will yield him the silver. The refining-furnace has a movable dome-shaped roof, pierced with two valved openings, for the admission of a blast of air from powerful bellows—with what effect will be shortly seen. At the bottom of the furnace is placed a *cupel*—an oval iron dish, about four feet long, with a bottom, supported on bars, composed of a mixture of fern ashes and burned bones beaten firmly into a cake. This is of essential service in the operation, as by its nature it facilitates the separation of the oxides—a fact well known to assayers. The cupels used at the Mint are not larger than a tiny tea-cup, half-filled with charcoal made of the cores of ox-horns, the best substance hitherto discovered for the delicate assays of that establishment; widely different from those of lead-works, the furnaces of which will hold from three to five tons of metal.

Let us suppose this quantity to be lying in the furnace in a molten state: fumes rise, and the surface is quickly dimmed by a yellow film that forms upon it, for lead, while at a red heat, absorbs oxygen very rapidly. The fumes are neither more nor less than so much of the metal flying away in waste as vapour. The appearance of the yellow film is the signal for the bellows to be set to work; and the blast, directed at pleasure by means of the valves, drives the film towards a small opening at one side of the furnace, where it is raked off in a constantly accumulating heap of litharge, as oxide of lead is called. This, we may remark in passing, can be again reduced to a metallic form. The blast, to be effectual, should produce a succession of ripples on the glowing surface, travelling from the centre and round the margin to the place of exit. By adding more lead in proportion as the litharge is removed, the process may be kept up for any length of time, until at last there remains in the middle of the cupel about a hundredweight of lead, highly charged with silver, to be put aside for another fiery trial, or course of cupellation. Silver does not oxidise by exposure to a high temperature; consequently, when the accumulated masses of 'rich lead' are melted, the small residue of lead is driven off, leaving the liquid silver pure and undiminished, ready, when cooled, for the hands of the silversmith. The process, however, is so wasteful—the loss of lead being about one-eighth in weight—that unless the mass be rich in silver, there can be no profit on the cupellation. For this reason, the lead of Derbyshire and some of the poorer kinds have always been sent into the market with their silver unremoved.

This is just one of the cases which would tax the ingenuity of manufacturers, to whom the loss on 18,000 tons of lead refined annually, was a serious considera-

methods were devised, but none proved adequate until, in 1829, Mr Hugh Lee Pattinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, experimented his way to a satisfactory conclusion. Availing himself of the difference of character in the two metals, he worked out a method combining theory and practice in a way not less advantageous than interesting. In the course of his experiments, he had observed, that while melted lead is cooling, small crystals form round the edge of the pan in which it is contained; just as crystals are seen to form on the margin of vats filled with a strong solution of salt. Struck by this fact, he examined it attentively, and found, after a few trials, that the crystals contained less of silver than the fluid portion of the metal. Here was an indication, which, if followed up, might be turned to account. If the crystals could be removed as fast as they appeared, would not the silver be left nearly pure at the bottom of the pan? So promising an idea was not lost sight of: the experiments were repeated on larger quantities of lead; and in 1838, Mr Pattinson read a short paper on his discovery and its results to the meeting of the British Association.

A brief description will enable us to comprehend the new process. Three or four iron pans, each capacious enough to hold five tons of lead, are set in a row in a mass of brickwork, constructed with the necessary flues and fireplaces. A framed railway, supported on pillars, immediately above them, facilitates the lifting of the metal from one pot to another. We will now suppose the first pot to be full of melted lead, from which all the refuse has been skimmed, leaving a clear, bright surface, and the signs of cooling beginning to appear in the shape of slender crystals round the edge. The workman then shuts the damper, and stirs the lead slowly from time to time with a long iron rod, to facilitate the cooling; laying it aside occasionally to scoop out the crystals, with a ladle as large as a warming-pan, and transfer them to the second pot. He does not hurry himself, for there is no blast to be managed, nor is the lead raised beyond its ordinary melting temperature; so he has neither to dread the waste of rapidly rising fumes, nor injury to his health by breathing them, which was more or less the case in the old process. Thus he proceeds, alternately stirring and scooping, until nearly the whole of the lead is removed, and a highly argentiferous fluid remains. The crystals in the second pot are then again melted, and in like manner carried over to the third pot, to undergo a third melting, which leaves so small an amount of silver in the lead—not more than fourteen or fifteen pennyweights to the ton—that it is without further treatment run into pigs for the market. The rich metal is afterwards cupelled, in the way before described; but so small is the quantity of lead remaining, that the loss by oxidation is reduced to a minimum—not more than 120th of the whole.

Thus, by taking advantage of the simple natural law, that melted lead will solidify while silver remains fluid, a large branch of trade finds its profit increased, and health promoted. Lead containing not more than three ounces of silver to the ton, may be profitably cupelled by the new process: hence it is that recent returns of the production of silver in England exceed those of former date, though still forming but a small portion of the 2,000,000 poundweights which every year are dug from beneath the surface in different parts of the world. Some idea of the consumption of silver may be formed from the fact, that the weight coined in England from 1816 to 1840, was 3,376,155 pounds; and nearly 1,500,000 ounces of silver-plate are annually manufactured and charged with duty. Great as is the consumption, it goes on increasing, aided in no unimportant degree by electrotypy, which, by cheapening silvered articles, has increased the demand.

We may add that Mr Pattinson considers the process that now bears his name to be an act of 'true

crystallisation, in which the homogeneous particles of lead are drawn together by virtue of their molecular attraction, to the exclusion of the foreign body, silver.' It is not the first time that mechanical science has benefited by a natural process, and there can be no more hopeful subject of inquiry than that of seeking for others.

#### SOFT FELL THE SHADE OF EVEN-TIME

[These elegant verses are from a little volume of poems, containing many of equal sweetness and poetical merit, but for the most part of too exclusively religious a character for a lay periodical.\*]

Sorr fell the shade of even-time;  
Methought, amid its wan decline,  
I sat in quiet room,  
Rich curtains veiled the window quaint,  
The day was waning fainter, faint,  
Up rose the lady moon.  
As darker, darker grew the town,  
In crimson light the sun went down  
Beyond the hills afar;  
Fair children, weary with their play,  
Came toiling up the flower-sprout way;  
Like hope amid the clouds of doubt,  
The lights below came beaming out,  
Above came star on star.  
As bright and brighter rose the moon,  
Oh! soothing sweet, a quiet tune  
Came streaming o'er the night;  
A tender voice, a snow-white hand,  
Woke echoes as from choral band,  
And softly through the gloom  
It sung: O heart, be strong! be strong!  
Whatever may fall of blight or wrong,  
There ever shines a light;  
Look up, O sweet as eye of love,  
A light to lead the heart above,  
That seeks the pure and right.

\* *Heart Histories*. By Marion Paul Aldr. Johnstone and Hunter. London and Edinburgh.

#### CHARCOAL VENTILATORS FOR DWELLING-HOUSES AND SHIPS.

The principle of the charcoal respirator which I brought under the notice of the Society of Arts during the month of February last, may, I apprehend, be very advantageously extended, under particular circumstances, to the ventilation of ships and buildings. If a thin layer of coarsely powdered charcoal is enclosed between two sheets of wire-gauze, and inserted into a suitable framework in those portions of ships and buildings where foul air is apt to accumulate—such, for instance, as in the vicinity of water-closets and similar nuisances—all the impurities in the air will be absorbed and retained by the charcoal, while a current of pure air will alone be admitted into the neighbouring apartments. The charcoal ventilators should be furnished with a slide at top and bottom, by means of which they may be easily filled or emptied at pleasure. Such an arrangement would frequently be found useful in the wards of hospitals, and in the impure atmosphere of many of the back-courts and mews-lanes of great cities. A layer of charcoal might be often advantageously placed in the lower portions of buildings, immediately under the wooden flooring, as it would keep the floors warm and dry, and likewise prevent annoyance from any sewerage-water or other impurities that might find their way into such situations. These are a few only of the useful applications to which charcoal-powder may be made available for sanitary purposes. Many others cannot, ere long, fail to suggest themselves.—JOHN STENHOUSE.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Beakville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 30.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE GOODMAN'S CROFT.

IN Scotland, about two hundred years ago, there still lingered some traces of an ancient superstition of a curious kind. It consisted of the practice of keeping a certain field, out of those constituting a farm, consecrated to the potentate of the lower regions. This field was called the Goodman's Croft—a term evidently selected in the spirit of complaisance towards the personage in question, and therefore in conformity with the object in view, which confessedly was that of soothing a Power which men felt it was difficult to battle with. The Goodman's Croft, of course, remained untilled and unrequited, albeit perhaps the best piece of land in the district. There it was, in eternal fallow, covered thick with weeds, and necessarily a nuisance to the useful fields around it. Synods fulminated against thus cottoning to the enemy; special parsons used particular persuasives to get the practice abolished; but the Goodman's Croft was, nevertheless, maintained in many places till the time of the Civil War.

Absurd as the idea looks, we suspect it had some determinate foundation in our nature; for, look narrowly into the minds and habits of men, and you will scarcely fail to detect in every instance something of the character of a Goodman's Croft. Sometimes, it is a piece of the moral constitution abandoned to nettles, henbane, and deadly nightshade, while all the rest is kept under the most careful culture. Sometimes, it is a small district of folly in the midst of a somewhat rigorous rationality. Very often, you would think that the more sage and correct the man, the more decided is this strange exceptionality in his character. A fool or a scamp has a bad farm all over—weeds, broken fences, uneven ridges, and all the rest of it. But where the moral farm is generally good, there you see the one field of thorough inutility and devil-worship—the Goodman's Croft.

You find it in the clever man of business. To all appearance successful as well as active, he in his secret heart strains away towards some other pursuit, which, whether followed fully or partially, could never yield him a farthing. He perhaps struggles against the tendency, sensible of its absurdity, and disgusted with himself for giving way in the least to inclinations which he cannot avow before the world. But, generally, he is unable entirely to save himself from the besetting temptation, and at the best makes a sort of convention with himself, to be the judicious man of affairs for so much of the day, and the fantastic schemer, the bad artist, the unreadable rhymist, or whatever else it is, for the rest. Possibly, this apparently sharp-witted man of affairs indulges in a succession of aberrations.

We have known one who for years studied alchemy, and at another time was the dupe of a person who set forth claims to a dormant peerage, spending in both ways a large proportion of the income which he realised from his industrious mercantile career. You could not have in any way outwitted this gentleman on 'Change in matters of business; but he had one streak of whim in his composition, and this it was possible to work upon at private moments, to results of very serious consequence to himself.

You will find, again, an artist or an author who is equally liable to a temptation to desert his proper course, and with equally fatal results. Not many years ago, P—— was at the head of a particular branch of his profession as a landscape-painter. He could produce a capital picture in a week, and no picture he produced failed to find a purchaser at a good price. He might, in short, have realised a competency in a few years. In point of fact, he was, with his family, in constant poverty; and the reason was an irrepressible tendency to out-of-the-way mechanical contrivances. As a specimen of his conduct—an old umbrella having been left one day at his house, he set to work upon it, took it all to pieces, and out of the pieces produced in a few days a curious novelty in the way of mill-engineering, to the admiration of his little children, but the extreme distress of his wife, who saw, meanwhile, the easel deserted, and her larder empty.

So also it is not difficult to find an author of something like this description. He has been induced to write books of a certain kind, which he can execute well, and which, being useful to the public, are successful and remunerative. This is obviously the line in which Duty calls him to go, and he obeys the stern lady's behest to a certain extent. But all the time, taste or whim has established a literary Goodman's Croft in his mind. He has his tragedy, or his new system of physics (overturning Newton), or his History of the Lower Empire, demanding his attention. He would far rather be at one of these undesired works, which will never turn him in a penny, or bring him a single puff of the trump of Fame. So he goes to his legitimate task with reluctance, gives it little of the finer force of his mind, and hears of its success with indifference. He would rather spend twelve hard-working hours at the Goodman's Croft, than three at the proper business of the intellectual farm. With such difficulties from himself has the man of letters to contend, besides all those external ones of which the public have so often heard.

No philosopher is ever without his Goodman's Croft, in the form of some cherished fallacy or absurdity. Not even the men of highest reputation and most

venerated counsel are exempt from this law. One here and there may have the art to conceal it from all ordinary observation; but scan him closely, or wait for his demonstrations, and you will be sure, sooner or later, to get a glimpse of it. The fact is, they tire, like the vicar of Wakefield, of being always wise. *Semel insanus omnes*. Or it is not possible to maintain a vigilant guard over the judgment at all points; and so, while we are keeping out the flood at doors and windows, it finds its way in down the chimney. Perhaps, just the more deeply wise a man is in one direction, he is apt to be the more childishly simple in another; and thus it may come about that the public, in trusting to your dictum on a particular subject, because you have delivered yourself well on another, makes a great and dangerous mistake. We hardly know anything more perilous than to take confidential and uncorrected counsel from a philosopher on a point which chances to lie within the confines of his Goodman's Croft.

Does not all this look very much as if there were a primeval determination that there should be no perfect intellect, no unfailing *morale*? There is a tedium in excellence which forces us to seek a relief from it. Entire sagacity frightens and distresses us. It does not do to keep the whole farm like a garden, without a weed, every bit of space turned to use. That was for the Garden of Eden alone. As human nature goes, it calls for a Goodman's Croft.

#### YOUNG RUSSIA.

THE political character of the Russian Empire is much more Asiatic than European; we might even say, the Western elements of civilisation have been made use of in Muscovy, only to preserve Asiatic despotism from all those restraints which in the East form a check to the immense power of the sovereign. In Russia, just as in China, in Persia, or in Turkey, there is no hereditary nobility, which, from the weight of its influence on the people, might be worth consideration by the sovereign. The nobility is entirely dependent on the favour of the court: it is a bureaucracy, not a landed aristocracy. The Russian prince has no other political rank than that corresponding to the civil or military office he fills: if he holds no office, he is, politically, a cypher. Just as in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is no caste, no peculiar class of the nation enjoying particular political privileges that give them some share in the administration, or even permit to them the exercise of a passive resistance without violation of the law. Just as in the Mohammedan countries, a great proportion of the inhabitants are excluded from many civil rights. Thus the evidence of the serf in Russia is not accepted against the lord; he has not even the right of free locomotion; he is bound to the soil; he is not allowed to choose his own way of livelihood; he dares not even give education to his children, without the consent of his master. But in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is one controlling power, superior even to the will of the Emperor, Shah, or Sultan—the power of religion and of traditions. The shah and sultan have no legislative power; the Koran is the law-book, which cannot be set aside by the sovereign; nor has he even the right to interpret it according to his own will. Whatever may be his interpretation, it must be submitted to the chief-priest and the council of lawyers, whose decision alone (Fetra) can give it the power of law. The shah or sultan cannot even declare war or conclude peace, before stating the question to the Sheik-el-Islam (the religious chief), and receiving his approbation. But in Russia, the czar combines the civil and religious supremacy—the 'Holy Synod' has become an administrative bureau, presided over by a layman; in fact, by a colonel, the *aid-de-camp* of the emperor. Besides, there are no traditions, no legal precedents to regulate the administration. The will of the emperor is the supreme

law in every case; and even the judges of the supreme court must bow before a ukase of the czar, should any contending party be influential enough to obtain an order from the emperor to reverse their own sentence. The emperor, indeed, is more omnipotent than the English parliament, for his will is above both the common and statute law of the country. Herzen describes the legal position of his country in the following words:—

'It might appear strange that we applied the word *provisional* to the imperial administration; yet it expresses entirely the most striking character of the Russian government. Its institutions, its laws, its schemes, are evidently temporary and transient, without precise and definite form. It is not a conservative government, for it has nothing to conserve but its own material force, and the integrity of its territory. It began with the tyrannical destruction of the traditions, the laws, and the manners and customs of the country; and it continues to exist by a series of measures, one destroying the other, without acquiring stability or systematic rule. Every new reign brings into question the greater part of the rights and institutions. The government prohibits to-day what it ordered yesterday, and continually modifies, explains, abrogates the laws. The code published by Nicholas is the best evidence of that want of principle and unity in the imperial legislation. The code is a jumble of all the existing laws—of orders in council, of enactments and ukases, more or less contradictory, expressing much more the character of a particular sovereign, or the exigencies of the passing moment, than a spirit of rational legislation. The code of Czar Alexis is the foundation; the orders of Peter I., of quite a different tendency, are the continuation; and upon them are ingrafted laws of Catharine II., dictated in the spirit of Beccaria and Montesquieu, and orders of the day of Paul I., surpassing anything of the most absurd and arbitrary kind in the maddest edicts of Roman emperors. Since the Russian government has no historical root, it is not only not conservative, but it is enamoured of innovation. It leaves nothing at rest, and though it rarely improves, it always changes.'

Such being the character of the Russian government, it is quite clear that the individuality of the emperor, for the time being, supposing him to live for any considerable number of years, must influence the type of society, and the mould of intellect, to a degree equally unknown in Western Europe and in Asia. I do not mean to say that the czar has the power of moulding the character, and fashioning the thoughts, of his subjects; on the contrary, the result may be just the reverse of his wishes and plans, yet this result is always a natural consequence of his character. He may, of course, easily tinge society with the uniform varnish of French or German civilisation, just as his tendencies may lean to the one or the other; he may, by such a foreign tinge, destroy the connection between the bulk of the people—whom he cannot reach with his civilising varnish-brush—and the upper classes; he may then play off the serfs against the gentry, and the gentry against the serfs, in case either should be refractory; but he cannot command the march of intellect—he cannot accelerate, he cannot direct it. His custom-houses, his passport-system, and the difficulties thrown in the way of those who desire to visit foreign countries, cannot prevent the invasion of Russia by foreign ideas. He is able, indeed, to check their free development, but the compression only makes them the more powerful.

The necessary conflict between the soul-killing rule of a centralised bureaucracy and those Western ideas that cannot be kept out from the Russian Empire, introduces duplicity and deceit into the national character. From fear of the secret police, the Russian grows accustomed to hide his thoughts; his words are not the expression of his sentiments, but the reverse;

and if he surmises that he has betrayed his feelings, he is tempted, as the only means of self-preservation, to evince his loyalty by denouncing the incautious words of another. The majority of the higher classes, who do not like the mean pedantry of Russian official life, and whose feelings revolt at the idea of being teased for a score of years by some overbearing German superior, until they themselves rise to higher official rank, and are able to spend another score of years in tormenting their inferiors, throw themselves frantically into a life of dissipation. Egotism becomes the all-pervading feeling, since the rule of the czar has isolated the individual, and made all openness of soul and all confidential conversation nearly impossible. Men of generous character and of a noble ambition have no open field—they are the victims of government policy. Nearly all the heroes of the national novels are portraits of such superior men, who must perish, because they cannot struggle against the constitution of society. Their prototype is Eugene Onegin, the hero of Pushkin's poetical tale of the same name, the most popular of all the personages of Russian fiction. Herzen says of this character:—'Onegin is an idler, since he never had any serious occupation; a supernumerary in the sphere in which he is placed, without having the power and determination to step out of it. He is a man who tries everything in life down to death itself, and who would try that, in order to see whether it is not worth more than life. He has commenced everything, without pursuing anything; he has thought so much the more, that he has acted little; he is old at the age of twenty, and begins to grow younger through the agency of love when age creeps upon him. He has always waited for something, as we all have done; since nobody is foolish enough to believe in the stability of the present state of Russia. But nothing has happened, while life was passing away. The character of Onegin is so national, that it returns in every novel, and in all poetry that has had any success in Russia; and this, not because it was intentionally copied, but because we see it always around us, or feel it in ourselves. In fact, we are all Onegines, unless we choose to bury ourselves in a bureau or in a farm.'

'Civilisation leads us astray—it destroys us; it is civilisation which makes us a burden to others and to ourselves—a crowd of idlers, full of whims, and unfit for action. It is civilisation which drives us from eccentricity to debauchery, making us spend without regret our fortune, our heart, our youth, in seeking occupation and excitement for mere distraction. We do everything—we saturate ourselves with music, philosophy, love, war, or mysticism, only to forget the immense emptiness which oppresses us.'

'We receive a liberal education; the desires, tendencies, and sufferings of the contemporary world are imaged in our souls, and we are then told: Remain slaves, dumb and passive, or you are lost. For indemnification, we have the right of flogging the peasant, and of spending, in the gambling hell or the wine-house, the tax of blood and tears we wring from him.'

'The young man falls in with nothing which can fix his interest in this world of servility and low ambition; still, it is in such society he is doomed to live, since the people are still more distant from him. Society is at least composed of beings, however degraded, of his own stamp, whilst there is nothing in common between him and the people. The traditions have been broken by Peter I. so completely, that there is no human power to unite them again, at least at the present moment. There remains, therefore, nothing for a noble mind but isolation or struggle; and not having sufficient moral power for either, we become Onegines, if we do not perish by debauchery, or in the dungeons of a fortress. We have stolen a spark of civilisation, and Jupiter punishes us with the torments

The sickly and disheartening tone which pervades Russian literature, has filled the czar with disgust, and gives him the idea, that the civilisation of the West enervates his people, and makes them discontented; that it brings up coward conspirators and noisy demagogues, not men of action and energy. By degrees, therefore, he has changed the traditional policy introduced by Peter I. All the successors of that czar, especially Catharine II. and Alexander I., fostered the introduction of German and French culture; they treated Muscovite nationality with scorn, and opposed the outbreak of Græco-Russian fanaticism. Their aim was to be 'enlightened despots,' carrying on a patriarchal, paternal government, as mild and wise as that of any of the Western powers. They professed to be the friends of the wise men of Europe, and to adopt their liberal principles. Alexander even went so far as to acknowledge, in theory, the superiority of the constitutional form of government, and pleaded only the present low condition of his people in excuse for withholding from them a parliamentary representation. To engage the assent of England to his possession of Warsaw, he willingly granted a constitution to the Poles, and proudly pointed to Poland as to the forerunner in emancipation of Russia Proper. And those declarations were not altogether a tissue of falsehood. Catharine and Alexander really believed they were educating their people for freedom; for these sovereigns agreed with the theories of the Encyclopedists and the Doctrinaires; they had not yet come into collision with constitutionalism, and their authority was never hampered by the people. But Nicholas is a strong-headed, stiff-necked man, and the conspiracy of Pestal and Muravieff, which endangered his throne and life immediately upon his accession to power, gave him the first dislike to the ideas of the West. He quelled the outbreak in his capital by his courage and presence of mind; he destroyed the riotous regiments by grape in the streets of St Petersburg, and he appeared personally in the heat of the battle. His hatred against constitutionalism became soon apparent in Poland. The Diet was dissolved; the working of parliamentary government was first insidiously, then violently destroyed; and when the Poles, elated by the triumph of the French Revolution in 1830, rose in arms, he refused to enter into any negotiations with his rebel subjects; but defeating them after a severe contest, he banished those whom he could not trust. But so far from re-establishing the constitution, he even forfeited the Russian pledges of the treaties of 1815. He annexed the kingdom of Poland to the Russian Empire; whilst, according to the European compact of Vienna, it was to remain nationally separate from Russia, though subject to the czar. Thus he affronted all Europe; but England and France did not call him to account, either for the extension of his despotism, or for the infringement of treaties. His energy had triumphed over Russian conspiracy and Polish insurrection, and over the awe with which politicians looked upon the treaties of Vienna, as upon the basis of European international right. Can we wonder, therefore, that he despises constitutionalism and liberalism, and all the ideas of freedom that are held sacred in Western Europe? and that he believes that the effete nations of the West cannot be dangerous to him? He relies entirely upon his own rare energy, of which he gave a most appalling proof in 1831.

'Whilst the cholera was raging at St Petersburg,' says Count Gurovski, 'the lower classes in some way took it into their heads that the epidemic was generated by poison thrown into the wells by Poles. The rumour attained wide credence; and the peasants, to the number of some 80,000, rose, and wild with rage, paraded the streets, assassinating every foreigner they met. They assembled finally in the Place Siennaia, and with

capital with rebellion. This was so much the more to be dreaded, as at the moment there were no troops at hand. While the riot was at its highest pitch, and the excitement most dangerous, the emperor was seen approaching, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, and followed by hardly a hundred Cossacks. He moved on slowly and steadily, through the incensed mob, to the very centre of the insurrection, and there looking steadfastly around, with undaunted gaze, he cried, in tones of thunder: "Down upon your knees! Upon your knees ask pardon from your God—you must expect none from me!"

"The immense *prestige* which surrounded Nicholas at that time, combined with such an exhibition of daring, together with the effect of the mighty and sonorous voice, struck the insurgents with such awe that they with one accord knelt down, and offered no resistance, while a few of the Cossacks seized and bound many of their number, and flung them like so many animals into boats, by which they were transported no one knows whither. The rest dispersed in terror, and the rebellion was quelled as if by enchantment.

"Did the sovereign in this moment of success draw any instructive lesson from that scene? Did he learn that masses may be governed by moral power as well as by brute force? Not at all. On the contrary, he drew the conclusion that they must always be ruled by terror; and the idea remained as strange to his mind as before, that if his people were still in their infancy, and the chastisement of the rod therefore sometimes necessary, it was his imperative duty, as a father, to make that childhood as happy as possible. He has spent this mighty energy of character in theatrical shows, never employing it against monstrous abuses, or in giving a moral and economical tendency to his administration. He has rather played with his power than laboured with it for the accomplishment of grand and beneficent ends. Thus history will speak of one as a great actor, who might have been a great man but for the want of a true understanding of the idea of good.

"Yet his conduct on the occasion referred to was the finest act of his life, when seen from his own point of view; it aroused the enthusiasm of all who beheld it, even my own—and I feel rather reluctant to confess enthusiasm upon such a subject. I must admit that I was struck with admiration—a confession I make the more willingly, as it may seem to attest my impartiality when I act the part of the Slave in the train of the triumphant Cæsar, crying "Cæsar, thou art but a man!" The desire to be accurate in my sketches, forces me to bring into juxtaposition with the above anecdote one of an opposite character—the reverse of the medal.

"On one occasion, the emperor's frowns and the contracted muscles of his face announced an approaching outbreak. No cloud of sedition had risen above the political horizon, no sign of public tumult appeared, and Prince Dolgorowsky, descended from the princely house which founded the city of Moscow, who was with him, anxiously awaited the thunderbolt of the imperial ire. "What is that?" cried the czar to the prince in the awful tones of the Place Siennaia, as he pointed to a spot upon the table-cloth! The prince remained silent, and was respectfully retiring, when the emperor, as little touched by the respectful submission of the courtier, as he was formerly by that of the peasants, kicked him—him the *grand écuyer* of the court, the most important personage of his suite, and one of the first dignitaries of the empire!"

From the time of the Polish war, he met no more with any serious resistance, either at home or with foreign powers. He could, therefore, for a score of years, pursue his policy undisturbed by the policy of the West, which saw in him the protector of stability, and of the monarchical principle. His home-policy was, to wean Russia from Europe, to make her

independent of Western ideas and Western civilisation. The ties of faith connected a considerable portion of his subjects with Rome and Germany; he, therefore, unmercifully and unrelentingly oppressed Roman Catholicism in Poland, and Protestantism in the Baltic provinces. The peasants were allured to the Eastern Church by promises of emancipation; the higher classes, by promises of court favour. Religious toleration, which, under the Empress Catharine and Czar Alexander, was one of the leading principles of Russia, gave place to the most shameless system of proselytism. The Protestant missionaries were expelled; the United Greeks, mostly White Russians, were forced by violence to renounce their spiritual allegiance to the pope; and orthodox colonies were sent into Poland, where the confiscated estates of the Roman Catholic nobility, implicated in the revolution of 1831, were conferred upon Russian generals. But even the few Germans who, in this way, had become Polish landed proprietors, had to pledge themselves to bring up their children in the bosom of the Eastern Church. By and by, the German element in bureaucracy was discarded, and Muscovites obtained the command in the army and in the chief offices. At court, the Russian language supplanted the French, by command of the czar, although he himself never was able to learn it correctly enough to write it. The permission to visit foreign countries was restricted to the high aristocracy; difficulties were thrown in the way of foreigners, in order to deter them from travelling in Russia, the interior of which became soon as difficult to penetrate as the interior of China. Nicholas, indeed, has in many respects adopted the policy of China; not for defence, however, but for aggression.

In the character of Czar Alexander, there was an unmistakable vein of religious mysticism; with Nicholas, it has become glowing fanaticism. Immense and uncontrolled power has always had a tendency to madden the men who hold it. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Commodus, Caracalla, all of whom began their career honourably, are instances of this fact, which obtains a new confirmation from the lives of the Russian emperors. The great misfortunes of Alexander, by humbling his mind, saved him from insanity; but the uncommon prosperity and good-fortune of Nicholas have overpowered his self-control. He earnestly believes himself to be the chosen engine of Providence for maintaining the divine right of kings, and for extending the orthodox faith. Western Europe—according to him, a prey to infidelity—must be saved by him. For Protestantism, he has no respect: it is only a different form of infidelity, which cannot impart firm faith. He judges thus from experience. During his own life, his family has been allied by marriage to Protestant princesses of Württemberg, Prussia, Sax-Coburg, Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg, and Hesse; and not one of those princesses, virtuous as they otherwise are in their private life, could resist the bribe in the form of the hand of a Russian grand-duke. They have all abjured their religion without reluctance: not one of the Protestant princesses of Germany has ever refused a Russian grand-duke, although she knew that she had not only to profess a different creed, but solemnly to accuse the faith in which she was brought up, and in which, under other circumstances, she would have died. Hence Nicholas despises Protestantism just as much as he hates Roman Catholicism. According to him, the Russian Church alone, of which he is the chief, leads to salvation, and preserves the people from revolution, since it inculcates veneration of the czar next to the worship of God. The last ten years have increased his religious fanaticism to the utmost. Religion is for him no longer a tool of despotism—he believes in his divine calling as viceroy of the Almighty on earth; he prostrates himself with real devotion before the shrines, and kisses the images



of the 'mother of God' with unfeigned fervour. His language becomes scriptural; and when, in his late manifestoes, he appeals to God in the words of the Psalms, it is not an artifice for raising the spirit of the people—it is really the expression of his faith.

Still, he has not been able to inspire the higher classes with the same fanaticism. That they do not understand it, is because they do not feel it. It is the unhaven classes, not yet tainted by French and German ideas, who respond to the fanatical appeals of the czar. They hate Western civilisation, because they hate its representatives—the landed gentry, and the government officials; the emperor, they think, is to destroy the whole work of a hundred and fifty years, and to return to the old Muscovite policy, abandoned by Peter and his successors. It is, therefore, with frantic enthusiasm they hear that their czar is standing up to fight the war of the double Cross against the Crescent—the latter supported by schismatic Rome, and infidel France and England. The present war becomes, therefore, a holy war for them; and whatever may be its issue, it will remain a great landmark in the history of Russian civilisation. The old Muscovite spirit, compressed for a hundred and fifty years, is now roused against the influence of Western ideas. It would be strange to expect that such a struggle could last but for a short time, and pass over without changing the face of Russia.

#### THE LAST OF THE QUESADAS.

It may be that the domestic life of Spain is, in the aggregate, as civilised and commonplace as that of Great Britain; but certain it is that incidents therein are not unfrequently brought to light which more resemble creations of the Radcliffe school of novelists, than the sober realities of the actual world. Of this kind is the recent story of Garcilas de Quesada, a young Catalan gentleman, which, in its material parts, has been judicially verified before the Spanish tribunals.

Garcilas de Quesada was, it seems, the sole surviving representative of a long line of ancestors, whose historic glories reached as far back as the days of Pelayo, and the first efforts to rescue Spain from the Moslem yoke, originating under that renowned leader, in the Montañas de Asturias, of which birthplace of Spanish independence the founders of the Quesada family were natives. Unfortunately, the heritage bequeathed the last of the race by eleven hundred years of glory, consisted of little more than the intense family pride engendered by those historic centuries, and an ancient castle, near Cardoña, in Catalonia, which time and violence had reduced to pretty much the condition of its owner—that of a gloomy, repellent ruin. The naturally arrogant disposition of the young man was fostered and inflamed by the teachings of his mother, who died a few months after he attained his majority; and it was said to have been early determined between them, that unless the young Garcilas could espouse wealth in his own rank, the superb line of the Quesadas should end with him, whilst yet unmingled with and uncontaminated by the common yarn of plebeian life. This preposterous arrogance gave birth, after a time, to an immitigable hatred of one particular person; chiefly, in the first instance, because of the afflicting illustration which the position of that person afforded of the wiser course pursued by his family, the De Velascos, who, in the matter of patrician pretence, might have held their heads as high as the De Quesadas.

José de Velasco, on succeeding to his inheritance, having found himself, like many other Spanish hidalgos, and even grandees of modern times, without the means of supporting his hereditary rank, at once resolutely brushed aside the cobweb prejudices that would have barred his path to fortune through the avenue of trade, and engaged, with remarkable energy, in the

salt manufacture, carried on in that part of Spain. Success rewarded his exertions, and its visible signs deepened, by contrast, the gloomy aspect of decay and ruin presented by the formerly rival family of the Quesadas. The ancestral mansion, once in as dilapidated a condition as the hereditary De Quesada 'castle,' was thoroughly restored, furnished, and decorated; the menial establishment, which had dwindled to two or three ill-paid, ill-clad servitors, was recruited up to a handsome complement; Señor Velasco's children—he had dropped the *Don* and the *De*—were carefully educated; and when his son, Alonzo, returned home in 1847 from the university of Toledo, he was pronounced by general consent to be the handsomest, best-dressed, best-mounted, and altogether the most generous and accomplished caballero of the neighbourhood for many miles around. For this young man, Garcilas de Quesada conceived from the first a violent dislike, which, the passing years bringing increased sunshine and splendour to the Velascos, and only clouds and gloom for him, exasperated to the deadliest hate. It was also said, that De Quesada had been for a time shaken in his resolve of perpetual celibacy, except under the before-named conditions, by the charms, personal and pecuniary, of Teresa Velasco, and that he attributed the repulse that had met his condescending advances towards a *mésalliance*, as he deemed it, with a family whose head had degraded its escutcheon by stooping to the status of a salt-contractor—to the opposition of the young lady's brother; his personal pride causing him, no doubt, to ignore the possibility of Teresa Velasco's declining the honour of his hand by her own choice. Some heedless expressions reported to have been made use of by Alonzo, relative to the moth-eaten dignity and poverty-stricken pride of his sister's rejected suitor, confirmed this impression, and led, moreover, to a duel with swords, in which Garcilas de Quesada was worsted, and owed his life to the forbearance of his triumphant adversary.

For about three years after this, no further intercourse took place between the young men, Garcilas de Quesada during that period being rarely seen out of his crumbling castle, where he dwelt in idle seclusion, his sole attendant one Gil Polo, who was born, bred, wedded, widowed, and hoped to die and be buried within the now much circumscribed precincts of the domain. At length, in the early part of 1850, when in his thirtieth year, a circumstance occurred which drew him forth once more into the thinly scattered society of the neighbourhood. This was a confident rumour of the approaching marriage of Alonzo Velasco with Isabella Riogos, a lady he had met with in Madrid, and to whom, as being neither distinguished for wealth nor birth, the elder Velasco and his wife had strongly objected, till subdued into acquiescence by the passionate solicitations of their son, who loved the beautiful Andalusian with a fervour remarkable even in the love-disposing clime of Spain. It was, as the sequel proved, the knowledge of this fact which determined and hastened De Quesada's reappearance in the tiny world which circled his solitude. He was kindly received by the Velascos, who, indeed, had never borne him serious ill-will; and had it been otherwise, his changed appearance, indicative not only of feeble health, but in the gray-sprinkled hair and stooping form, of premature old age, must, in generous minds, have converted any adverse feeling into kindness and compassion for one so early and untimely wrecked in the voyage of life. Isabella Riogos had arrived at Cardoña, on a visit to a relative, before the parental obstacle opposed to her union with Alonzo Velasco had been removed, and there it was since settled she should remain till the magic power of the wedding-ceremonial entitled her to a permanent home in the comparatively splendid abode of the Velascos. Garcilas de Quesada met her

there frequently in the interim; and although he could not avoid being struck with her singular loveliness, he paid her, it was afterwards remembered, but scant attention except when Alonzo was present, and then, as it seemed, merely by way of complimentary admiration of the enchanted lover's choice and taste. He and Alonzo Velasco soon became exceedingly intimate—so much so, that De Quesada consented to officiate as the bride's father at the marriage, which, it was arranged, should take place on the 12th of May 1850.

The bridal-day was distant only about a week, when thunder fell from the brilliant, unclouded sky. The Velasco family, the Lady Isabella Riogos, Garcilas de Quesada, who had joined them about half an hour previously, Dr Zorilla of Cardoña, and other friends, were enjoying themselves *al fresco* in front of the family mansion, with song and dance, when Alonzo's horse galloped up to the gate, covered with foam, panting with exertion, and *riderless*! The alarm and commotion were instant and intense. Alonzo, who had set out early in the morning to transact some business for his father at a salt-establishment near the Albufera de Valencia, had been expected to return several hours before, and it was now, of course, apprehended that some terrible accident had befallen him. But a few minutes had elapsed ere Señor Velasco, Garcilas de Quesada, Dr Zorilla, and several other gentlemen, rode off in anxious quest of the missing horseman; but the morning dawned upon their fruitless search, no tidings whatever having been obtained of the unfortunate cavalier, except that he had left the salt-works in time to have reached his home at least two hours before his horse arrived there. Quesada's house or castle was about a league distant from the residence of the Velascos, and not far out of the track the searching-party had been vainly exploring; and he proposed that they should rest there awhile before resuming their inquiries. The invitation was accepted the more readily by the grief-bowed father and his friend Dr Zorilla, that neither could divest himself of a haunting suspicion that Alonzo had met with foul play at the hands of De Quesada. Nothing, however, was observed in that gentleman's dreary abode, nor in the stolid, careless aspect and demeanour of its only other habitant, Gil Polo, to strengthen that suspicion. De Quesada himself appeared to be much and naturally affected by the distressing catastrophe; and before long, it was generally concluded that the young Velasco, though an excellent rider, must have been thrown from his horse, and hurled down one of the narrow and unfathomable fissures of the Sierra over which he was passing. For, after all, argued the Velascos with their more intimate friends, and notably with Dr Zorilla, what adequate motive could there be to prompt a man, himself apparently on the verge of the grave, to the commission of so foul a crime? There was no question now of the hand of Teresa Velasco, who had been long since married, and settled in a distant part of Spain; De Quesada was not in love, it was quite clear, with Isabella Riogos; and it was surely hardly credible that the slight quarrel which had occurred three years previously, could still rankle with such deadly power in his breast as to urge him to avenge the fancied wrong or insult he had sustained by murder!

This reasoning was scarcely satisfactory, especially to Dr Zorilla, who thought he could read De Quesada's mind and disposition much more accurately than the others; but days, weeks, months passed away without throwing the faintest light upon the matter, till near the middle of October, when a strange freak of De Quesada's, viewed in connection with subsequent information, revived, and in some degree gave form and colour, to the strong though undefined suspicions of the Velasco family—with whom, by the way, Isabella Riogos had, since the mysterious disappearance of her

affiliated lover, constantly resided. Garcilas de Quesada, who had shrunk back to his former gloomy seclusion, all at once startled his neighbours by issuing numerous invitations to a grand *gala*, to be held at his residence on the 17th of October, in celebration of the inviter's thirtieth birthday. The Velascos excused themselves; but the invitation was accepted by a considerable number of persons, who reported that the festival had been a joyous one—had gone off with much éclat, and must have cost the giver at least a half-year's revenue. This unaccountable extravagance on the part of an impoverished and dying man would perhaps only have lived in the gossip of a few brief days, but for the receipt of a letter from an acquaintance at Madrid, enclosing a paragraph, dated about a fortnight before, and cut out of the *Heraldo* newspaper of that city, which set forth in stately terms, that the for some time contemplated marriage between Don Garcilas de Quesada and the beautiful Señora Isabella Riogos, would, it had been decided, be celebrated on the 17th of October! The lady's correspondent added, that several paragraphs, to which she had given no credence, had previously appeared in the same paper, hinting, not at all obscurely, to persons acquainted with the parties, at the probability of the event at last positively announced. The writer was desirous of ascertaining if the statement enclosed—a very surprising one to her—was correct; and if so, she of course congratulated her charming friend upon the alliance she had contracted, all the more cordially, if the paper was also right in stating, that Don Garcilas had lately succeeded to a large property, and had quite recovered his health.

A tumult of wild conjecture, doubt, and apprehension arose in the minds of those to whom the letter was read; and one suggestion, half hinted by the Lady Isabella, and grounded upon the coincidence of the day of marriage named by the *Heraldo* with that of the *gala* given by De Quesada, struck them all as at once so likely and so terrible, that Señor Velasco's first fiery impulse was to set forth immediately and procure judicial assistance, to break into and ransack the suspected residence. A few moments of calmer reflection, however, sufficed to shew him that he had no tangible grounds, or at least none that the law would hold valid, for preferring such an accusation against De Quesada, whose shield of nobility, rusted and worm-eaten as it might be, still presented in Spain a strong defence against any but the weightiest charges and the clearest proofs.

The family were still anxiously pondering the most advisable course of action, when Dr Zorilla was announced. Before the new-comer, who appeared much excited, could open his mouth, the letter which had created such a panic was thrust into his hand, and his opinion thereon eagerly requested. Dr Zorilla's agitation visibly increased as he read; and he had no sooner concluded his hasty perusal of the important missive and enclosure, than he exclaimed: 'This but confirms my apprehensions; and I have to inform you, that whatever guilty knowledge Garcilas de Quesada may possess relative to your son's death or captivity, will in a few days be buried with him in the grave. He burst a blood-vessel in the lungs on the night, I am told, of his grand *gala*,' continued the doctor, breaking in upon the clamour of surprise which arose from his auditors; 'but I was not called in till this morning, when I at once informed him, that nothing short of a miracle could prolong his life beyond twenty-four hours. His pallid features,' added Señor Zorilla, 'flushed hotly, with a sort of fierce dismay as I spoke; and after a few moments of dumb bewilderment, he said in a faint struggling voice: "If that be so, I must bear my doom as I best may. In the meantime, do you, doctor, send me the strengthening cordial you spoke of as quickly as possible, and return yourself as early in the evening as you can." I obeyed him in

both particulars; and when I again saw him, found that he was sinking more rapidly than I had anticipated. It seemed to me,' added Dr Zorilla, speaking with slow and significant emphasis—'it seemed to me, judging by his strangely excited manner and a few incoherent words he muttered, that he had in the brief interval since I left him finally accomplished some great purpose—perhaps if I said *great crime* I should be nearer the truth.'

'Santa Maria!' exclaimed Señor Velasco, 'what terrible meaning is shrouded in your words?'

'He is now entirely alone,' continued Dr Zorilla, with the same significance and solemnity of tone and manner, 'having, which is not the least curious part of the affair, just sent off Gil Polo to execute a trifling commission at a distance of some twenty leagues; and he has requested me to bring him, without delay, a monk in priest's orders from the convent of Los Apostoles, to whom, under the sacred and impenetrable seal of confession, he will doubtless reveal, for his soul's health, what we are all so anxious to be informed of. I need hardly go so far as Los Apostoles,' added the physician with slow, emphatic emphasis, 'for what with the moribund's fading sight, the gloom of the death-chamber at this hour of the evening, and myself being the only attendant, the Señor Velasco himself might officiate as confessor without fear of detection.'

'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed Señor Velasco, crossing himself, and sternly regarding the tempter, who, having served in the French army during the war of independence, was suspected to be something of a heretic, or an *esprit fort*—'Heaven forbid that I should commit such sacrilege! But it occurs to me that Gil Polo, who, I suspect, will not else be seen in this neighbourhood again, ought to be secured.'

Dr Zorilla readily approved of this suggestion, and remarked that it would be as well to bring him at once into the presence of his master; 'for be sure, Señor Velasco,' added the physician, 'that if you ever obtain a clue to the fate of your son, you will do so this night.'

The conference immediately broke up; Señor Velasco, followed by his wife and daughters, hurrying off to arrange for the instant pursuit of Gil Polo: Isabella Riosos accompanied the physician. 'You, lady, I perceived by the flashing of your eye just now,' said Dr Zorilla in a low voice as they passed along the corridor, 'do not, although a devout Catholic, deem it sacrilege to further the justice of God?'

'I do not,' replied Isabella Riosos, 'especially as it is possible I may discover that—that—I hardly dare breathe the hope that trembles at my heart.'

'That you may discover,' said the physician, 'if you have firmness enough to stifle all emotion that may betray you till you have heard De Quesada's confession to the end—that Alonzo yet lives, and how he may be restored to the world and you? That is a quite possible result—mind, I say possible only, for I have strong misgivings. Still, if you are the brave girl you appeared to be a few minutes since, you will not shrink from the venture.'

'I will not shrink,' responded Isabella Riosos; 'and adamant shall not be firmer than I, till all is revealed. But pray,' she added quickly, 'step into the courtyard, and request Señor Velasco to bring a true priest with him to the castle. We shall either have failed or succeeded by that time, and De Quesada's soul must not flit unshriven to judgment.'

Dr Zorilla smiled, but performed her bidding; and they were soon on their way to the presence of the dying man, the physician silently determining for his part to try what effect a threat of the *garrotte*, coupled with a knowledge of who had been confessing his master, might have upon Gil Polo.

But for the pale, uncertain starlight which served to define the shadows of the cumbrous furniture of the

apartment in which Garcilas de Quesada was breathing out his last of life, and the white face of the dying man himself, Dr Zorilla and his companion would have had no other guidance than the faint voice of the sufferer to his bedside. 'The glare of a lamp,' said the doctor in a sufficiently loud voice, 'would pain the eyes of my patient, and your mission, reverend father, does not fortunately require one. When you require my attendance, be pleased to ring the sonata on the table at your elbow.' He then left the room, and descended the stone stairs with a sounding step, as if to assure the penitent that he was alone with his confessor.

The dying man did not speak, and the impatient listener repeated the first words of the *Confiteor*, as a suggestive invitation to commence. 'True—true,' muttered De Quesada, 'the purpose for which you are here, reverend father, admits of no delay. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti*"—Ah, it is long since I repeated those words. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatus*"—Memory is failing me as well as sight. Do you, father, say the words, and I will repeat them after you.'

This was done, and the confession went brokenly on. After relating much that the reader is already aware of, relative to the insane hatred he bore Alonzo Velasco, he said that his burning thirst for vengeance during the three years he had feared it to be unattainable, had, he now felt, dried up the fountains of his life. 'Mine was not,' he continued hurriedly, 'a hatred that the mere compassing his death would satisfy. I wanted to inflict a far direr vengeance than that; and his unbounded love of the beautiful Isabella Riosos at last afforded me the means—You start with horror, reverend father, at this avowal, and it is nothing compared with what remains to tell. Yet Holy Church can, we know, at the last moment, if the confession is unreserved—the penitence—Ah, what means that noise?'

The lady's quicker ear had caught the sound distinctly: it was her father's voice in contention with some one—Gil Polo probably. It ceased almost instantly; and De Quesada proceeded, but with a hurried incoherence which shewed that partial delirium already affected his brain. 'Yes—yes, as I told you, I invited Alonzo Velasco to leave the room, and rest here awhile. He little suspected the potency of the pleasant wine he drank, nor how, when he awoke long hours afterwards, it had come to pass that he had exchanged the bridal-chamber he had dreamed of for a stone dungeon—that he was bound in stronger fetters than his lady's arms.'

'Does he yet live?' burst from Isabella's lips in a tone which startled the dull ear of the dying man, and he strove to raise himself in bed, but failed to do so. 'Live!—live!' he muttered, falling helplessly back upon the pillow; 'yes, to be sure—at least he did a few hours ago—where Gil Polo and I know, and we alone. I would tell you, but that it grows colder—darker—colder'—The voice ceased, and Isabella eagerly applied a cordial Dr Zorilla had furnished her with, to the lips of the expiring wretch. It revived him, and after a few moments, he faintly resumed: 'You could hardly believe, reverend father, that the newspapers Gil Polo took him to read should have plunged him into such agonies of rage. The *Herald*, I had contrived, should say that I was about to marry the beautiful Isabella. He seemed at times to have gone permanently distracted—mad; I, unobserved, looking on delightedly the while. Ha! ha! that, if you like, was revenge! What was I saying?—I have it. He began to doubt the truth of the newspaper paragraphs—to hope, almost believe, they were inventions; and then it was I played the master-stroke. The newspaper announced our marriage—*our marriage!*—Isabella Riosos' and mine; and I took care that the rejoicing revelry should convince him that it announced the

truth. Father, his fury was sublime in its wild extravagance, especially, oh! especially when, at the chime of midnight, the loud music played the bridal-air you wot of appropriate to the departure of the wedding-guests. He leaped, danced, raged, and I, too,' continued De Quesada, with kindling animation, 'I too leaped, danced, raged, with sympathetic delirium, till my senses utterly failed me, and I reeled and fell down a flight of steps, bursting a blood-vessel, which at once destroyed the feeble hope I had till that moment entertained of prolonged life.'

'Wretch! fiend!' shouted Isabella Riogos, unable to control her emotions, which was of the less consequence as De Quesada relapsed immediately he ceased speaking into partial insensibility. 'Yet answer—does he live?—or are you in deed as well as in thought a murderer?'

'A murderer!' faintly murmured Quesada; 'why, yes, if the poison I poured into his water to-day can kill!'

The lady's convulsive scream was echoed by the loud voices of several persons hastily ascending the stair. Presently, the door was flung violently open, and gave to view a spectacle so startling as to cause De Quesada to spring up in his couch with renewed life. 'Alive!' he gasped—'alive!' as his fascinated glare rested upon the attenuated, corpse-like features of Alonzo Velasco, visible in the light of the torches held aloft by his father and Dr Zorilla.

'Yes, alive!' fiercely responded Zorilla: 'the pretended poison this fellow, Gil Polo, procured you, was, luckily for his neck, as innocent as water; and'

'Silence!' interrupted the priest brought by Señor Velasco, as he stepped forward and elevated a wooden crucifix before De Quesada: 'an immortal soul is passing. Look upon this emblem of the Eternal's mercy,' he added, addressing the expiring sinner, 'and breathe—think of but one prayer to God.' A gleam of intelligence seemed to flash from De Quesada's darkening eyes, and a half smile parted his lips: the next moment he had fallen back upon the pillow—dead!

### THE RADICAL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE radical member of society, unlike his namesake of the senate, is a very unobtrusive personage. He was made before Adam, and his race has been multiplying on the face of the earth ever since the creation; yet, two centuries ago, men had but just become acquainted with the fact of his presence among them. He dwells familiarly in the midst of us, and yet ninety-nine in every hundred of us go down to our graves without knowing that he is there. He is essential, too, to our being. We cannot do without him, even for an instant. He ministers to our physical wants, renders himself subservient to our enjoyments, and even charges himself with the superintendence of our mental operations. Simple in his habits, and humble in his bearing, he is, nevertheless, a mighty potentate in his way. If the Emperor of All the Russias were to prove his fitness to sit in a high place, by blowing a generation of his fellow-men into dust, our little patient friend would quietly ply his craft, and by the time the autocrat had joined the smoke of his own explosion, and had become ashes with ashes, a new generation of living human forms would fill the vacant place.

The radical member of society is not given to the adornment of his person with factitious decoration, neither does he stand six feet without his boots. This, indeed, is why he is so commonly overlooked, even when in the act of rendering important service to the state. If the truth must be told, he is but a pigmy in stature—so small, indeed, that unless when he chances to have outgrown the ordinary standard of his race, he cannot be discerned by unaided human eyes. He is, in fact, *microscopical* as well as radical. Until the ingenious Robert Hooke had put his apparatus of

magnifying lenses together, to 'pry into all things'—as it has been *judicially*, but not very reverentially expressed—it was not possible that he should be seen. So minute are his dimensions, that a clever hand might put a million of his little bodies to bed side by side upon the face of a shilling. As many as twenty millions, indeed, have been known to be comfortably accommodated within the same area, when the individuals happened to be only dwarf specimens of the race.

The radical member of society has been planned with a view to convenient package, as well as to fitness for active work; hence he is without any kind of awkward incumbrance. He has neither arms, legs, nor head: he is all body, and this body is generally as compact as a dumpling; so that it may be rolled freely about when engaged in locomotive operations, or, even when not so employed, be stored up, as Dutch cheeses are packed away in cellars. He is, nevertheless, very cunningly and beautifully made. His compact body is composed of an exquisitely delicate film of skin, covering a reservoir of rich liquid. Sometimes this skin is defended by a rigid coat-of-mail, spread over it externally; at other times, it is strengthened by a stout lining attached to the inside. In either case, the radical fact, nevertheless, still remains—that our radical friend is a *little bladder* full of fluid. On this account, he has been named by scientific sponsors a *vesicle*, and very appropriate is the denomination: *vesicula* is the Latin word for a little bladder. Many people prefer to speak of the subject of our consideration as a *cell*: *cella* is a chamber where valuables may be stored away. A cellar, for instance, is a place where we pack our wine; but a cellar may be a hole hollowed out in the ground, or it may be a structure built up of walls. Now, our friend is not a hollow space, excavated in a lump of continuous substance: he is really a structure made of walls that have been built up regularly of smaller parts. In each of the twenty millions of bodies that can repose together upon a shilling, there are myriads of little atoms, as they are termed, fixed and fitted together, as bricks are fitted in common buildings. When our vesicle is strengthened and stiffened by outer coatings, or thickened by inner deposits, it may be convenient to speak of it as a cell; but the term must then be understood to comprise both the walls and contents, as well as the chamber or cavity in which the latter are held.

But a bladder is no person: it is only a thing; hence it may be urged we have not at present established any good and sufficient ground for speaking of our vesicular acquaintance in the language we have employed. Our answer is, that we have yet more to tell. The object of our allusions is really a *living* vesicle, and has an absolute personal individuality of its own. He grows from infantile into mature age, arranges the matters of his own internal economy, transacts his own business, and even brings up a family, and manages to get his descendants off in the world at an appropriate time. To make all this as evident to our readers as it is to ourselves, we will drop in upon our friend in one of his favourite places of resort, and spy out his doings by means of our microscope. We need entertain no scruples in committing the act of espionage, for he will be altogether unconscious of our operations: he has no telescope to turn upon us.

In pools of still water—especially if on open moory ground—a layer of greenish, half-fluid, cloudy-looking substance nearly always collects at the bottom. If a portion of this be carefully raised by the hand, or by a net of fine muslin insinuated along the mud beneath, and be then examined by the microscope, it will be found that it is occupied by swarms of minute objects, possessing an immense variety of appearance, and yet agreeing together in certain essential particulars. Some look like little balls; others are elliptical or boat-shaped; others cylindrical, quadrangular, or even

triangular. Some resemble flat circular disks, and are covered by symmetrical patterns worked in lines and dots. Many are beautiful crescents, or yet more graceful spindles, lengthened out and bent opposite ways at the extremities, with a sort of segmoid curve. All of them are, however, hollow cases of thin membrane, and contain inside a clear liquid, in which numerous small granular specks, often of a bright green colour, float. Now, if some of these curious objects be carefully watched for a little time, it will be noticed that they do not remain altogether stationary where they have been placed; all at once, they get restless, and advance by a series of little jerking starts in one direction—then they stop, and return upon their previous course with the same halting gait. Occasionally, some very brisk individual of the community will, in this fashion, make a journey an inch long in a few minutes: the more circumspect travellers take a day to accomplish the same distance.

But if the observation be carried on for a sufficient length of time, it will be seen that these siffl creatures grow as well as move. They get larger and larger, in some cases by puffing out their sides; in others, by extending their length. All the while this is going on, a strange commotion is taking place in their insides: legions of granular specks hurry now this way and now that, until at length a result of all the bustle begins to appear. A thin partition commences to form all round the inside of the case, and creeps onward, step by step, until at last it has divided the original chamber into two perfectly isolated parts. The partition then thickens, and finally splits into two distinct layers, of which the one attaches itself to one cavity, and the other to its neighbour; and thus the case itself tumbles into halves. Each half then grows, until it attains the mature dimensions of the parent, and after this deposits its partitions, and falls to pieces; and so, individual after individual, and generation after generation, are formed.

These little multiplying vesicles—for such the bodies are—acquire the substance that is used in the augmentation of their own dimensions, and in the formation of their partitions, from the liquid in which they are immersed. There are no perceptible openings in their delicate membranous walls; but those walls are, nevertheless, full of inconceivably minute pores, through which liquids can slowly infiltrate. Water will not run through a piece of bladder; but the bladder will, notwithstanding this, soak water up into its substance, and get thoroughly wet throughout. Under this soaking power, if sirup be tied up in a bladder, and the bladder be tossed into a pail of pure water, the water will be drunk in and mingled with the sirup, rendering it thinner and more dilute in consequence of the admixture. Just in the same way, the living vesicles under consideration imbibe the thin fluids in which they float, and mingle the same with the thick rich matters they contain within. They then select from the imbibed fluid, principles that are useful for their constructive work, and reject the rest. This is what the restless movements of the granular specks alluded to above mean. Those little floating masses are necessarily carried to and fro by the arriving and departing currents. In this way, then, our radical member manages to feed himself without either head or hands. He is mouths all over his skin, and is always swimming about in a reservoir of nutritious liquid, which he can appropriate at need.

Every vesicle that falls under observation is not, however, equally fortunate in this respect. Some of the little flattened or lengthened cells have their skins defended by large impervious horny plates, or by flinty shields and mail-pieces applied closely to their external surfaces. These uncovered spaces, for purposes of imbibition, are only left along the margins of the plates, or under holes bored through their dense substance.

When this is the case, it occasionally chances that the insetting or outflowing current of liquid becomes so strong in one direction, that the light vesicle is suddenly pushed before it, just as it has been recently proposed to propel steam-boats by jetting water out from pipes, instead of by the revolution of paddle-wheels and threaded screws. The jerking movements of these rudimentary vesicles are now generally conceived to be, not properly locomotive acts, but simply hints of this nature thrown out to our mechanicians, to show them how to set about their work.

Microscopic living cells of this kind do not dwell in placid pools alone; they love the fresh water which is still and clear to the bottom, and that allows the genial sunshine to penetrate to its utmost depths. But they also abound in all moist situations: they cover the surface of rocks in the sea; they cling to the submerged parts of aquatic plants, both marine and fresh; they cluster in ditches; and wherever running-streams lag by the way, they assemble in crowds. In every trough or cistern where water is allowed to stand, their presence may be easily detected by skilful seekers. Scientific men have called these omnipresent multitudes of self-multipliers by the name of *diatoms*, the epithet being a reflection upon their origin—the word is taken from two Greek terms that signify 'cut through.' Some of the microscopic community that possess angular forms, shew a little inclination to cling together by their corners; these are especially classed as *desmidiæ*, a word derived from the Greek for a chain.

There is one curious fact regarding the constitution of the true diatoms: so soon as their delicate membranes are fully formed, and freely exposed to the influence of the water in which they float, they collect from that fluid minute particles of hard flint, and out of these fashion for themselves solid shields or shells, which they attach to the outside of their bodies, merely leaving narrow grooves and dots of the membrane free from the dense investment, that the liquid nourishment may there still flow through. These flinty shields are so indestructible that they may be boiled in aquafortis, and will come out from the ordeal only the more perfect and clear. Time seems to possess scarcely any power over their forms, for beds of them many feet thick are found lying where they must have been deposited by lakes that have been dried up for thousands of years. Many of them are embossed and worked over by very beautiful ridges, arranged in symmetrical patterns. There are shields of some of the diatoms known as *naviculæ*, which are quite invisible to the unaided eye, and which appear only as thin films, without any discernible tracings upon them, when magnified 150,000 times. But when the magnifying power is increased to some million and a half of times, the film is seen to be entirely hatched over by obliquely crossing lines, like those which engravers execute in producing shadows upon their work. When the amplifying power is raised to four millions of times—for the instruments of modern days can accomplish even this wonderful feat when wielded by skilful hands—those lines themselves are resolved into rows of projecting beads ranged side by side, each separate from its neighbour, and each distinctly raised from the general surface of the silicious film. But each one of these beads must be formed of myriad particles, in their turn quite invisible, even when increased by optical power to four millions of times more than their proper dimensions. There is an infinity in littleness as well as in vastness, at least so far as the capacities of the human lenses are concerned.

These surprising little objects discovered by microscopical research at the bottom of still pools of water, and in other convenient situations, are, then, really living creatures, as wonderfully perfect after their kind as lordly man is after his kind. Each one is an organ or instrument, accomplishing important work by

the transformation of dead matter into its own living structure, and by the production of generations of bodies like to itself, which are to take its place in the scheme of nature, when its frame has been swept away from the scene; hence these lowly receptacles of life are termed *organisms*; and still further to distinguish them from more complex efforts of creation, they are expressively designated *single-celled organisms*. As each cell or vesicle is an organism, so each organ is complete in a single cell. But having determined the fact, that these simple bodies are living organisms, there still remains for consideration the question of what *kind* the life is that they possess. Are they merely single-celled plants vegetating in the water? or are they single-celled animals, endowed with the higher privileges of vitality? This problem has proved a somewhat knotty one to solve. The observers who have studied the diatoms and desmidsæ the most carefully during the last few years, have waged a fierce war over their unconscious forms. Ehrenberg, with a small band of gallant allies, has, on the one hand, claimed them on behalf of the animal tribes, only conceding that they may be designated *animalcules* on account of their microscopic dimensions. He maintains that he has seen them put forth and draw back retractile limbs; that he has watched them while performing distinct acts of locomotion; and that he has fed them with indigo, and noticed the food disappearing into open mouths. Nägeli and Siebold, on the other hand, with a more imposing array of supporters, insist that they are not even animalcules, but only plants; and that the retractile limbs and swallowing mouths of Ehrenberg are merely extraneous particles of solid matter quivering before the alternating currents of liquid setting into and out from the permeable tracts of absorbing membrane. Before we attempt, Jove-like, to hold the scales for these contending heroes, we purpose to shift our position a little, in order that we may perform the service circumspectly, and with a firm and safe support beneath our feet. It will not do, in this iron age, for an arbiter of destiny to stand upon the clouds.

If a careful search is made among the fronds of duck-weed growing in turbid water, instead of in the clear pools in which the diatoms abound, a small speck of transparent jelly-like substance may often be detected clinging to the surface of the green leaves. When this speck is submitted to microscopic scrutiny, it is found to consist of a little bag of limp membrane, containing a quantity of fluid inside. It is, in fact, a vesicle, but it is a vesicle of a very curious kind. Instead of being rigid, and wearing a fixed form, like the diatoms already considered, it is soft and yielding everywhere, and it is every moment altering its shape. Now, it looks like a round ball; now, a little projection is pushed out on one side, like the finger of a glove—the ball rolls after this, and a new finger points in another direction, and the ball is resolved into an altogether grotesque and indescribable object, unlike any other creature discoverable beneath the sun. This very odd concern is called the *amœba* (the 'always changing,' from the Greek word for 'to change'). It also is really a living vesicle; it is a single-celled organism, like the diatoms, but it is unlike the diatoms or the desmidsæ in this particular: it possesses the power of bending, and folding, and rolling its own thin membrane about, which they never do. It moves about, indeed, habitually in search of its food, and it carries on its search in this way: it sets up a current or stream of liquid in its inside, in some definite direction, and before this current its thin membrane is pouched out; the body then falls over after the pouch, and yet another pouch projects. If, during this progress, the point of the pouch gets at any time into contact with a morsel of appropriate substance fit to serve as food, the limp membrane folds itself completely round it, and thus forms a sort of

interior *sac*. It makes, in fact, an extemporaneous stomach, and in this the morsel is digested or dissolved. The dissolved material is then absorbed through the membrane, as any other liquid might be; and the stomach, having accomplished its work, is unfolded to become skin again. Thus the *amœba* furnishes the curious spectacle of a living creature rolled along in search of its food, by means of internal streams that push its limp skin before them. It is, in fact, a living vesicle, furnished with locomotive powers, and travelling about in search of food, instead of merely absorbing what chances to come into contact with its skin, as is the case with the diatoms. Now, this locomotive cell is unquestionably an *animal organism*: it certainly belongs to Ehrenberg's animalcule tribe. It is in the scale of animate creation what, in all probability, the diatoms and their congeners are in the vegetable creation. It is the radical member of society in his animated garb, as the diatom is in his vegetative form. The primitive organism of animal life is a limp, restless, changeable structure. The primitive organism of vegetable life is a rigid, changeless, and immovable structure. The soft, unarmed *amœba* is the type of one, and the stiff, mailed diatom is the type of the other. Free mobility in the membrane of the vesicle at once marks it as belonging to the animal domain. The mere power of moving from place to place is not sufficient for the purpose, for vegetable cells often do change their position under especial circumstances; but when they do so, they move, as a whole, without bending or altering their shapes, as the *amœba* has been described to do. It may also be added, that when vegetable cells travel, they never avoid obstacles that chance to be in their way: they go on in straight lines, until they knock against some rock ahead, and they then stick there, without any attempt to extricate themselves from the difficulty. Animalcules, on the other hand, steer themselves adroitly round whatever chances to lie across their path. Animalcules are locomotive by design and through intent, but vegetable cells are never locomotive excepting from some extraneous or accidental influence.

Some very curious forms occur among the active animalcules, which, at the first glance, appear to be wide departures from the simple vesicular type of being instanced in the *amœba*, but which are really, after all, very slight deviations from that condition. These animalcules look like bags with open mouths, instead of being closed bladders, and they take their food into their interior cavities by an apparent act of swallowing, and retain it there until digested. In these cases, however, the interior cavity is merely a fold or pouch of the general surface thrust inwards. If, when the *amœba* has folded its membranous wall round some morsel of food, it were permanently to retain the form it had thus taken, leaving an open mouth where the inward folding occurred, it would exactly represent the state of the bag-animalcules. Some of those creatures, indeed, have been turned inside out—the skin being made to take the place of stomach, and the stomach of skin, and no harm has resulted to their economy.

We have now shewn that the little vesicular bodies we have been contemplating are living structures: they prove themselves to be living by the performance of five distinct and wonderful operations, which dead matter can never accomplish: they select certain nutritious principles that are suitable for employment or building purposes; they transform these principles into membrane like that of which they are themselves composed; they appropriate this membrane to the enlargement of their own bodies; they vitalise it at the same time—that is, they enable each addition made forthwith to take upon itself the same selecting, transforming, and vitalising functions; and they multiply their forms by falling to pieces, and contributing each piece as the foundation of a new growing organism,



capable of becoming in every respect like to themselves. All these five things every little diatom, every amœba, every individual of an allied host of creatures, is able of itself to perform. As, therefore, these microscopically minute bladders must be assumed to be the *radical*, or, to use a synonymous term, the *primitive* form of living structure—we can hardly conceive any other form either smaller or simpler—we are in a position to state that the radical or primitive attributes of life, those characteristics by which it is distinguished from mere physical existence, are the capacity to select, transform, and vitalise matter, and the capability to extend the dimensions of its own structures, and to reproduce its kind.

But we have yet to make good our assumption, that little living vesicles are radical members of society as well as the radical forms of life. This we shall now be able, in a very few words, to do. If we leave placid pools and stagnant ditches, and attack with our 'prying' instruments the fastnesses of vitality—such noble structures as the trees of the forest, and the beasts of the plain—we shall find that they, too, are but heaps of microscopic vesicles: we shall see cells in the green leaf, in the solid wood, in the coursing blood. Man himself is but a pile of vesicles. By the microscope, we detect evidence of their presence in bone, in flesh, in fat, in veins, in skin, in hair, and, in short, in every organ and in every piece of apparatus of his wonderful system. The fact is merely, that in these complex productions of life, the successive generations of vesicles that are formed out of the primary ones, are attached together to build up the several parts of the connected frame, instead of being scattered abroad as a swarm of independent creatures, each being then altered in character and form subsequently to its first construction, to render it suitable for some special purpose in the organisation, or for some particular position in the fabric. All plants, all animals, and even man himself, are made up of multitudes of little vesicles; and of these vesicles each one is a living structure, capable of selecting, appropriating, and vitalising its food, and of growing and reproducing its kind; hence there is in all these creatures a vesicular life, which sustains the life of the individual, and ministers to it, so to speak. This vesicular life is called *organic life*, because it carries on all the work of organisation, and is quite distinct from *animal life*, which is made up of various powers of motion and sensation. Plants possess only organic life. Animal life is the life of the complex individual viewed as a whole, rather than the life of the component cells; still, it is supported through the activities of those cells, and comes to an end the moment the cell activities are stopped; hence the radical form of life is also the radical member of society.

## A HINDOO WEDDING:

A RECOLLECTION OF 1805.

It is well known in England that the Hindoos marry or are betrothed very young; and also, that the fair sex is so confined to the house, that the young women, after they are ten or twelve years of age, see no male persons, not even their own brothers. The houses of wealthy persons are all constructed so that they have no windows that look into the streets, but are built in squares, the windows looking into the interior. The only entrance is by one large gate, where the *doorwan*, or porter, sits night and day, for he eats, drinks, and sleeps inside the gate; and when he has occasion to go to the river to bathe, and say his prayers—which he does regularly every morning—he is relieved by a trustworthy person, so that no one can go in or out without the fact being known. All Europeans of any note also keep a *doorwan*, who, when any stranger goes into the house, calls after him: '*Bhar Ca—Sahib, iah,*

*chubber, di joe;*' that is, to inform the servants of the house that a stranger gentleman has gone in, and to let the master know. By this, you will see the place is strictly guarded; and it is very difficult to get in, except at the Durga Poojah, and other great holidays, when three sides of the house are opened to strangers, and the women of the family removed to the *zenana*, or the side of the square opposite the gate, the windows of which are generally glazed with ground-glass, that gives light, but cannot be seen through. The great baboos have their children betrothed when very young, and as they are never allowed to see strangers, the father looks out for suitable matches for them; the mothers are out of the question, for they see no person but their husbands or servants. The fathers, when they have sons or daughters come to the age of betrothal, which is generally when the boy is twelve, and the girl eight or nine, look out for a match for them in some respectable family of their *own caste*, and who can likewise give a suitable portion with their children. There are also female agents, or match-makers, who go about under pretence of selling fine dresses, clothing, or trinkets, and who make a profitable trade in looking out for good-looking girls, and recommending them to the mothers who have sons come of age. After they have made an eligible match, the fathers make a bargain for the sums that each is to give to the children to set up housekeeping, and fix the time when the wedding is to take place. To make the arrangement sure, a native *vakeel*, or lawyer, is employed to draw up the deed, with a penalty in case of failure. When the wedding is to take place—that is, when the young couple are to live together, which is, generally, when the boy is eighteen, and the girl fourteen—all their male relations and acquaintances are told there will be a great *tamassa*,\* or procession at the wedding, and they are invited to attend. If the boy's father is rich, he will spend a great deal of money on this fortunate occasion.

I remember, in 1805, a very rich baboo, with whom I had frequent dealings, and who made all his money by trading with Europeans, having a grand *tamassa* at his son's wedding, which lasted three days. There was a gorgeous procession through the streets of Calcutta during that time, at which not less than 1000 hired persons assisted; and besides other devices, there was a large mountain made of bamboos and paper, on which were placed numbers of trees and bushes, with wild animals and birds, from the elephant and tiger to the squirrel and mouse, and from the cassowary (the Indian ostrich) to the wren—all made of the same material, and painted to the life. This was carried through the streets on the heads of probably not less than a hundred men, a curtain hanging down to prevent the bearers from being seen. A guard of a hundred men in uniform went before, and the same number followed, all with imitation muskets on their shoulders, covered with gun-cases of red and yellow cloth, and intermixed with numerous bands of drums (tom-toms) and other instruments. The bridegroom in his palkee, finely dressed in gold embroidered muslins, carried by four men, and the girl in her dowlah, closely covered up with cloth, followed close in the rear, guarded on each side by a number of men dressed as sepoy. I think the procession was a quarter of a mile long in the broad streets, and half a mile long in the narrow streets, where the black population live. After much show and parade of this kind for three days, it was intimated when the marriage-ceremony was to take place; and as there is often a great deal of money given away among the poor at this time, there is always a great attendance of such wedding-guests. The marriage-ceremony is performed in the square of the father's house by a Brahmin of high caste, who pronounces

\* *Tamassa* means a great deal of fun.

an elaborate harangue on the good qualities of the bridegroom's and bride's father; then on those of the bride and bridegroom themselves; and then a prayer that they may prosper, multiply, and replenish the earth, there being great mourning in the house if there are no children even in the first year.

The time is now come when the bridegroom first sees his bride. They having been placed in their palaces under the zenana—that side of the square where none of the company are—the bride is closely covered up in her dowlah, and the Brahmin, holding a looking-glass in his hand, gently opens the cloth, and, holding the mirror in front of the bride, desires the bridegroom to look in it, and say whether he is satisfied to take this lady for his wife. If he says Yes, then the ceremony goes on, and is concluded with a grand invocation to the gods, ending with a great huzza, and mighty drumming of the tom-toms. During the noise, there is generally a scramble in the streets for money, which is scattered to the poor. The company then disperse; the square is searched by the doorwans; the door is locked; and the next day that part of the town is as quiet as if nothing had happened. But if, on the fateful question being put, the bridegroom says No—a thing which rarely occurs—then there is a stop put to the whole proceedings; the company is dismissed, and the girl taken home to her father, who returns the duplicate of the marriage-deed. I have only to add, that it is not easy for a stranger to get in to see one of these marriages. I happened to have a Brahmin of high caste as a writer in my office, who went with me on the occasion referred to, and he had only to hold up his finger to the doorwan to procure my admission. I threw the doorwan a rupee as I passed, which I knew was expected. There were a number of Europeans there, but as they were all dressed in white cloths, with hats off, they attracted little observation.

#### JOTTINGS FROM THE CAPE.

THAT the columns of a newspaper, when read with due appreciation, may be used as a storehouse of information concerning the usages and general progress of society, is an opinion we have before expressed, and endeavoured to illustrate, in a short article a few months ago.\* Of course, the home and foreign news, the debates, the markets, the meetings, the 'leaders,' the 'court circular,' the opening of new railways and the launching of new ships, the making of monster wire-ropes and the laying down of interminable electric-telegraphs, the bankruptcies and insolvencies, the theatres, the concerts, the Exhibitions, the strikes, the lock-outs, the new patents, the scientific discoveries—these not only tell of the progress of society, but they are the best register of such progress. It is not of this, the main body of newspaper matter, we speak, but of the advertisements, the voluntary announcements of those who, for the most part, do one of three things—offer commodities in exchange for money, offer services in exchange for money, or offer money in exchange for services and commodities.

We have before us the *Mercantile Advertiser*, or *Shopkeepers' Journal*, a newspaper published at the Cape of Good Hope on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. It is one of those journals which are maintained chiefly by the money received from the advertisers; it is distributed gratuitously in Cape Town, on board ships in Table Bay, and at Rondebosch, Mowbray, Claremont, Wynberg, Simon's Town, Stellenbosch, and Paarl—all places near Cape Town; while it is distributed in the country districts of the colony at a charge of 1d. per number—intended, apparently, to cover the expense of conveyance. Our

number is of the date February 1, 1854; but there is no reason for believing that this differs in character from any other which might have fallen to hand. There are six pages of tolerably large, but, as is frequently the case in colonial newspapers, very thin paper.

The first fact which strikes the eye is, that many of the advertisements are in Dutch; while some are printed in two different parts of the paper, one in English and one in Dutch. This gives a significant reminder of the nature of the population. We know that after the Portuguese had discovered the Cape of Good Hope—the 'Cabo Tormentoso' of Bartholomew Diaz—the Dutch effected a settlement there about the middle of the seventeenth century. They easily mastered the mild and timid Hottentots, and gradually extended their settlements into the interior. Thus matters remained until 1795, when the English captured Cape Town; at the Peace of Amiens, it was restored to the Dutch; but in 1806 the English again took it, and it has ever since remained in our possession. The Dutch settlers have not been disturbed in their holdings, except by Caffre incursions; and a mingled society has grown up, in which the English and Dutch elements take part. In all probability, the two nationalities remain distinct, under circumstances where good-fellowship would advocate a closer union; but still it cannot be otherwise than that commercial and social relations must spring up in a colony so situated.

The shipping advertisements are certain to occupy a prominent position in a Cape Town newspaper, situated as the colony is on the high-road from the Atlantic to India and Australia. There is an Australian screw advertised, as about to drop in on its homeward trip; and there are many of the steady-going, old-fashioned Indiamen, such as were built before these our clipper-days. There are ships, too, bound for Melbourne and the Diggings. A circumstance of much local interest is the establishment of routes to South African ports of which we have only a slight knowledge in England. There is one ship, for instance, to Mosseel Bay; another, to Port Elizabeth; a third, to East London; a fourth, to Port Natal; while St Helena and Ascension Island, in their Atlantic loneliness, have a sprinkling of ships from the Cape.

The general dealers have, of course, their miscellaneous advertisements, relating to miscellaneous assortments of goods. A little of the quackery and puffery style has crept into South Africa, though far below the level in this respect of the 'old country' and of the United States. We here copy from the *Traveller's Union*—a weekly newspaper, published in one of the country districts of New York state—an advertisement from a general dealer, which throws into the shade all Cape Town advertisements:—'Bennett deals in any and every thing. If you want a good coat, he can show you one cheap. If you want a hat or cap, he is at hand. Boots and shoes—his stock is complete. Family groceries and good flour is what he prides himself on selling low. Butter always on hand; and if you are out of potatoes, he has got them. In fact, he has the goods just what you want; and he wants to sell 'em. So call.'—There is a grandeur of decision about this, which no inferior genius could arrive at. Nevertheless, the Cape Town advertisers know how to announce their goods to the best advantage. It is, however, more interesting to note the different character of the goods received from England and from America. One dealer announces for sale, as recent arrivals, pianofortes, oilman's stores, ale and porter, fish-sauce, crushed and loaf sugar, Price's patent candles and night-lights, soap, leather, Blucher-boots, ironmongery, iron bedsteads, plated ware, patent fuel, paints and varnishes, doekskins and vestings—a miscellaneous lot, truly! An American assortment, advertised by another dealer, is also miscellaneous; but it is noteworthy in respect to the eatables, and to the large number of manufactures

\* 'The Columns of Society,' No. 525, C. E. J., p. 450.

in wood which it comprises, quite a characteristic in some of the states of America:—Prime and mess pork, hams, oysters, and peaches, cheese and butter, common and Baltimore chairs, cane and wood-seat chairs, pails and tubs, axes and axe-handles, hatchets, reaping-machines and ploughs, pipe and hoghead staves, lower and top mast spars, flooring-boards and planks, wooden houses and stores. Many such advertisers are, of course, consignees, who dispose of everything which the ships bring over, without confining their attention to any one kind in particular. Some, however, deal in one class of commodity chiefly—grocery in one case, drapery in another, glass and earthenware in a third, wine and spirits in another, chandlery in another—millinery, bricks, tobacco, toys and bijouterie, paper-hangings, tea, hats, furniture, coffee, steel, pine-apples, ostrich feathers, all succeed each other in a strange jumble, very little attempt being made to classify the advertisements.

It is observable that the Dutch advertisements relate for the most part to country matters—sales of farming-stock; and so forth. This is consistent with the nature of the population; for the shopkeepers in the towns are English rather than Dutch, whereas the farmers in the country are Dutch rather than English. There is some landed property to be sold at Swellerdam, and this is advertised both in English and in Dutch; the 'valuable landed property' in the one language is the 'kostbaar vastgoed' in the other; the 'dwelling-house,' and 'het woonhuis;' the 'water-mill,' and 'de watermolen;' the 'splendid garden and vineyard,' and the 'prachtigen tuin en wyngaard;' the 'other articles too numerous to mention,' and the 'andere artikelen te veel om te melden;' and so forth. The landed estates, farms, and houses in the country, are advertised in some considerable number; while the 'extra fat sheep,' 'fat and heavy slaughter-oxen,' 'very fat sheep and goats,' 'very fat slaughter and draught oxen,' and 'extra fat wethers,' shew that livestock is reared in considerable abundance.

In Cape Town, and in the towns generally, the masters and mistresses who seem to require workmen and servants, exceed in number the workmen and servants who require masters and mistresses—a hopeful fact for emigrants, it would appear. 'Eligible cottages,' and 'comfortable board and lodging,' are to be met with at Cape Town as well as in the mother-country. There are not many pleasures, however, for pleasure-seekers. For an admission-fee of 1s., we can see the 'American Patent Sewing-machine,' which is to be exhibited for a few days preparatory to its employment in tailoring. We can attend an organ performance of sacred music.\* But there are fewer exhibitions and entertainments advertised than is customary in our colonies; and we have been recently informed, that there is much want of pleasant sociable recreation at Cape Town.

Local politics, as may be supposed, occupy a portion of the advertising columns. We learn in another part of the paper, that an election is going on; and in the advertisements one of the candidates is thrust forward as follows: 'The Conquering Hero, Vigne, has beaten every candidate at the poll into immortal smash, and he is now sure of coming in with the largest suffrage, upwards of 600 votes. Vote for Vigne. (What a Sell!!!)' How to interpret the last three words, we know not: perhaps they contain a bit of satire. There must be something like satire, too, in the following: 'It is admired by all the neighbours at Mowbray, how healthy and fat Mr Caffin and his family have got since

he came to live at the back of a butcher's shop at Mowbray. They are surprised that he should complain of nuisance, when he has got so healthy and fat with the smell of it.—N.B. A very healthy spot.' There is another advertiser, a shopkeeper, who heads his advertisement, 'Everting Hyperbole.' Whether this is a combination of Nigger with Greek, we cannot say; but the advertisement itself is a magniloquent announcement of Refrigerating Zephyrs, at 10s.—'under a good faith assurance, that the nominated garment is at least equal in style, finish, and material to any summer garb heretofore sold in this colony for 15s.'

There is one advertisement which sounds very much like the runaway-slave notifications met with in another region. It purports that, on a certain day, there absconded 'a South African Der Mozambique boy, with large eyes, has a fine mouth, and is about four feet high, answering to the name of FLIP. Had on a painted (green) canvas hat, a black summercloth jacket, and a pair of leather trousers; was last seen near Hardekraaltje, on the main road. All persons kindly requested to lodge him in the nearest jail, and to give notice to the undersigned. Any one harbouring him will be prosecuted.' We are not aware that any kind of slavery exists in Cape Colony; and therefore it is probable that little Flip with the painted hat had done something wrong, and, to escape punishment, had absented himself without leave. Mozambique, it may be observed, is a Portuguese settlement on the east coast of Africa, inhabited by Portuguese, half-castes, or creoles—Banyans from Hindoostan, free coloured persons, and slaves; but these slaves, we presume, would not be such on British territory.

The Cape wine, which we bolster up by imposing heavy duties upon better wine from other places, is an object of some importance to the colony. Many of the advertisements relate to vineyards; one of them announces the sale of a vineyard having '80,000 vines in luxurious growth.'

These matters are perhaps small in themselves, but they are not without value, in so far as they illustrate life at the Cape.

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

WHATEVER we may think of other campaigns, the literary campaign this season has certainly been an unsuccessful one. We have been all absorbed in reading newspapers, and have found enough to do to understand their contradictory narratives. The suspicion that language *was*, after all, given to man for the purpose of concealing the truth, has forced itself on many a mind, and may help to account for the fact, that men of the pen are now set aside for men of the sword. Books, at anyrate, have given way to battles; and authors who were beginning to acquire quite a status in society, venturing even to make love to real ladies of the world, are now once more repulsed in the direction of Grub Street. The red coat and the epaulette carry all before them; and if we scribes intend to earn a living, we shall be obliged, for several years, to make our style bristle with bayonets, and to substitute cannon-balls for full stops. There will be great competition, however. We learn that some seventy officers in the Eastern army alone are keeping journals, with a view to publication. Let the Queen's English take care of itself.

Meanwhile, our library shelves are already filling with warlike publications. Scarcely a day passes that some fresh work does not make its appearance. Old

\* We are reminded that 'those who have visited the Tea-gardens at Little Paradise should do so again; those who have not, should do so now, whilst it is in its glory.' (We must remember that January and February occur in the South African summer.) 'Passengers, pleasure and wedding parties, will find this the only place where they can enjoy themselves in the open air, free of sun, wind, and dust, during the summer months.'



volumes are reprinted; new ones are hastily thrust through the press. Forgotten articles in magazines are dug up, and forced to do duty again in glossy covers—veterans in a modern uniform; every man who has once written on Turkish affairs, thinks it incumbent on him to write again; every man who has spent a few days in the East, or passed a week or two in the North, hastens to relate his experiences and explain his policy. Admirals and generals will be much to blame if they do not know what to do—if Cronstadt be not pulverised, and Sebastopol devastated with fire and sword.

Perhaps one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the war, is one that was not meant as such—namely, the Baron von Haxthausen's work upon Transcaucasia, describing the nations and races between the Black Sea and the Caspian to the south of Circassia. Although the writer has a strong bias in favour of Russia, his opinions seem to be honestly given; and his statements, when justified by his own observation, bear the stamp of accuracy. Of the hatred of the Circassians to their Russian rulers, he makes no disguise. So strong is this feeling, that all matrimonial alliances between the two people are looked upon with horror, the Circassian girl preferring slavery to marriage with the Cossack. Now that the independence of Circassia is becoming a question of policy, not unlikely, perhaps, to receive a speedy solution, such information as that which the Baron von Haxthausen imparts, assumes double interest and importance in whatever light considered. With the exception of this class of works, however, there is, as we have said, little other literary activity visible. The increasing price of paper no doubt checks many speculations, though it ought to have but a moderate effect on the book-trade. However, it is certain that what is called 'the season,' has been shorn of at least two good months; and they say that there is not the slightest hope of any revival of business until the end of autumn. At the same time it is worth observing, that in practice the publishing year has ceased to be divided, properly speaking, into seasons. Setting aside the disturbing influence of the war, the book-buying public is quite as ready to purchase now as at any other period. The general diffusion of a taste for literature among classes not migratory, who remain all the year round in London, taking weekly trips only to Brighton, Hastings, Margate, or Gravesend, during the hot weather, is sufficient to account for this change.

Meanwhile, literary men are, of course, working actively whilst waiting for a demand. Mr Thackeray was last heard of under the shadow of Vesuvius, diligently plying the pen; Mr Macaulay is studying Dr Sacheverell and the bed-chamber intrigue for the new volumes of his history; Mr Hallam is adding new notes to his historical works; Rogers, the veteran poet, is engaged in a somewhat similar occupation; Lord Mahon has just completed the seventh and last volume of his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*; Mr Wilson Croker is still occupied in preparing a new edition of the works of Pope, and has just come into possession of an unpublished 'character' of the Duke of Marlborough, intended to have been introduced into the *Moral Essay on the Use of Riches*. Such are some of the items of intelligence in circulation from the Republic of Letters, where also there is talk of a new novel or novels by Victor Hugo—for which a sum of £5000 has been offered and refused.

Among the books that have been published with more or less success during the month, may be mentioned M. Lamartine's *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*. The author intimates that this is his last work, and that he will now withdraw, as did Bellini, whilst yet his voice has power. We confidently expect, however,

some 'more last words;' and, indeed, should regret to see the parting work of so great a man so far beneath his best performances. M. de Lamartine says: 'We have formerly sung the poet's language for the idle and the happy of earth; we have since spoken the language of orators in the tribune, and of statesmen among the storms of the Republic: more humble to-day, and perhaps more useful, we blush not to learn the phraseology which reaches the intellect through the heart, to be simple with the simple, and childlike with children.'

The reader might expect from this, that the work in question would be distinguished by greater simplicity of style than characterises M. de Lamartine's previous productions. But this is far from the case: while there is less picturesqueness, less truthful eloquence, than in his former works, there is a greater profusion of unnecessary ornament, antithesis, and glittering verbosity. The portraits he presents us with are distortions; their features are overlaid with touches which may give a certain kind of dramatic effect, but which destroy all reality. We scarcely recognise even familiar historical acquaintances in the strange garb in which M. de Lamartine has arrayed them. Throughout there is a great straining after originality, and the effort is to some extent successful; but it is not a satisfactory success. We are more startled than pleased, more offended than convinced. We learn that Cromwell was 'a fanatic, led away by a miasma;' that Milton was also a 'fanatic,' and the accessory to a 'cold-blooded murder;' that Socrates was 'inspired with the disinterested and divine passion of improving others,' exhibiting, however, 'little sympathy with human nature.'

M. de Lamartine professes to be aware of the responsibility attaching to the task he has undertaken, but it is a responsibility which never appears to weigh very heavily upon him. He disregards established authorities, and adopts those which are more than apocryphal; he passes judgment off-hand, though we see well he has not sufficiently weighed the evidence, or considered his opinion. No wonder, then, that we should dispute his sentence, and question his decrees. Midway between fact and fiction, these memoirs may take their stand awhile in contemporary literature, but in the realm of sober historical biography, we predict that they will find no permanent place.

In the *Memoirs of the Life of Amelia Opie*, selected and arranged from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Cecilia Lucy Brightwell, we are presented with an unpretending, but exceedingly interesting account of the life of a good-hearted clever woman, whose reminiscences take us back into another generation, amid persons and events that have become historical. Amelia Alderson—such was Mrs Opie's maiden name—was the daughter of a physician, and was born at Norwich in 1769. While yet a mere girl, only fifteen years of age, her mother died, and the future authoress became the head of her father's household—a position which tended to develop the peculiar and rather precious tastes and talents she possessed. Her first literary productions were simple ballad-songs, which she learned to sing with a pathos that melted the hearts of all hearers. Afterwards conceiving a passion for the drama, she wrote a tragedy, the merits of which were tested with success by a private performance, in which she herself took part. It was doubtless owing to this predilection for the drama that she became acquainted with the Kemble family, with whom she formed a close friendship. A few years after the production of her tragedy, she visited London, was introduced into various literary circles, and formed an intimacy with Opie the painter, whom she married in 1798. For some time she found it convenient to follow literature as a profession; writing several successful novels, and some sketches of Paris, which city, shortly after her union, she visited with her husband. Upon his death, in 1807, Mrs Opie left the gay world in which she had

for some time been living, and sought the seclusion of her native city. There she employed herself in preparing her husband's lectures for the press, and in other literary occupations, occasionally disturbing the calm of this existence by visits to London, and to her literary friends. In 1824, influenced, doubtless, by Elizabeth Fry, with whom she was acquainted, Mrs Opie formed the resolution, strange for a woman so full of vivacity and cleverness, and so fond of animated life—of joining the Society of Friends; and in 1825, she was formally admitted into that religious denomination. Although, until the end of her days, she remained a member of the sect, and frequently seemed restrained by her self-imposed fetters, she paid two visits to Paris, and occasionally re-appeared amidst the gay society from which she had banished herself. Although censured by some of the more strict among the body to which she belonged, her acknowledged goodness of heart shielded her almost completely from animadversion. Dying serenely, at a great age, only a few months ago, she left a name fondly endeared to a numerous circle of friends by the many acts of kindness with which it was associated. The book is highly interesting, as presenting us with the portrait of an amiable and talented woman, whose life and character shew us many remarkable contrasts. Almost equally interesting, too, are the anecdotes of the notabilities with whom Mrs Opie was acquainted, and which include the names of Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Byron, Sheridan, Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Northcote the painter, and many others.

There are two other books recently published, likely to be interesting to the respective classes to which they are addressed. The first is M. Van de Veld's *Travels in Palestine*, in which the author, not very successfully, attacks M. de Saulcy's alleged discoveries near the shores of the Dead Sea; and the second, Sir Henry Bunbury's *Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France*, containing much valuable information, and several piquant sketches of celebrated characters—as Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Ralph Abercromby, &c. The tendency of the writer is rather to depreciate our favourite heroes, and he contrives to represent the defender of St Jean d'Acre in somewhat a ridiculous light. It is to be hoped that he is not actuated by any feelings of jealousy or disappointment.

#### THE STUDIO.

The opening of the Crystal Palace is an event in the history of art, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate. There, in one fairy building, recalling the glittering palaces of our dreams, are accumulated the richest treasures of the past—the most graceful forms of beauty that the genius of man has called into being—the art-records of every age and of every country, for the world to read and ponder on. It is not too much to predict, that an Art Museum of such resources will ere long be the means of purifying and elevating the public taste, and of creating a love for the beautiful amongst those to whom such an emotion had been previously unknown. The Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a great school in which many will learn much; all, something. Such a spectacle of beauty will refine, to a certain extent, even the coarsest mind. It will awaken new thoughts, new emotions. It will yield a pure and satisfying pleasure, such as, perhaps, hundreds who throng its courts would have deemed themselves incapable of experiencing. It may not make us all artists; but it will make us lovers of art. It will become the great studio, where, amid the master-pieces of Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Buonarroti, and of the gifted of all time, the sculptor may for ever learn new lessons in his art, and the mere spectator find unceasing pleasure. A sight of the well-displayed statues of the Crystal Palace has,

our recollection the miserable accommodation afforded to the same branch of art at the Royal Academy. How much longer will that august body be pleased to shew the works of our sculptors in such a dismal, dreary cellar, when a few pounds, judiciously spent, might at least allow a little daylight to enter the cheerless cavern? Since the opening of the Crystal Palace, this subject has been much discussed. It is to be hoped that something will be done in the matter ere long.

At length the 'finest site in Europe' has received the concluding addition to its attractions. The last of the bass-reliefs of the Nelson Column has been added to that structure, the subject being Nelson receiving the sword of the commander of the *San Josef*. The figures are bold and masterly, and the whole effect is striking. The number of years which have been consumed in the erection of this Column, induced at one time a belief that only to another generation would be accorded the pleasure of seeing it completed. As an additional proof of the active vitality of the government, I may mention that preparations are being made for restoring the public monuments in Westminster Abbey at the nation's expense. A grant of L.5000 has been made for the purpose; and operations, under the superintendence of Mr Scott, the architect of the Abbey, are to be immediately commenced. In the present state of public affairs, with a war which is the huge apologist for all kinds of neglect, it is gratifying to find government mindful of a duty so likely at such a time to escape their attention.

Some little alarm has of late pervaded artistic circles, owing to the arrival in London of Dr Waagen, at the invitation of Prince Albert, for the purpose, as was rumoured, of taking first command at the National Gallery. Dr Waagen is the director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin, and is the author of a work upon the *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*, which, despite several errors that are discoverable in its pages, is a valuable and interesting addition to the branch of literature to which it belongs. Although Dr Waagen is acknowledged to be a man of great ability, it was scarcely credited by the more reflective, that he had been invited here by the Prince to take an office which he could not have held without giving umbrage to the national feeling; and this view of the case has proved to be correct. Dr Waagen, we are told on authority, is here simply for the purpose of classifying and cataloguing the collection of early German art, the property of Prince Louis d'Ottingen Wallerstein, at Kensington Palace.

It may be mentioned as almost a new feature in this age, distinguishing it from the past, that few men of note are allowed to pass away without some visible monument being soon raised to their memory. James Montgomery, our latest loss, is to have a bronze statue erected to him at Sheffield, his native place. A committee is now conducting the preliminary proceedings. A statue of another Sheffield poet, Ebenezer Elliot, is also just completed. The work has been executed by Mr Burnard, a young sculptor of great promise, and possesses considerable merit. It is to be sent to its destination immediately. A somewhat novel monument to James Watt—to whom the world is so largely indebted—has been projected by Mr John Gray, a very energetic member of the Watt Club at Greenock. Mr Gray proposes to erect on a high rock, near Watt's birthplace, a monument composed of a number of stones, each stone to bear the name of its contributor. A similar tribute to Washington already exists in America. From the favour with which the project has been received—promises of support having already arrived even from Canada—it seems very likely that the plan will be adopted. Perhaps the proposal to give such marked prominence to the names of the donors



advertisement; and, at anyrate, looks like a bait to catch contributors. Many people are ready to commemorate themselves whilst pretending to commemorate others.

Marlborough House has added another very interesting feature to the already large collection it possesses—consisting of various specimens of arms, swords, pistols, daggers, breastplates, Damascus and Toledo blades, arabesque shields, brassards, battle-axes, and other implements of warfare, ancient and modern—the whole having been lent by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. This exhibition, extremely interesting even to the casual visitor, is of the greatest value to the student; or rather will be so when a suitable catalogue and description have been published.

A Report, that has been published by the Department of Science and Art, gives a very satisfactory account of the success of the Schools of Design lately established on the self-supporting system throughout the country. In little more than a year, twenty of these schools have been founded; whereas sixteen years had been found necessary to establish a similar number previously. The practical working of these schools is shewn in the fact, that manufacturers are already availing themselves of the talents of the students, many of whom are young women, to whom a lucrative and elegant means of existence is thus afforded. We do not perhaps properly appreciate the value of this art-movement which is going on, because it is so near to us; but the next generation will have to thank us for introducing a refined taste, and opening up intellectual sources of enjoyment which have always been so much wanted in this country.

#### HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Spinello, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination, that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Müller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shewn towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tatars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics climbing up, and struggling and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-coloured coat, riding towards him.—*Rudcliffe's Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites.*

#### BRANDY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It is astonishing the effect produced by spirits upon persons of even the strongest constitution, when indulged in at an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. I have had opportunities of observing this; and Captain S— informed me, that at 19,000 feet it is perfectly dangerous to take any quantity of raw spirit, as even half a wine-glass of brandy produces intoxication. I would recommend all hill-travellers to drink nothing but hot tea; for travelling up mountains and down valleys, across bridges of very questionable security, requires a firm and steady nerve, which it is impossible for those who indulge freely in the use of spirits to retain long in the snowy regions.—*James's Volunteer's Scramble.*

#### 'LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.'

A correspondent informs us that a mistake has crept into the above article: that the actual length of the *Royal Albert* is 372 feet, and that of the *Duke of Wellington* 278 feet.

#### THE SEA-SHORE.

MOURN ON, mourn on, O solitary sea!

I love to hear thy moan,  
The world's lament attuned to melody,  
In thy undying tone;  
Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone,  
And the white cliffs around me draw their screen,  
And part me from the world. Let me disown  
For one short hour its pleasure and its spleen,  
And wrapt in dreamy thought, some peaceful moments glean.

No voice of any living thing is near,  
Save the wild sea-birds' wail,  
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and drear,  
That nothing can avail;  
Now in the air with broad white wing they sail,  
And now, descending, dot the tawny sand,  
Now rest upon the waves, yet still their wail  
Of bitter sorrow floats toward the land,  
Like grief which change of scene is powerless to command.

The sea approaches, with its weary heart  
Moaning unquietly;  
An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,  
Speaks in that troubled sigh;  
Yet its glad waves seem dancing merrily,  
For hope from them conceals the warning tone;  
Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die,  
All their bright spray upon the bare sand thrown.  
While still around them walls that sad and ceaseless moan.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast  
Gay sparkling hopes arise,  
Each one in turn just shews its gleaming crest—  
Then falls away, and dies;  
On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies,  
Numbered with those that will return no more;  
There early love—youth's dearly cherished ties—  
Bright dreams of fame, lie perished on the shore,  
While the worn heart laments what grief can never restore.

Yet still the broken waves retiring strive  
Again their crests to rear,  
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive  
As in their first career;  
They strive in vain—their lustre, bright and clear,  
Forsakes them now with earth all dim and stained;  
And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,  
And shape them new from fragments that remained,  
But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch profaned.

Long have I lingered here, the evening fair  
In robe of mist draws nigh,  
The sinking sea sighs forth its sad despair  
More and more distantly;  
Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
For night approaches with the step of age,  
When youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,  
And the dim eye afar beholds the page  
That holds the records sad of sorrow's former rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe  
With her own quiet lore,  
Bids me observe the mist ascending slow  
From the deserted shore,  
And learn that scattered and defiled no more  
The fallen waves are wafted to the skies,  
That thus the hopes I bitterly deplore,  
Though fast they fall before my aching eyes,  
Fall but in tears on earth to Heaven unstained to rise.

I. R. V.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

THE annals of the British aristocracy have already furnished the historiographer with numerous chapters of family romance; but those archives of an order, wherein a place is esteemed by the many as the highest guerdon that beauty, bravery, genius, can win, must necessarily be inexhaustible in such revelations. Here is one that not long ago fell within my own experience; and, by simply restoring the original names and localities—altered by me for reasons that will be obvious—it would in all essential particulars faithfully reproduce an episode in the domestic history of one of our great county families; not, it strikes me, interesting only from the collision and evolvment of curious and striking incidents, but pointing an instructive moral, which they who run may read—although the catastrophe may not be thought to reach quite to the ideal standard understood by *poetical* justice—an objection to which the romance of real life will, I fear, be always more or less obnoxious.

The bankruptcy, in 1842, of Mr Ansted, a city merchant, in whose amiable family, domiciled in one of the squares of Tyburnia, I had officiated as governess since I left Lancashire—a lapse of nearly seven years—threw me once more upon the world in search of dependent bread. As I was an orphan, and had no relative that I knew of capable of assisting me to reach a more eligible path of life, there was, of course, nothing before me but to obtain as quickly as possible a like situation to the one of which Mr Ansted's commercial calamity had deprived me of: even that would not, I feared, and with reason, judging from the crowded state of the governess' columns in the *Times*, be of very easy accomplishment. Happily a caprice, that of advertising in my own name, Miss Redburn, instead of the stereotyped 'A Lady,' dissipated my apprehensions, and in a very unexpected and startling manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day my advertisement appeared, a fashionable barouche and pair dashed up to the door of the house in Upper Seymour Street, where I had taken temporary lodgings, and a lady alighted, elegantly attired in a slightly mourning carriage-dress, whose important presence was instantly announced by a footman on the knocker, with a vehemence that brought half the first and second floor habitants of the quiet street to their windows. 'Is Miss Redburn at home?' was asked by a female voice, the rich tones whereof struck my ear familiarly. The scared serving-girl replied, I suppose, in dumb show, by pointing to the door of my room; for with hardly a pause between,

the same voice said: 'Thank you; that will do: I will introduce myself:' and the next moment the carriage-lady was before me—in my arms! The flashing light of her dark brilliant eyes greeted me as joyfully as did her sisterly embrace and glad exclamation: 'Dear, dear Gertrude, I am so delighted to have found you! Surely,' she added with a gay laugh, and partially yielding to a sort of instinctive effort I made to free myself from her clasping arms—'surely you cannot have forgotten your old friend and pupil, Clara?'

'Clara Selwyn!' I exclaimed, forcibly releasing myself, as a dreadful thought arose involuntarily in my mind—'Clara Selwyn!'

The lady's flushed cheek and haughtily curling lip shewed that my ungenerous suspicion was read aright. 'Yes,' she coldly replied, 'Clara Selwyn, when you knew me, Gertrude, but Mrs Francis Herbert not very long after you left Lancashire, and now for several years a widow.'

'Francis Herbert, of Ashe Priory!'

'Just so. Should that so much astonish you?' she added, glancing proudly at the mantle-piece mirror. 'You perhaps imagine that the magnificent Mrs Herbert, the dowager, would have sufficient influence over her son to dissuade him from such a *mesalliance*. It did not prove so,' continued my charming visitor with a sweet silvery laugh, and resuming her previous caressing tone and manner: 'those are obstacles, dear Gertrude, which light-winged, youthful love easily overleaps; and we were privately married within, I think, six months of our first meeting.'

'Privately married!'

'Certainly. My husband's stately mother's many excellent qualities, both of head and heart, were strictly subordinate to her all-mastering pride of birth, and to have asked her consent would have been an absurdity. Nay, the after-chance discovery of what had taken place almost proved fatal to her life, suffering as she did from disease of the heart. Happily, that peril passed away, and we were *quite pour la peur*. Still forgiveness was not to be hoped for, and we left England to vegetate in obscurity abroad, till time and the stars should permit us to return and assume our proper position. Exile, poverty, in a comparative sense,' added Mrs Herbert—a dark cloud for a moment veiling her lustrous loveliness—'would have touched me little, but for the loss of my husband barely three years subsequent to our marriage. Since then, I continued to reside in the south of France, with our only child, little Francis, and mamma, till about two months ago, when the sudden death of Edmund Herbert summoned us home to fortune—greatness.'

'What a bewildering turn of the wheel! I read a

notice of Mr Edmund Herbert's death in the newspapers. He died of *tetanus*, or locked-jaw, did he not, resulting from a gunshot wound in the hand ?

'Yes; and his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, did not survive the shock more than a few hours. He was, you are aware, my husband's elder brother, and several years his senior, but had never married. I knew him by reputation only—not, it so chanced, personally—and that he was one of the highest-minded, most generous of men. But enough of this for the present. We shall have plenty of time hereafter for indulgence in gay or gloomy reminiscences. My present business here, Gertrude, is to offer you a home at Ashe Priory, as preceptress to my son—as companion and friend to myself. You will not refuse, I see,' she added, affectionately kissing me. 'We shall be sisters, as we were in the old time. So extremely fortunate—was it not?—that I to-day glanced over the advertisement part of the newspaper—so rare a thing for me to do.'

I expressed my grateful thanks as clearly as the strong emotion which agitated me permitted, and presently said: 'Your sister Mary, dear Mrs Herbert, she who so well deserves happiness, has not, I fear, drawn a prize in the strange lottery of life ?'

Beautiful Clara, variable and sensitive as a child, was instantly sad again. 'Alas! no; and she, too, is a widow. But Mary and her little boys must, and shall,' she added, 'spite of mamma's unreasonable objections, take up their abode with us; and therein, Gertrude, I shall also need your aid and sympathy. But of this hereafter. That which we have now to understand thoroughly is, that you breakfast with us to-morrow morning at the Clarendon, Old Bond Street, where we have been staying for the last ten days, and whence we set off, at twelve precisely, for Ashe Priory.'

It was so settled; and Mrs Herbert left me, half doubtful that I had heard aright; and it was far into the night before my brain had ceased to throb and sparkle with the thick-coming images—the rekindled memories of some twenty years—which her unlooked-for presence and strange news had awakened into life. A brief resumé of those thronging reminiscences must necessarily precede the telling of the story sequential to them, in which I was now about, unwittingly, to become an actor as well as auditor.

The Selwyns and ourselves were next-door neighbours, though living half a mile asunder, in a rural parish of Lancashire, the metropolitan village whereof—about a quarter of an hour's smart walk from our sequestered dwellings—was as dull, decorous, old-world a place as could, I imagine, be found in the most agricultural county in Great Britain. Both families had been thus domiciled as far back as my own personal experience extended, but I knew that in his early manhood, Mr Selwyn had attempted to practise as a solicitor in our little market-town, with such lamentable fortune, that he contrived not only to lose the only suit of importance he had ever been intrusted with, but to blunder so outrageously in the conduct of it, as to render himself liable in heavy damages to his own client. These first-fruits of his legal exertions so disgusted Mr Selwyn with the profession, that he resolved to espouse forthwith Mary Everett, the daughter of a deceased clergyman, and withdraw from ungenial business avocations to the sylvan quietude of Beach Villa,

grounds, of about an acre in extent, with the hope of there gliding through life unvexed by the cares, vanities, and ambitions of the rude, bustling, outer world. As he was possessed of a clear eight hundred a year, and married a gentle, well-principled, true-hearted woman, this expectation, though not destined to be realised, cannot, I think, be said to have been unreasonably based. His wife, unfortunately, died in giving birth to their first child, a girl; and deeply as Mr Selwyn was thought to feel her loss, his plastic nature so readily again yielded to feminine influence, that the orthodox year of mourning had barely expired, when he appeared for the second time at the marriage-altar—his bride on this occasion being Clara Stapleton, an intimate acquaintance of his first wife, though an altogether different person. Clara Stapleton must have been endowed with rare personal charms, for she was still singularly handsome sixteen years later, when I had attained an age capable of appreciating such attractions; but the spirit within matched ill with the unflawed beauty of its mortal covering. Not that Mrs Selwyn was a bad person in a direct and positive sense: she would not have uttered an absolute falsehood—have committed a manifestly evil deed; but vanity and pretence—the prolific sources of not less real, if unspoken, deceit, meanness, and injustice—were her besetting sins. Though greatly bettered in circumstances by marriage, she quickly wearied of the dull monotony of Beach Villa; and as her empire over good, easy Mr Selwyn was absolute, an absurdly pretentious style of living was attempted, which treble her husband's income would hardly have justified. The result was not only pecuniary embarrassment, but frequent social mortification and discomfiture at the hands of the local aristocracy, sought to be propitiated by a tinsel imitation of their own, after all, not very splendid glories. Two considerable legacies were squandered in bolstering up and prolonging Mrs Selwyn's ambitious aims; but the end was visibly at hand by the time Clara, Mr Selwyn's only child by his second wife, was in her eighteenth year.

Mr Selwyn had been for some time rapidly breaking—borne down, not by years, he was little more than five-and-forty, but by mind troubles—when the crash came, and put the finishing stroke to his broken fortunes and failing life. An execution which he could not pay out, was sent into Beach Villa, and, driven to extremity, he did that which, a few years previously, might have saved him—placed his affairs in the hands of his old friend, Mr Thornley, a thorough man of business, and now, I have heard, one of the largest holders of railway stock in the kingdom. That gentleman readily undertook the ungracious charge; and a thorough investigation ensued, by which it was ascertained that when all just claims were satisfied, not more than one hundred a year, at the utmost, would remain to the Selwyns, exclusive of Beach Villa—upon which there was a heavy mortgage—and its gewgaw furniture. This disclosure frightened Mrs Selwyn into submission, and she peevishly acquiesced in the discharge of the servants, with the exception of a maid-of-all-work, and the sale of the phaeton, horses, Clara's Arab pony, &c. Poor Mr Selwyn did not long survive this calamitous downcome. I was at home at the time, having not long previously returned from Liverpool, where I had been studying, to qualify myself for the precarious profession which, it had been for some time foreseen, would, ere many years—perhaps months—be my only earthly resource; and being a good deal with Mr Selwyn, I soon came to know that the carking anxiety which chiefly weighed upon his mind, was not for his wife, whose criminal follies, weakly acquiesced in by himself—that was the sharpest pang—had greatly lessened, not to say destroyed, the love he once bore her; nor for his eldest daughter, Mary, was his mind haunted by sinister forebodings—she would be

felt, walk erect and unswervingly along the slipperiest and most perilous life-path she might be required to tread; but Clara, what with that dangerous gift of unmatched loveliness—that impulsive, ambitious disposition, derived from her mother, though, it might be hoped, attamped to loftier issues—what, in the dark future, might become of her, left unbuckled from the sordid world by his, her father's, dastard lack of firmness! That was the sting of death; and eagerly did his fainting spirit toil to devise means of atoning, if but partially, for his grievous fault. A will was drawn up and executed, by which Mary Selwyn, who had just passed her majority, was constituted sole trustee of all he might die possessed of, and absolute guardian of her sister Clara. To the last, this thought dominated all others. I was present when the final summons came, and well do I remember that closing scene. His wife had been almost forcibly removed, at the dying man's request; her wild, remorseful outcries rendering it impossible that he, feebly struggling in the close grasp of the Destroyer, should fulfil the purpose nearest his heart—the earnest commending of Clara to her sister's watchful care and tenderness; and of impressing upon Clara that to her sister—not mother—she must look for counsel and guidance, and in all essential things yield her true and loving obedience. The pledges so solemnly demanded were as solemnly given by the weeping daughters; and a gleam of placid joy lit up for a moment the darkening eyes of the dying father, whose quivering lips, whilst his wasted hands rested upon the bowed heads of his children, seemed to be invoking a blessing on them. Presently, the feeble hands slipped aside, the slightly raised head fell gently back upon the pillow, and the faint light and smile passed away with a sigh, and the murmured ejaculation, 'Thy will be done!'

Death passing through a household but transiently darkens and interrupts its daily life. The old cares, duties, vanities, quickly resume, and till another arrow strikes, maintain their accustomed sway. Mrs Selwyn's passionate self-reproaches soon changed to fretful lamentations over the cruel and quite unmerited reverse of fortune that had befallen herself and Clara—Mary, her step-daughter, never having been included within the circle of her selfish sympathies. Clara's radiant bloom stole gradually back to her cheeks—ay, and Mary's genial cheerfulness before long again cast its sunny glow on all around. A very admirable person was Mary Selwyn, of a rare sweetness of temper, and gentleness of disposition, combined with unbending firmness and rectitude of character—qualities which required not the attraction of physical beauty to win for her the love and esteem of all worthy hearts that came within the range of their unobtrusive influence. Not that Mary Selwyn was wanting in feminine comeliness and grace—very far, indeed, from that; but her beauty was of a more subdued, less striking type than that of her sister, and especially to unfamiliar eyes, seemed eclipsed in Clara's presence. Mary was now the sole stay and hope of the bereaved and impoverished family. Mrs Selwyn ungrudgingly resigned to her the desperate task of keeping house upon a hundred pounds a year; a judicious economy took the place of careless extravagance, and the future gradually assumed a more hopeful aspect. It was settled, that as soon as Beach Villa could be advantageously let, they would seek a less expensive home, at a distance from the scene of their former comparative splendour; and, in the meantime, Mary, with my assistance, set vigorously to work to perfect Clara's educational accomplishments, which a blind indulgence had permitted to fall in some respects sadly behind-hand. She was, however, apt and willing, and, no longer interfered with by Mrs Selwyn, who seldom, indeed, stirred out of her bedroom, made rapid progress.

Some five or six months had passed thus pleasantly and profitably away, when Mrs Selwyn's ambitious longings, partially rebuked, but ineradicable, unfortunately revived again in the dazzling light of her daughter's beauty, which, she had finally persuaded herself, could not, if judiciously brought into play, fail to secure Clara, and of course Clara's mother, a far higher position in the world than that mother's cruel folly had despoiled her of. It was quite true that the younger Miss Selwyn's rare personal gifts had begun to excite a sort of agitation in our corner of the county, and that her name was in the mouth of every feather-headed fopling for miles around, suggesting sinister or fortunate auguries, as the envious or benevolently hopeful dispositions of the prophesiers determined. One consequence of all this was numerous impertinent calls at Beach Villa, under pretext of inquiring the terms upon which it could be let, and of viewing the premises, by parties who had not the remotest intention of becoming tenants. As soon, however, as it came to be well understood that such visitors would see nobody but Mary Selwyn, or myself, if I happened to be there, the annoyance abated, to be renewed, in some instances under a more decorous and less transparent mask. One gentleman, of about my own age I judged, which was a few months more than that of Mary Selwyn, and, to our unskilled appreciation, of remarkably aristocratic appearance and manners, would not be denied an intimacy to which he had no legitimate nor conventional claim. Finding that Miss Selwyn's icy reserve could not be otherwise broken through, Mr Calvert, as he called himself, produced, with evident reluctance, blushing the while like a school-girl, and presented to Mary a letter written by her father—there could be no doubt about that—expressing the warmest thanks for some service or favour which the writer had received at the hands of the person addressed. Miss Selwyn read it with emotion, but presently remarked in a partly apologetic tone: 'There is no address, sir, at the foot of this note. You have the envelope, of course?'

The gentleman, instead of firing up, as I should have thought he would at the implied suspicion, changed colour, and with something of agitation in his voice and manner, said: 'No, I have not; it has been mislaid or lost. But surely Miss Selwyn cannot think so meanly of me as to believe that I would assume, falsely and basely assume, to have rendered the trifling service alluded to; that I—I—'

He stopped for want of words or matter, and Mary, who had intently observed him, said: 'I do not believe so, Mr Calvert. Will you walk in?'

From this time, Mr Calvert became a very frequent visitor indeed; but invariably, as I afterwards frequently recalled to mind with a pang of regret at my own want of penetration, at such hours that he would be sure of meeting with none but the family. I very much liked this Mr Calvert withal; his conversation was refined and intellectual; and, witless dogmatist that I must have been, if what I heard of him about a year after my removal to London was correct, I—piquing myself, too, upon accurate perception of character, and especially male character—pronounced him to be a person of large conscientiousness and self-sacrificing amiability! Constancy, indeed, if we had rightly divined his mission at Beach Villa, was not of the number of his virtues, for it was before long very apparent to me that Mary Selwyn, not her all-conquering sister, was the compelling lode-stone that drew him there; and it was becoming pretty clear, moreover, that his preference would at no great distance of time be reciprocated, when an unexpected incident shewed me, or seemed to do so, how little I comprehended Mr Calvert, or the impulses by which he was governed. Clara and her mother had accepted an invitation to pass a week with the Lumadens, retired and tolerably wealthy trades-

people, who had removed not long before the Selwyns' downfall from our neighbourhood to a place about ten miles off; and a letter from Clara, ostensibly to announce a prolongation of the visit, startled her sister and myself, not only by informing us that Captain Toulmin, son of the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, a widow lady related to the Herberts of Ashe Priory, was a daily guest at the Lumdens; but by the girlish exultation of tone in which she wrote, evidently inspired by the belief that she had made a serious and important conquest.

Mary Selwyn was both vexed and angry. 'This meeting between Clara and Captain Toulmin,' she said, 'has, I have no doubt, been concerted between him and the Lumdens—worthily, well-meaning people enough, but incapable of saying "No" to the son of an Honourable. I will write to-night, and insist upon her immediate return home.'

I agreed that it would be proper to do so, and was leaving the room, when Mary said with a kind of anxious bashfulness, a bright blush the while mantling her sweet face with scarlet: 'Mr Calvert, Gertrude, will probably look in for a few minutes this evening. He, I have no doubt, knows this reputedly gay and fashionable captain; and if you, when I am not present, were in an off-hand, indifferent manner to sound him relative to the said gentleman's character, I should, or I err greatly, be furnished with reasons for insisting upon Clara's instant return, which even Mrs Selwyn could not gainsay.'

I undertook to do so; and very blunderingly did I redeem my promise. Mr Calvert, with his quick, eager, confounding interrogatories, drew from me, before I well knew what I was saying, the exact motives of my awkward questioning; and the effect which that knowledge produced upon him was extraordinary. The flush and animation of his countenance, which, in my wisdom, I had attributed to his expectation of presently seeing Miss Selwyn enter the room, became, as I spoke, pallid and stern—with jealous anger, I concluded, what else could it be?—and his tone was high and wrathful as he replied: 'Inform Miss Selwyn that I *do* know Captain Toulmin, and so well, that I advise, that I entreat, beseech her, not to lose an hour in removing her sister from the contamination of his society. She must be firm, too, as well as peremptory, for Toulmin is not a man to be easily turned aside from any purpose, however infamous, he may have formed. He will follow Clara Selwyn here, of that be assured; and ought but evil can ensue if he be permitted, under any pretence, to thrust his presence upon this family.'

Surprise at this fiercely uttered outburst held me dumb, and three or four minutes' silence, meditative on Mr Calvert's part, followed; then starting suddenly from his chair and seizing his hat, he said: 'Make my excuses to Miss Selwyn, if you please, for thus hurrying away; but it just occurs to me that an important business-matter, which had slipped my memory, must be attended to at once: good-evening, Miss Redburn.'

He was gone; and before he could have reached the else unused stable, where his horse was usually haltered during his visits, Mary came in, to whom I of course related what had just passed. She was greatly surprised—shocked is the more accurate word—and it was plain that a pang of wounded pride mingled with the painful solicitude excited by Mr Calvert's words and manner as reported by me; for Mary Selwyn, good and amiable as she might be, was still a woman withal. She had turned from me, and was looking out of the window: 'He must, indeed, be greatly agitated,' she said, with a tremor in her tone almost successfully repressed. 'Look, Gertrude.' I did look, and saw the usually sedate, mild Mr Calvert galloping fiercely off, as if life depended upon his speed. 'He does love her, then,' murmured poor Mary, as horse and horseman

disappeared at an angle of the road. 'Well, he could hardly help doing so.' A minute or two afterwards she kissed and left me, her fine eyes bright with excitement and wet with tears.

#### A HANDFUL OF HALF-PENCE.

THE spectacle of the formidable bowls of new copper-money which, having lately been issued from the Mint, has found its way into the shop-windows of the London grocers and provision-dealers, to whom, being a glittering novelty, it serves the purpose of an advertisement, recalls to our remembrance some curious particulars respecting copper coinage, which it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable briefly to recapitulate. The copper coinage of this country, as European travellers have not failed to notice, is by far the best, the most substantial in manufacture, and approaches the nearest, in sterling worth, to the money-value it represents, of any that is found in circulation upon the whole surface of the globe. It is, doubtless, from this reason principally that it is subject to a continual and abnormal drain, which renders a new coinage necessary, and even indispensable, at frequent periods, and often, in large manufacturing districts, occasions a dearth of small-change, in spite of the periodical overflows from the Mint. One cause of this drain is the shipment of copper-money to the colonies, which, not being done in sufficient quantities by the government, is often undertaken by private individuals as a matter of traffic. We were intimate, some years ago, with an exporter of this singular sort of merchandise, who, without saying much about it, from prudential motives, had, in the course of a few years, realised a small competence by transmitting to a friendly agent in a South African colony repeated cargoes, packed in barrels, of the old penny-pieces of the coinage of the year 1799, which being, as all the world knows, about a fifth heavier than some of the more recent coinages, passed among the Dutchmen, who chiefly inhabited the colony, for five farthings each, and consequently yielded the exporter a profit of 25 per cent., besides the premium which the colonists could afford, and were willing to pay, for the convenience of small-change. The value of this convenience, of which we have at home but an imperfect notion, may be estimated from another circumstance, for the truth of which we can personally vouch. Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, a gentleman, whose mercantile speculations had failed in London, emigrated with his family to Canada, intending to purchase land and settle upon it with his children. While casting about for an eligible settlement, he was struck with the annoyance and inconvenience everywhere resulting from the dearth, almost the total absence, of copper coin. The complaints that met him were loud on all sides; continual loss being suffered from the necessity of expending fivepence, the value of, the smallest silver coin, for the most trifling article that had to be purchased. After considering the subject, and taking counsel on the matter from a few of the settlers at Toronto, he resolved to supply the desideratum himself. Returning to Birmingham, he caused the requisite dies and machinery to be constructed; and on again arriving in Canada, commenced the issue of peace and half-pence, bearing the head of King George on one side, and—if we recollect right—his own promise to pay on the other. The metal of the money cost him less than half its current value; but, notwithstanding that, so great a premium did it bear, that his profits were more than cent. per cent. In a very short time, he recovered the fortune which he had lost by speculation in England. His issues, swallowed up by the necessities of commerce, never returned to him, and he settled in the country upon a handsome estate, purchased with the gains of his improvised mint.

It is most likely that the above successful experiment was suggested to the mind of the speculator by the practice which prevailed at home during the last war, and which was countenanced by the government. At that time, it would appear that every tradesman who chose to do so, coined copper-money on his own account, inasmuch as we have seen a collection of these provincial tokens, amounting to above a thousand in number, all of which were issued in the course of a very few years. Some have nothing but inscriptions on both sides; some are ornamented with views of the issuer's business establishment; and some bear the head of the sovereign, with the name of the issuer on the reverse. Many have whimsical devices, in ridicule of the French; and others are really elegant medals, admirably designed, with classical and allegorical figures, supposed to have some mystical allusion to the events of the period. There were, doubtless, regulations and restrictions by which those who issued them were rendered amenable to law; but whatever these were, we have a suspicion they were not in all cases rigidly adhered to; looking to the fact, that no sort of uniformity in the size or weight of the coins is observable, everybody seeming to give as much copper to his coin, and no more, as accorded with the dictates of his own conscience—one man's half-penny being almost as large as another man's penny. At the time when these tokens constituted a large proportion of the circulating copper coin of the realm, gold was alarmingly scarce, guineas being bought up by collectors at a price varying from twenty-five to twenty-nine shillings apiece, and their place in the circulation being supplied by one-pound notes. The bullion went off to the continent, to defray the charges of the war; and it may be that the government of the day were glad to connive at the issue of any species of coin which might, even in the smallest degree, make the loss less perceptible. The provincial tokens were all suppressed by proclamation in the early part of the present century, long before the war terminated; and as stringent penalties enforced their suppression, they disappeared almost simultaneously from circulation, and are now to be rarely met with, save in the cabinets of the curious, or the stores of dealers in coins.

As late as the years 1815-16, there was in circulation throughout the country a large amount of the copper coinages of the first and second Georges. It was lighter in weight by nearly a fourth part than some of that now in use, and so far as we can recollect, consisted entirely of half-pence; at least, we have no remembrance of a single penny-piece. Being very much worn and defaced, for want of the protecting rim, government, as early as 1800, or thereabouts, proclaimed it an illegal tender in the provinces; and thus it gradually all came up to London, where it continued to pass until after the termination of the war. We have a distinct recollection of travelling to London in the year when the Russian campaign commenced, and of the clamorous solicitations of the market-women of Reading, where the coach stopped to bait, who brought their old half-pence to the coach-doors, and induced the passengers to exchange them for silver, by offering a dish of fruit, a bunch of flowers, or a few new-laid eggs as a premium. We recollect as well, that, long after, the practice prevailed in London, among blacksmiths' boys and workers in metal, of beating the new farthing of George III., by a few smart blows upon an anvil, into a passable old half-penny. These old coins, however, vanished shortly after the declaration of peace, though specimens of them are yet occasionally to be met with in the till of the retail shopkeeper.

Just before the new silver made its appearance in 1819, an attempt was made, on the part of the government, to suppress the circulation of the Irish copper coin in England. Of this coin there has been for the last

fifty years a prodigious amount in use. It is known by the harp of Erin, which takes the place of Britannia on the reverse, and is enormously deficient in weight—about three of the Irish half-pence balancing one of the pennies of 1799. For some time the people, as perhaps it was their interest to do, countenanced the attempt to do away with them, and 'harp half-pence,' as they were called, fell into disrepute as base coin. Owing, however, to their vast numbers, it was found impossible to get rid of them, and the attempt was finally abandoned. An old blind beggar, a rather comical character, who daily took his stand opposite the writer's window, averred that for his part he couldn't see the propriety of rejecting the Irish coin—and having got a friend to write upon the begging-board which hung from his neck the words, *Harp half-pence taken here*, came in for a tolerable shower of them—and when the attempt to do away with them was given up, took the credit of having worsted the authorities in their endeavours to carry out an unwise measure, by making a patriotic stand against it.

But the most prodigious uproar that was ever made about a half-penny took place in Ireland in the days of Dean Swift—an uproar in which the savage and witty dean was the principal person concerned, as all who have read the celebrated *Drapier Letters* know perfectly well. The history of that characteristic affair was briefly as follows:—In the year 1722, the Duchess of Kendal obtained from George I. an exclusive patent for coining half-pence and farthings for Irish circulation. This patent she sold to one William Wood. If we are to believe the Irish records of the time, Wood coined the half-pence of such abominable metal, that they were worth almost nothing, and threatened the Irish people with all the evils that could ensue from a debased currency—though what these evils were they appear to have had but a very confused notion. Archbishop King, however, declared that the new half-pence would 'sink the kingdom,' and the whole of Dublin was soon in a wild commotion in expectation of that alarming event. The character of their panic may be gathered from the *Irish Cry*, which was then in every mouth, and a part of which ran as follows:—

The half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing—  
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and  
brewing;  
In short, you will all go to wrack and ruin—  
Which nobody can deny!

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall  
men,  
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall  
men,  
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men—  
Which nobody can deny!

The archbishop wrote vigorously and well in defence of what he supposed to be the independence of his country, threatened by the rascally brass half-pence. But the English government, not recognising the ruinous nature of the patent, would have enforced the circulation of the so-called spurious coin, when the first of the *Drapier's Letters* appeared, in the summer of 1724. This was followed by a second Letter in August of the same year. The excitement on the subject now became terrible and formidable. Lord Orrery says: 'At the sound of the Drapier's trumpet, a spirit arose among the people, that, in the Eastern phrase, was like a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person, of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The papist, the fanatic, the Tory, the Whig—all listed themselves volunteers under the banners of M. B. Drapier, and all were equally zealous to serve the common cause.' Soon after the appearance of the Drapier's third Letter, a change took

place in the British cabinet, and it was attributed by the Irish solely to the influence of that witty and sarcastic production. The Earl of Carteret was now despatched as governor to Dublin, in the hope that he would be able to restore peace, and induce the acceptance of the coinage. He was met almost instantly on his arrival by the publication of the Drapier's fourth Letter, a document more audacious and uncompromising than either of its forerunners. The earl offered £300 reward for the discovery of the author of that 'wicked, malicious, and seditious pamphlet;' but the author was not betrayed. The unfortunate printer was cast into prison, and died shortly after his release, it was averred from the cruel effects of his confinement. When the grand jury of the city and county of Dublin met, they presented all such persons as should attempt to impose Wood's coin upon the kingdom as enemies of his majesty's government, and acknowledged with gratitude the services of such patriots as had exerted themselves to prevent the passing of the base coin. The strife terminated in September 1725, by the government relinquishing their attempts to enforce the patent. The dean grew upon a sudden immensely popular, and no doubt enjoyed his popularity for a season—though it is easy to imagine how much he must have rued the circumstances that gave rise to it in his later promotion-hunting days.

It is more than probable that the dean cared not a straw for the cause he advocated, and that he had not a particle of apprehension as to the effects of the obnoxious coinage; but he could not resist the opportunity of harassing a government which he hated, because they were oblivious of himself; and therefore he made of the brass half-pence a convenient stalking-horse to carry his vehement, patriotic, and caustic diatribes.

The effects of a debased currency, however, even when that currency is copper, are not to be ignored. There is always an intimate connection between a good pennyworth and a good penny; and though the substitution of representative for real value is rarely accompanied by a rise in the price of commodities, yet that rise is sure to ensue from it in the long-run.

The copper coinage of France presents some curious anomalies, and it tells, besides, an interesting tale. The sous and two-sous pieces of the old regime are of pure copper, and when not clipped—for the clipping of even copper coin has been aforesaid a practice in France, as is sufficiently evident from the state of the old currency—are of full weight. The revolutionary half-pence, on the contrary, are of mixed metal, and many of them of light weight. There is, or lately was, a vast quantity manufactured from bell-metal seized by the governments of the day from the churches, when, the services of religion being suppressed, the church-bells offered the cheapest and readiest resource. The sovereigns who succeeded Napoleon coined millions of copper pence not much bigger than an English six-pence, and spread them over with a slight coating of white metal, the major part of which rubbed off in the course of the first year's wear. These continued in circulation for many years; but shortly before the Revolution of 1830, a band of Birmingham boys went over, and forged them in such numbers, and so successfully, that it was found impossible to separate the real from the spurious coin. The fact was, there was no difference whatever in the values between that which had been issued from the French Mint and that produced by the forgers—neither being worth much more than a tenth of the sum they represented. There has been from time to time no lack of spurious half-pence in our own country, but they have generally been made of lead; and their manufacture, which can yield but a very small profit, is chiefly the result of experiments by tyros in the art of casting spurious silver coin for the supply of the smashers.

A copper is but a trifle in itself, and the term is colloquially expressive of something verging on the despicable; but in a densely populated city, the comfort, the very existence of thousands is dependent upon the maintenance of an abundant circulation of copper-money. It is almost the only money which multitudes ever receive in reward for their services, or in compliance with their supplications; and were it withdrawn in any considerable quantities from the general market, its absence would be signalled by corresponding evidences of deprivation among the multitudinous classes with whom it is the principal if not the only medium of exchange.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ART.

It was observed of the English textile manufactures in the Great Exhibition, that however excellent they may have been in themselves, no justice was done to them in the arrangement. The French carpets, for instance, were not only beautiful individually, but they were displayed in such a manner as to have the effect in the aggregate of a single beautiful carpet with the colours artistically grouped; while the English fabrics of the same kind were thrown together without the slightest knowledge or feeling of their mutual dependence. This marks a defect in our national taste, which appears to us to go far in rendering nugatory the lessons of the Schoolmaster of Art, who is now striding throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But how can it be otherwise, since the Schoolmaster is himself English, and since his taste labours under the same national restriction? Look at his carpets, his paper-hangings, his draperies of all kinds—they are in themselves not seldom admirable; but to do them justice, they should be allowed to lie in the warehouse, and be admired among their congeners, for the old gentleman has little more knowledge than his pupils of the part they could properly take in general ornamentation. It is quite distressing to look at the gorgeous carpets that now enrich so many shop-windows, and mark the unearthly flowers that have sprung up over their whole surface at the Schoolmaster's approach, like the impromptu couch spread for Jove and his Saturnia on Mount Ida—

Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers;  
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
And clustering lotos swell the rising bed,  
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrew,  
And flamy crocus makes the mountain glow.

Such carpets, it is true, are beautiful objects in themselves, and make us proud of the skill and industry that have been exercised in their construction. But what to do with them? The ornaments of our room—on which some of us spend thousands of pounds—our pictures, gilding, chandeliers, cabinets of precious wood, small objects of virtue; and to all these things the magnificent carpet acts like a wet blanket. The landscapes on the walls, with their embowering groves and receding distances, become as flat as pancakes; the colours of the cabinets are extinguished; and the minutest ornaments lose fifty per cent. of their value at one blow. The Schoolmaster says not a word of all this. He sees only the carpet he is superintending, with its elegance of form and miracles of colouring; and as his eyes never open wide enough to take in the picture of which it is to form a part, he is content. Did he ever watch the proceedings of Nature in her pictures? Did he ever observe the effect of the ornamentation she lavishes on the eastern and western sky at the rising or the setting sun? Did he ever mark the subdued tints of the carpet she spreads on such occasions—a soberness that renders more glorious the



illumination of the horizon, and receives from it in exchange additional grace and charm?

In the rooms in Eastern countries, where there are no ornaments at all, and where almost the only furniture is a divan along the walls, our splendid carpets and hangings would be in their proper place; but here, their very beauty individually makes a general deformity. It cannot be denied, however, that, taken as individual objects, they exhibit of late years a very remarkable improvement in the national taste. Nothing can be more wholesome than those gorgeous carpets, with their suggestions rather than pictures of flowers, their dreams rather than delineations of the beautiful in nature. In hangings, we have got rid of Lady Emmeline's 'cocked-hats collapsed, and deformed tadpoles on tiptoes;' and with them the necessity that was imposed upon our imagination of giving such things a name. More especially, we have got rid of the deplorable resemblances of human faces thrown together by the casual meeting of impish angles, which haunted us on our sick-beds as we stared at the ghastly wall, and which, if the truth were known, have handed over not a few nervous patients into the hands of the mad-doctor. This is much; and the real beauty that has taken the place of such monstrosities, is more. What we have to do is, either to adapt the coverings of the floors and walls to our rooms, or our rooms to the coverings of the floors and walls. If you must have carpets and hangings of a gorgeous character, down with your pictures, and out with every stick of furniture but the plain and massive. If, on the other hand, you must have pictures, and chandeliers, and cabinets, and objects of virtue, down with your rich hangings, and out with your splendid carpets, substituting for the one nothing more obtrusive than drab of a subdued pattern; and for the other, something like French white and stone-colour, interwoven in figures that will please the eye without exciting the curiosity.

But of all the mistakes committed by the Schoolmaster for the want of a widely enough opened vision, the architectural one is the worst, because the least repairable. The old gentleman, considering that sculpture and architecture are both fine arts, treats them exactly alike. Their works are works of genius. Different styles and proportions are required for a Hercules and an Apollo, for a Parthenon and a cathedral; and having obtained his material data, the master—as contradistinguished from the mason—proceeds to business. But there is this difference, Dominic, between a house and a statue, that the one is movable, and the other not—that the one may be placed in a church, or a room, or a museum, while the other is a part of the site on which it stands, the centre of the picture it adorns. There is a difference, likewise, in the genius of the two artists. The architect proceeds by mathematical rule, just like the musical composer; and so does the sculptor—but only up to a certain point. In the composition of a statue, where the workman ends the master begins. To symmetry of parts, he adds attitude and expression; and as the god stirs within him, he is able, by means of which he is perhaps himself unconscious, to

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

The sculptor may be said to resemble the composer and the singer in one. He gives sound, motion, life, to abstract beauty, and music breathes from the still, cold marble. The province of the architect is more restricted, yet ample enough to satisfy the ambition of genius. Being denied mobility in his lines, his power is displayed in a single expression, whether of grace, beauty, grandeur, sublimity; but in this the magnitude of his form gives him a great advantage. The comparative smallness of the sculptor's material adds to his plastic power: a statue of vast proportions would be an edifice.

In building a permanent abode for himself, man is careful to adapt it to the nature of the ground on which it is reared. With this view he sinks his foundations according to the soil, and makes all his arrangements correspond with the circumstances by which he is surrounded. But when the grand point in view is architectural beauty, it is wonderful how independent he feels of everything extraneous. He deals with the edifice as if it was a bit of sculpture which could be moved at pleasure, and exhibited wherever he chose. It never occurs to him that even the movable sculpture is placed with reference to light and background—in short, to the picture of which it is to be the centre; and that in placing an immovable structure, of great magnitude and importance, his taste ought to be governed by a similar law. This is the point in which the Schoolmaster fails. He looks at the edifice just as he does at the carpet—as an individual object, which must be constructed according to the rules of art; and he does not look at the effect desired, at the picture it is intended to form. In the matter of the carpet, the remedy is easy: spread it in a room where its gorgeousness will not injure the ornamentation, or turn out the ornamentation to make room for it as the main object. But when a building is once placed, there it must stand, to be either a sorrow or a joy for ever.

We do not mean to say that the Schoolmaster does not wish the work to be erected where it will be seen to advantage. He does wish this, but not as a condition of art. It will be all the better, he thinks, if it can be brought about; but if not—if a good site is too dear, or too much out of the way—he must just be content: the building itself is the main thing—that is his business. Now, in our opinion, the site is as much the architect's business as the edifice. This immovable object belongs to the ground, and is to form a picture; and if the ground is not adapted for it, it must be adapted for the ground. It is improper to say, as we often do: What a pity that so fine a building should be lost in such a situation! It is no pity, but a crime against art: if the situation was not suitable for the building, why place that particular building there, as if architecture afforded us no choice?

The same narrowness of vision has deluged the country with arguments about the relative merits of different styles of architecture. Those who indulge in such polemics have their eyes fixed upon a particular order, profoundly unconscious of everything else. Site, country, purpose, adjuncts, are nothing to them. Greek or Gothic, that is the question:

Under which style, Bezonian, speak or die!

Churches, palaces, streets, villas, huts—all must be put into one and the same uniform, because that uniform is at once the most convenient and the most sightly. And the arguments on both sides are stated in good set-terms: it is impossible to find a flaw in them, if you only take them as they stand, and shut your eyes to everything else. But, convenient for what, Dominic? Sightly under what circumstances? Is the style that would sanctify a cathedral equally appropriate for a tavern? Are a temple of the fine arts and a Burgher meeting-house to be erected on the same principles of taste? We are even told by one of the parties that, being descendants of the Barbarians, it is absurd to go back within that classic pale which it was the mission of our fathers to destroy. But if the Barbarians had found no classicism to come into collision with, if their wild genius had not been refined by the betraying charms they subdued, what direction would the civilisation of Europe have taken? The truth is, this present world is compounded of the old and the new; the sunset hues of the one mingle with the golden dawn of the other; and instead of being imprisoned in material forms, the taste of an eclectic age roams over all nature and over all art.

But an enlightened eclecticism is not satisfied with objects individually: it compares, classifies, arranges. What the Schoolmaster has to do, is to open his eyes a little wider, to take in the picture as well as the individual details that are to be introduced, and so teach the growing intelligence of the time to adapt the one to the other.

### THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

'WHEN does the carriage leave the door for the steamer down the Potomac?' I asked the book-keeper of Willard's Hotel in Washington.

'At six o'clock in the morning, and nine in the evening,' was the reply.

I preferred setting out in the morning, and was ready accordingly—Mr Willard being up at this early hour, and considerably providing each guest at his departure with a cup of coffee (without charge).

The ride to the landing-place of the steamers, across an open stretch of ground, occupies about half an hour, and on my arrival, I found that a number of persons who had just come by the northern train, were going on board a steamer, which was lying at the extremity of a wooden pier. Speedily everything was adjusted. A very droll-looking negro lad, in a kind of cocked-hat, and boots pulled over a pair of ragged pants, drew in the rope, and we were off.

The Potomac, more like an inland sea than a river, and here a mile in width, forms the connecting-link between the northern and southern railways. The line, as yet, stopped at Washington; and to get again upon the track, it was necessary to descend the Potomac fifty-five miles, to a place called Acquia Creek, where the railway to Richmond commences. An English traveller has said such sore things of the steamers on the Potomac, that I did not feel quite at ease in making so long an excursion in one of them: but I am bound in justice to say, that so far as my experience went, there was nothing to complain of. For a company of about fifty persons, two tables were prepared for breakfast in a manner that would have done no discredit to a first-class hotel. A good-humoured negro barber plied his vocation in his little apartment. And the toilet apparatus comprehended no wooden bowls—such articles having utterly vanished, if they ever existed anywhere but in the imagination.

In fine weather, the sail down the Potomac from Washington must be exceedingly pleasant; for the river, though broad, is not so wide as to give indistinctness to the scenery on the banks. On the right, we have the woody heights of Virginia, and on the left, the hills of Maryland, with frequent glimpses of villas, residences and farm-settlements on both sides. At the distance of six or seven miles below Washington, but on the Virginia side, we come abreast of Alexandria, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, with a good deal of shipping at its quays, and signs of manufacturing industry on a considerable scale. Eight miles further down, on the same side, is seen upon a green knoll among the picturesque woody eminences, an object of interest which, cold as the morning is, attracts nearly all the passengers from the well-warmed cabin. This is Mount Vernon, once the residence of General Washington, and where, in a vault amidst the grounds, the remains of the great man were intombed. It is a neat country residence, with a tall veranda in front, changed in no

respect from what it was sixty years ago; but a local authority speaks of the grounds, which were kept in the greatest trimness by Washington, being now in a discreditable state of disorder—a circumstance which, if true, demands the attention of the American people. Unfortunately, the spot is not easily reached by land, otherwise I should have gladly made it the object of a pilgrimage.

As the day advanced, the chilliness of the atmosphere wore off, and on arriving at Acquia Creek, the air felt mild and agreeable, although it was the 1st of December. The train was in waiting on a long jetty, and in less than ten minutes it had received its freight of passengers and luggage, and was under-way. Such was my entrance into Virginia—that fine old state, settled by English gentlemen of family, and whose history calls up such melancholy thoughts of the unfortunate Raleigh.

Much of the country through which we passed was uncleared of woods, which had a wild appearance, and the land, where opened to agricultural operations, seemed to be of a poor description. Among the trees growing naturally in the patches of tangled forest, was the *arbor vitæ*, which here attains a considerable size. Rhododendrons hung their faded blossoms by the roadsides, where they grew like common weeds; and in other kinds of vegetation, there was still the lingering aspect of autumn. On crossing the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, the agricultural character of the country was much improved; but even at the best, and all the way to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles from the Potomac, it fell short of what I had seen in Western Canada and Ohio. Yet possessing, as it does, the elements of fertility, what might not be expected from the land, if put under an enlightened system of tillage! The ploughing, performed by slaves under the inspection of overseers riding about the fields on horseback, was very defective; for it seemed scarcely to tear up the soil, and left large pieces altogether untouched. As the train passed, the negro ploughmen invariably stopped in their labour to look at, and speculate on, the phenomenon, as if their heart was not in their work, and they took every opportunity of shirking it. From the way they seemed to be proceeding, I feel pretty safe in averring, that two ordinary Scotch ploughmen would get through as much labour in a day as any six of them, and do the work, too, in a greatly superior manner.

In the course of the journey, a number of passengers were set down at different stations, leaving so few in the train, that at length another gentleman and myself found ourselves alone in one of the cars. My companion was a man of probably forty years of age, stout make, with sandy hair and whiskers, and had I seen him in England, I should have said he was a working-mechanic, probably a stone-mason, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and out on a holiday. I am particular in referring to his appearance, in order, if possible, to throw some light on the habits in which he very freely indulged. Apparently engaged in deep thought, he continued chewing tobacco with a voracity I had never seen equalled, and which provoked such an incessant torrent of expectoration, that at last the floor around him presented a most unsightly spectacle.

I think travellers, generally, in their descriptions exaggerate the chewing and spitting of the Americans. It is, in reality, only here and there you meet a person who abandons himself to these nauseous practices, while to the mass of the more respectable people in

the States, they are probably as disagreeable as to any well-bred European. The invectives, however, directed against the Americans on this score, dispose me to believe that the English who visit the United States, and pick out so many faults, are either ignorant or neglectful of the manners of their own country. Among the less-instructed classes in Great Britain, spitting in the streets, and other places, is exceedingly common; and since young gentlemen betook themselves to smoking tobacco in common clay-pipes, the vice may be said to have become fashionable in the junior departments of high-life—at any rate, we do not see that it meets with public censure. Now, if it be considered that in the United States, the rise from one condition of life to another is astonishingly rapid, and that all classes travel together in the same cars, and live together in the same hotels, it will not be difficult to understand how certain obnoxious practices should obtrude themselves on the notice of the more polished class of travellers.

The train arrived at Richmond about two o'clock in the afternoon; and by an omnibus in attendance, I was transferred to a hotel, which proved to be no way inferior to the establishments in the States further north. The whole of the waiters were negroes, in white jackets; but among the female domestics I recognised one or two Irish girls—the sight of them helping to make good what I had everywhere heard stated about the Irish dispossessing the coloured races. At Willard's Hotel, in Washington, all the waiters, as well as the female servants, were Irish, and here, also, they will probably be so in a short time.

Situated on a high and sloping bank on the left side of the James River, Richmond is much less regular in outline than the greater number of American cities. Its streets, straggling in different directions on no uniform plan, are of an old-established appearance, with stores, churches, and numerous public buildings. Besides the principal thoroughfares, there are many narrow streets or lanes of a dismal, half-deserted appearance, generally dirty, and seemingly ill drained and ventilated. Everywhere, the number of black faces is considerable; for in a population of 27,000, as many as 9000 are said to be slaves. The dwellings occupied by the lower classes of coloured people are of a miserable kind, resembling the worst brick-houses in the back-lanes of English manufacturing towns. In the upper part of the city there are some rows of handsome villas, and in this quarter is a public square, with the Capitol, or seat of legislature, in a central and conspicuous situation. In walking through this public edifice towards dusk, I observed that it was guarded by an armed sentinel, the sight of whom had almost the startling effect of an apparition; for it was the first time I had seen a bayonet in the United States, and suggested the unpleasant reflection, that the large infusion of slaves in the composition of society was not unattended with danger.

A fine view is obtained from the front of the Capitol, overlooking the lower part of the city, the river with its falls, and the country in the distance. The falls of the James River appear to have determined the situation of the town. These falls unitedly amount to a descent of eighty feet, and are made available for turning a number of large mills for grinding flour, and other purposes. The occurrence of such falls is only one of a series of similar phenomena, along the east coast of America; where, by recessions of the sea, a terrace-range crosses the rivers at a less or greater distance from the ocean, causing an abrupt descent, which is valuable as a water-power. The falls of the James River cease in front of the city, where there are several rocky and woody islets, and at this point two long wooden bridges afford communication with a manufacturing suburb on the right bank.

Although, in many respects, inferior in point of

appearance as compared with the smart New-England cities, Richmond shewed various symptoms of prosperity and progress. A species of dock for shipping was in process of excavation adjoining the bridges, and several large cotton-factories were in the course of erection. In the streets in this lower quarter, there was an active trade in the packing and sale of tobacco, quantities of which, like faded weeds, were being carted to the factories by negroes. The cotton manufacture is carried on in several large establishments, and will soon be extended, but principally, I was told, by means of northern capital, and the employment of hired white labourers, who, for factory purposes, are said to be preferable to persons of colour.

Richmond is known as the principal market for the supply of slaves for the south—a circumstance understood to originate in the fact that Virginia, as a matter of husbandry, breeds negro labourers for the express purpose of sale. Having heard that such was the case, I was interested in knowing by what means and at what prices slaves are offered to purchasers. Without introductions of any kind, I was thrown on my own resources in acquiring this information. Fortunately, however, there was no impediment to encounter in the research. The exposure of ordinary goods in a store is not more open to the public than are the sales of slaves in Richmond. By consulting the local newspapers, I learned that the sales take place by auction every morning in the offices of certain brokers, who, as I understood by the terms of their advertisements, purchased or received slaves for sale on commission.

Where the street was in which the brokers conducted their business, I did not know; but the discovery was easily made. Rambling down the main street in the city, I found that the subject of my search was a narrow and short thoroughfare, turning off to the left, and terminating in a similar cross thoroughfare. Both streets, lined with brick-houses, were dull and silent. There was not a person to whom I could put a question. Looking about, I observed the office of a commission-agent, and into it I stepped. Conceive the idea of a large shop with two windows, and a door between; no shelving or counters inside; the interior a spacious, dismal apartment, not well swept; the only furniture a desk at one of the windows, and a bench at one side of the shop, three feet high, with two steps to it from the floor. I say, conceive the idea of this dismal-looking place, with nobody in it but three negro children, who, as I entered, were playing at auctioning each other. An intensely black little negro, of four or five years of age, was standing on the bench, or block, as it is called, with an equally black girl, about a year younger, by his side, whom he was pretending to sell by bids to another black child, who was rolling about the floor.

My appearance did not interrupt the merriment. The little auctioneer continued his mimic play, and appeared to enjoy the joke of selling the girl, who stood demurely by his side.

'Fifty dolla for de gal—fifty dolla—fifty dolla—I sell dis here fine gal for fifty dolla,' was uttered with extraordinary volubility by the woolly-headed urchin, accompanied with appropriate gestures, in imitation, doubtless, of the scenes he had seen enacted daily in the spot. I spoke a few words to the little creatures, but was scarcely understood; and the fun went on as if I had not been present: so I left them, happy in rehearsing what was likely soon to be their own fate.

At another office of a similar character, on the opposite side of the street, I was more successful. Here, on inquiry, I was respectfully informed by a person in attendance, that the sale would take place the following morning at half-past nine o'clock.

Next day I set out accordingly, after breakfast, for the scene of operations, in which there was now a little more life. Two or three persons were lounging about,

smoking cigars; and, looking along the street, I observed that three red flags were projected from the doors of those offices in which sales were to occur. On each flag was pinned a piece of paper, notifying the articles to be sold. The number of lots was not great. On the first, was the following announcement:—'Will be sold this morning, at half-past nine o'clock, a Man and a Boy.'

It was already the appointed hour; but as no company had assembled, I entered and took a seat by the fire. The office, provided with a few deal-forms and chairs, a desk at one of the windows, and a block accessible by a few steps, was tenantless, save by a gentleman who was arranging papers at the desk, and to whom I had addressed myself on the previous evening. Minute after minute passed, and still nobody entered. There was clearly no hurry in going to business. I felt almost like an intruder, and had formed the resolution of departing, in order to look into the other offices, when the person referred to left his desk, and came and seated himself opposite to me at the fire.

'You are an Englishman,' said he, looking me steadily in the face; 'do you want to purchase?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am an Englishman; but I do not intend to purchase. I am travelling about for information, and I shall feel obliged by your letting me know the prices at which negro servants are sold.'

'I will do so with much pleasure,' was the answer; 'do you mean field-hands or house-servants?'

'All kinds,' I replied; 'I wish to get all the information I can.'

With much politeness, the gentleman stepped to his desk, and began to draw up a note of prices. This, however, seemed to require careful consideration; and while the note was preparing, a lanky person, in a wide-awake hat, and chewing tobacco, entered, and took the chair just vacated. He had scarcely seated himself, when, on looking towards the door, I observed the subjects of sale—the man and boy indicated by the paper on the red flag—enter together, and quietly walk to a form at the back of the shop, whence, as the day was chilly, they edged themselves towards the fire, in the corner where I was seated. I was now between the two parties—the white man on the right, and the old and young negro on the left—and I waited to see what would take place.

The sight of the negroes at once attracted the attention of Wide-awake. Chewing with vigour, he kept keenly eyeing the pair, as if to see what they were good for. Under this searching gaze, the man and boy were a little abashed, but said nothing. Their appearance had little of the repulsiveness we are apt to associate with the idea of slaves. They were dressed in a gray woollen coat, pants, and waistcoat, coloured cotton neckcloths, clean shirts, coarse woollen stockings, and stout shoes. The man wore a black hat; the boy was bareheaded. Moved by a sudden impulse, Wide-awake left his seat, and rounding the back of my chair, began to grasp at the man's arms, as if to feel their muscular capacity. He then examined his hands and fingers; and, last of all, told him to open his mouth and shew his teeth, which he did in a submissive manner. Having finished these examinations, Wide-awake resumed his seat, and chewed on in silence as before.

I thought it was but fair that I should now have my turn of investigation, and accordingly asked the elder negro what was his age. He said he did not know. I next inquired how old the boy was. He said he was seven years of age. On asking the man if the boy was his son, he said he was not—he was his cousin. I was going into other particulars, when the office-keeper approached, and handed me the note he had been preparing; at the same time making the observation that the market was dull at present, and that there never could be a more favourable opportunity of buying. I

thanked him for the trouble which he had taken; and now submit a copy of his price-current:—

'Best Men, 18 to 25 years old,	1900 to 1300 dollars
Fair do. do. do.,	950 to 1050 ...
Boys, 5 feet,	850 to 950 ...
Do., 4 feet 8 inches,	700 to 800 ...
Do., 4 feet 5 inches,	600 to 650 ...
Do., 4 feet,	375 to 450 ...
Young Women,	800 to 1000 ...
Girls, 5 feet,	750 to 850 ...
Do., 4 feet 9 inches,	700 to 750 ...
Do., 4 feet,	350 to 425 ...

(Signed)

Richmond, Virginia.'

Leaving this document for future consideration, I pass on to a history of the day's proceedings. It was now ten minutes to ten o'clock, and Wide-awake and I being alike tired of waiting, we went off in quest of sales further up the street. Passing the second office, in which also nobody was to be seen, we were more fortunate at the third. Here, according to the announcement on the paper stuck to the flag, there were to be sold, 'A woman and three children; a young woman, three men, a middle-aged woman, and a little boy.' Already a crowd had met, composed, I should think, of persons mostly from the cotton-plantations of the south. A few were seated near a fire on the right-hand side, and others stood round an iron stove in the middle of the apartment. The whole place had a dilapidated appearance. From a back-window, there was a view into a ruinous courtyard; beyond which, in a hollow, accessible by a side-lane, stood a shabby brick-house, on which the word *Jail* was inscribed in large black letters on a white ground. I imagined it to be a dépôt for the reception of negroes.

On my arrival, and while making these preliminary observations, the lots for sale had not made their appearance. In about five minutes afterwards they were ushered in, one after the other, under the charge of a mulatto, who seemed to act as principal assistant. I saw no whips, chains, or any other engine of force. Nor did such appear to be required. All the lots took their seats on two long forms near the stove; none shewed any sign of resistance; nor did any one utter a word. Their manner was that of perfect humility and resignation.

As soon as all were seated, there was a general examination of their respective merits, by feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers—this last being evidently an important particular. Yet there was no abrupt rudeness in making these examinations—no coarse or domineering language was employed. The three negro men were dressed in the usual manner—in gray woollen clothing. The woman, with three children, excited my peculiar attention. She was neatly attired, with a coloured handkerchief bound round her head, and wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one of them a baby at the breast, three months old, and the others two and three years of age respectively, rigged out with clean white pinafores. There was not a tear or an emotion visible in the whole party. Everything seemed to be considered as a matter of course; and the change of owners was possibly looked forward to with as much indifference as ordinary hired servants anticipate a removal from one employer to another.

While intending purchasers were proceeding with personal examinations of the several lots, I took the liberty of putting a few questions to the mother of the children. The following was our conversation:—

'Are you a married woman?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many children have you had?'

'Seven.'

'Where is your husband?'

Google

'In Madison county.'

'When did you part from him?'

'On Wednesday—two days ago.'

'Were you sorry to part from him?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied with a deep sigh; 'my heart was almost broke.'

'Why is your master selling you?'

'I don't know—he wants money to buy some land—suppose he sells me for that.'

There might not be a word of truth in these answers, for I had no means of testing their correctness; but the woman seemed to speak unreservedly, and I am inclined to think that she said nothing but what, if necessary, could be substantiated. I spoke, also, to the young woman who was seated near her. She, like the others, was perfectly black, and appeared stout and healthy, of which some of the persons present assured themselves by feeling her arms and ankles, looking into her mouth, and causing her to stand up. She told me she had several brothers and sisters, but did not know where they were. She said she was a house-servant, and would be glad to be bought by a good master—looking at me, as if I should not be unacceptable.

I have said that there was an entire absence of emotion in the party of men, women, and children, thus seated preparatory to being sold. This does not correspond with the ordinary accounts of slave-sales, which are represented as tearful and harrowing. My belief is, that none of the parties felt deeply on the subject, or at least that any distress they experienced was but momentary—soon passed away, and was forgotten. One of my reasons for this opinion rests on a trifling incident which occurred. While waiting for the commencement of the sale, one of the gentlemen present amused himself with a pointer-dog, which, at command, stood on its hind-legs, and took pieces of bread from his pocket. These tricks greatly entertained the row of negroes, old and young; and the poor woman, whose heart three minutes before was almost broken, now laughed as heartily as any one.

'Sale is going to commence—this way, gentlemen,' cried a man at the door to a number of loungers outside; and all having assembled, the mulatto assistant led the woman and her children to the block, which he helped her to mount. There she stood with her infant at the breast, and one of her girls at each side. The auctioneer, a handsome, gentlemanly personage, took his place, with one foot on an old deal-chair with a broken back, and the other raised on the somewhat more elevated block. It was a striking scene.

'Well, gentlemen,' began the salesman, 'here is a capital woman and her three children, all in good health—what do you say for them? Give me an offer. (Nobody speaks.) I put up the whole lot at 850 dollars—850 dollars—850 dollars (speaking very fast)—850 dollars. Will no one advance upon that? A very extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (Mulatto goes up the first step of the block; takes the baby from the woman's breast, and holds it aloft with one hand, so as to shew that it was a veritable sucking-baby.) That will do. A woman, still young, and three children, all for 850 dollars. An advance, if you please, gentlemen. (A voice bids 860.) Thank you, sir—860; any one bids more? (A second voice says, 870; and so on the bidding goes as far as 890 dollars, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I cannot take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto): She may go down.' Down from the block the woman and her children were therefore conducted by the assistant, and, as if nothing had occurred, they calmly resumed their seats by the stove.

The next lot brought forward was one of the men. The mulatto beckoning to him with his hand, requested him to come behind a canvas screen, of two leaves,

which was standing near the back-window. The man placidly rose, and having been placed behind the screen, was ordered to take off his clothes, which he did without a word or look of remonstrance. About a dozen gentlemen crowded to the spot while the poor fellow was stripping himself, and as soon as he stood on the floor, bare from top to toe, a most rigorous scrutiny of his person was instituted. The clear black skin, back and front, was viewed all over for sores from disease; and there was no part of his body left unexamined. The man was told to open and shut his hands, asked if he could pick cotton, and every tooth in his head was scrupulously looked at. The investigation being at an end, he was ordered to dress himself; and having done so, was requested to walk to the block.

The ceremony of offering him for competition was gone through as before, but no one would bid. The other two men, after undergoing similar examinations behind the screen, were also put up, but with the same result. Nobody would bid for them, and they were all sent back to their seats. It seemed as if the company had conspired not to buy anything that day. Probably some imperfections had been detected in the personal qualities of the negroes. Be this as it may, the auctioneer, perhaps a little out of temper from his want of success, walked off to his desk, and the affair was so far at an end.

'This way, gentlemen—this way!' was heard from a voice outside, and the company immediately hived off to the second establishment. At this office there was a young woman, and also a man, for sale. The woman was put up first at 500 dollars; and possessing some recommendable qualities, the bidding for her was run as high as 710 dollars, at which she was knocked down to a purchaser. The man, after the customary examination behind a screen, was put up at 700 dollars; but a small imperfection having been observed in his person, no one would bid for him; and he was ordered down.

'This way, gentlemen—this way, down the street, if you please!' was now shouted by a person in the employment of the first firm, to whose office all very willingly adjourned—one migratory company, it will be perceived, serving all the slave-auctions in the place. Mingling in the crowd, I went to see what should be the fate of the man and boy, with whom I had already had some communication.

There the pair, the two cousins, sat by the fire, just where I had left them an hour ago. The boy was put up first.

'Come along, my man—jump up; there's a good boy!' said one of the partners, a bulky and respectable-looking person, with a gold chain and bunch of seals; at the same time getting on the block. With alacrity the little fellow came forward, and, mounting the steps, stood by his side. The forms in front were filled by the company; and as I seated myself, I found that my old companion, Wide-awake, was close at hand, still chewing and spitting at a great rate.

'Now, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boy, 'here is a very fine boy, seven years of age, warranted sound—what do you say for him? I put him up at 500 dollars—500 dollars (speaking quick, his right hand raised up, and coming down on the open palm of his left)—500 dollars. Any one say more than 500 dollars? (560 is bid.) 560 dollars. Nonsense! Just look at him. See how high he is. (He draws the lot in front of him, and shews that the little fellow's head comes up to his breast.) You see he is a fine, tall, healthy boy. Look at his hands.'

Several steps forward, and cause the boy to open and shut his hands—the flexibility of the small fingers, black on the one side, and whitish on the other, being well looked to. The hands, and also the mouth, having

given satisfaction, an advance is made to 570, then to 580 dollars.

'Gentlemen, that is a very poor price for a boy of this size. (Addressing the lot): Go down, my boy, and shew them how you can run.'

The boy, seemingly happy to do as he was bid, went down from the block, and ran smartly across the floor several times; the eyes of every one in the room following him.

'Now, that will do. Get up again. (Boy mounts the block, the steps being rather deep for his short legs; but the auctioneer kindly lends him a hand.) Come, gentlemen, you see this is a first-rate lot. (590—600—610—620—630 dollars are bid.) I will sell him for 680 dollars. (Right hand coming down on left.) Last call. 680 dollars once—630 dollars twice. (A pause; hand sinks.) Gone!'

The boy having descended, the man was desired to come forward; and after the usual scrutiny behind a screen, he took his place on the block.

'Well, now, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, 'here is a right prime lot. Look at this man; strong, healthy, able-bodied; could not be a better hand for field-work. He can drive a wagon, or anything. What do you say for him? I offer the man at the low price of 800 dollars—he is well worth 1200 dollars. Come, make an advance, if you please. 800 dollars said for the man (a bid), thank you; 810 dollars—810 dollars—810 dollars (several bids)—820—830—850—860—going at 860—going. Gentlemen, this is far below his value. A strong-boned man, fit for any kind of heavy work. Just take a look at him. (Addressing the lot): Walk down. (Lot dismounts, and walks from one side of the shop to the other. When about to reascend the block, a gentleman, who is smoking a cigar, examines his mouth and his fingers. Lot resumes his place.) Pray, gentlemen, be quick (continues the auctioneer); I must sell him, and 860 dollars are only bid for the man—860 dollars. (A fresh run of bids to 945 dollars.) 945 dollars once, 945 dollars twice (looking slowly round, to see if all were done), 945 dollars, going—going (hand drops)—gone!'

During this remarkable scene, I sat at the middle of the front form with my note-book in my hand, in order to obtain a full view of the transaction. So strange was the spectacle, that I could hardly dispel the notion that it was all a kind of dream; and now I look back upon the affair as by far the most curious I ever witnessed. The more intelligent Virginians will sympathise in my feelings on the occasion. I had never until now seen human beings sold; the thing was quite new. Two men are standing on an elevated bench, one white and the other black. The white man is auctioning the black man. What a contrast in look and relative position! The white is a most respectable-looking person; so far as dress is concerned, he might pass for a clergyman or church-warden. There he stands—can I believe my eyes?—in the midst of an Anglo-Saxon, sawing the air with his hand, as if addressing a missionary or any other philanthropic meeting from a platform. Surely that gentlemanly personage cannot imagine that he is engaged in any mortal sin! Beside him is a man with a black skin, and clothed in rough garments. His looks are down-cast and submissive. He is being sold, just like a horse at Tattersall's, or a picture at Christie and Manson's—I must be under some illusion. That dark object, whom I have been always taught to consider a man, is not a man. True, he may be called a man in advertisements, and by the mouth of auctioneers. But it is only a figure of speech—a term of convenience. He is a man in one sense, and not in another. He is a kind of man—stands upright on two legs, has hands to work, wears clothes, can cook his food (a point not reached by monkeys), has the command of speech, and, in a way, can think and act like a rational creature—

can even be taught to read. But nature has thought fit to give him a black skin, and that tells very badly against him. Perhaps, also, there is something wrong with his craniological development. Being, at all events, so much of a man—genus *homo*—is it quite fair to master him, and sell him, exactly as suits your convenience—you being, from a variety of fortunate circumstances, his superior? All this passed through my mind as I sat on the front form in the saleroom of Messrs —, while one of the members of that well-known firm was engaged in pursuing, by the laws of Virginia, his legitimate calling.

Such were a forenoon's experiences in the slave-market of Richmond. Everything is described precisely as it occurred, without passion or prejudice. It would not have been difficult to be sentimental on a subject which appeals so strongly to the feelings; but I have preferred telling the simple truth. In a subsequent chapter, I shall endeavour to offer some general views of slavery in its social and political relations.

W. C.

#### LIMITED LIABILITY.

THE commission appointed to consider this question has reported on the whole unfavourably to it. We must candidly confess that we are sorry for the decision, whether it be right or wrong. If right, we should be indeed the more sorry, since it would shew that the one thing above all others to which we looked for moral redemption to the labouring masses, is a fallacy. We hope, however, that the decision is wrong, and that the commission has only delayed a little longer what we think the most powerful means of raising the people.

The question is just this—shall there be freedom in this country, as there is, under certain restrictions, in France and America, for the possessors of spare sums to club them for certain mercantile purposes, without each proprietor becoming answerable for whatever the rest may do in regard to the concern? The commission says, that to allow a man to be a partner for that sum, with no responsibility beyond it, would be to lower the credit of the British merchant, and would be dangerous to the public. They speak as if all legitimate ends were served by the existing system. In short, with a slight exception, their cry is, let well alone.

The decision happens to be in remarkable accordance with the views of all the great capitalists. When two or three such men can accomplish a mercantile purpose of magnitude, or are already conducting such a concern, it is obviously their interest to prevent any five hundred other people from clubbing their smaller means, and coming into the field as competitors. The terror of unlimited responsibility, of course, act powerfully in preventing such associations. Ergo, great capitalists relish unlimited responsibility. This principle, in the language of the *Times*, 'creates a species of monopoly in favour of those who already possess capital.' We must therefore say, that we view the commission's decision with suspicion, if not something more.

The great mistake on that side, is in quietly assuming that the present system is one which protects the public. As the law now stands, a man may be carrying on—as many do carry on—a business far beyond the powers of his capital. It is not too much to say, that many have not one thousand pounds of true means, while their business would require at least twenty thousand. The law permits this man to borrow from a



'bill-discounter,' or to get support, as it is called, from some wholesale-house, which re-imburses itself by enormously overcharging some article which he takes from them in large quantities; and these usurers go on for years absorbing three-fourths of his profits, and preventing his concern from ever righting itself. When he ends, as he is pretty sure to do, in bankruptcy, it is found that the usurers have contrived to get out, or nearly so, while hundreds of honest creditors are in. To all intents and purposes, then, these men have been partners, and highly profiting partners too, and yet have escaped responsibility. On the other hand, the concern having all along had some good profits about it, the trader might have easily obtained a few thousands from *bona-fide* partners, if these could have been safe from loss beyond the amount of their investments. In this case, it would have been kept in a sound, instead of an unsound state: no one would have lost by it. But then small capitals would have had a chance—the feature which large capitalists cannot endure!

Can the public, moreover, really be said to be protected, when the perils of the existing laws are so great? The *Times* describes a few of them: 'One man has taken a few shares in a joint-stock for a bad debt, and has been first roused to a sense of the true nature of the transaction by finding himself responsible, to his last penny, for the debts of a thoroughly insolvent concern. Another has shares standing in his name as a trustee, and is astonished to find that he is called upon for a contribution under the Winding-up Act. Another is a shareholder in a highly flourishing bank, dividing regularly, keeping a reserve fund, possessing a manager of the greatest talent, and directors of unimpeachable integrity; but while he is felicitating himself on the excellence of his investment, the directors have reduced the assets to nothing by discounting each other's bills; and in order to protract exposure for a few weeks more, contract a large loan by pledging to a neighbouring bank all they have to pledge—the credit of their shareholders, who, at this very moment, believe the concern solvent, and are little aware that their last shilling has been handed over, by virtue of the law of partnership, to pay creditors of whose existence they have no idea.' Call you this protection? It seems to be forgotten that indiscretion and roguery are sometimes connected with the name of creditor, as well as with that of debtor.

The most curious circumstance connected with the other side of the question is, that unlimited liability, while proclaimed to be necessary to British credit, is departed from in numberless instances, though in a most arbitrary manner. Had it been entirely carried out, 'we should have had no railways, very few steamships, and the electric-telegraph would have still been in its infancy.' As the *Times* remarks: 'The prohibitive and the dispensing power cannot both be right. If there be involved in the question of limited liability any question of morality, it must be wrong to violate that morality in large cases as well as small; and if, on the other hand, these matters ought to be regulated by the contract between the parties, and notice of that contract given to the public, the agreement ought to have full effect in small matters as well as in great.'

We are little concerned to discuss the question beyond what we see to be the effects of unlimited responsibility on the humbler classes of society. What is the great distinction between a mercantile person and a well-paid workman? Mainly this, we would say—the trader has a strong tendency to take care of what he realises—to make the little a mickle—to strain on to the possession of property; and you see in his quiet frugal life, and the peculiar virtues connected with it, an immediate effect of the anxiety to possess. The highly-waged operative, on the other hand, is remarkable for his indifference to saving and accumulation—he spends the gains of the week within the week, lives

between the hand and the mouth, is often dissipated—anyhow, shews little of the temperate virtues which we see connected with property in the trader. There is, in short, a moral force in property; and the operative, not having the property, wants the moral force. But why does he not save, like the trader? Obviously, because, while the trader feels additional power in every pound he adds to his capital, the operative sees no immediate good from the saved pound. And this is because he cannot make any profitable use of it, at least none that awakens the feeling of gain, or holds forth the hope of a permanent improvement of condition. Now, were there limited liability, there would be thousands of small concerns, generally, perhaps, conducted by mercantile persons, but taking up the savings of the workers, and exciting in them those hopes which we see to have such a sustaining effect on humanity. In such circumstances, drinking habits would come to an end—as immense amount of capital now lost through dissipation and immorality would be saved and turned to profitable use—and one large and most important class in the community would be converted from recklessness and discontent, to a condition at once satisfactory to themselves and the rest of the community.

#### THE KITCHEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Crystal Palace at Sydenham upsets all kinds of calculations made by all kinds of people. The enterprise is so novel, that the guesses made beforehand in respect to it are found in most cases to have either fallen far short of, or to have gone far beyond, the truth! The railway company thought that third-class passengers would so preponderate, as to render very little first-class accommodation necessary. They were wrong; for the first-class passengers are so many, that there are barely carriages enough to contain them. They thought that the rush of visitors would be so great, as to render necessary the sale of tickets at other places besides the London Bridge Station—a judicious plan, albeit that the booking-office for Crystal Palace trade works very smoothly and steadily. It was thought that so many thirsty souls would reach the building by road-conveyance, that hotel-keepers, tavern-keepers, coffee-shop-keepers, and ginger-beer sellers, began to speculate largely in the surrounding neighbourhood; but nearly all—an immense majority, at least—travel by railway, and do not leave the territories of the two companies from the time of starting from London Bridge to the time of their return to the same terminus; and we are inclined to think, that the extra-palatial refreshment—if we may coin so high-sounding a phrase—will be less than was at one time expected. It was thought that our larger manufacturers would exhibit their machines and engines as they did in Hyde Park, and would shew the routine of manufacturing operations. It may be so; but all this is written in the future—to be developed, we hope, as the various arrangements become completed. It was thought that the most monstrous of all monster-organs would be necessary to give the visitors any taste of Crystal Palace music; but this, too, was wrong; for Herr Schallehn's well-selected, braided-coated, gold-banded, martial-looking band of sixty performers produce such music as rolls gloriously along and around the vaulted arches of the Palace. It was thought—But here we will begin a new paragraph, for we touch upon the very matter which is destined to be the subject of the present article.

It was thought that, although the visitors would need a little refreshment during their sojourn within the building, this refreshment would be a subordinate affair, occupying a little space, and the services of a few persons. It was thought so by most persons, at least; although the directors seem to have had a notion that something great was 'looming in the distance' in

this matter. Be this as it may; whoever thought that the Refreshment Department would be small, and quiet, and unimportant, thought erroneously. It has become one of the characteristic features of the place—impossible to be overlooked even if we would overlook it, which no one seems inclined to do. And there is such an evident relish about it all—such a determination to attend to gastronomy, as well as to sculpture, architecture, botany, ethnology, manufactures, and fountains, that 'gastronomy' may be regarded as one of the 'institutions' of the place.

It is amusing to watch the expression of wonder on the faces of many of the visitors, as they, on their first visit, wend their way along the almost endless corridors, colonnades, galleries, and staircases, which intervene between the Palace railway-station and the main building of the Palace itself. We alight from a railway-carriage upon a stone or slated platform. We ascend sixty steps—wooden at present, but probably to be replaced by others of stone by and by; and then pass through a ticket-office, which separates the territories of the railway company from those of the Palace company. We then traverse a colonnade, glazed overhead, with movable windows on one side, and, by and by, with choice flowers and plants on both sides—a flowery path 400 or 500 feet in length. We then enter the extreme corner of the south wing of the Palace, by an ascent of something like forty steps from the colonnade. Here the first thing that meets the eye is a screen which partially hides a sort of third-class refreshment-room, with viands, and servitors, and eaters within, and viands and eaters without, seated around marble-topped round tables. We ascend forty more steps, and traverse a gallery, with marble-topped pastry counters and chocolate counters, marble-topped round tables, and servitors, and eaters, and drinkers. We mount forty more steps—for such a 'gettin' up-stairs' has been seldom before seen as is now seen at the Crystal Palace: the ascent of the hill is so formidable, that the railway could not have been carried up to a higher level without such gradients as would have staggered an engine-driver—and arrive on a level with the main floor of the building; but not in the main portion of the building itself, for we are still in the south wing. There, just at the corner where the wing is connected with the main building, we meet with such a gastronomic display as bewilders one: marble-topped counters, scores of feet in length; round tables, almost innumerable; carvers and waiters as thickly placed as they can be without tumbling over one another; the counters laden with comestibles; chairs so numerous that we have to thread our way between them; platefuls of good things on all the little round tables, and visitors attending to those good things with remarkable intelligence and energy. Such is the view just before entering the vaulted expanse of the Palace itself. We emerge from the south wing into the Palace, and still find our path strewn with counters, tables, chairs, carvers, waiters, eaters. We traverse the extreme southern margin of the building, from east to west, and still it is the same: tables, and waiters, and eaters; eaters, and waiters, and tables; waiters, and eaters, and tables—ring the changes how we may; and it is only when we turn resolutely northwards out of this department that we get to the exhibited contents of the Palace proper, and exchange body-food for mind-food.

We find it so difficult to croak or grumble when roaming within or thinking about the Crystal Palace, that we will get rid of any little croaking at once, and have done with it. Our croak, then, is this:—We could have wished that the railway-entrance and the Refreshment Department were at opposite ends of the building. We could have wished that a visitor, on entering the Palace, were met by smiling flowers, or beauteous sculpture, or grand architecture, or gushing fountains, or illustrations of natural history, or

products of manufacturing skill; and that when 'tired nature' needed a little restoration, it should be sought for in other parts of the building. We have alluded to the wonder which the gastronomic display excites in the minds of most visitors, and this wonder is in some cases combined with a wish that the arrangements were otherwise. As it is, we meet with a roast fowl; then with a beautiful screen of the kings and queens of England; then with a white-cravated waiter; then with a brown-skinned, bare-legged Sandwich islander; then with a lobster-salad; then with a palm-tree from the tropics; then with a small bottle of pale ale; then with a tiger climbing up a tree; then with a plate of ham; or, if these objects are not actually mingled up together, they are in such juxtaposition that the mind is somewhat puzzled to arrange itself in proper order for the due appreciation of what is to come. It may very likely be, that this arrangement is a natural consequence of the peculiar locality on which the structure is built: the railway-station could scarcely have been other than it is; for the great ascent of the ground rendered it necessary to approach by a wide curve the southern end of the building; and it may have been that the southern end offers more conveniences than the northern for the construction of a kitchen, and the general management of the Refreshment Department. We censure no one; we simply say that, *ceteris paribus*, it would better please the eye if the railway-entrance and the Refreshment Department were at opposite ends of the building. Those who approach the Palace by road, and enter at the western front, do not encounter this gastronomic display; but the road travellers are, as we have said, few compared with the railway travellers to the Palace.

This refreshment subject is a remarkable one in many particulars, and deserves a little notice. The department is kept wholly in the Company's hands, for reasons which will be better appreciated when we look back to what occurred three years ago.

The commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1851, deeming it necessary to provide some kind of refreshments for the expected millions of visitors, but not willing to trouble themselves with the details of managing penny-buns and bottles of ginger-beer, advertised for tenders from parties willing to take the contract. The tender of Messrs Schweppe, the soda-water manufacturers, was accepted; they agreed to pay a certain sum for the privilege of supplying all the refreshments in the Hyde Park building, under certain regulations stipulated by the commissioners. Messrs Schweppe sublet their contract to Messrs Masters and Messrs Younghusband: one firm took the central refreshment-room, while the other took those at the east and west ends of the building. The Exhibition opened; no one could say whether the consumption of refreshments would be more or less than moderately large; but it soon became apparent that the contractors had made an advantageous bargain; the demand for eatables and drinkables was large, and the number of attendants necessary for serving out the supply for this demand became very considerable. It was well known and candidly acknowledged, that the speculation was a 'good thing'; but it was not until some time after the close of the Exhibition that the money results were published. One of the Reports made by the commissioners to the government contained special reports from the contractors and others; and among these was one relating to the Refreshment Department. The Exhibition was open rather less than six months; and during that time no less a sum than L.75,000 was expended in refreshments. This, too, was in very small items; for the average amount spent by each five-shilling visitor, at each visit, was only 4d.; 4½d. for each half-crown visitor; and 2½d. for each shilling visitor; some of the visitors expended nothing for refreshments; but if the whole sum of L.75,000 were

divided equally among 6,040,000 visitors, it would give an average of about 3d. each per visit. The expenditure within the building for refreshments varied from a minimum of L.198 to a maximum of L.909 per day—the lowest and highest days being 2d May and 19th June. The average expenditure on the shilling-days was exactly L.600 per day. As to the refreshments sold, they were mostly of a light character—something on the Wolverton standard. Of the 50,000 quarter-loaves, the 1,800,000 buns, the 33 tons of ham, the 2400 quarts of jelly, the 14,000 pounds of coffee, the 33,000 quarts of milk, the 32,000 quarts of cream, the 36,000 pounds of tongues and potted meat, the 360 tons of ice, the 1,100,000 bottles of soda-water and other aerated beverages—of all these, the list shews that light articles became very heavy by multiplication; while the more solid dinners in the Exhibition refreshment-room made an addition to the list in the substantial shape of 113 tons of meat, 36 tons of potatoes, and 1000 gallons of pickles.

Now, when the Sydenham Palace was being planned, the directors, like prudent men, looked steadily at this refreshment question. They saw very plainly that, out of an expenditure of L.75,000 for light viands and beverages, the net profit must have been considerable. They resolved, therefore, not to let off this department by contract; they adopted, in preference, the plan of rendering this a part and parcel of their great enterprise—on one ground, for the sake of any profit which might legitimately arise therefrom; and on another ground, that they might adapt the working-arrangements to the requirements of the place, varying them if variation seemed necessary. This principle being decided on, the directors proceeded to work it out with the same bold spirit which has been infused into all their proceedings. They built a large kitchen, with all appliances on the most complete scale; they built store-rooms and larders, pantries and bread-rooms, sculleries and ice-houses; they built dining-rooms and refreshment-rooms of various kinds and sizes; they provided marble-topped counters and tables in enormous extent; they ordered plate, and china, and glass, and vessels of all sorts, for the due serving of a prodigious amount of eatables and drinkables; they engaged, as general superintendent, one who has been conversant with hotel arrangements on a large scale; they secured the services of scientific cooks, and confectioners, and ice-makers; they organised in the kitchen a staff of cooks and assistants, and in the refreshment-rooms a staff of waiters and attendants, and in the store-rooms a staff of clerks and store-keepers; they entered into contracts with millers and bakers, butchers and poultryers, green-grocers and fruiterers, for the supply of provisions on a great scale; they made provision for a due supply of fuel, gas, and water—they did all this, and then they waited to see whether the world would make use of this gigantic restaurant.

The kitchen is one of the busiest imaginable places, almost every inch of space being well applied throughout the entire day. For reasons that will be obvious, such a place cannot be opened to the view of visitors generally; but we may say a few words in connection with a peep with which we have been favoured. The kitchen, then, is a rectangular apartment, mostly of brick, iron, and glass. On two sides, the walls are lined with stoves and ovens of the most approved kind—stoves in which the efficiency of gas-cookery is most amply proved. Many persons to whom this subject is new, would be much surprised at the principle and practice of cooking by gas, so difficult does it seem to understand how jets of gas can cook meat without imparting to it a gas-like odour. Let us steal a look, then, into this gas-stove before us, and see how it is all managed. The stove is a sort of quadrangular box, say forty inches high by thirty inches square. It has

not see. It has a dripping-pan covering the bottom; and at a few inches above the pan is a single row of gas-jets running round the four sides of the stove: this is the whole of the apparatus employed for heating. At a height of two or three feet above the jets is a kind of gridiron or grate; and on this gridiron are placed—not four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row, but four-and-twenty fowls all in a square. Those who have the best means of judging, say that the cooking realises all that can be wished for; while the ease and facility of the processes are most important advantages. We were assured that, in this same stove, a few days before the writing of the present article, a piece of beef, weighing 300 pounds, was roasted in eight hours—not scorched without and half-done within, but honestly roasted from the skin to the bone—a great achievement this, we think, with the aid merely of a few dozen little jets of gas.

All the other appliances are very complete. There are baking-ovens, and soup-making stoves, and bread-baking stoves, and pasty-ovens, and beef-boiling coppers, and pots and pans of varied kinds, nearly all of them heated by gas. Then there are tables and boards whereon meat is cut up, poultry dressed, vegetables prepared, lobsters extricated from their shells, lobster-salads decked out, meat-pies made, and all sorts of nice things 'dished up' for the waiters to carry into the refreshment-rooms. Then, in the bread-rooms, confectionary-rooms, ice-rooms, and other subsidiary departments, all is arranged in as systematic a way as the operations of a large commercial establishment. Indeed, this is a large commercial establishment, the book-keeping of which must be something considerable. The letters C. P. C. are all around, as denoting that the entire apparatus, culinary and otherwise, is the property of the Crystal Palace Company; and a formidable sum it must have cost. In one cool brick-room we espy several men making ices and ice-creams—a work which occupies them all day long, especially when hot days render the visitors more than usually solicitous for cooling refreshments.

Now, the willingness on the part of the sight-seeing public to partake of these refreshments has shewn itself to be such, that the producing powers of the kitchen are often taxed to the utmost. The total number of persons engaged within the building, under the presidency of Mr Horne, in preparing and dispensing the refreshments, from the clerks who make record of all the provision sent in by the purveyors, to the battalion of waiters who attend in the refreshment-rooms, is not much less than three hundred; and there are certain hours of the day when all are as busy as busy men and women can be. The cooks have indeed an active time of it; they are at work from morn till a late hour in the evening; for they must take care, when one day's demand is supplied, to have a sufficient store cooked for the earlier hours of the next day's visitors. All the viands are cold, with a few exceptions which do not apply to visitors generally; and therefore the fowls, and hams, and so forth, must be cooked some few hours before they are to be eaten.

It is quite evident, both from the accounts of the Company, and from what meets the eye of a looker-on, that the visitors spend very much more in refreshments than was the wont in the old Crystal Palace. Whether it is that the rattling ride up to Sydenham gives folks an appetite, or that the cold collation is really cheap—a matter of opinion on which each one will judge for himself—or that visitors who are usually out of the way of roast-fowl and lobster-salad, resolve on a treat on these special occasions; whatever may be the reason, the fact certainly is, that the number of those who partake of a two-shilling luncheon or cold dinner, is beyond all conception greater than one would have expected. We speak here of the partakers of a meal for which a

smaller and lighter refreshments, such as disappear in the same way as they did in Hyde Park. The money taken for refreshments has, it is said, on one or two occasions actually equalled that taken for admission. Of the balance-sheet, as regards the Company, we know nothing, and can surmise nothing; it may be that the luncheon is not so profitable to the venders as lighter refreshments would be; but on this point we have nought to say. Be the profit great or small, the consumption of provisions is something astounding. A short time ago, 1060 fowls were roasted and eaten in two days! The consumption on one of the shilling-Thursdays, about a month after the opening of the Crystal Palace, included, among other items, 500 fowls, 150 pigeons, 60 large joints of roast-beef, 40 of boiled beef, 20 breasts of veal, 20 quarters of lamb, 20 loins of mutton, 150 moulds of jelly, 100 moulds of cream, and 400 lobsters, which took part in the formation of lobster-salads. Not even the monster-hotels of the United States can talk about such an absorption of eatables as this. We say nothing about the drinkables; for it is the solids rather than the beverages which disappear in this surprising way. Many well-meaning persons have quaked a little concerning the probable or possible drinking at the Crystal Palace; they may allay their fears, for the drinking is by no means a prominent feature; the visitors take a little, and only a little, and then set off again on their rambles through the Palace.

On looking back at our account of the appearance of the Refreshment Department on entering the building, we find that no mention has been made of a central department near the great transept, or of a northern department at the further end—'next door to Nineveh,' as some persons describe it. So profuse is the array of marble-topped counters and marble-topped circular tables, that on a late occasion we gave ourselves the somewhat hopeless office of determining their number; we got as far as 900 feet in length of counter, and 350 circular tables, and then, tired of the self-imposed task, we gave it up. These counters and tables are, as will be inferred from what has been before said, in three groups—southern, central, and northern. Many of the counters are, under arrangement with the Company, rented by the Paris Chocolate Company, by whom are vended chocolate hot and chocolate cold, chocolate with vanilla and chocolate with milk, chocolate bonbons and chocolate papillotes, chocolate crackers and chocolate pastilles, chocolate statuettes and chocolate cigars, chocolate with taraxacum and chocolate with sarsaparilla, chocolate diabolitons with nonpareils and without, chocolate at threepence per cup and chocolate at a shilling per cup.

The reader will, we trust, not misinterpret the purport of the present paper. He will not suppose that we are silent about the wonders and beauties of the Crystal Palace, because we deem the commissariat department more important. The truth is, that this remarkable undertaking seems likely to afford many unexpected illustrations of social, artistic, and commercial facts, worthy of a thought and a glance from all of us. Gastronomic achievements struck us as being one of the number; and we think the reader will not be disinclined to learn these few details concerning so singular a development. Other developments there will be in abundance, if we have space to touch upon them here now and then.

#### PRODUCTIONS OF JAPAN.

Japan abounds in natural and artificial productions of great value. Its mineral riches are enormous, and include metals of various kinds, especially gold, silver, and copper. Sulphur and nitre are also found in large quantities: there is no want of coal, and there are precious stones of almost every variety—agates, sapphires, jaspers, cornelians, and

even diamonds; while pearls are found in great plenty among the shells upon the coast. Then the fertility of the soil is very great. The mulberry-tree grows extensively, and affords food for countless myriads of silk-worms. The *hadi*, or paper-tree, serves innumerable useful purposes, including the manufacture of cloths, stuffs, and cordage. The *ceruri*, or varnish-tree, is another valuable production of the country, yielding large quantities of a milky juice which the natives employ to varnish, or *japan*, as we call it, various articles. Then there are the bay-tree, the camphor-tree, the fig-tree, the cypress-tree, with very many more, more or less valuable, and from which a great variety of useful articles are made; and last, though not least, there is the tea-shrub, from the leaves of which the common drink of the people is brewed, and which is capable of yielding a valuable article of commerce. Trees growing nuts of various kinds are abundant; the maple is extensive and excellent; bamboos are very plentiful, and of great use, as they are everywhere in the Indies. They cultivate as much hemp and cotton as they can find room for in their fields; and as to rice, which is the main food of the natives, that grown in Japan is considered the best in all Asia, and it can be produced in almost any quantity. Their corns are of several sorts: besides the *komi*, or rice, there are the *oomuggi*, a kind of barley; the *haomuggi*, their native wheat; and the *daidsou*, a species of bean—all of which abound with superior farina.—*Country Gentlemen—Albany.*

#### M I N E !

FOR A GERMAN AIR.

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
And I drink up joy like wine;  
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
For the lovely girl is mine!  
She's rich, she's fair, beyond compare—  
Of noble mind, serene and kind;  
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
For the lovely girl is mine!

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
In a music soft and fine;  
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
For the dearest girl is mine!  
She owns no lands, has no white hands—  
Her lot is poor, her life obscure;  
Yet how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,  
For the dearest girl is mine!

#### CEMETERY OF PERA.

On this grave-yard, which covers the whole side of the hill, is the fashionable promenade of the fair Peraites: it is a place where *hainals* or porters resort to, to bask in the sun, whenever there is any—where droves of donkeys are passing guests—and where the dogs have established a permanent settlement. These dogs make their beds in the graves, and slumber in the shade of the turban-surmounted tombstones, which mark the last resting-places of the male among the true believers. Each one of these wild dogs has his grave, which is his peculiar property, and which he defends against the invasion of some canine compeer, anxious to increase his territories. Puppies are born in the graves, and there reared to mature doghood; and fierce combats take place, and many a wretched dog is torn to pieces by his savage associates; and from early dusk to the dawn of day, there is a howling and gnashing of tusks among the cypress groves of this last resting-place of the dead. You have some difficulty in making your way through the various groups of tombstones and trees, some falling and some fallen, which obstruct your path.—*Commonwealth (Glasgow paper).*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Lane, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 32.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION AT ST MARTIN'S HALL.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851 seems destined to be the forerunner of numerous humanising enterprises, calculated to give all classes and all nations an insight into the better part of the character and doings of their neighbours. It set our Irish brethren busily to work, to establish an exhibition such as Ireland never saw before, and such as called forth a large measure of liberality and friendliness of sentiment. It urged our transatlantic fellow Saxons to try their hands at a Crystal Palace, and at a display of industry which English manufacturers do well to treat with respectful attention. It is impelling France to the formation of a majestic international Exhibition, in which Englishmen—now brought into a surprising state of good-humour with their former enemies—will take part in an industrial tournament in 1855. It has been the parent of that unequalled structure, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which has a future career before it whereof it would be difficult even to guess the extent or scope. It has led to the purchase of a large estate at Kensington Gore, which, albeit that governmental proceedings are terribly slow and ineffective, may one day be the home of art, science, and industry. It has led to such increased classes, lectures, and museums, at Marlborough House and the School of Practical Science, that men of science and working-men are brought together now as they seldom were before. It has led to special exhibitions at the Society of Arts, one each year, which have illustrated certain departments of knowledge in a very agreeable way. And now it has led to the organisation of an Educational Exhibition, such as is quite novel in this country.

The Educational Exhibition, now being holden at Mr Hullah's rooms, St Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, is highly interesting, and worthy of attention; since it is connected with a kind of centenary of art and education, and brings into one focus things and appliances which have never been brought together before. The Society of Arts is just one hundred years old; a venerable centenarian, that gets more vigorous as it gets older—its renewed vigour dating from the year when the Prince-Consort became president. Praise to the Prince, say we; praise, given without the smallest tendency to fawn or flatter. This, then, being the hundredth anniversary, the council bethought them how they might worthily commemorate the year 1854. They have done the eating and drinking part of the commemoration already, and we need say nought about that; but they resolved on something less evanescent than eating and drinking. In 1852, a plan was commenced

of receiving into union the literary and scientific institutions, philosophical societies, atheneums, and mechanics' institutes, established in various parts of the United Kingdom; and this with the object of assisting them, in any practicable way, in carrying out the great work of education which all of them have more or less in view. Down to the present time, more than 350 such societies and institutions have joined this union; and it would belie all past experience, if some good should not spring out of such co-operation. At a conference of representatives of these institutions, held in June 1853, it was resolved to invite the Council of the Society of Arts to establish an Educational Exhibition in 1854, as a worthy commemoration of the centenary. The council took up the matter in a right spirit; they applied to the foreign and colonial departments of the government, who assisted them in making the object known in foreign and colonial countries. In order to facilitate and encourage the exhibition of foreign appliances, the government permitted the admission at our ports, duty free, of all articles destined for the Educational Exhibition. At first, it was intended that the exhibition should be held at the rooms of the Society of Arts; but the number of contributors and contributed articles became so great, that St Martin's Hall was selected as the locality.

Such have been the 'antecedents' of the Educational Exhibition; and when we look at the bulky shilling-catalogue, it becomes evident that the number of exhibited articles must be very large. A visit to the place itself confirms this idea; for the great hall, and its galleries, staircases, passages, and approaches, are packed as closely as they can well be—irrespective of a long suite of rooms, somewhere up aloft near the sky, where the booksellers and map-sellers have matters all their own way. The articles are exhibited partly on walls, partly on counters and tables, and partly in cases; and as most of them are numbered with figures corresponding to those in the catalogue, their identification is tolerably easy.

Perhaps we shall best impart to our readers a general notion of this exhibition, if we say a few words first concerning the exhibitors, and then concerning the articles exhibited.

In the first place, then, the principal exhibitors are the societies and institutions which are engaged in fostering the great work of education. These are surprisingly numerous—comprising the National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the Home and Colonial School Society, the Congregational Board of Education, the Wesleyan Education Committee, the Religious Tract Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Irish Education Commis-



sioners, the Schoolmasters' Association, the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, the Government Department of Science and Arts, the Government Inspectors of Schools, the Royal Naval Schools at Greenwich, the Cheltenham Normal College, the Committee of Council on Education, the Norwich Training Institution, and numerous schools—Training, Infant, Parochial, Ragged, Proprietary, National, Industrial, Roman Catholic, and Jewish—in various parts of the country. Next come those excellent institutions which work earnestly to educate the poor unfortunates who have one or other of the inlets of knowledge closed: the Blind Schools in London (three in number) and in Yorkshire; the Deaf and Dumb Schools at Doncaster, Exeter, and Liverpool; and the Asylum for Idiots—all exhibit. Then come persons who have written books on education; persons who have invented apparatus useful in school-rooms; persons who manufacture and sell all the material appliances for education. Next come the publishers—the Longmans, the Whittakers, the Vartys, the Simpkinsees, the Parkers, the Dartons, the Maberleys, the Bagsters, the Blacks, the Blackies, the Blackwoods, the Chambersees, and others—all of whom become exhibitors, not in respect to their general publications, but in respect to such as bear directly upon the subject of education. Lastly—for we need not aim at any great minuteness—there are exhibitors whose display is of very great interest—comprising those from the United States, the British American colonies, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Malta, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. Some of these foreign exhibitors are private individuals; but many of them are societies and government departments—such as the New York Board of Education, the Church Schools at Halifax, the Abendberg Asylum for Crétins, the Norwegian Governmental Department for Education, the Educational Council of Norway, the Council of Education at Thurgovie, and others. The number of articles exhibited, it is quite impossible to name with any pretension to accuracy; for, generally speaking, each number in the catalogue refers to the entire contributions from some one exhibitor.

One of the first facts which attracts the attention in this exhibition, is the great diversity of articles now supplied by the chief educational societies. Without touching upon any of the controversies between Churchmen and Dissenters, it is well known that these societies have approached by slow steps their present position. At a period not very far distant, many well-meaning persons—persons who had both the means and the wish to advance the position of the humbler classes—had quite a dread of anything beyond the merest rudiments of education for the children of working-men. The Bible, and a little reading, writing, and ciphering, were considered to be all that could safely be introduced into the machinery of popular education. But first one society, and then a second society, slightly extended their range; and then others did so likewise, that they might not be left behind in the race. Then, knowing that teachers and school-mistresses must have higher acquirements, if they are to impart a higher education, and knowing that the then existing masters and teachers had had to pick up their own education in a piecemeal and imperfect manner, the societies saw the necessity of establishing Normal Schools, to teach those who are in their turn to become teachers. And then, as there ought to be some means of judging of the relative fitness of the teachers, it was felt that a college of preceptors might be useful, to award certificates that would, to a greater or less extent, afford a guarantee for the qualifications of teachers. And lastly, the very machinery whereby

pupil-teachers are taught, supplies easy means for improving the school machinery for the humble every-day scholars. It is by some such steps as these that the National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the Home and Colonial School Society, the Congregational Board of Education, the Irish Commissioners of Education, and similar bodies, have sanctioned and accumulated a stock of school machinery which has become quite formidable.

It matters little which we take as an exemplar of the societies generally; but let it be the National Society, whose schools are so well known all over England. Of the Society's school materials and books, there is a specimen of everything, we believe, at the Educational Exhibition; at anyrate, the exceptions are but few. First, we find 'Copy and Elementary Writing-books,' foolscap and post, ruled and plain, common and superfine, 12-leaved and 18-leaved, outline and graduated, which the Society supplies to schools at prices varying from 9d. to 4s. per dozen. Then come ruled books for manuscript music, of various sizes and shapes; then ciphering and memorandum books, still more varied in size and price. A full classification of paper—writing, blotting, letter, and note—is provided; together with all such writing-desk appliances as envelopes, sealing-wax, wafers, quill and steel pens, pen-holders, India-rubber, ink-bottles, ink-stands, &c. Slates and slate-pencils form a more interesting series than would generally be supposed; for besides the ordinary framed slates for writing, there are slates ruled with lines, slates with outline-maps scratched or engraved upon them, slates ruled for music, slates with engraved alphabets, large slates for diagrams, and slate-globes with a few geographical elements outlined upon them. Then there are globes, in box or on stand or pedestal, varying from 2s. to eight guineas each; school-clocks, silent or striking; black-boards for diagrams; desks, forms, and standards for them; easels and lesson-stands; abaci, or arithmetical frames; millboards, for lessons and prints; drawing and mathematical instruments, from the very cheap to the moderately dear; sponges, penknives, desk-knives, book-markers, school-bells, school-whistles, portfolios, pen-trays, half-board glasses, blotting-pads, and a number of useful trifles, which it would be no easy matter to enumerate. For teaching special branches of education, the apparatus is in some cases very complete. There are copies for writing, prepared in very varied forms. There are copies for drawing, still more varied, comprising trees, flowers, animals, buildings, landscapes, common objects, the human figure, &c.; and to aid in the use of these, there are all the usual kinds of drawing materials, such as drawing-paper, sketch-books, Bristol-board, pencils and crayons, crayon-holders, drawing-boxes, boxes of colours, squares, and parallel rulers; and so forth. There are chemical laboratories in portable cases; cabinets of shells, minerals, crystals, and common objects; folding drawing-models; solid models, susceptible of separation and re-adjustment, for illustrating geometry and many departments of science and art; diagrams of large size, illustrative of the mechanical powers, astronomical phenomena, natural philosophy, geological strata, and manufacturing processes; sheet-lessons of large size and of varied character. There are the numerous cards and tickets now used in the practical conduct of schools—such as admission-cards, suspension-tickets, confirmation-cards, admission-tickets, reward-tickets, late-tickets, punishment-tickets, 'clean-and-tidy' tickets, and many others well known to persons familiar with the working of popular schools. The little girls are not unprovided for, since their needle-work studies are aided by the supplies of needles, pins, sewing-cotton, thimbles, and scissors. In relation to prints, maps, and books, the Society's publications have become numerous: prints for infant schools and prints for more advanced schools;



maps in single sheets and maps in atlases; books for general reading and books for studying grammar, etymology, arithmetic, mechanics, mensuration, geography, history, needle-work, the principles of teaching, &c.

Now, so far as the Educational Exhibition is concerned, this display made by the National Society may be regarded as the Society's declaration of what they can do, what they propose to effect, and how they select material aids to facilitate their work. If another society be deficient in any of these aids, a careful and systematic examination will enable them to measure the extent of the deficiency, and to fill up the blanks so far as they may think proper. On the other hand, should this second society have adopted useful aids in which the former is wanting, a return benefit may result; and, as in morals and in magnetism, each may gain strength in giving. It is not, or ought not to be, a vain emulation. All the societies have, we believe, frankly and candidly put forth their real evidence—have really pictured what they are doing, and how they do it; and the juxtaposition of contributions from different quarters, renders comparison very easy. We may pass from the National Society to the British and Foreign School Society, and examine the latter's models of school-rooms, model-maps, objects for object-lessons, objects to illustrate manufactures, models of machinery, plaster casts for model-drawing, appliances for teaching writing and arithmetic, maps and globes, drawing-materials, diagrams, lesson-tablets, class-books, &c. And so of the Home and Colonial Society, the Sunday-school Union, and the rest. In so far as the government has become an educator, it employs material aids somewhat largely; and thus the Department of Science and Art has very properly sent to the Educational Exhibition specimens of nearly all the apparatus employed, comprising drawing-instruments, colour-boxes, strained canvas, copies for outline-drawing, drawings of machines, drawings of architecture—marine and engineering, diagrams and catechisms of colour, copies for shaded-drawing, copies for coloured-drawing, solid models and folding models, selected specimens of art-workmanship in pottery, plaster, and metal.

And as it is with the societies, so is it with individuals. If a schoolmaster, by his own clear sense, aided or not by a little pecuniary help, has devised something new or useful in educational apparatus, he is just the sort of person whose contributions to this Exhibition would be valued; and we consequently find numerous examples of this kind—examples of small contrivances which may be usefully adopted by others besides the contriver.

To those who are not especially connected with education in its ordinary routine, the apparatus for the blind is perhaps more interesting than the materials for general schools. The excellent society whose asylum is at Avenue Road, in the Regent's Park, for instance, have sent specimens of all the apparatus used by them in teaching the blind. Those who have studied this subject, are aware that an interesting controversy has been long carried on respecting the question—whether the raised letters for the blind ought to be in ordinary alphabetical characters, or in some kind of arbitrary short-hand. It would be out of place here for us to offer an opinion on this matter; and we will therefore simply say, that the society just named adopt an arbitrary character, composed of straight lines, curves, and dots. In this character they have printed numerous books. They have also embossed music, embossed chess-boards, embossed geometrical-boards, and embossed maps, for the blind. Mr Wood's embossed music is highly curious. The notes are represented by short strokes; the direction of the stroke represents the pitch of each note; the position of a dot represents the time or duration of a note; and thus—the pitch and the duration of each note being both shewn by one

character—the ordinary music-stave of five lines may be dispensed with, and the music is brought into one line, like common writing. The Blind Asylum in St George's Fields adopts the ordinary Roman alphabetical character; and it is pleasant to see, at the Educational Exhibition, a copy of the world-renowned *Robinson Crusoe* embossed in this type: the letters are beautifully distinct, and are so large, that Defoe's story occupies two quarto volumes; but then, as these volumes are sold so low as half-a-crown each, they are really cheap in respect to the object in view.

No part of the Exhibition is better worthy of study, than the contributions from foreign countries. Travellers and politicians, artists and moralists, place the men and women of foreign countries before our eyes; but here we have the boys and girls, in respect to the means whereby they are taught, and the practical results of the teaching. Why it is that a region so far north and out of the world as Scandinavia, should be better represented at this Exhibition than any other country, we cannot say; but such certainly seems to be the case, and Norway and Sweden are well worth attention at this reunion of nations.

It appears that, so far as regards these two countries—both under one monarch—the contributions come from the Government Department of Education, and from several managers of public and private schools. The contributions include, among other things, drawings of Swedish and Norwegian school-houses and school-rooms; ground-plans of school-buildings; programmes of schools, in respect to divisions into classes, subjects taught, weekly arrangements of lessons, and the number of pupils in each class; models and drawings of school apparatus; reports and records of various schools; models for teaching drawing, and specimens of drawings made by the school-children; the collection of apparatus used for teaching natural philosophy; selections from a zoological collection for teaching natural history; specimens of exercises, from various schools, in writing, Norwegian and Swedish composition, mathematics, German, English, French, and Latin; collection of class-books from various schools; collection of maps published at Stockholm and Christiania; and an instrument called the psalmodicon, for teaching music. Now, all this is excellent. It takes us at once into the boyhood and girlhood of those northern countries; it shews us what Young Scandinavia is about, and how it learns, and how it is taught. A detailed examination is in many parts curious, and worth the time it takes, even if it were merely to ascertain whether school-children fill up their books in Sweden as they do in England. We find that, where an English boy practises large hand in such long words as 'Transubstantiation,' 'Incommensurability,' and so forth, a Swedish boy has likewise his long words, which will frighten an English eye, as the following may perhaps shew: Rättfärdiggörelsen, Urskillningsgåfva, Yttranderättigheten—words, the equivalents of which in English we need not trouble ourselves to ferret out. Without professing to have a taste in needle-work, we may yet like to look at specimens of 'plain work' from the 'Trondjem Realskole,' especially the shirt wristband done in the 'Pigeskolens Begynderklasse,' or the beginning-class in the girls' school. There is an ingenious writing-frame for the blind in the Swedish Department, nearly like some of those used in England: there are two parallel rulers, the distance of which, asunder, is equal to the height of the letters to be made. These rulers have a little sliding-piece, which regulates the slope of the letters: the rulers rest on grooves in a frame; a tablet is placed within the frame, paper is placed upon the tablet, and thus the pupil writes in the oblong space between the two rulers, shifting the rulers from groove to groove as each line becomes finished. There is, in the machine, a sheet of paper, which purports to have been written



by some poor little Swedish blind boy or girl; and although the copy or sentence, that 'Europa år den mest bildede verdensdal,' simply corresponds with our own home-copies respecting the superior civilised condition of Europe, it is yet interesting as coming from the pen of a Swedish *areugle*.

In the Danish Department, there are a few written specimens which seem to recognise a sound principle. They are, apparently, examples of school-penmanship: each is headed at the top with the name of some distinguished Dane, such as Oersted, Schwanthaler, or Öhlenschläger; and underneath are a few verses commemorative of the hero. If the verses have any merit—if they rise above the level of mere rhyming—there is a spirit in all this which we like. There are not wanting English worthies who might be similarly placed before the eyes of English school-boys, provided always that the verses were in some degree worthy of the worthies—a point of no small difficulty.

It is just possible that those who have no opportunity of visiting this Educational Exhibition, may obtain a slight notion of its character from this brief sketch of ours. To those who can go, and who feel any pleasure in the advancement of education, we would say: Go by all means: you will obtain more than the money's worth for the trifle of money spent.

## THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

### CHAPTER II.

MARY SELWYN rose early on the following morning, and when I joined her at breakfast, she had, in appearance at least, quite recovered her usual cheerfulness and equanimity. She had determined, instead of writing, to go personally, and insist upon Clara's immediate return home. Another consternation awaited us: a note arrived from Mr Calvert, containing, beside the ordinary compliments, &c., a brief intimation that important affairs obliged him to leave that part of the country, and that some months would probably elapse before he could promise himself the pleasure of again calling at Beach Villa. 'Very extraordinary conduct this,' I exclaimed; 'upon my word, the man is a perfect riddle!'

'True,' was the low-voiced reply; 'and one which those who have duties to perform should not waste time in endeavouring to solve. Ah! here comes the fly Susan has ordered. Good-by, Gertrude, till the evening. We shall not be late home, I hope.'

It was, however, past ten o'clock before the fly returned, bringing the two Misses and Mrs Selwyn, the last still swelling and panting with the but partially abated storm of rage which Mary's determined insistence upon her sister's return with her to Beach Villa had thrown her into. Clara who, one could see, had been profusely weeping, retired to bed at once; but Mrs Selwyn, whose excitement precluded rest, or a wish for it, remained up to vent her indignation—first upon Mary, and when she had withdrawn, upon hapless me, who could not well refuse to listen. I gathered from the irate lady's objurgations, that there had been a violent scene at the Lumadens; that Mary Selwyn's firmness prevailed with difficulty, and not till Clara herself—upon being reminded, I had no doubt, of her father's dying injunctions, ever a potent spell with her—had decided for her prim half-sister against her own mother. It seemed, moreover, that two gentlemen had been dangling after Clara—Captain Toulmin, the young lady's favourite it was

intimated, and his friend, Mr Francis Herbert, the second son of the dowager Mrs Herbert, of Ashe Priory, the towers whereof were, on a bright clear day, dimly visible from the garret-windows of Beach Villa, whom Mrs Selwyn was evidently mad enough to hope might be hymeneally caught in the meshes of her own and her daughter's ambition. This struck me as so utterly preposterous, the Herberts ranking amongst the highest magnates of that division of the county, that I could hardly forbear laughing in the silly woman's face. Reflecting, however, that maternal vanity has ever been a chartered dreamer, I maintained, though with difficulty, a serious expression of face; and Mrs Selwyn, having at last exhausted for a time the phials of her wordy wrath, muttered a sort of good-night, and went to bed.

The next day but one, Beach Villa was let upon terms which had been several times previously refused; and within twenty-four hours of the completion of the bargain, the Selwyn family were on the road to Preston, near which a habitation more suitable to their means had been taken for them by Mr Thornley. Personal intercourse with my young friends was thus necessarily terminated; and that by letter, chiefly from the swift coming on of trouble in my own home, soon became infrequent, and before I left Lancashire, had entirely ceased. My father, a lieutenant in the royal navy, who had served with Nelson, was released at last by the welcome hand of death from sufferings he had bravely borne for several years: and in about two months only my mother sickened of the malady which was soon to reunite both parents in their long home. In the presence of these griefs, all minor regrets were of course rebuked and hushed; the Selwyns and their self-created difficulties were for the time forgotten; and I nerved myself to pursue with hope and courage the strange and solitary path of life before me, and over which thick darkness had so early fallen.

It was some time before I succeeded in obtaining the engagement with Mrs Ansted; and how that terminated, together with the sudden apparition of Clara Selwyn, bewilderingly transformed into Mrs Francis Herbert, of Ashe Priory, the reader has already been informed. The only tidings of the Selwyns which reached me after leaving Lancashire, was a hurried answer to a question addressed by me to Mr Thornley, whom I met at the Euston Station, just as the train in which he had taken his seat was about to start. I had inquired after Mary Selwyn, and his reply was to the effect, that she had long since thrown herself away upon a mean adventurer of the name of Calvert, and was, he understood, living in obscurity somewhere in Wales with her husband and one or two children. He had not time to add, that his information was solely derived, as I afterwards knew, from Mrs Selwyn, or I should have more correctly estimated the probable truth of the imputation upon Mr Calvert.

After this recapitulation of bygone events, it will not, I hope, appear surprising that I was bewildered by the unexpectedly announced and marvellous change in Clara's fortune, drawing after it a minor but still very appreciable improvement in my own. And, for the life of me, I could not at all realise that change. It seemed to be an impossible, dream-like extravagance—a *coup de théâtre*, only to be met with in a play or a novel, and I was half tempted to doubt, while proceeding the next morning in a cab to the Clarendon, whether I should really find the Selwyns in that aristocratic hotel. So far, however, there was

no illusion; Mrs Selwyn, who was looking exceedingly well, received me with prodigious condescension, and *Redburn'd* me over again and again with untiring self-complacency. With Clara, I was still 'dear Gertrude,' as in the old time; and her son, a nice little boy of about five years of age, had, I found, been tutored to address me as his mother did.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, we set out in a travelling-carriage, with four post-horses, for Ashe Priory—Mrs Selwyn being of opinion that journeying by rail was essentially vulgar and plebeian—and in due time were safely deposited at our destination. Arrived at that splendid abode, the feeling of unreality—a sense of the precarious tenure by which the lordly pile and its adjuncts *were*, I felt, be held by the present apparent mistress, returned upon my mind with aggravated force; and if I rightly read Clara's brightly flushing face, and nervous, unquiet looks, the same thought was beating at her heart, as, encompassed in each other's arms, we, with a shrinkingness, a timidity impossible to shake off, ventured through the stately and solitary apartments. 'Clara Selwyn'—thus ran my thoughts whilst making a hurried dinner-toilet—'Clara Selwyn the indisputable mistress of all this splendour—impossible! The same law-legendary which has installed her here in right of her son, will, I fear, by some counter-trick dissipate the glittering dream! In right of her son! Ay, that must be the substance which casts these ominous shadows! Clara's grandeur, at the best, can be commensurate only with the life of that frail boy; and not grandeur only, but bare competence; for now, when calling to mind the fragments of conversation between Clara and Mrs Selwyn during our journey, I remembered they talked of a legal opinion having been given that Clara's husband, Francis Herbert, having died before his elder brother, when he was consequently not possessed—seised, I recollect, the term was—of the property, she therefore, as his widow, was not entitled to her thirds of the personals. They spoke, too, of a sealed packet of papers found in the elder brother Edmund Herbert's escritoire, directed to an intimate friend of his, a colonial bishop, and of course duly forwarded, which, it is thought, may possibly contain a will disposing of the large personals, the landed property being strictly entailed on the heirs-male; and the alarming conclusion is, that the death of her son, the child heir-at-law, would at once hurl Clara from her present brilliant position into the abyss—by contrast made more terrible—of poverty and dependence! This boding train of thought pursued me as I sat at dinner—a *embarrassingly* comfortless one, by the by, except to Mrs Selwyn, who really seemed to feel that dining with a tall lackey posted behind her chair was her natural though shamefully delayed destiny; and I intently scanned the *physique* of the pale boy, whom his mamma insisted should dine with us, in fruitless quest of decisive indications pointing to a brief or a prolonged life.

These panic terrors had, to a great degree, subsided by noon on the morrow: the air was bright, clear, and invigorating to both mind and body: rest had restored the child's ruddy colour, and it was, after all, I reasoned in my improved mood of thought, likelier, or, at all events, quite as likely, that he would live to be the father of a family, as perish prematurely in his nonage. And the affair altogether, after a time, no longer struck me as being so monstrously absurd, so utterly incredible. The servitors, old as well as young, all acquiesced, undoubtedly, in the rule of the new dynasty; the numerous cards left by the notabilities for miles around were, to my silly thinking, so many attestations of the belief of those persons in the stability of the existing state of things; and I gradually ceased to torment myself by too curiously prying, or striving to do so, into the fateful and impervious future.

Clara, notwithstanding Mrs Selwyn's vehement

dissuasion, did not delay writing to her sister Mary—Mrs Calvert—urging her, in the kindest terms, to come and take up her abode with her two sons at Ashe Priory. Mary's answer—dated from the neighbourhood of Douglas, Isle of Man, where she had chiefly resided since her marriage—was a refusal of the invitation, at all events, for the present. She did not propose leaving home till the arrival of a gentleman, then abroad, to whom the settlement of her deceased husband's affairs had been intrusted. Clara, the letter stated, had been misinformed with respect to her, Mary's, pecuniary resources, which had always sufficed, not for the necessities only, but for the elegances of life, and would do so amply in the future. One brief phrase, alluding to the writer's bereavement, was conclusive with me, spite of Mr Thornley's second-hand story, afterwards very positively re-indorsed by Mrs Selwyn, that Mr Calvert had been in every respect worthy of the strong love which dictated it. More immediately addressing Clara in the old tone of affectionate warning, Mary adjured her with almost pathetic earnestness, not, spite of the present cloudless sunshine of good-fortune, to rest her future happiness and peace upon worldly elevation and grandeur. This was repeated again and again, in varying terms, but always with a fervency which shewed they were not mere cant words of course, but grave, and, in the writer's judgment, much-needed counsels. The menacing chance, then, that Clara's son might die during legal infancy, had painfully impressed her sister's mind as well as mine!—not prophetically, I could only hope and pray.

Although Mrs Calvert declined an asylum at Ashe Priory, another lady, the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, whom her son, Captain Toulmin, had by his reckless follies, it appeared, literally beggared, gladly accepted it, when pressed upon her with much delicacy and generous feeling by Clara. A remarkable compound of pride and kindness, buckram and benevolence, was that tall, pale, dignified, and very courteous personage. She could not but feel, and that acutely too, that Captain Toulmin, the next male heir to the domains of her ancestors, as well as of the Herberts, had been barred from the succession by the madcap marriage of his cousin, Francis Herbert, with a beautiful Nobody; yet did she soon come to love warmly the child of that marriage, who alone stood between her own son and a splendid heritage; and was as proud of the charming mistress of Ashe Priory as if Clara, instead of being a mere *parvenue*, could have boasted of a pedigree as long and unexceptionable as that of the last winner of the Derby. One curious trait in the good lady's character afforded us—that is, Clara and myself—much quiet amusement. Most persons, I have heard, derive pleasure, like honest Dogberry, from being able to boast of their losses; but this, I suppose, natural propensity, was, with the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, exaggerated to monomania. Over and over again, we used to watch her making elaborate and corrected estimates of the money-value of the family plate, jewels, furniture, books, horses, carriages—of every valuable, in brief, whereof she or her son—the same thing—had been despoiled by the law of succession, her self-importance evidently increasing, *pro rata*, with the vastness of the sums thus laboriously ascertained; and when, as sometimes happened, a property was spoken of in her presence—a farm, for instance—of which she had not before heard, she would eagerly inquire its gross value, note it instantly with a pencil upon her ivory tablet, adding it to the previous total, and then mentally glorify herself upon the additional wealth she was thus proved to have lost! In sooth, my own opinion is, that all the Herberts were more or less of eccentric intellect. In the dowager Mrs Herbert before spoken of, the erratic mental predisposition manifested itself in a pride of lineage—of which I could give many ludicrous anecdotes—approaching to insanity in its fantastical

extravagance; in Francis Herbert, on the contrary, it displayed itself in contemptuous disregard of the marital code governing his order; and in the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, not only as just related, but in other modes which it is needless further to allude to. Before this narrative is concluded, the reader will perhaps discover additional proof of the soundness of my theory.

The presence of the Hon. Mrs Toulmin at Ashe Priory naturally drew after it that of Captain Toulmin; and it did not fail to occur to me, that Clara might have had some notion of the kind when she pressed the invitation upon that lady. However that might have been, September was no sooner at hand, than Captain Toulmin rented a sporting-box in the neighbourhood, and thenceforth was a daily guest at the Priory. A gay, handsome, specious man of the world, of about, I should say, five-and-thirty, was Captain Toulmin; a gentleman of polished address withal, and completely master of the little arts of society, which, being constantly in requisition, are so effective in making a company reputation, and concealing essential defects of education and character. Fully determined, too, was he to render himself exceedingly agreeable to Mrs Francis Herbert, and to marry her, if her little boy's health should not—as it had already evinced some indecisive symptoms of doing—fatally decline. There was another frequent guest at the Priory, the Rev. Charles Atherley, rector of the parish, though only eight-and-twenty, possessor of a handsome income, and a very different man from Captain Toulmin; the fate of his timid matrimonial aspirations also depended, I could not help believing, upon that of Clara's son. 'Poor boy!' I silently soliloquised one afternoon, as, partially hidden by a sun-screen, I watched the demeanour of the two gentlemen, who had been affecting to read, as an excuse for non-intercourse, both being implacably jealous of each other—'Poor boy! you little know with what intensity of interest they are contemplating the sudden pallor that has overspread your pretty face—the languid listlessness with which you have just laid aside your play-toys, and stretched yourself upon that couch. You did not see, and seeing, would not have comprehended, the exultant flash, as lurid as fire from the bottomless pit, which broke from the dark eyes of the captain; no more than you would the rector's involuntary glance—not of grief—quickly followed by the pang of self-reproach, which has sent him hurriedly across the room to you with those oranges and jujubes, and causes him to speak with such gentle tenderness, that you look up lovingly in his face, and take his hand as if it were your mamma's or mine.' The good rector has since then often declared that my surmise wronged him; but I am not for that the less convinced that I was right. The truth was, he was over head and ears in love with Clara, and could not shut out from his mind, try as he might, an instinctive conviction, that were Mrs Herbert no longer the lady of Ashe Priory, and mother of the heir to the Herbert estates, Captain Toulmin would at once cease to be his rival; and moreover, that possibly the rectory, and something approaching to two thousand a year, might not, in that case, be thought beneath her acceptance.

All this, I say, was as plain to me, a looker-on at the play of cross and selfish purposes in progress—lookers-on proverbially knowing more of the game than the actual players—as if the Rev. Charles Atherley, A.M., and Captain Toulmin, had told me so in as many words; but Clara's inclinations I could not so positively determine. I saw that the handsome *roué* was her shadow, whether she remained at home, or walked, or rode out, and that she was flattered, pleased with his obsequious courtesies; but this was all; and she invariably, moreover, laughed off every attempt I made to treat the matter seriously. Then Mrs Selwyn was indefatigable in his praises, which I could very well

understand and excuse; forasmuch that Captain Toulmin, being the next heir to the entailed estates after little Francis, a marriage with him would insure Clara's future, and of course her own, in any eventuality. The Hon. Mrs Toulmin also greatly favoured her son's apparent intentions; and after much cogitation, and considerably influenced by the recollection of what I heard Mr Calvert say of Captain Toulmin, I determined upon writing to Mary, and informing her of my conjectures, doubts, and fears; not forgetting to add an injunction to keep my name out of any controversy that might arise upon the subject. My letter was quickly responded to, and in person: Mary Selwyn—Mrs Calvert, I should say—making her appearance at the Priory as soon as a letter by return of post would have reached me. Surprised, delighted, I need hardly say Clara and I were to see her; and looking so wonderfully well, too, spite of the tint of recent sorrow which shaded and softened the fine glow of health, and a certain matronly, yet youthful grace and air which seemed, so to speak, to radiate from her. I had no idea she would ever have been so handsome, and the same thought was, I saw, sparkling in her sister's eyes. Mrs Selwyn's greeting was of the coldest, grimmest; and her discontent was greatly increased the following day when Mary directly questioned her sister concerning Captain Toulmin; and upon receiving what she deemed, unsatisfactory replies, peremptorily insisted, as if Clara was still a child, and she her absolute guardian, that the intimacy should be forthwith and unmistakably broken off. This brusque mode of proceeding was certainly not in accordance with the dictates of Mary's usual calm good sense. Clara, as might have been anticipated, accustomed as she had of late been to the most obsequious deference, would not tolerate such rude schooling, even from her sister; and Mrs Selwyn fired up with ungovernable fury. Mary soon recovered her rarely lost command of temper, listened for some time with unruffled composure to the dual storm she had rashly evoked, and at last said in her quietest manner, in reply to a rude taunt of Mrs Selwyn's relative to her own comparatively beggarly match with that Calvert, and rising as she spoke to leave the room—'I do not reply to you as you deserve, because my father's wife and Clara's mother will always be at least passively respected by me, even when, as now, she grossly fails in respect to herself. Come with me, Gertrude: I wish to speak with you.'

We passed out of the house, and for some time walked silently about the lawn and shrubberies, Mary, as I could feel by the trembling of her arm, for I did not like to speak or peer into her face, being very much agitated—I supposed in consequence of Mrs Selwyn's coarse and unfeeling allusion to her husband. After awhile, her emotion passed away, and she had commenced questioning me of her sister's intimacy with Captain Toulmin, when that gentleman came galloping up the avenue, gallantly waving his hand as he neared the house towards the window of the apartments where we had left Clara and her mother. Mary's countenance flushed scarlet, and she said quickly: 'Go, Gertrude—go at once and inform Captain Toulmin—privately will be best—that I must speak to him immediately in the library; you, of course, returning with him. This audacious insolence shall be endured no longer.'

I was a good deal startled by the energy of manner she displayed, as well as by her words, but nevertheless hastened promptly to perform her bidding. I awaited the captain's return from the stables in the hall, delivered my message *sotto voce*, at which he seemed a good deal surprised, but of course bowed graceful acquiescence, and followed me to the library. Mary was standing at one of the windows, and as the door opened, turned and confronted the nonchalant man of fashion with a commanding sternness of aspect that

not only confused and astounded me, but appeared to disconcert greatly the gallant captain himself.

'Mary—that is, Mrs Calvert,' I stammered—'Clara's, I mean Mrs Herbert's, sister—Captain Toulmin.'

Captain Toulmin bowed fiercely, and ejaculated 'Ha!'

'I have sent for you, Captain Toulmin,' said Mary with an air befitting an empress, 'to request that you will immediately discontinue the offensive attentions which this lady, Miss Redburn, informs me'—

'Good heavens, Mary!' I burst out, interrupting her; and there I stopped, literally for want of words or breath—perhaps both. Talk of spontaneous combustion—I was red-hot from head to foot in an instant!

'That you will immediately,' resumed Mary with inexorable persistence, 'discontinue the offensive attentions which this lady, Miss Redburn, informs me you have presumed to obtrude upon my sister, Mrs Herbert.'

The man's frame seemed to dilate with passion, and his fierce eyes glared at Mrs Calvert as might those of a wild animal at bay, and about to spring upon the hunter. For a moment only could he confront her steady gaze, and he presently blurted out: 'Why—who—what is all this?'

'The request I have made,' continued Mary, 'is, in fact, a command which Captain Toulmin will not dare to disobey; and for this reason, that I happen to know where his wife, his cruelly abandoned wife, Lydia Barton before marriage, is now residing.'

A dreadful imprecation, with which I will not stain the paper, burst from the detected culprit's lips; but he was thoroughly cowed, as well as all but maddened; whilst Mary, in her calm nobleness of contempt, looked positively beautiful—Juno-like.

'Upon condition, Captain Toulmin, that you at once cease those insulting attentions—that your visits here are very brief, not oftener than once in each week—and that your department is that of a person whose presence is barely tolerated from respect to your mother, Mrs Toulmin, which is the exact truth—I will not, for the present at least, disclose your disgraceful secret to my sister; my only motive for this forbearance being, that were I to do so, Mrs Toulmin would be, there can be no doubt, immediately deprived of the only home her son's vices have left her. Now, Gertrude, let us be gone,' she added, after a slight pause, the captain's convulsing rage not permitting him articulate speech. 'This gentleman, I have no doubt, perfectly comprehends his position, and the line of conduct it behoves him to pursue.'

We then quitted the library, I in a perfect maze of wonder and excitement, not untinged with passing anger. 'Let us return to the shrubbery,' said Mary; 'we can converse more freely there. You are surprised, and a little vexed, dear Gertrude,' she went on to say as we left the house, 'that I should have mentioned you in connection with this unpleasant affair; but you will forgive me, I am sure, after hearing the reasons which induced me to do so. In the first place, it could do you no possible harm.'

'I am not quite sure of that. Captain Toulmin has numerous and influential friends; and should it happen that'—

'Listen, love,' interrupted Mary, 'till I have finished, and then object as much as you please. It is necessary, for several reasons, that appearances should, for the present, be saved with regard to Captain Toulmin; and, above all, that Clara's name shall not in any way be mixed up with that of a married man in the greedy, indiscriminating public ear. I have now a slight hold of him through his mother, which, were Clara supposed to be in my confidence, would of course be at an end. I fear, besides, that his showy exterior and plausible manners may have in some degree captivated my sister's fancy; and nothing is more certain to dissipate

that preference, if it exists, than the substitution, on his part, of an apparently causeless rudeness and neglect for the honeyed courtesies with which he has of late assailed her; because, thereby wounding her vanity—dear Clara's weak point, as you and I may confess to each other. Poor child!' added Mary, in a low, musing tone, 'she shall not, if I can help it, have her fall from the giddy state which so delights her, imbibed by the violent disruption of even an imaginary contract of affection.'

'You believe, then, that the life of little Francis is tainted mortally?'

Mary looked sharply in my face, hers at the same time faintly colouring, and said: 'To be sure—yes; and that is also your opinion, is it not?'

I confessed it was, and Mary proceeded with her reasons. 'I heartily wish Clara had never been placed in her present position. She arrived here a fortnight, as it chanced to fall out, before I had even heard of the dreadful accident—the sudden death, I mean, of—the elder brother, Edmund Herbert.'—

'You are trembling like a leaf, Mary, in this sharp wind: let us return to the house.'

'No, no; I have a few more words to say. Do you know,' she resumed quite briskly, 'that I very much like the Rev. Charles Atherley, who spent last evening with us—chiefly, I daresay, that he is so evidently devoted to Clara. That, now, is a connection which I would do all a sister might to foster and promote. Engaged to so worthy, so agreeable a person, a handsome independence assured to her, the fall of the present house of cards would not be felt so keenly by her, as otherwise I fear it will be.'

'You are not unworldly, Mary,' I said, with an involuntary smile, 'at least for others.'

'Nay, nay, Gertrude; do not say that. The chances are, you know, that a will has been made, and that Clara will have a fair share of the Herbert personal property; so that, expectations included, there is no such great disparity of fortune between her and the rector. And now, Gertrude,' concluded Mary, 'that we perfectly understand each other, let us in, and for the future endeavour, by every means within our reach, to promote dear Clara's permanent happiness and welfare.'

#### THE SERIOUS MASK OF THOMAS HOOD.

Hood's popularity as a comic writer has tended to obscure his reputation as a poet, which might otherwise have been higher than that of many of his contemporaries whose poetry has received a more liberal recognition. The reading public knows him mainly as a quaint satirist, or a merry jester, and seems to be unaware, or to have forgotten, that he is the author of some of the most impressive and beautiful poems in the language. His earlier performances, perhaps, were not much calculated to attract the general attention; being for the most part deficient in human interest, and built up too exclusively of imagery and trains of sentiment remote from ordinary feeling and conception. The *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, published in 1827, though a refined and graceful poem, and containing many exquisite descriptions, must, upon the whole, be pronounced a somewhat tedious and unintelligible production. For one thing, the fairies are now incapable of exciting modern sympathies; and therefore a long poem on their imaginary proceedings can seem little else, in serious times, than a mere frivolity or impertinence. There are abundant beauties in this little allegory, fine and original images, elegant, scholarly allusions—all prettily wrought in; and yet one cannot help perceiving that all this exquisite blossoming of a

gifted intellect is next to purposeless; that whatever aim it may profess to have, it serves no moral or æsthetic object, contains the seed of no abiding principle or feeling, and is, in short, nothing but an ingenious elaboration of images and poetical conceits.

In *Hero and Leander*, we have a more attractive theme; in Hood's management of which, however, there is much to be objected to. One cannot see the need of that mythological agency which he has introduced as a means of accounting for Leander's death. It is assuredly a more natural and human incident, and therefore a more poetical one, for a man to be drowned in an ordinary way through lack of strength in swimming, than to be intercepted and dragged down into the deep by a mermaid who had fallen in love with his fine face; and this for the simple reason, that nobody can in these days believe in the existence of the mermaid; and even if we are to consider her as a personification of the dangerous qualities of the ocean, she only serves to represent, in a circuitous manner, what would be sufficiently intelligible and more affecting if presented to us in a more natural and direct description. Nevertheless, this poem displays the presence of a rich poetic genius, and images and expressions might be taken from it worthy to live for ever. As one small specimen of its musical and masterly versification, we will quote a stanza that seems to us absolutely perfect. The sea-nymph having carried down Leander to the bottom of the waters, and unconsciously drowned him in the process, fancies him to be asleep, and endeavours to awaken him by many solicitous endearments. Among the pleasant things she says to him is this:—

Now lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land—  
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?  
I have lain hours, and fancied, in its tone,  
I heard the languages of ages gone!

In the same strain of sustained melody and picturesque expression, most of the poem is composed; and were it the object of a poem simply to pile up and connect a number of beautiful images and descriptions, there would be little or nothing to find fault with in Hood's performance. But we conceive the subject, from its intrinsic nature, required a totally different management. It is a story of passion, danger, and bereavement: it therefore demanded a form of representation in which all those violent elements should be passionately exhibited. Instead of this, Hood has turned the story into a pretty and fantastic allegory, and made its interest and attraction to depend on the fanciful ornaments with which he has adorned it in the telling. The defect of the poem, accordingly, lies not in any defect of poetical expression and illustration, but in what may be styled an organic misconception of the poetical attributes of the subject. The author, indeed, professes to have traced the story from 'the course of an old bas-relief,' and thus to have only written down in words what had been previously pictured to the poetic vision; but this cannot be offered in answer to our objection, inasmuch as the objection will apply equally to the sculptured as to the poetical representation. As it is, the poem, though abounding in fine fancies, is commonly found to be tedious in the reading; and hardly any one is likely to recur to it, unless it be a few leisurely persons who are so peculiarly organised as to find a pleasure in minute analogies, or elaborate imagery without a purpose.

In *Lycus, the Centaur*, Hood has attempted a different style, and seems to us to have succeeded considerably better than in the two preceding poems. It is open to one of the objections before mentioned—that is to say,

the existence of a centaur is as unbelievable as that of a mermaid or a fairy; but, granting the centaur possible, a discriminating reader will not fail to perceive, that the poet has in a manner entered into the very nature of the creature, and reproduced all the qualities and sensations which it is supposable that a human being so transformed would be likely to possess. Lycus is thoroughly human in all respects, except his shape. The story being a classic one, Hood has properly enough aspired to give it a classic form. In this particular, we hold him to have been upon the whole successful: the piece reads like a fine translation of some Homeric fragment, save that it is less direct and simple, and more profuse of imagery than is the wont with Homer. The argument runs to this effect: Lycus being allured and detained by Circe within her magical dominions, comes, after a time, to be beloved by a water-nymph, who, desiring never again to part with him, sought to render him immortal, and for that purpose had recourse to the great sorceress. Circe, agreeably to her vindictive and deceitful nature, gives her an incantation to pronounce, by which Lycus would be turned into a horse; but, owing to the horrible effect of the charm upon the patient, she suddenly breaks off in the midst, and Lycus becomes a centaur. This, at first sight, does not seem a very poetical subject; but Hood's genius has thrown a life and beauty into it which are exceedingly striking and attractive. Lycus is made to tell his own story; and the narrative has a tone of profound pensiveness, which seems suitable to his condition—that of a conscious intellectual being imprisoned in the body of a brute. It is touching to follow him through the relation of his sorrows, heightened as they are by the remembrance of intense delights which he had for a short while experienced in the region of enchantment. In the depths of his degradation, the form of the fair water-nymph still haunts him, and would seem to be still beloved, notwithstanding the miseries that had befallen him through yielding to her passion. In his memory, she remains an imperishable fascination. Hood has also made her, as it were, alive with the glorious breath of his poetry. Let the reader note the mild splendour of this exquisite description:—

Thus far

I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush  
Of deep meditation; when, lo! a light crush  
Of the reeds, and I turned and looked round in the night  
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipped of the light  
Narrow-waking, the realised nymph of the stream,  
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam  
Of a fountain; and o'er her white arms she kept throwing  
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing  
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters rolled  
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,  
Sun-spangled, gold-broidered, and fled far behind,  
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined  
In the reeds, and I hungered to see her unseal  
The buds of her eyes, that would ope and reveal  
The blue that was in them.

O my heart, it still dances  
When I think of the charm of her changeable glance;  
And my image, how small when it sank in the deep  
Of her eyes where her soul was—alas! now they weep  
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes  
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sight  
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf  
She has plucked with her tresses? Who listens her grief  
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet  
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat  
Them together?

After his transformation, Lycus escapes from the enchanted precincts, and wanders lonely about the world, shunning the abodes of men, yet from a distance looking down upon them with an inextinguishable interest and yearning. A profound longing at length seizes him to visit his native land; but he forbears, out



of regard to considerations which are thus beautifully expressed:

Thus I wandered, companioned of grief, and forlorn,  
Till I wished for the land where my being was born;  
But what was that land with its love, where my home  
Was self-shut against me; for why should I come  
Like an after-distress to my gray-bearded father,  
With a blight to the last of his sight?—let him rather  
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn  
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn  
To his son even such as he left him. Oh! how  
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now  
Like gods to my humbled estate?—or how bear  
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care  
Of my hands? Then I turned me, self-banished, and came  
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same  
As myself.

The sense of outcast desolateness, the burden of immovable regret, and the stoical resignation which are here blended and wrought together with such mild mastery and proportion, evince a poetic genius little short of the very highest, and which, if employed upon subjects of popular and universal interest, might have produced works of as high a reputation as any that have appeared in modern times.

Hood's only remaining poem of any considerable length, is the *Golden Legend of Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*—a satirical performance of the most extravagant whimsicality, in ridicule of the folly of mammon-worship. Nothing can exceed the richness of grotesque invention, the riotous play of fancy, or the felicitous turns of witty and humorous expression, which are the distinguishing features of this wondrous production. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all the author's writings; inasmuch as all his comic peculiarities—all the excellences and all the faults of his individual style—are crowded and fused together in a sort of premeditated and deliberate amalgamation, as though he had determined to shew what, in the way of eccentricity, his genius could produce. It abounds with all conceivable conceits—with every variety of fun, and farce, and drollery,—with caricature, parody, puns, sly insinuations, and the most quaint and ludicrous allusions and similitudes—making altogether perhaps the most singular medley of humour, wit, and fanciful exaggeration that is to be found in the English language. But, running throughout, there is a distinct and serious moral purpose, which all this profusion of levity is designed to illustrate. We cannot say that, in an artistic point of view, it needed so profuse an illustration; yet the facetiousness and brilliancy of what is actually superfluous not only inclines one to tolerate it, but even to delight in it for its own intrinsic pleasantry. Within our present limits, we have no space to give any outline of the story, which, it must be confessed, is in some respects absurd; but, as a necessary introduction to the following extract, we may mention that the heroine, Miss Kilmansegg, having by an accident lost a leg, and, through her passion for affluent display, supplied its place by a member of solid gold, she is in due time sought in wedlock by a dashing foreign count, to whom, after an appropriate courtship, she is married. The count turns out to be a scamp of the first magnitude, and after squandering the lady's riches to a large extent, by gambling and other extravagances, begins at last to entertain sinister designs upon the golden limb. This much being stated, we presume the quotation will be intelligible.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,  
Or the count's acceptance worth a rush,  
Had never excited dissension;  
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,  
Than, without any ossification at all,  
The limb became what people call  
A perfect bone of contention.

For altered days brought altered ways,  
And instead of the complimentary phrase,  
So current before her bridal,  
The countess heard in language low,  
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,  
A good un to look at, but bad to go,  
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,  
Like Colin's foot in going up stairs—  
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—  
It made an infernal stamping;  
Whereas a member of cork, or wood,  
Would be lighter and cheaper, and quite as good,  
Without the unbearable thumping.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,  
The Leg kept its situation;  
For legs are not to be taken off  
By a verbal amputation.

Persisting in her whim, and scornfully opposing the mercenary insinuations of the count, conjugal squalls and storms arise; and at last one day, in a passion, the countess destroys her will, thereby intimating her intention of cutting off her faithless partner from the future possession of her fortune. He, however, endures the business mildly, inwardly resolving to be at least

The Golden Leg's sole legatee,  
And that very night to administer!

So he kills the countess with her Golden Leg, and therewith departs somewhere into the 'subterraneous realms of Rascaldom,' and the reader hears of him no more.

In the verses just quoted, the reader will not fail to observe, that, though unquestionably witty, there is nothing in them which can be properly called poetry; there are, however, occasional passages in the poem where the strain rises into the real poetical element, and has a momentary sound of something like solemnity. The runaway ride in the Park and Piccadilly, whereby the lady is in danger of her life, and loses at least a limb, is strikingly and imaginatively described—the description being filled with all the terrifying images, all the sights and sounds, and fears that would naturally crowd upon a person in so perilous a situation; and we notice a soft and melancholy reflectiveness in such lines as the following, which form a sort of prelude to the catastrophe by which, at length, the hapless heroine is hurried out of existence:—

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think  
How often mortality stands on the brink  
Of its grave without any misgiving:  
And yet in this slippery world of strife,  
In the stir of human bustle so rife,  
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,  
Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
How their souls would sudden instanter,  
To remember that one of those wedding-bells  
Which ring so merrily through the dells,  
Is the same that knells  
Our last farewells,  
Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—  
How little the wretched countess thought,  
When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,  
And that Death, in the shape of a death's-head moth,  
Was fluttering round her candle!

From Hood's comparatively long poems, we turn

now to his smaller pieces, wherein, as we conceive, he has attained his highest and most memorable success. These are of several varieties of style, the best of which belong to what is termed the homely tragic narrative, and a peculiar form of the lyric, in which lightness and pathos are intermingled. Of the former sort is his *Dream of Eugene Aram*, wherein, we think, he has fully realised the only poetical conception of which Aram's story is susceptible. Hood depicts him as telling the tale of his own crime, under the similitude of a dream, to an innocent school-boy in a nook of the cricket-ground of the school at Lynn, where he was an usher at the time of his arrestment. It is a thrilling and ghastly tale, rendered all the more effective by the contrast of peaceful images presented in the scene wherein it is described to be related. Never was the poetry of *misery* more admirably conceived, nor more naturally and powerfully represented. The reader is made to sympathise with the sorrow, the remorse, and fears of a man who had committed a great crime; but the sympathy extends only to his wretchedness, and never for a moment to the deed of which he had been guilty. Herein, as we conceive, Hood has accomplished a feat of poetic art which has very rarely been equalled, and wrought a moral effect into his poem which, considering the subject-matter, could not have been achieved except through the operation of a pure and refined genius.

Of our poet's grave and pathetic lyrics we may mention, as among the most excellent and striking, his well-known *Song of the Shirt*, and another which is entitled *The Bridge of Sighs*. The former is notable, perhaps, more for its immense popularity, gained through its publication in the pages of *Punch*, than for any great artistic beauty or brilliancy of execution which it can be strictly said to possess. As an appeal in behalf of the distressed needlewomen of London, it would appear to have produced a great impression on the public mind, and undoubtedly stimulated, if it did not altogether originate, the social enterprises designed subsequently for their relief. It has been remarked, that not the least striking and impressive quality of this song, is its half-jesting tone, its lightness and jocular presentment of the tragic elements which form the burden of its purpose. With an adroit and delicate hand, the poet has cast into the plaintive wailing of the forlorn seamstress here and there a quaint conceit; thereby wonderfully enhancing the touching and melancholy impression of the strain. Let us quote, in the way of illustration, the two following stanzas:—

Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band—  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!  
  
O men, with sisters dear!  
O men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

From the specimens now given of Hood's serious poetry, we suppose the reader hitherto unacquainted with it will obtain a tolerably fair impression of its leading characteristics. It will be seen that a subtle and fertile fancy, the liveliest wit, a delicate perception of minute and remote analogies, and an exquisite command of language, are the most prominent of his intellectual qualities; while, as regards his moral peculiarities, it will be noticed that, with a constant tendency to light-

ness and levity of manner, he always, more or less, inclines to sound the depths of that unfathomable solemnity, and even awfulness, on which the hopes and fears of mortals are for ever tossed or resting, as on a sea whose shores and limits are unknown. Life is immensely serious to him; but in the dimness and uncertainty towards which so many of its adventures tend, he would exhort his fellow-voyagers on the grand abyss to take heart and cheer themselves, to laugh and genially while away the time, and even to temper their inevitable despondency by quaint and fantastical diversions. Often, under his grotesque masking, there is an earnestness too profound for tears, and which fails not to impress us the more intensely because of the disguise in which we find it. Strictly speaking, we cannot call Hood a *great* poet; but that he is a true, pure, and very admirable one, there can be no hesitation in declaring; and we would here commend his poems to the more general attention of English readers, who, as far as we can perceive, have not yet given them any very extensive consideration. It is nine years since they were first collected in two small volumes; and at the present writing, they would appear not to have passed through a first edition. This we must esteem a circumstance very much to be regretted, and rather indicative of something of that popular indifference to genuine poetry which has been sacrificed to the present age; though when we call to mind the numerous editions which some of our patriot versifiers can point to in proof of a popular appreciation, we could almost hope that poor Hood has somehow been simply overlooked; and that the readers of poetry are not sufficiently aware of the beauty, truthfulness, and wisdom which, in unpretending forms, he has left behind him for their delight.

#### CAPE HORN.

If any intelligent school-boy were asked to name the three most geographically remarkable capes in the world, he would probably answer, after a moment's consideration—Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, and North Cape of Lapland. He would be quite right. The trio mentioned are undoubtedly the foremost of landmarks, and the richest in historical and romantic associations. It is usual to speak of them as the respective continental terminations of America, Africa, and Europe, but this is only literally correct as regards the Cape of Good Hope. A glance at a map of the globe will shew that some degree of resemblance exists in the positions of Cape Horn and the North Cape. To describe the former, is the object of this paper; but we may here speak briefly of the latter, on the score of geographical contrast. An arm of the sea, called Magerø Sund, or Sound, flows between the mainland of Finmark—the real termination of the continent of Europe in a northern direction—and the island of Mager—which we may roughly estimate at a score of miles in length, and a dozen in its greatest breadth—the northern headland of Mager forming the North Cape;\* and another remarkable projection to the eastward is known as *The Horn* (so named from its shape), and is a noted landmark for ships sailing to and from the White Sea. During the greater portion of the year there is little daylight in this high latitude: during upwards of two months in winter, the sun never rises; and during a corresponding period in summer, it never sets. The reader may imagine the aspect of the Cape in its season of storms and darkness.

The mighty continent of America gradually tapers southward, until it ends with the desolate country of Patagonia—fitting home for a race of gigantic savages!

\* See 'Visit to the North Cape,' in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. No. 382, Second Series.

The Straits of Magellan—so named after the daring Spanish captain who was the first to penetrate through them into the unknown Pacific Ocean—separate the extremity of Patagonia from the large and singularly shaped island of Tierra del Fuego, which very evidently was torn by some mighty convulsion of nature from the mainland long ages ago. Ships sometimes, but rarely, prefer risking a passage through the Magellan Straits to weathering Cape Horn. Staten Land is an island separated from Tierra del Fuego on the eastward by the Straits of Le Maire. Numerous small, sterile, rocky islands are grouped to the southward of Tierra del Fuego, and are known by various appellations; but the most southern and desolate cluster are very appropriately named *The Hermits*;\* and of these Hermits, the one furthest of all to the south terminates in the celebrated Cape Horn. Beyond Cape Horn are yet other islands, but they are much too remote to be spoken of in connection with the continent of South America and its contiguous isles. Cape Horn itself is in latitude 56 degrees south. Who first discovered it, is not positively known; but it certainly received its present designation from the Dutch navigator Van Schouten, who reached it in the *Unity*, in January 1616.

Individually, our earliest ideas of Cape Horn were derived from the voyages of Dampier—who, by the way, influenced many succeeding navigators by the success of his resolute attempt to double the dreaded Cape. The *Wager*, one of Anson's squadron, was wrecked on Tierra del Fuego, and her crew underwent a long series of unparalleled sufferings, which are vividly detailed in the narrative of Admiral Byron (grandfather to the poet), who was a midshipman in the *Wager*, and was one of the very few survivors who reached England again, after five years spent in dismal wandering and adventure subsequent to the wreck. What Anson himself experienced off Cape Horn may be gathered from the words of the writer of the voyage, who says: 'We had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather, as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess that what they had hitherto called storms, were inconsiderable gales compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and, at the same time, such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe.' Captain Cook was thirty-four days tempest-tossed off the Cape on his first voyage, although on his second he met with more calms than storms on the same spot. No marvel that we are impressed with an appalling notion of the dangers of doubling Cape Horn from the perusal of such narratives. The ill-fated *Bounty*, for instance, on her outward voyage, encountered tremendous weather off the Horn, and after fighting against the elements for thirty days, Lieutenant Bligh gave up the attempt to double it in despair, and ordering the helm a-weather, to the extreme joy of his worn-out crew, bore away for the Cape of Good Hope to refit.

Down to a comparatively recent period, seamen, influenced both by tradition and personal experience, almost universally regarded Cape Horn as a spot of the most evil omen, and associated the idea of doubling it with every imaginable danger and unimaginable suffering. Nor were these terrors, ascribed to the vicinity of the Cape, altogether fanciful, but rather the reverse, as we shall presently shew. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the ships which doubled, or attempted to double, the Horn, down to even fifty years ago, were very poorly fitted to contend with such tremendous elemental warfare as frequently prevails at the junction

of the Atlantic and Pacific. Only those who are conversant with nautical matters, can conceive the prodigious improvement which has taken place during the present generation in the build and outfit of ships destined for long voyages; and, we may add, that seamanship, both theoretical and practical, so far as any rate as the officers are concerned, has improved in a commensurate degree. Compare for a moment the ships sailed by Captain Cook, or Bligh's miserable little ship the *Bounty*, with the magnificent Australian liners of the present day! What astonishing progress is manifest! Let us also remember, that until the commencement of the nineteenth century, very few ships of any description were sent into the Pacific. At rare intervals, discovery-ships penetrated round the Horn, and a few South Sea whalers were beginning to follow, but the majority of the vessels which doubled the Cape were Spanish and Americans, bound to Chili, Peru, and California. Until even a dozen, or at most a score of years ago, nearly all ships which proceeded to Australia from England, returned by the same route as they went (that is, by Good Hope), but now they all, except the mail-steamer, circumnavigate the globe by boldly doubling Cape Horn. For one English ship that doubled the Horn in the time of Captain Cook, five hundred or a thousand now do so—and their captains never think of publishing even a sixpenny pamphlet to narrate the feat for the admiration of posterity. A quarto volume would hardly have sufficed in Cook's time! Fifty years ago, it was a rare thing to meet with a sailor who could boast that he had sailed round the globe; but now you have only to step down to the dock-side in any large seaport, and you will find that probably one-half, if not two-thirds, of all the grown-up, long-voyage seamen you question, have doubled Cape Horn—some of them, it may be, a score of times. Let not the reader, however, entertain the idea that these men have actually seen the Cape. On the contrary, we do not believe that one ship in a hundred that doubles it ever approaches sufficiently near to distinctly sight the redoubtable Cape; for so little do seamen love it, they always stand well off to the southward in rounding. Staten Land is much more frequently seen by passing ships; but the men who actually know most of Cape Horn and its vicinity, are the daring North American sealers, who have long pursued their hazardous calling thereabouts. And should the long-projected Darien Canal ever unite the Atlantic and the Pacific—thereby saving ships bound to the South Sea Isles, or to California and Peru, the immense labour of going round South America—the number of vessels doubling the Horn will materially decrease.

And now for a more particular description of the Horn itself. In 1820, his majesty's ship *Conway*, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, had occasion to double it, and approached unusually near. One night, they saw a bright red light, which appeared to them only eight or ten miles distant; but in the morning 'we found,' says Captain Hall, 'by means of bearings taken with the compass, that it actually was upwards of a hundred miles from the ship, on the mainland of Tierra del Fuego. It is not improbable that this or a similar volcano may have led Magellan to give the title of "Land of Fire" to this desolate region. By six o'clock in the morning of 26th November, we had approached within ten or twelve miles of Cape Horn, and in sailing round to enter the Pacific, had an opportunity of seeing it on a variety of bearings. Under every aspect, it presents a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. It is a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in bleak and solitary grandeur.' Thus far Basil Hall, and we cannot do better than to subjoin to his brief sketch a more animated picture of Cape Horn

\* We believe, however, that this group is not so named on account of its solitude, but from Jacques l'Hermite, who commanded a Dutch squadron that visited, or discovered, the islands in 1623.

by Fenimore Cooper, in one of his latest and most remarkable books, *The Sea Lions*.—‘The land was broken, high, and of a most sterile aspect.... a sort of pyramid, which, occupying a small island, stood isolated, in a measure, and some distance in advance of other and equally ragged ranges of mountains.’ He describes Cape Horn as an irregular peak of considerable height, and says: ‘The earth probably does not contain a more remarkable sentinel than this pyramid. .... There it stood, actually the Ultima Thule of this vast continent, or, what was much the same, so closely united to it as to seem a part of our moiety of the globe, looking out on the broad expanse of waters. The eye saw to the right the Pacific; in front, was the Southern or Antarctic Ocean; and on the left, the Great Atlantic. Turning north, they beheld the high lands of Tierra del Fuego, of which many of the highest peaks were covered with snow. The pyramid on which they were, however, was no longer white with congealed rain, but stood, stern and imposing, in its native brown.’ We may add, that the aspect of Cape Horn has frequently been compared to that of a recumbent lion—an out-sentinel of Nature, guarding the termination of the American continent. The resemblance to a couching lion is said to be surprising from some points of view.

At Cape Horn, the month of February may be considered midsummer; and the worst and stormiest month of the year is said to be July, when the sun rises at 8-30 A.M., and sets at 3-30 P.M. Even in the finest weather, the air in the vicinity is usually dark and menacing; and the waves fall on the rocks with a deafening hollow boom, now and then varied by a thundering prolonged roar, as though a thousand hungry lions were roaring in concert; and the spray dashes high up in the air, which it fills with vapoury mist, so that the grim old Horn is usually enshrouded with a ghost-like veil. The jagged rocks split up the waters, so as to form countless currents and miniature whirlpools; and the tides, also, have a very heavy rise. Albatrosses, Cape-pigeons, stormy-petrels, gulls, and other wild sea-birds fly around, adding their discordant, startling screams to the incessant din of the elements. In the sky, directly overhead, may be seen at night the Magellan clouds, three in number—one dark, and two white. Yet more interesting is the Southern Cross—four lustrous stars of great magnitude, which form an extremely luminous and striking constellation in the shape of a cross; as celebrated in the southern hemisphere, as the North Star and Great Bear are in the northern portion of the globe. The junction of the two mightiest oceans at all times produces a swell of the sea off the Cape, surpassing any similar phenomenon elsewhere; and by the peculiar feel of that swell alone, the experienced mariner can tell if he is on the point of entering the Pacific. Waves are here sometimes seen more than a quarter of a mile between trough and trough. The heaviest seas of all generally tumble in from the south-west. Such, as we have thus briefly sketched, is the aspect of the Cape and the adjoining ocean at even favourable seasons; but try to imagine what the spectacle must be in stormy weather, when the days of winter are short and dense, and the nights long and dark—the snow and hail pelting mercilessly—the cold intense—the salt-water freezing as it falls on deck—the shrouds and rigging coated with ice—the sails as stiff as sheet-iron—the billows mountainous—icebergs rolling in all directions—and the ship, perchance, deep-laden and weak-handed! This is no fancy picture, but a frequent reality. Sailors may well call it ‘man-killing’ work under such circumstances, even if they manage to carry through everything into the lower latitudes of the Pacific or the Atlantic, as the case may be. As an instance of what even a powerful, well-manned ship may have to encounter, the American frigate *Brandywine*, some years ago, was exactly two months battling with

the elements off the Cape, and lost many brave men during that protracted struggle. Not a year passes without several ships foundering off Cape Horn, and very few indeed weather it without a sharp taste of its proverbial quality. It is true, that sometimes a ship, by keeping well to the southward, and being favoured with a fair and powerful wind, will rapidly and easily pass from one ocean to the other; but such a case is decidedly exceptional. A large and stout steamer would undoubtedly be able to double the Cape at any time, and in any weather, much sooner than the swiftest and finest sailing-vessel, as steam would enable her to make headway in the teeth of a gale; but even the mightiest steamer would at times be almost or altogether baffled.

Beyond all comparison, the most vivid and interesting account of doubling Cape Horn ever published, is that by Dana, in his *Two Years Before the Mast*. We never have forgotten the extremely vivid impression that narrative made on us on its first perusal: it clenched all our former notions on the subject. The reader knows what is before him when Dana tells how they patched and quilted their jackets, trousers, &c., for a ‘Cape Horn rig,’ consisting of ‘thick boots; south-westerns, coming over our necks and ears; thick trousers and jackets; and some with oilcloth suits over all. Mittens, too, we wore on deck.’ How affecting and suggestive, too, is this passage, after the worst of their long struggle was over, and Staten Land was not far distant: ‘A bright gleam of sunshine broke out, and shone down the companion-way, and through the sky-light, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen, a God-send! Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence.’ Dana did not see Cape Horn, but we may appropriately conclude this paper by quoting his description of what he saw of Staten Land:—‘The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate spot I never wish to set eyes upon—bare, broken, and girt with rock and ice; with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blast and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us, not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us we had passed the Cape, and were in the Atlantic; and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, we might bid defiance to the Southern Ocean.’

#### THE WHORTING-PARTY.

‘A HOLIDAY! a holiday!’ exclaimed Everard Dumont, bursting into the school-room where his sisters and his little brother were busily preparing their lessons and exercises for the next day. ‘Away with your books, girls! down with that slate, Phil! papa has proclaimed a holiday for to-morrow, in honour of Jacie’s birthday; and there is no need of preparation when no work is to be done. So away with it all, and come and settle our plans with me, and Bob, and Otto’—and ending this uproarious harangue with an equally uproarious ‘hurrah!’ Everard threw his cap to the roof, and then standing for a moment on his head, with his legs quivering in the air, he suddenly ‘righted,’ and bounded out of the room, calling again on the others to come into the garden. But the young gentleman was speedily recalled by the united voices of the children and their governess, who, unseen by him, had been seated in a deep window-seat; and not a little was he abashed when he found that his ecstasy had been witnessed by her. ‘Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Colville,’ said he, returning; ‘I really did not see you, or I should not have made such a row in

your presence. But do, *please*, let the girls come; we want them so much to help to settle about to-morrow.'

Miss Colville, the kind friend of the children, either suspecting that little would be done whilst their young minds were affloat on other subjects, or else feeling that a few additional hours of summer joy would do more good than harm, gave a smiling dismissal to the three fair girls and the curly-pated Phil, whose eyes all waited on her glance; and soon were the brothers and sisters assembled in gay consultation on the shaded bank in the paddock.

'And what is to be done, Evvie?' said Rachel, a sprightly girl of thirteen. 'I hope we are to go somewhere.'

'Somewhere! I should think so,' exclaimed Robert, their eldest brother, who came up at the moment; 'but where—what is it to be? Now guess, girls; guess, Phil; and 'Guess,' was echoed by all who were in the secret.

'I guess a sail on the river,' said one; 'And I guess a picnic to Halswell and Enmore,' shouted another; and a third exclaimed: 'And I think it will be to go to Burnham, and dine on the sands, and pick up shells.'

'All wrong—all wrong!' screamed the boys in delight. 'Now I tell you,' added Robert: 'it is a picnic, and it is not—at least not a *true* picnic—for we are to take all the grub, or get it there. It is to be a grand whorting-party in the Quantocks. You know Jacinth will be nineteen to-morrow, and it is papa and mamma's wedding-day too; so papa is going to give this party—only, instead of having it in the house, it is to be in the beautiful valley among the hills, where Mrs Maine lives; and now, which of us are to go? Guess!' and again the guessing, of which children are so fond, went from lip to lip. The elder ones seemed pretty secure that they would have part in the projected party; but the younger branches of the family looked sobered and doubtful, for, of course, in so large a family, it was not usual for more than a few to be included in such arrangements.

'Well, Phil, you for one do not expect to go, I should think?' said Otto, a good-humoured lad of sixteen, but who rather delighted in teasing the young ones. 'As you happen to be seventh, you will allow that you have not much chance?'

'Come, come, Otto,' said Robert, seeing poor Phil beginning to fight with some most unmanly tears, which appeared disposed to overflow: 'we will not allow any nonsense. Cheer up, my boy; I have some of the best of the whole to tell: we are *all* to go—all—every one—and you have to thank Jacie for it! Papa said it was *her* day, and he would give her her choice, either to ask the Seymours and Celthorpes, and some more gay people, and take only two or three of us elder ones; or to turn out all the contents of the school-room and nursery, and have every one, down to Nance and "baby-boy," and Jacie chose the latter. Now, I ask you all, wasn't it good-natured of her?'

'Oh, it was just like her!' echoed from one to another of the children. 'She is always trying what she can do to give us pleasure.'

'If I had heard papa ask her, I'd have wagered anything,' said little Phil, whose eyes now beamed with delight, 'that she would have said just what she did. Well, now, go on, Bob, and tell us all about it.'

'Well, then, the short and the long of the matter is, that papa and mamma say they cannot manage for more than twenty-two, besides the necessary servants; and we are all to get there the best way we can—some on the ponies, and some in the cab way, and those who can do no better, in the great wagon that is to carry the servants and the provisions; that is to set out an hour or two before the rest, because it will go slower. But we are all to start early, to be in time to pick whorts for the pies and puddings before it gets too hot. Whort-picking is to be the grand object of the day; but those who prefer it are to fish; and mamma and Alicia mean

to sketch; and Jacinth is going to botanise; and the *babes* can swim little boats in the brooks, and grub about for flowers, and make any fun they like; and a capital day it will be, I suspect.'

And now we will leave our young ones to consult about what fishing-tackle, and baskets, and other gear they should take, and to fill up the hours which must intervene between the present moment and the prospective pleasure in the best way they can, only asking those of our readers who have reached the summit of the hill of life to look back a little, and recollect whether they have not sometimes found, in earlier days, that the gush of pleasure which the prospect of such a time of simple enjoyment as that which lay before our young friends induces, is not a very precious thing? and whether the hours of anticipation which precede such a period, are not in themselves often more full of life's gayest hopes and enjoyment, even than those hours they forestall?

We will ourselves fill up the interval by inquiring a little into the nature of the fruit which it was the object of our merry party to 'victimise.' The very pretty little shrub which bears the berries—called in different localities by the names of whorts, whortle-berries, hurts, hurtleberries, bilberries, and blaberries—grows about a foot, or from that to two feet in height, and very bushy and thick, like a little myrtle. Its leaves are small, and something like the myrtle in form, but serrated at the edge; of a delicate green when young, but becoming more dark and hard towards autumn. This shrub bears very abundant flowers, each placed separately; in form bell-shaped, like some sorts of heath, waxy, and of a delicate greenish white, richly tinted with pink. These pretty blossoms appear in May, when a branch of the plant is a lovely addition to a nosegay. In July, the berries they produce are ripe, and almost as pretty as the blossom which precedes them. They are about the size of currants; but of course, as the blossoms stand separate, so do the berries, and not in strings or branches; so that each berry must be severally gathered; but as there are a great many on each branch, this is not so long a process as might be imagined. There is no relic of calyx remaining on the fruit, as that organ is what is termed 'superior,' and the swollen receptacle which grows below it is the edible part; neither do the remains of petals so cleave to the berry as in the currant; its form is globular, like a tiny plum, only that there is a little cup-like depression on the top, and it is covered with an elegant blue bloom, like an untouched grape. Its colour is a deep purplish black. This plant is of the natural order *Ericaceæ*, and its proper name *Vaccinium myrtillus*.

The geographical range of the whortleberry is extended through the north of Europe, Africa, and Asia. It is found also in North America, and grows at a very high degree of north latitude. In Iceland, it is abundant; and at Nootka Sound, and in Nova Scotia, it may be found, but nowhere is it more plentiful than in some parts of our own land; and yet, although so freely produced in some counties, that all the world seems to eat nothing but whorts in the season, there are other counties where such a berry has never been found, and the inhabitants—poor things!—have not the least idea of what is meant by a whort-pie.

This little lowly shrub is one of God's gifts to the poor of the land. It does not grow in pasture-fields or cultivated and enclosed lands. It defies the gardener's skill, and the agriculturist's cupidity. Where the heath and hill are wild and uncultured, free to man and beast, there does it spring up in its simple beauty and its rich profusion, and there may all who are willing gather of its abundant produce, none saying 'Nay.' In Somersetshire, Devonshire, and other counties where it abounds, it is eagerly collected by the poor women and children of the district, and sold at about

4d. a quart. Nor is a market ever wanting; for so delicious are the berries, that poor and rich alike delight in them, either made into pies and puddings, or stewed with currants, and eaten cold with rich cream and bread, or boiled rice. It is a juicy, cool, rich fruit, and considered especially wholesome; though it certainly has one fault—that of leaving a deep purplish stain on the lips and teeth of those who eat it; and you may pick out from your row of scholars or teachers at the Sunday-school those who have partaken of whorts, in some form or other, by the deep tinge with which their mouths are dyed. This evil may, however, be in a great degree obviated, and the flavour of the fruit greatly improved, by the addition of about one-third of red or white currants, their acidity tending to counteract the effect. In the Black Forest, there is a variety of *Vaccinium myrtillus* that bears white berries. Many kinds of game eat the whortleberries, and, indeed, chiefly live on them in the autumn.

But to return to our holiday-party. The wagon set forth at six on the brightest of July mornings. It contained Nance, and her assistant Hester; Phil, who kept his resolution to 'take time by the forelock;' Emily, Kate, Blanche, and baby Basil, a roundabout pet of some two years old, not the least vociferous of the party. Moreover, there were two or three extra servants. It would not be easy to tell what the wagon contained beside the living freight. Hampers full of chickens, and cold meat, and veal-pies; great cakes and fruit-tarts for those who had not taste enough to like the provincial dainties that were to be prepared on the spot; and abundant supplies of pale ale and pleasant British wines, besides all the paraphernalia of plates, knives and forks, &c., usual on such occasions, were among its contents. A highly approved part of the plan was, that the young ones were to breakfast in the wagon; to facilitate which, a large basket of ready-cut bread and butter was packed; and they were to call at a farm some two miles on their way, and there obtain supplies of new milk, fresh and warm from the cow, and so jog on, eating and drinking as they went. The rest of the party breakfasted at home, and set forward on their way in joyous spirits, their guests being to meet them at the end of the little journey.

The scenery of the spot on which they had agreed to meet—O how lovely was it! but too rich in verdant straths, densely wooded combs—as low hills rising from a valley, and clothed with trees, are called in the south-west of England—gushing streams, and lovely herbage, to be described with mere pen and ink. Then the stretch of heathy hills, all flecked with coppices and thickets, with sunny banks whereon not only 'the wild thyme blows,' but others where the fragrant wood-strawberries might be found in abundance; and between these banks and thickets, broad spaces, covered with purple heath and golden gorse, all alive with bees and butterflies; and the pure full blue of the cloudless vault of heaven hanging over all the radiant sunlit landscape in unbroken splendour. It was a glorious day and a glorious scene, to which all the fair and gay young beings who now stood gathered round the door of a rustic farm, which lay in one extremity of the valley, consulting over their separate plans of amusement, added a new and most attractive feature. They were a merry group, and we must introduce them individually to the reader. Jacinth Damon, the queen of the day, must take the lead. No doubt, having heard of the young lady's good-nature in giving up the power of inviting gay young friends, for the purpose of making room for a whole host of little brothers and sisters and their nurses, our readers will have depicted her in their imaginations as a fair soft blonde, with a mild countenance, and probably a little what boys would call 'muffish.' We are sorry to disappoint them, if such is their idea of her; but our Jacinth—or, as she

was usually called, *Jacie*—was no such thing. She was as merry and sparkling a brunette as Rosalind, and almost as saucy—full of life and frolic, and liking nothing better than a scamper on the hills or a dance on the green-ward. Alicia, her next in age, a plain but intelligent girl, with abundant good-humour. With Robert, Otto, Rachel, and Everard, we have already made acquaintance; and these, with the five younger ones who had come in the wagon, went far to make up half the number of allotted guests. Then there were Mr and Mrs Damon, and Aunt Margaret, who was Mrs Damon's sister, and Miss Colville, the girls' nice governess, making up the number fifteen, so that seven visitors only were of the party. There had been some consultation as to who these should be; some had been elected by acclamation; but there had been long balancing before it could be decided which of several regular 'eligibles' should be included, and which, by consequence, excluded. Annie Cleveland, Jacinth's inseparable friend, was of course called for *sem. con.*, and this involved Salome, her sister, who could not be left at home. Then Phil besought for Billie to go too, Billie being his inseparable, so the three Clevelands were fixed on; then some one suggested Hugh Scott and Alice—'they must go.' 'Well, be it so,' said Mr Damon; 'and we will then ask Mr and Mrs Scott; they will be companions for mamma and me, and that will make up our number.' And now just intimating that Mr Scott was a lively, agreeable barrister, and his wife the delight of all young people, from her cheerful sociability and great capabilities of amusing; that Hugh was a young Cantab, of some distinction in the schools; and Alice a fine gentle, almost child of sixteen—we will leave the party to speak for themselves.

All being assembled in and round the porch of the farmhouse, a lively discussion was going on respecting their several projects for passing the morning. Mrs Damon and Alicia, together with Salome Cleveland, were soon seated in a sheltered nook amongst some trees, a little way down the combe, surrounded with palls and moist colours, and all the other belongings of water-colour drawing; and each so much absorbed in transferring the likeness of some stately group of trees, or picturesque gable-end of a cottage, to her paper, that no sound save the ripple of the brook, or other such sweet reminders of country seclusion, was to be heard in their neighbourhood. The little ones had gambled away with Hester and their baskets, too eager to await the settling of preliminaries, and the rest stood still deliberating. It was so far decided that one party should go with the young ones to the whortleberry-thickets to gather fruit; and the rest were, with rod and line, to follow the brook, and strip it of its finny inhabitants, bringing home—as they hoped—enough of fish to dine all the farmhouse family and the servants, besides their own fifteen selves and friends. But there was a hitch somewhere as to who would be of either party. Hugh Scott could not make up his mind. He was an undoubted adept in the art of angling, and known to be especially fond of it; but, strange to say, on this occasion he declared eventually that 'he did not care a straw for fishing; give him 'the fine open hillside, and the merriment of the little ones!—he should go whorting.'

A latent smile flickered on the eyes of some of the party at this sudden fit of love for children, for it was quite a new feature in his character. There certainly was lurking mischief in the minds of some of the party; and we are sorry to say that a comical movement of the lip, and a saucy light in the eye, gave indications that Miss Jacie had a share in it. Alas! that we should have to confess it; but truth compels us to say that a spice of coquetry, or something that, under less wise guidance than that of her excellent parents, might have become such, might be found in Jacinth's character; and dearly did she delight in shewing her power. On



the present occasion, it had been generally understood that she was to join the hillside detachment; she had said nothing, but the others had reckoned on her for the whorting-party, and named her as one of them; and it was guessed that Hugh's enthusiasm for children arose from his desire for sister's company.

Both parties were to proceed together as far as the entrance of a copse which lay in their road to the meadows; here the fruit-seekers were to branch off, and here they all paused for a few moments.

'I go with you, papa,' said Jacinth. 'I shall not disturb your fishing; but you know I want to look for the "skull-cap," and some other plants that grow by the brook: come, Annie;' and away sprang the two girls, without casting a glance at the other party.

'O Jacie, don't go; we cannot do without you,' shouted the younger ones; but it was all in vain: Jacie and Annie were already out of hearing. Poor Hugh! his dilemma was serious; however, after for some time striving to join in the laughter and mirth which surrounded him, he found that he could no longer endure 'letting I dare not wait upon I would'—and suddenly remembering (lucky fellow!) that he had some part of his father's fishing apparatus in his pocket, he shot off down the hillside in the direction of the brook, and as the old allegories say, 'we saw him no more!'

And now, as we proceeded onwards, the copse became an exceedingly animated scene. We should, however, scarcely call it a copse; it was rather a succession of thickets and bits of underwood, scattered over little knolls and banks, with fine strips of soft hillside turf between; and it might well be questioned which were the gayest and most lovely—the multitudes of birds and gorgeous butterflies and dragonflies skimming about in the air, or the brilliant and joyous children, and young girls and boys, who sprang about among the flowers on the earth, shouting with joy as they discovered grove after grove of the pretty whort-shrubs laden with their blooming fruit.

Soon were the baskets filled to the brim with the sweet berries; and despatching some of the motley crew to the farm with them, and strict injunctions to Mrs Maine, the farmer's wife—who, before her elevation to that rank, had been for many years their cook—to be sure to make plenty of pies and puddings, 'enough for dinner and supper too,' our young ones seated themselves in groups to enjoy the hour as they listed. Here was a party of what Robert called 'babes,' gathering wood-strawberries, and threading the scarlet gems like beads on long spikes of grass, some of them every now and then springing up to chase some glittering insect which passed speedily by, or to make an excursion to a neighbouring bank, where some floral treasure was thought to lurk; there was a group gathered round Mrs Scott, who was delighting some of the elder ones by reading to them some scenes from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; whilst a third party were stretching themselves on a 'flowery lay,' in earnest talk, enjoying those outpourings of mutual confidence so essential to the joy of youthful hearts, and planning, with perhaps a full allowance of sentiment and romance, schemes for their future lives—dream-like anticipations, full of bright lights and vivid expectations.

The hour proposed for dinner now drew near; and Nance, gathering her charge together, drove them before her like a flock of young frolicsome lambs to the home-pastures, frisking and gamboling, and upsetting themselves and each other in their mirth, as untired as if they had not all been up from five in the morning. The elders followed, as gay at heart, though a little more restrained in manner; and near the farm they fell in with the fishing-party, who, having consigned the contents of their baskets to the hands of Mrs Maine, were comparing notes, and greatly exultant in the full success of their piscatorial efforts.

Jacinth, and Annie too, had been successful in their

pursuit. 'It was lucky that I had my father's reel in my pocket, Miss Damon,' said Hugh. 'You would scarcely have been able to get at that asphodel without my help, for the bog was rather of the wettest.'

'Well, my good fellow,' observed his father, 'I am glad you found something to do in that way; for really I do not see any other particular good you did us. Why, Hugh, you boast of being a good fisherman: I do not think you caught a fish to-day.'

Hugh blushed, and the same odd smile glanced from eye to eye. We wonder why; for what can be more orthodox, than that a gentleman should not allow ladies to ransack bogs for flowers without assistance? Why should a young man blush or stammer when his politeness is remarked on? O consciousness! what tricks dost thou play us!

The party was large; but Farmer Maine's fine old hall was by no means put out of countenance: it had space for them all; and at the table where the harvest-home and sheep-shearing feasts were wont to be held, the whole party, little and big, with the exception of the two youngest, who were scarcely old enough to 'behave themselves before folk,' were soon arranged. Mrs Maine had added some of her finest ducks and chickens, and a grand piece of bacon, to the otherwise cold feast—a move exceedingly approved of by the boys, for 'ducks and green pease' are well known to be the treat, *par excellence*, of young creatures of the school-boy genus. The trout were superlative, and the whort-pies only beaten by the whort-puddings, inasmuch as the former ought to have been cold, and were, of necessity under the circumstances, hot; whereas the latter were as they ought to be—smoking hot, and swimming in the dark, rich sirup of the juicy fruit. Great bowls of cream flanked these dainty dishes; and truly an alderman of the olden time might have felt himself well off at that ample feast. The party were as merry as the viands were good. Hugh was himself again: he had apparently solved the problem which had occupied his mind in the morning; he now neither blushed nor stammered, but stood the fire of all the saucy young creatures; and turning out Phil, who had established himself by the side of his favourite Jacie, coolly possessed himself of the place, and gave himself up to enjoyment; no repulse being looked or spoken by the young lady, who, however, seemed to have herself appropriated the blushing and stammering propensities which had been abandoned by her neighbour. We ourselves suspected, that being unable to solve the problem himself, Hugh had asked Jacie to resolve it for him when they were chatting alone under the weeping-ash whilst the dinner was serving, and that she was abashed at its having been thought possible that she understood that branch of mathematics. But of this we cannot speak with certainty. It is quite clear that, after dinner, when Jacie was particularly wanted, she was nowhere to be found; and Rachel was obliged to take her place, and enact Titania to Robert's Bottom the Weaver, in her stead. All the young ones who had heard Mrs Scott read in the morning, had determined 'this green plot shall be our stage, and this hawthorn brake our tiring-house, and we will do it in action.' Bob, therefore, with a brown felt-hat drawn over his brows, and two tufts of bulrush-tops stuck in it, to represent asses' ears, lay lounging on a bank with his pretty little sisters hovering over him, and promising—

I'll give the fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

Then the four little ones, all decked with flowers, were made to act fairies, and directed to

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

and bravely did the extempore performance go off,

till 'baby-boy,' not quite comprehending the menial nature of the character he was enacting as Pea-blossom, puled off the fictitious ass's head, and began so vigorously to pull poor Bob's hair, as to make Titania's 'gentle joy' quite outrageous; on which a grand romping ensued, and the scene ended with shouts of laughter. Many merry games followed among the younger ones, and again the elders revelled in groups among the trees, each party disporting themselves as best suited the freak of the moment. Another visit to the whort-grounds was projected, and performed, and quarts of berries gathered and stowed away in the wagon for home-consumption—wood-strawberries, too, were to be gathered for tea. Some of the party enjoyed a visit to the cool large dairy, where stood the broad shining brass vessels full of scalded milk, coated with the rich clotted cream of the county, and of great bowls of the same rich commodity already skimmed off, and set by for use; and others amused themselves in learning to milk—an art in which Salome Cleveland and Alicia Damon made such progress, that they boasted of having drawn all the milk that was used for tea; whilst Annie, who for once found herself irretrievably separated from her inseparable, amused herself, in conjunction with Miss Colville, by making the junket, and skimming the cream for the whole party. Still Jacinth and Mr Hugh Scott were invisible, nor was it till quite tea-time that they reappeared to give account of themselves.

We would fain tell our readers what plants they had found in their excursion, which was no doubt of botanical tendency; but a bit of forget-me-not, in Jacie's hand, on which she seemed to set great store, was all we saw. We should like also to enlarge much more on the many pleasant enjoyments which filled up the rest of this long day in the country; but our space will not allow us to say more, than that the same plan was adopted for the children's tea as for their breakfast, and they, with full supplies of cake, bread, and butter, and new milk, were despatched in the wagon at an early hour, and were all so sound asleep by the time they reached home, as to be obliged to be lifted out, and put straight to bed. The elders, after enjoying a happy 'Three-make' under the trees behind the farm, set forward just as the deepening shadows of the woods and the brightening rays of the moon began to warn them that the night was coming on; all agreeing, that of all possible ways of enjoying a holiday, there was none to be compared to that of spending it amidst the beautiful valleys and combs of the Quantock Hills in the whorting-season.

#### SULPHUR.

This mineral product is the key which opens the door to chemical manufactures. From it we make sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), and without sulphuric acid many of the largest factories would cease to exist. By its aid we are enabled to produce so many substances, that the bare mention of them would fill the whole paper. Bleaching, dyeing, soda-making, metal-refining, electro-plating, electric-telegraphing, &c., are primarily indebted to this acid. Many of the most valued medicines could not be made without it—such as ether, calomel, &c. Sulphur being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, modern warfare could not go on comfortably without it. A people that does not possess lucifer-matches, stands beyond the pale of civilisation; yet matches cannot be made without sulphur—not because matches are dipped into melted brimstone before they are 'tipped' with the phosphoric composition which ignites them, but because this very material could not be made without the indirect use of sulphur. In England, we consume 60,000 tons of sulphur annually, which is imported to this country from the volcanic regions of Sicily. For political reasons, the king of Naples has recently prohibited the export of sulphur to any of the kingdoms now at war. Reckoning the value of sulphur at L.5 per ton, implies a loss of L.300,000—

a pretty liberal 'peace-offering' from the King of the Two Sicilies! This loss of sulphur will be very severely felt for a short time in England; but eventually it will be of great service, as we have as much brimstone in this country as commerce requires—a fact that will soon be made manifest by the demand for it; and when once it is seen that our own resources are sufficient, the king of Naples must never expect us to go to his shop any more. It was thus during the last wars that we prevented the French people from eating Jamaica sugar; so they set to and made sugar from beet-root, and we have lost so much trade ever since—*Septimus Piesse.*

#### A LUXURIOUS AUTHOR.

In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a coach. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them: I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia-Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jasmine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbours, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. . . . My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerably handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pigeons: wherever I walk, I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.—*Dulcine.*

#### THE OLD COUNTRY.

And now we are fairly alongside the shore, and we are soon going to set our foot on the land of Old England. Say what we will, an American, particularly a New Englander, can never approach the Old Country without a kind of thrill and pulsation of kindred. Its history for two centuries was our history. Its literature, laws, and language, are our literature, laws, and language. Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, were a glorious inheritance, which we share in common. Our very life-blood is English life-blood. It is Anglo-Saxon vigour that is spreading our country from Atlantic to Pacific, and leading on a new era in the world's development. America is a tall, slightly young shoot, that has grown from the old royal oak of England: divided from its parent root, it has shot up in new, rich soil, and under genial brilliant skies, and therefore takes on a new type of growth and foliage, but the sap in it is the same.—*Mrs Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.*

#### NEW WEATHER-GLASS.

For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor-bottle, which stands in our bedroom; and when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me twenty-five or fifty dollars. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor-bottle for a season, will never have occasion to watch the birds, or locusts, or ants, for indications of a change in the weather.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 33.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### CONGRESS.

THE sales of slaves in Richmond were over for the day; and as I had procured the information for which I had made a run into Virginia, I made the best of my way back to Washington by rail and steamer. Among my fellow-passengers were a number of members of Congress, pushing onward to be in time for the day of opening, which was at hand.

In the course of Saturday there were numerous arrivals; the hotels, smartened up after a long dull season, were thronged to overflowing; and there was an air of business in the usually tranquil thoroughfares. On Sunday, I went to an Episcopal church—an elegant new building, which was crowded with a highly respectable body of worshippers.

Next morning ushered in an important day, Monday, the 5th of December, appointed for the assembling of Congress—great excitement in the hotel parlours, groups eagerly discussing who was to be Speaker of the House of Representatives; who was to be appointed printer to Congress (a thing so good that one year of it is considered to be enough); and other matters of consequence. Rumours cunningly floated about to mislead opponents were, as usual, seen through. Every one was on the alert, and ready to be at his post.

At half-past eleven o'clock, I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend, who kindly undertook to be my cicerone. It was a beautifully clear day, rather cold, but with that lightness and dryness of atmosphere which is peculiar to America. Members were proceeding, singly, in pairs, or several together, towards the Capitol, where they went at once to their respective seats. There was no crowding in the streets to witness the opening of Congress; for there was not a bit of finery or pomp about the whole affair—no procession of President and his court, no corps diplomatique, no carriages, no trumpeters, and no dragons. For anything that could be seen, the Capitol might be supposed to be a church, into which members and spectators were composedly pouring. There was an entire absence of pretension. At the doors of our Houses of Parliament on great occasions, may be seen a number of officials in wigs, gowns, and swords, whose function is to overawe and be insolent—Cerberuses only to be conciliated with cash. The Americans have had the good sense to get rid of these pampered lackeys. My friend and I walked into the House of Representatives unchallenged, and placed ourselves in a recess outside the barrier which bounds the seats of

the members; and here I was introduced to several persons of political notoriety.

The House was full. Representatives from California and other distant states were already present—the whole assemblage forming a body of well-dressed persons, such as you would see any day on 'Change. There was little diversity of costume. A black dress-coat, black satin waistcoat, and black stock, constitute the general attire—ready for court, dinner, ball, public meeting, or anything. A few wore beards, but clean shaving was the rule. Standing, sitting, lounging, talking, according to fancy, they spent the time till noon. 'The moment the hands of the clock point to twelve,' said my friend, 'business will commence.' A clerk, seated in advance, and a little below the vacant chair of the Speaker, kept his eye fixed on a clock over the doorway, and accordingly rung his bell when the hour of noon was indicated.

Every one being seated and in order, the work of the session commenced by the calling of the roll, each member answering to his name. The vote was afterwards taken for Speaker, when, much the larger number having named Linn Boyd of Kentucky, that gentleman was conducted to the chair amidst general plaudits. On the whole, I received a favourable impression of the method of conducting the business of the House, which was simple yet effective. Judging, however, by the accounts given in the newspapers of debates on questions of moment, it would appear that very impassioned scenes occur, and that at such times language is employed which would shock, and would not be tolerated in, the House of Commons. At the same time, I am told that petty means of annoying political opponents while speaking, such as braying, crowing like a cock, and so forth, have not obtained a footing in America; and so far the democracy of the States has an advantage.

The Senate, or Upper House, opens at the same hour as the House of Representatives; and, before departure, I had an opportunity also of noticing some of its proceedings, and being made acquainted with several of its members—among others, the Hon. Charles Sumner, whose eloquent harangues are well known in England.

The plain, business-like way in which legislation is conducted, has been mentioned in disparagement of Congress—a thing not easy to understand. In Great Britain, tradition and precedent are considered to be of so much importance, that arrangements altogether new, however reasonable in the abstract, are viewed with extreme suspicion, and can with the greatest difficulty be effected. In the United States, on the contrary, every subject may be said to stand on its own merits, and is legislated for accordingly. Tho

English, for example, under a habitual respect for what is sanctioned by antiquity, and fearful of disturbing the foundations of a venerable fabric, admit of extensions in the representative system with the utmost reluctance; while the Americans, having no antiquity to venerate, no traditional usages to embarrass, go right up to the point, and organise a code of representation on the broadest possible principle. Whether in doing so they achieve a higher degree of rational liberty, is a different question. What concerns us at present, is the mode of their procedure. Right or wrong, they have had no other course open to them. They have acted under the necessities of their condition.

In England, there has always existed a traditional authority, which, from time to time, has imparted privileges to the people; but in the States, starting at the revolution, there was no authority to impart anything. The monarchical authority was expelled, and power was vested in the people at large. Yet, as a fact in constitutional history, it is interesting to know that the Americans at this crisis in their affairs were not left to organise a government out of chaos. The British monarchy had long previously established Houses of Assembly in its thirteen colonies, and by these agencies, it will be remembered, the new organisation was tranquilly moulded. The thirteen states, therefore, federally united, were but the old colonies, *minus* their English governors, and *plus* the legislative independence they had secured. Besides this inheritance of constituted forms, the States retained the laws of England, with all the ordinary municipal arrangements; and to this day the stranger observes, that each of the original thirteen states possesses, to a lesser or greater extent, the impress which was given to it by its charters from the English monarchy. 'We get copies of all your parliamentary reports, all your statutes,' said a member of Congress to me on visiting the Capitol; 'we know what you are about, and our law-courts constantly quote your procedure.' Could there be a greater compliment paid to England, which, even after a separation of eighty years, is allowed to exert a parental influence over her children? Could America do herself more honour than in making this handsome acknowledgment?

By the creation out of wild territory, conquest, and purchase, the Union, at the time of my visit to the political metropolis, comprehended thirty-one states; and the manner in which these are represented in Congress may be alluded to. The Senate, answering to our House of Lords, is composed of two members from each state, irrespective of its size or amount of population; consequently, the number is sixty-two. These senators are chosen by the legislatures of the several states for the term of six years. One-third retire every two years, by which means a degree of permanency is imparted to the institution. The Vice-president of the United States is the President of the Senate, in which he has a casting vote; in his absence, a temporary president is elected from the body.

The House of Representatives is a purely popular assembly. The members are elected every two years by the people of the several states, and according to a rule fixed by Act of Congress in 1850. By this law, the number of representatives is established at 233. These representatives are appointed by universal suffrage among free citizens—the poorest as well as the richest having a vote. The number of voters for each representative is apportioned to each elective district every ten years; the number is determined by the simple plan of dividing the whole population by 233; the quotient being, therefore, the number apportioned. In the event of a state being admitted to the Union, a member is assigned to it until next decennial period, when a fresh division by 233 takes place. Thus to the ordinary number of 233, one is at present temporarily

added for California, making the actual number 234. Besides these members, the House comprehends a delegate from each of several territories; but these, though allowed to speak on any subject, do not vote. The recent addition of Nebraska to the number of states, will make some change in this respect.

In appointing senators and representatives, whether to Congress or to the legislatures of the several states, the Americans proceed on the principle of asking no public service for nothing. Every member is paid from public funds for his attendance. For a number of years, the rate of compensation for each member of the Senate and House of Representatives has been eight dollars a day during attendance on Congress; no deduction being made on account of sickness. Each also receives eight dollars for every twenty miles of travel by the usual road, in going to or returning from Washington. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is allowed sixteen dollars a day.

There can be little doubt that these payments are sufficiently tempting to induce needy men to seek the post of representative; the allowance, however, is altogether inadequate to compensate the loss which is frequently incurred by a neglect of professional duties, and the expense of living several months from home. As an additional inducement to assume the function of senator or representative, the members of Congress enjoy a large franking privilege. They may send or receive letters or packets free by post not exceeding two ounces, and public documents three pounds, in weight. Members of Congress would be more than human if such a privilege were not as greatly abused as it was in England, when franking was tolerated here. One of the more apparent results, is the enormous increase of matter passing through the post-office—so great as sometimes to retard the mails, and derange the transmission of letters and newspapers. A few days previous to the meeting of Congress, I found the lobbies and passages of the public offices in Washington encumbered with great loads of packages of printed reports, which men were preparing for the approaching demand. Neatly done up in built-tinted covers, these packages, piled in huge heaps, attested the lavish scale on which public documents are printed for distribution, and the labour to be incurred in inscribing them with the magical symbols—*Pub. Doc.*, and signature of a member. We observe by a newspaper, that this extraordinary system of franking is beginning to be seriously challenged; more particularly since it has been proposed to raise the ordinary charge for postage, in order to meet the cost of carrying so much free material. A characteristic paragraph on the subject is subjoined.\*

\* 'When the members reach Washington, they find huge quantities of documents printed and enveloped under the orders of the preceding session, and begin franking right and left. Two or three days thereafter, the stage-routes diverging from the temporary terminus of the railways, especially in the west are choked up by a medley of letters, newspapers, and documents. A stage-driver goes for the mail, and finds twice as much ready for him as his horses can possibly draw. So he picks up two or three bags, and starts off, leaving the residue to a more convenient season; and the next driver finds a still larger pile awaiting him, and treats it in the same manner. Thus we have had a ton of our weekly paper lying at one time at some half-way house on the route, and our disappointed subscribers writing us the most unflattering letters, ordering us to send on the papers they had paid us for, or send back their money. . . . The short of the matter is this: Congress is now paying some half a million of dollars a year out of the Treasury for printing documents, and perhaps a million more for their transportation and delivery to the members' favourite constituents. We think this all wrong—that everything should pay its way—that he who is not willing to pay postage on his documents, does not really want, and will not be benefited by them. Yet we can stand the abuse as it is. But Mr Olds and his Foggy committee, propose in effect to take this load off the Treasury, and put it on the postage-payers. Now, we tell the members of Congress that this won't go down—most decidedly not. So long as they pay the shot out of the Treasury—postage as well as printing—the people won't mind it; but from the day that letters are made to pay

With an extensive and clear field in their favour, and no embarrassment from antiquated usages, the United States have been able to accomplish aims for the good of society which Great Britain has found utterly impracticable. In organising systems of national education at the public expense, the several states have, for example, completely outstripped the old country. Yet as, in this respect, monarchical Canada is quite as far forward as the States, it would be an error to suppose that republicanism is the cause of the remarkable step in advance. Candidly considered, it will be seen that the legislation of the United Kingdom, when obstructions are overcome and an intelligent public feeling fairly roused, is abreast, if not ahead, of that of Congress. I would, in particular, call attention to the strides in advance made by England as regards freedom of commercial intercourse and navigation, leaving America to come laggingly behind, along with the nations for whom she, politically speaking, entertains anything but respect. The people of the United States, if true to themselves and the principles of a sound political economy, ought not, for the sake of special interests, to have been second in this great movement—will they even be second? Need I add, that the Americans have done themselves no honour in so long postponing the enactment of an international copyright treaty—a subject legislated upon years ago by Great Britain.

In the matter of cheap postage, the States have had the misfortune to be imitators of England, instead of taking the initiative; moreover, with the full knowledge of the post-office organisation of the United Kingdom, and possessing an overplus revenue, the Americans have strangely failed to place their postal-system on a footing so perfect as it might be. The franking privilege, accorded not only to members of Congress, but (restrictedly) to an inferior class of postmasters, is an abuse which surprises us to see still tolerated. More remarkable is it to find that the ordinary rate of prepaid postage of three cents for a single letter, does not infer delivery. When the American post undertakes to convey letters and newspapers, the service extends only to their transmission from post-office to post-office. For their delivery at the house of the party to whom they are addressed, there is an additional charge of one or two cents. It is an ordinary custom everywhere in the States, to call for letters or newspapers at the post-office, and by an arrangement with the postmaster, each person has a box into which his correspondence is put. In New York, I observed great crowds daily at the post-office seeking for letters. Let this monstrously inconvenient practice be compared with the plan pursued in London, of sending out four or five times a day a host of carriers, each with his bundle of letters and newspapers for delivery at the doors of the parties to whom they are addressed, without any additional charge. An American gentleman, who had been some time in London, mentioned to me, that nothing surprised and delighted him so much as the incessant distribution of letters; care being taken to transfer the carriers in detachments to their respective beats by means of rapidly driven omnibuses. 'Your government,' said he, 'is completely ahead of ours in this respect. We could not do better than transfer your postal-system, *body and bones*, to the States.'

Legislation in these, as well as matters of more grave concern, is of course regulated by the expression of public sentiment; but in no country is it more difficult than in America to ascertain what really consti-

tutes the unprejudiced feeling of the community. The States are not one, but many nations, united by a common interest, but differing greatly in social usages and opinions. Subjects of important concern are viewed in one light by the north, and in another by the south; just as it might be expected to be by nations in the north and south of Europe. Then there is the universal division of society into Whigs (answering in some degree to the English Tories or Conservatives) and Democrats, or extreme Republicans. Beyond these distinctions of genera and species, there is an indefinite number of varieties and sub-varieties—Free-soilers, Hunkers, Hards, Softs, Woolly-heads, Doughfaces, &c., rather puzzling to the uninitiated, yet of practical significance; for I observe that in some cases of examinations before judicial tribunals, the party sobriquet of witnesses is appended to their names in the published record of proceedings—as if credibility of evidence depended on political opinion!

Party-spirit is, to all appearance, the soul of American society—regulating and controlling everything. What any man says or does is too commonly judged by the press according to the opinion he entertains on political subjects. Bad as we are in this respect in England, we do not go quite this length, unless when sectarian interests are concerned—there, we regret to say, our so-called religious newspapers possess the worst features of the least respectable American journals. A natural consequence of the fierceness with which persons are attacked for their political sentiments, is an indisposition to mingle in public affairs. I was told over and over again in the States, by people of substance and intelligence, that they shrunk from appearance in public affairs—would have nothing to do with the vulgar wranglings at elections—left things to go any way. This can hardly be considered a sound state of things, for it amounts to delivering up the country to the most noisy and viperish of the population. In New York, as has been observed, the civic government has, from this cause, been practically in the hands of the mob, from which, however, as I understood, a spasmodic effort of the more respectable classes was about to rescue it.

'Things will be better for a little time,' said a gentleman of New York, speaking to me on this subject, 'but they will soon fall back to their former condition—the most noisy and calumnious will carry the day.'

We are scarcely entitled to make this a special charge against the democracy of the States, for a similar reluctance to take part in political movements is observable among certain classes in England; and such must ever be the case until the world is better instructed, and knows and feels that in constitutional governments, the franchise is as much a duty as a privilege. The keen party-spirit, the corrupt practices, the intimidation, the obloquy cast on opponents, are all dwelt upon as grievous sins in the republican elections of America—the ballot is spoken of as a sham. True, perhaps, in every particular; but after recent experiences, can any Englishman have the conscience to hold up the finger of scorn on account of these real or alleged imperfections? On such a subject, the fact of so many members of the House of Commons being convicted of bribery and corruption—and of so many others being ordinarily elected through the meanest venal influences—ought at least to make us careful how we utter a reproach.

Whatever be the faults of the American government, it cannot be said that extravagance is one of them. The Minister of the Exchequer is not called on to devise schemes of taxation to make the two ends meet. His only difficulty is a very strange one—it is what to do with the money in the public Treasury! In 1853, the entire expenditure of the government of the United States was \$1,000,000, and the population was 23,000,000.

wants each extra to take this load off the Treasury, there will be a low muttering, which those who put their ears to the ground may hear; and the members from the free states who vote in favour of the change, will get badly scratched whenever they are candidates again. If they don't believe it now, they will, after trying



of dollars. By accumulated balances, there was at the same time on hand the sum of 75,000,000 dollars; and how this money should be disposed of, was a matter of very serious concern. To be sure, there was a debt of 65,000,000 dollars; but it was at a high premium, and by a sacrifice it could easily have been discharged. Portions of the debt were, indeed, being paid off, when opportunities offered, and in a few years the whole will be extinguished, without impairing the balance. At present, a variety of schemes are on foot for disposing of this unfortunate overplus. All intelligent individuals, of course, see that the rational mode of procedure, is to abolish certain branches of revenue; and so bring the draughts down to the necessary outlay. But to this there are objections on the part of the manufacturing community. The federal government levies no direct taxes on the people. Its revenue is principally from custom-house duties, which in 1853 amounted to nearly 59,000,000 dollars. Now, these duties are of a protective character. They tax the nation at large, by an aggravation of prices, in order to give a monopoly to certain branches of native industry; and their removal or considerable modification would be equivalent to free-trade, which the public mind, jealous of foreign competition, is not prepared for. Meanwhile, the accumulating cash in the Treasury presents a dilemma of a different kind. It is universally felt to be a source of corruption and danger. Every faction is scheming to have a clutch at it. As a spare fund at command, it may induce some rash warlike expedition, or be otherwise employed in the undue extension of the Union. A third evil connected with it, is the gradual abstraction of money from circulation, in order to be locked profitlessly up in the Treasury; thereby starving commerce of its proper means of support. So that, if things go on as they are doing, the curious conjuncture may come about, of all the available money in the country finding its way into the national Exchequer, where it is not wanted, and trade, accordingly, being brought to a stand. Any way it can be viewed, the accumulation is considered to be most pernicious in its effects, both as regards administrative policy and social wellbeing; and the gravest politicians admit that, in comparison with the evils of the present system, an annual deficit would be a national blessing. After all, there would seem to be worse things than a National Debt!

While attending the opening of Congress, it was explained to me that much was done in the way of *lobbying* and *log-rolling*—phrases unknown in England, though the things signified are by no means wanting. By *lobbying*, is meant the influence exerted privately on members by interested parties hanging about the lobbies of the Capitol; and it is said jocularly, that in the passing of bills as much depends on the activity of members for the lobby as on the real representatives. It seems to be one of the duties of these lobbyists, to make such compromises among parties as will induce them to support the measures of each other. One member, for example, wishing to carry a bill for a grant of public land towards a projected railway, and another desiring to extend slavery into a new state, will, by discreet management, be induced to assist each other with a vote. Such is *log-rolling*: mutual assistance by a compromise, as it may be, of principle.

As we all know, splendid examples of *log-rolling* are of daily occurrence in the House of Commons, through the agency of party whippers-in; and neither are we altogether deficient in a practice, equally irregular, which the Americans describe as 'speaking for *bunkum*.' I heard of some interesting cases of *bunkum*, by which is signified the bringing forward of a sham proposal, in order to catch popular applause. A member, for instance, desirous of standing well with his constituents, makes an oratorical display in favour of a measure in which they are interested; but with the

knowledge that such a measure is impracticable, and will not be carried. In fact, he does not want to carry it; the sole object of the orator is to impose on his supporters, and acquire the character of a meritorious public leader. I was told that in one of the state legislatures, a bill for the Maine Liquor Law was proposed, entirely with a view to *bunkum*. It was, indeed, passed by the Lower House; all the members who voted for it having dishonestly thrown the odium of rejection on the Senate. The Senate, however, seeing through the trick, passed the bill also; and, finally, the governor appended his assent, rendering it a law—the whole thing, from first to last, being a piece of mutual deception. The result was, that in the state in question, the law became practically a dead-letter. That such actually was the occurrence, I am unable to say from my own knowledge; yet I think the circumstance, as related, must possess a certain degree of truth, for I observe by a newspaper, that in a neighbouring state, where a similar law has just been enacted, the people are recommended 'to organise a club or league in each township and city, to take care that this act is promptly and thoroughly enforced,' because, 'if this is not done, the act will prove only a sham and a disgrace.' Are we to understand from the counsel thus given by the press, that the enforcement of laws is to depend on popular leagues or clubs?—a doctrine which would argue prodigious weakness in the ordinary executive power.

It does not appear that the President of the United States holds any personal intercourse with Congress. As has been shewn, he does not, at least, attend at the opening of the session; a day or two after that event, he sends his Message, a voluminous document, to be read to the members. To one accustomed to the outward forms of respect for sovereigns in Europe, the manner in which the President and his measures are sometimes referred to, appears to be inconsistent with the high position he occupies. The latest American newspaper which has come to hand, gives an account of his being burned in effigy, on the ground of his connection with the Nebraska bill. The function of the President, however, is more analogous to that of a prime-minister than a king. He is a responsible officer—only the first magistrate of the republic. The comparatively small salary allowed him cannot be expected to go far towards keeping up the paraphernalia of state. It amounts to only 25,000 dollars (£6000) per annum; and as the President is appointed for only four years, the pecuniary advantages are not great. Perhaps the patronage belonging to the office is an object of no inconsiderable importance. According to a practice now of some standing, it is usual for every new President to dismiss some thousands of persons from office, and to appoint his own supporters in their stead; the consequence of which is, that a large number of individuals naturally become agitators for a presidential change. We are accustomed in England to see vacant offices filled by the party in power, on account of political bias; but expulsion is unknown, unless for incompetency, or on some other grounds equally valid. Should the projected arrangement be carried into effect, of appointing persons to civil offices only after they have undergone an examination as to competency, Great Britain will have made a signal step forward in administrative policy, eminently worthy of being copied in the United States, where things, in this respect, are about as bad as they can possibly be. The present President being a Democrat, and democracy having the ascendant in Congress, offices are, of course, filled with Democrats, greatly to the chagrin of the Whigs, who live in the expectation that, by a happy turn in affairs, their time of office is coming. All writers, native and foreign, deplore this most mischievous custom of changing the ordinary and bumble officials of government,



according to the rise and fall of party; and it undeniably forms one of the worst features of the American state.

At Washington, as well as other cities I visited, everybody with whom I had the honour of conversing on public matters, spoke with respect of England, and entertained the hope that nothing would ever occur to cause any serious disagreement between that country and the States; and such, I imagine, to be a very general feeling in America, notwithstanding the occasional remarks of a contrary nature by a portion of the press. I need hardly say, that I reciprocated the sentiments of good-will which were expressed, and perhaps was not thought the less of for giving it as my impression, that the least admirable thing about the government of the States, was the extreme deference to popular clamour. 'You are,' I said, 'great, wealthy, and with a boundless field of well-doing; your public economy is, in most things, worthy of all praise; but if legislation is to be conducted on the principle of yielding to every gale of popular and inconsiderate impulse—if you do not take time to reflect on consequences—you may be impelled into the most dangerous course of policy; your day of trouble may not be far distant.' Late events, afterwards to be alluded to, do not leave these hints unjustified. W. C.

#### FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

WHY is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honoured unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of coloured cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl, it is usually wrought into the form of *flowers*. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enamelled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney-ornaments, we find the moulded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it is as free to the one as to the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts, can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant-boy who basks on the bank in the corn-field, whilst his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy, and the brilliant blue corn botter, wherewith to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gillyflowers, and

mark the unfolding of their clustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet—

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

And the young and healthy love flowers—oh, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of attaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely water 'forget-me-not' (*Myosotis palustris*). The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones, may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men. The hill and the valley teem with them, the mountain and the rock, the moss and the moor, 'bring forth spontaneous flowers of all hues'—flowers

Which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon  
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

Every hedgerow displays its wealth of blossoms, and even the very walls and house-tops supply us with their own bright and peculiar floral embellishments.

Flowers are the subject of poets' dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and Dunbar's—

Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,  
In weed depaint of many diverse hue, &c.;

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did 'unite the white rose with the red;' and as Drayton sang—

In one stalk did happily unite  
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day 'The York and Lancaster,' was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a true thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply proof sufficient. In the records of the old Grecians and Romans, we find abundance of these floral myths; and we will now entertain our readers with a few of them. The *Flos Adonis*, a pretty little blood-red flower of the anemone tribe, bears the name, and serves to perpetuate the memory, of Venus's favourite, Adonis, the son of Myrrha, who was herself said to be turned into a tree called *myrrh*. Adonis was often cautioned by Venus not to hunt wild beasts; but he slighted her advice, and at last perished from injuries received from a wild-boar he had wounded, and his weeping mistress changed him into this flower.

Narcissus, too, bears witness to the love of the ancients for flowers. He, striving to grasp his own

beautiful form, as he saw it reflected on the surface of the water—but striving all in vain—in his futile exertion slew himself, and his blood was changed into a flower. But what flower was this? Surely not the snowy blossom which we designate by the name of *Narcissus poeticus*. Virgil calls the classical flower *Purpureus Narcissus*, and Pliny also speaks of it as purple; and we should be much more inclined to fix on the flower which the older botanists, Gerard and Parkinson, call the 'chequed' or 'chequered daffodill,' and which we name the April Fritillary, for that which ought to bear the name of *Narcissus*. Gerard says of this as follows: 'The chequered daffodill, or ginny-hen flower, hath small, narrow, grassy leaves; among which there riseth up a stalk three hands high, having at the top one or two flowers, and sometimes three, which consisteth of six small leaves chequered most strangely; wherein nature, or rather the Creator of all things, hath kept a very wonderful order, surpassing, as in all other things, the curiosest painting that art can set down. One square is of a greenish-yellow colour, the other purple, keeping the same order as well on the backside of the flower as on the inside, although they are blackish in one square, and of a violet colour in another, insomuch that every leaf seemeth to be the feather of a ginny-hen, whereof it took his name.' The dull purple tint of this flower may more fitly indicate that which sprang from the blood of

Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,  
than the pure white of the other.

*Hyacinth* is the next fabled hero we shall cite as bequeathing his name to a flower; but here is another ambiguity. The sweet-scented flower of various hues, blue, purple, white, or pink, which we thus designate, has, in reality, no claims to this classical appellation. It seems to be now generally admitted, that some species of lily, and probably, according to Professor Martyn, that called *Lilium Martagon*, the 'scarlet Turk's cap,' is the one thus honoured. The colour and scent of the so-called hyacinth, and the fact that it has no dark marks on the petals, would surely imply that it is not that which Virgil describes as 'rubens,' or 'ferrugineus,' and of which Ovid says—

*Ipsæ suos gemitus foliis inscripsit Ai Ai,  
Flos habet inscriptum funestaque litera ducta est.*

But the colour, the offensive smell, and the deeply stained petals of some of the red lilies, may be well considered as more suitable appendages to a flower of such evil origin. We give this poetical tale in verse, as best suited to its romantic character:—

Apollo—

A being fraught with all earth's richest gifts,  
Was closely bound in love with Deion's son,  
Young Hyacinthus. He, with all the force  
Of youth's deep love, was to Apollo knit.  
Young Zephyr also loved the noble boy,  
And sought return; but youth can never spare  
One gleam of love from that one charmed spot  
To which its soul is anchored. He was cold,  
Nor met young Zephyr's love. Ah! why should love,  
That joy of life, that precious comforter,  
So often turn to hate? 'Twas thus with that  
Of Zephyrus! He hated, and but sought  
Fit time to gratify his passionate wrath.  
One day, Apollo, who had charge to guide  
The boy's young mind through learning's glorious path,  
Played with his pupil; Zephyrus was near;  
Apollo threw the quoit; then Zephyr, prompt,  
Seized on the disk, and bore it through the air  
To where the beautiful boy stood, full of life,  
And with its fall, laid him a bleeding corpse.  
Apollo, mad with ire, beheld the child—  
That child within whose heart was garnered up  
His own, now lying there mangled and dead!  
The legend further tells, that he then raised

That wasted blood, and made this scarlet flower  
Spring from the dismal flood, and on its leaves  
Impressed the words of grief: 'Ai, Ai!'  
His bruised, fading body then he took,  
And set it in the firmament to shine,  
A beaming star for ever, 'mid the host  
Of ancient fires that kindle up the night.

The daphne, the myrtle, and many more, all come springing forward in our memory, and claiming a place in our pages. Daphne was a fair nymph, the daughter of the river Peneus by the goddess Terra; and fearing to be overtaken by Apollo, who pursued her, she entreated the gods for aid, and was by them turned into a laurel. Apollo gathered a crown of leaves from his metamorphosed love, and ordered that ever after that tree should be considered as sacred to his divinity. But the daphne is not the plant we usually call the laurel. The former is a most odorous flowering shrub, not even of the laurel tribe. There is no laurel indigenous in Greece; but there is a daphne native in Pontus (*Daphne Pontica*); and this, no doubt, is the plant to which this tradition belongs.

The story of Myrtillus is, that the father of Hippodamia declared that no one should marry his daughter who could not conquer him in a chariot-race; and one of the lovers of the young lady bribed Myrtillus, who was an attendant of Enomaüs, to take out the linchpin from his master's chariot, by which means the master was killed; and Myrtillus, repenting when he saw him dead, cast himself into the sea, and was afterwards changed by Mercury into this plant, the myrtle, or, as some say, into the whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*).

Of the bladder campion (*Silene inflata*), named after the god Silenus, ancient writers say that it was formerly a youth named Campion, whom Minerva employed to catch flies for her owls to eat during the day, when their eyes did not serve them to catch food for themselves; but Master Campion choosing to indulge himself with a nap, when he ought to have been busy hawking for the wise birds, the angry goddess changed him into this flower, which still retains in its form the bladder in which Campion kept his flies, and droops its head at night when owls fly abroad, and have their eyes about them.

The legend of Clytia, who, irritated and aggrieved by the falsehood of her lover Apollo, pined away, and was changed into a flower, must close our list of antique flower-fables. This flower is usually considered to be the sunflower (*Helianthus*); but it might more properly be said to be the *Helianthemum polifolium*, or white rock-rose, which sheds its leaves when the sun declines; and its snowy and fragile petals are more suitable as a memorial of pining lovers, than is the gorgeous beauty of the flaunting yellow helianthus.

These are a few amongst the mythic tales we find in pagan lore; but the traditions concerning flowers are not confined to the days of Venus and Apollo: much later times furnish us with quaint theories relating to the variations in tint, form, &c., of the subjects of Flora's dominion. Of the wall-flower, that most beautiful as well as most odorous of cruciferous plants, the graceful, though somewhat fanciful, poet Herrick tells us thus:—

Why this flower is now called so,  
List, sweet maids, and you shall know;  
Understand this firstling was,  
Once a brisk and bonny lass,  
Kept as close as Danaë was;  
Who a sprightly springal loved,  
And to have it fully proved,  
Up she got upon a wall,  
'Tempting down to slide withal;  
But the silken twist untied,  
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.

Love, in pity of the deed,  
And her loving, luckless speed,  
Turned her to this plant we call  
Now 'The flower of the wall.'

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has, nevertheless, been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The *facts*, however, about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all *fables* concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair county, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill-country, called Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie amongst these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the 'brave carnation,' rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild-thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night, it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-coloured tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense interest, and at last she saw by the light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the *wind* that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering amongst the powdery anthers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which these lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest dawn, the old woman—who, of course, kept on her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip-bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses, bear them

away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not *see* these things, but only heard the sweet music, and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favoured flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; as also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the Rose of Cashmere.

Whilst the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a parsley-bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she lay; and this state of things continued until it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.

#### THE LONDON CHAR-WOMAN.

'GIVE us a brown, sir—O do, sir—do, sir, give us a brown, sir—had no wittles since istryer artemnoon, sir!'

Such was the appeal of a ragged urchin of some nine years of age, as he skipped before me with shoeless feet in the mud, which he had made an ineffectual attempt to scrape out of my path with the worn stump of a birch-broom. The boy looked pale and hungry, though sharp, eager, and vivacious as a ferret; and it seemed probable that he spoke the truth.

'No victuals!—how comes that? Have you no father?'

'Yes I have, sir, and mother, too; but father broke his leg off the scaffold, and mother can't get no work.'

'And what does your mother work at?'

'Her chores.'

'Her chores!—That's a text, I am inclined to think, from which a pretty lengthy sermon might be preached by any man given to long-winded orations. The boy meant to say, that his mother sought, by acting as char-woman to any one that would employ her, to supply the place of her crippled husband. What are the special duties of a char-woman, I do not pretend to be able to define with perfect accuracy; but I do know, that just as the profession of a schoolmistress is the refuge for destitute females of a certain class, so is that of char-woman a like refuge for another class. It is a profession which involves the performance of duties of a remarkably practical kind, to which no degree of éclat, no prestige of notoriety is attached: nobody ever heard of an honorary char-woman. Its emoluments have never, to my knowledge, been the subject of statistical inquiry, or its functions of regulation by authorities official or magisterial. It has been insinuated, that while other professionals have to study and struggle in order to *rise* into a position and sphere of practice, the candidates for the office of char-woman qualify themselves for the proper performance of its duties by a species of inverse progression, which, in the

course of time, and by the lapse of opportunity, leads down to it—that, in fact, it cannot be approached by any upward movement at all. Does a woman fail in the vocation of cook, then, assuming that of housemaid, fail in that too—then, transforming herself into a maid-of-all-work, fail again?—she is qualified as a char-woman from that time forth. Does a sempstress, weary of the everlasting 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' and perhaps half-blinded by the perpetual strain upon her eyes, abandon the needle and thread, and hopelessly resign herself to fate?—fate deposits her at once in the rank of char-women. Is the wife of an artisan or a labouring-man overtaken by adversity?—is her husband laid up by sickness?—has he abandoned her to go a gold-digging at the antipodes?—is he dead? or, worse still, is he alive, and daily drunk?—in either of these cases, the poor woman, as a matter of course, enlists as a char-woman. Besides these, there may be, for aught I know, a hundred different tracks marked out on the chart of woman's eventful life, which land the poor tempest-tossed voyager at this undesirable haven. At anyrate, the profession is one which, though lacking in any very inviting attractions, is undergoing continual augmentation, and, consequently, suffers in its emoluments from continual competition.

Owing to the very various sources from which the ranks of this numerous sisterhood are recruited, it is difficult to define, with anything like exactness, the physiology of the individual. You may regard her, if you choose, as a devout worshipper at the domestic altar: she is often upon her knees before it; but she prefers a very noisy, clamorous kind of adoration; and her piety is of the abstract species, not paid to any particular *penates*, but to the household gods of universal man or woman who may be standing in need of her ceremonial rites. Candour compels the declaration, that the char-woman prefers the service of man, young or old, unmarried or widowed, to that of her own sex. Not that she is to be accused of any design upon his personal liberty; but she counts more upon his amiable ignorance of household mysteries, and the permanence of household stores—especially of such small matters as fall unavoidably under her control in the course of the cleansing, soaping, rubbing, scrubbing, polishing, and brightening of the sanctuary of home—concerning all which particulars, she generously supposes him too much of a gentleman to demand a fractional account. Where there is a mistress, the credit and the privilege of these little responsibilities do not devolve on the char-woman.

The costume of this sisterhood is as various as their character and antecedents, and may be regarded, perhaps, in some degree as an indication of both. In general, however, it may be remarked, that their outer integuments have a tendency to coagulate in tumours and amorphous bundles about the loins, and at the same time to trail sweepingly at the heels. I have heard it affirmed, that the celebrated Dorothy Draggletail, of harmonious notoriety, was a char-woman; and a friend suggests that she might be taken as a type of the class. I am not so sure upon that matter; the class being so very numerous, and the good woman who at this moment is clattering about in the kitchen below, being a type of a very different order—not only an example of neatness in her own person, but in the persons of two young fatherless children, whom she maintains by her arduous labour. She happens to be

the only teetotal char-woman that ever came beneath my notice, however; and as I am a bachelor of fifty, and, in a small way, a man of observation to boot, I suspect this fact may be regarded as evidence that total abstinence is not extensively practised among them. But Mrs Pottler, like a woman who has seen the world, makes a market of her temperance—and who shall blame her for that, seeing that so many foul wares are brought to market, and fetch a high price? In demanding an extra sixpence a day, in lieu of beer and gin, she practically asserts the value of the virtues which all praise, whether they exercise them or not; and her employers, in acceding to her demand, I am persuaded, lose nothing by the compact.

The rarity of total abstinence among these untiring vestals, may be due to the very lowliness of their lot, which drives them to seek consolation in such brief joys as they can snatch from the present, for the loss of those vanished hopes which have long ceased to gild their prospects of the future. I have had opportunity of noting, during some of those great domestic revolutions which take place occasionally in the best regulated households, that when two or more char-women get together, whether it be around the tea-pot or the black bottle, their conversation is invariably of a melancholy and retrospective kind; and if the sitting be continued long, and the libation be alcoholic, the melancholy deepens, and the retrospection becomes dramatic and tragic. Like their ancient friend and brother, honest Dogberry, they have had their losses—far be it from us to say that they have deserved them. They are always unanimous in deploring the departure of the 'better days' which they once knew, and of which they cherish a remembrance all the dearer to them that they know they are gone for ever—thus exercising, without knowing it, a species of philosophy which the serious and didactic poets have long been striving to inculcate. It is owing to these sentimental remembrances, it may be, that the modest stimulants which excite and exalt others, depress them; and that the most pardonable excess makes them often mandarin, but never merry. So I have come to the conclusion, that though the mass of the profession differ physiologically more, perhaps, than do the members of any other profession that could be named, they are united by one remarkable characteristic—namely, that of resignation; a virtue, if it be a virtue, which, in these fast and stirring days, they almost exclusively monopolise.

Scandal is often busy with the subjects of our sketch. Deficits in household stores, if they cannot be otherwise accounted for, are unscrupulously set down to their agency. They are accused of surreptitiously meddling where they have no concern—of wandering unaccountably into beer-cellars, and groping mesmerically in wine-bins—of exercising a comprehensive philanthropy among a numerous circle of relatives at the expense of their employers—of coming to work in the morning thin, spare, and cylindrical, and of departing at night in an unsightly bulbous, tuberculous condition—and of fifty other things, which I hold it invidious to set down. To all such charges, I turn, on principle, a deaf ear. The man or woman either who cannot submit to be cheated a little, is not fit to live in this world, and need not reckon upon my sympathy. The true, I should like to see that pair of slippers again unaccountably after I had worn them twice; and if the good woman who preceded Mrs Pottler in the Saturday sovereignty of the basement-floor of the respectable house in which I lodge, *did* remove them by mistake in one of those fits of abstraction to which I know she



was unhappily subject, and will return them to me 'per Parcels Delivery,' I shall be happy to pay the carriage, and will retain a grateful remembrance of the act of restitution.

## THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

### CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN TOULMIN had, we found, already left the Priory, after hurriedly excusing himself to his mother and Mrs Herbert, by the pretext of urgent and suddenly remembered business affairs. He did not reappear till three clear days had elapsed, and then looking like a man recently fallen from the clouds, and hardly yet certain whether he had alighted upon his head or his feet. His bearing towards Clara was awkwardly but strictly in accordance with the prescribed pattern—a change which terribly mystified Mrs Selwyn, and for a time evidently disconcerted and annoyed Clara. Pride, however, as her sister anticipated, soon came to her relief, and before the discomfited captain's uncomfortable visit terminated, her manner was as cold and haughty as his was affectedly indifferent and neglectful: there was no longer, thank Heaven, any fear that her affections had been seriously entangled. The man was possessed of astonishing self-command; but for all that, an attentive observer could easily see frequent flashes of the volcanic rage within break through the exterior mask—prophetic of vengeance upon Mrs Calvert and her relatives, should fate ever place the means of inflicting it within his power. And that passionately longed for opportunity would, it daily became more clearly apparent, be ere long afforded him. Little Francis drooped rapidly: he was not precisely ill; that is, no cognizable, definite malady had as yet attacked him, but he suffered under an increasing *malaise*—a dejection of spirit which would almost certainly render him an easy prey to any active disease by which he might be assailed. This was more evidently than ever Mrs Calvert's decided conviction, and greatly contributed, of course, to the pleasure she felt, and she could hardly help openly expressing, at observing the fresh life and vigour that marked the hymeneal aspirations of the reverend rector since she, to him and others, unaccountable withdrawal of Captain Toulmin's formidable pretensions. Very natural in an attached sister was that pleasurable feeling. A union with the Rev. Charles Atherley would place Clara high out of adverse fortune's reach; and that great point secured, no other evil of any magnitude was to be apprehended. Mary herself, it was understood, enjoyed a quite sufficient income, though to what amount was not known, she being the very reverse of communicative upon the subject; and Mrs Selwyn would be fairly enough provided for by the Selwyn one-hundred-a-year patrimony, and the rent of Beach Villa. The future of myself alone seemed entirely bleak and cheerless, but even for me Mary had words of encouragement and hope; and it was in a manner tacitly agreed between us, that if our fears were realised, I should abide with her till, at all events, a more eligible home presented itself for my acceptance. The duration of Mrs Calvert's stay at the Priory, I should mention, was governed by two motives: in the first place, her own children being, as she told me, in perfect health, and under the care of trustworthy persons, she was desirous of remaining till a change for the worse or better took place in her sister's son;

secondly, the colonial bishop I have spoken of was shortly expected to arrive in England, and would, of course, pay a visit to Ashe Priory, when the important question relative to the personality would be set at rest.

The dreaded blow was not long delayed, and our low-whispered apprehensions were bruited through the stately mansion by Dr Mitchell's announcement, that Francis Herbert was attacked by *scarletina*—a disease just then extremely prevalent, and very generally fatal. The rigidly demure, but withal demoniac aspect of Captain Toulmin—now again a constant and defiant visitor at the Priory—presented an unmistakable daily bulletin of the mortal progress of the disease, till the fifth day, when, mocking us with idle hopes, it appeared to be almost miraculously arrested. The fever had certainly abated, there was considerable moisture on the skin, and the pretty patient had enjoyed a brief but seemingly refreshing sleep. An incident arose out of this pause between life and death, from which I drew, perhaps unjustly, a terrible inference, whether fairly justified by the facts the reader will decide for himself. I was near at hand in one of the corridors, though not visible to the speakers, when I heard Captain Toulmin ask Dr Mitchell, who was just leaving the house, whether it was true that the little boy was, as reported, so much better. The physician replied that the child certainly was very much better, but whether the improvement would continue or not, he could not say. Dr Mitchell then passed on; Captain Toulmin entered the blue drawing-room, as it was called; and I, still unobserved by him, went into the sick-chamber, where it was my turn to watch, and sent Mrs Calvert, who was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety, to bed. It was the close of a dull December day, and when I sat down by the bedside, no candle, lest it should disturb the child, who was uneasily slumbering, having been lighted, it was quite dark, save for a faint starlight which shone coldly in through the casement. There was no one, I knew, except Captain Toulmin in the blue drawing-room, the door of which I heard once, twice, thrice gently opened, and footsteps, light, stealthy footsteps, approach the sick-chamber, pause irresolutely, as it were, and go back again. Once more the steps approached, and this time came so near that I distinctly saw—the door being partially open for the admission of air—the shadow of a man upon the wall just within, and in the attitude of listening. Two or three slight knuckle-taps on the door followed, to which I, astonished, anxious, but not in the least alarmed, did not reply. The next instant, Captain Toulmin entered the chamber, walked lightly and swiftly towards the bed, on the opposite side to where I sat, and drew back the curtain. 'Captain Toulmin,' I exclaimed, not loudly, suddenly standing up and confronting him, 'you here!' I could not see his face distinctly, and the start of terror or surprise, which he could not repress, I would gladly not have seen. His agitation, from whatever cause arising, was not easily mastered, and his voice shook uncontrollably as he, not immediately, replied: 'Oh, it's you, Miss Redburn—how is the—the child?'

'Better, sir, considerably better, as I heard Dr Mitchell tell you not many minutes since.'

'True, true—I—I know; but it struck me that the nurse, or—or whoever might be here, could give me more positive, more decisive information before I left the Priory for the night. Good-evening, Miss Redburn.'

This was all that passed, and it scared me terribly—not at the moment, curiously enough, but upon after reflection. If he *did* intend—undeterminedly, as I think, at the worst—intend evil to the child, and had not been balked, he would have needlessly stained his soul with murder; for before the next day dawned, the disease had accomplished its mission, and the child heir-at-law was no more! I said nothing of the strange appearance of Captain Toulmin in the sick-room; and it was not, I think, till last year that I mentioned it, and then in a manner unintentionally, to Mary. It is a circumstance that my mind, even now, does not love to dwell upon.

Various were the emotions excited by that premature boy-death! Captain Toulmin—and, knowing the man, one can hardly feel surprised at it—had not the decency to affect concealment of his rampant joy; whilst the struggle in his lady-mother's breast between the promptings of sympathetic kindness of disposition and motherly exultation, was very palpable. Mrs Selwyn entered forthwith upon her accustomed course of hysterics; Mary, sad, grieving, but calm, entirely devoted herself to soothe the bitter anguish of the bereaved young mother; and as for the Rev. Charles Atherley, it was plain as truth that he was mentally accusing himself of detestable depravity and hardness of heart, because that pulsating organ *would* throb with a quicker, wilder beat, and illumine with a brighter glow the tell-tale tablet of his face.

Well, a few flutters only of the wings of Time sufficed to subdue, modify, and harden all those varying emotions and passions. Captain Toulmin, calmed considerably down from the fierce ecstasy of triumph with which he clutched the splendid prize that not very long since appeared to be hopelessly beyond his reach, had taken quiet possession of the Priory, already projected numerous modernising alterations therein, and had furthermore lent a favourable ear, it was said, to a deputation of numerous free and independent electors. These gentlemen had suddenly discovered, that of all the esquires in that division of the county, there was no one so admirably qualified to fill the legislative seat, soon to be vacated by the retirement of its present occupant from the fatigues and responsibilities of public life, as Captain Augustus Toulmin, of Ashe Priory. It was still but ten days subsequent to the funeral, when Mrs Selwyn, Mrs Herbert, Mrs Calvert, Captain and the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, the Rev. Charles Atherley, and myself, were all assembled in the library, awaiting, with at least outward composure, the expected arrival of his lordship, the colonial bishop, from whom a letter had been received, addressed to 'Mrs Herbert, Ashe Priory, Lancashire,' announcing his lordship's intention of calling on her that day about twelve o'clock, on his way to North Wales—a communication which, brief as it was, suggested the probability, aware as his lordship must have been of her son's death, that he was in possession, or cognizant, of a will distributive of the personals, in which Clara was interested. The desirableness of awaiting the bishop's arrival in order to the decisive clearing up of that essential point, was the reason, I understood, that we had not yet taken our departure from a residence where even its late mistress was already looked upon as little better than an unauthorised, unwelcome intruder. Clara, poor, timid, nervous Clara, would have yielded entire possession of everything without a struggle or a word of protest; but her sister—who really seemed made for occasions of difficulty, with such admirable firmness and decision did she act when there was a right to be vindicated, or insolence to be repressed—would not hear of her leaving Ashe Priory till after the bishop's visit; and Captain Toulmin, with a very ill grace, acquiesced, probably because he could not legally do otherwise.

It was, however, not near twelve o'clock when we

thus met, our being gathered together so early having been arranged—except as regarded the rector, who, as usual, was self-invited—by dear, fidgety, well-intentioned Mrs Toulmin. The worthy lady's never quite accurately poised mind had been sadly thrown off its equivocal balance by the domestic revolution that had just taken place, and a vague notion been set floating in her brain, that the lower-intimacy formerly subsisting between her son, Captain Toulmin, and 'sweet Mrs Herbert,' which had been so suddenly and mysteriously broken off, might be renewed by the genial influence of a sort of family-council, and possibly—so altogether flighty had she lately become—that the Right Reverend gentleman about to appear on the scene might conclude the affair connubially off-hand without further ado or delay, and thereby reconcile the conflicting emotions by which she was agitated. The aspect of the 'council' would have sufficed to convince any one less hopelessly obtuse than the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, of the desperate character of her enterprise. Her admirable son was lolling, sublimely insolent, upon a luxurious leather-chair near the fire, and fondling Ponto, a huge Newfoundland dog, one of the numerous quadrupedal additions he had already made to the establishment at Ashe Priory; his elaborately got up, sardonic smile and sneer saying, as plainly as he could make them say: 'You, Ponto, my fine fellow, are the only creature in this room I care a button for, or that has any right to be here.' Clara, as pale as a lily, frightened-looking—tears in her eyes, that a jarring whisper would cause to overflow—was standing at the further end of the apartment, as far away from Captain Toulmin as she well could be, with one hand clasped tightly round her sister's waist, looking, or pretending to look, over huge portfolios of prints and drawings she had seen twenty times before, which the delighted rector was lugging from the library-cases, and displaying before her with a zealous assiduity, infinitely rewarded by the occasional faint smile and blush of thanks which it called forth. For myself, seated near the fire opposite Captain Toulmin, I was soon thoroughly absorbed in painful retrospection, especially of the former scene I had witnessed in that library between Mary and Captain Toulmin, and the different positions in which they stood to each other then and now—a train of ill-boding reverie, from which I was suddenly roused by loud, sharp, pellet-like sentences emitted by the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, the precise tenor of which I did not catch in answer to some observation of her son's, as was evident by his rude rejoinder: 'Really, madam, you are too absurd in persisting that a pastime which may have amused an idle hour or two, indicated a serious purpose. *N'est ce pas*, friend Ponto?'

This was said in a sneering, taunting tone, clearly intended to be heard and understood by the group at the further end of the library. That it was quite perfectly heard and understood, Clara's agitation and varying colour—the Rev. Mr Atherley's fierce, I had almost written fighting look, directed full at the insolent speaker—and Mary's angry, yet, if the phrase may be permitted, *pleased* disdain, abundantly testified. Captain Toulmin no more comprehended that puzzling expression of Mary's countenance than I did, though it greatly irritated him, or even he would not have replied to it by saying: 'As to your proposal of last evening, my lady-mother, that I should allow the fair widow of my cousin, Francis Herbert, a pension, or something of that sort, I do not, as at present advised, see any necessity for doing so; her portion of the hereditary Selwyn property being doubtless amply sufficient for the needs of an unencumbered young lady.'

I do not believe that this brutality was levelled at, or deliberately meant to annoy Clara; it was a sudden, savage retort upon Mary for the bitter humiliation to which she had subjected him in that very room, and which the queenly look she had now, as then,



assumed, must have vividly recalled to his mind, as it did to mine. 'Mary,' I for the hundredth time mentally exclaimed, 'is wonderfully changed. Her husband, I remember, was a person of distinguished air and carriage; it must have been through long companionship with him that she has learned that lofty bearing.'

The Hon. Mrs Toulmin said something I did not hear, to which Mary replied: 'Pray, do not apologise, my dear madam: your son's words, I have no doubt, quite faithfully reflect his peculiarly constituted mind. I have only to remark, though it is scarcely worth while to do so, that under no possible circumstances will Mrs Francis Herbert condescend to hold the slightest avoidable intercourse with Captain Toulmin. As to pensions, it is quite possible he may yet be the suppliant to her for such favours, instead of the bestower of them.'

'Come, come,' interposed the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, who alone of us all did not appear to heed the implied menace contained in the last sentence; 'that is a little too harsh: you should not forget'—

'I forget nothing, my dear madam,' interrupted Mary; 'and I must beg that the subject be let drop. These painful, but, I have no doubt, fleeting trials,' she added, addressing the excited rector, and seating herself on a couch beside her sister, so as to screen her from observation, 'will, I trust, be sanctified to her, and—Ha! here, at last, I hope, is the bishop's carriage.'

It was the bishop's carriage; and in a very few minutes the right reverend gentleman entered the library, and saluted the two sisters with an almost undignified briskness of cordiality. To Clara he addressed a few words of pious condolence; congratulated Mary upon her health and cheerful looks; inquired for her sons; appeared surprised they were not at the Priory; then made a comprehensive bow, and seated himself: his stay could not, his lordship added, be longer on this occasion than a quarter of an hour at the most, he having to attend a church missionary-meeting twelve miles off at three o'clock precisely; but on his return he would, if permitted, make a longer stay. This being the case, instead of adjourning to partake of the luncheon prepared in the dining-room, some sherry and biscuits were brought into the library at his request.

'Your lordship being so pressed for time,' presently observed Captain Toulmin, 'will hardly be able to do more than acquaint us with the general purport of the important papers forwarded to your address immediately after the decease of Mr Edmund Herbert.'

'This gentleman is——?' queried the bishop, averting his gold hand-spectacles from the speaker's face towards that of Mrs Calvert.

'Captain Toulmin,' replied Mary quickly. 'This lady's, the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, son.'

'I remember—I remember: a distant relative of the family's. Well, sir, I *did* receive some important papers, as you mention; that is to say, they would be important were any one insane enough to dispute that a Herbert could have contracted a valid marriage with an estimable lady, though not of his own rank in life.'

'No one wants to dispute that, your lordship must be quite aware,' said Captain Toulmin.

'Exactly so,' replied the bishop; 'in which case the papers are *not* very important.'

'There was no will, then, amongst them, I conclude?'

'There was not,' said the bishop, 'which I regret—which I regret,' repeated his lordship, who had paused for a moment, startled by the demoniac glance of triumph that Captain Toulmin darted at Mary; 'as it would be more satisfactory to all parties if his wishes could be known with precise accuracy. This lady, Mrs Francis Herbert, he intended, as I know from one of his letters, to provide handsomely for. But, after

all,' added the bishop, 'the absence of a will can be of little consequence, under the actual circumstances. Edmund Herbert knew, as I know, that his intentions will be substantially fulfilled, as certainly as if engrossed and sealed upon parchment.'

'Permit me to differ from your lordship upon that point,' said Captain Toulmin with a sneering laugh: 'I have already declared that I feel bound by no obligation, moral or legal, to provide for Mrs Francis Herbert.'

'You have already declared!' said the bishop, looking bewilderedly towards Mrs Calvert. 'Really, I don't understand! What does the gentleman, Captain Toulmin, mean?'

The bright smile curling Mary's lip and dancing in her eyes, sent a wild electric thought, hope, through me; and so fiercely did my heart beat with the bare imagination flashing in my brain, that I caught at the back of a chair for support. But no—no, that were too good—too glorious to be true; and yet—

'Not understand me!' Captain Toulmin was saying the while, though, why, I know not, his voice sounded as if speaking at a great distance off. 'I do not, for all that, speak in parables. The late heir-at-law to the Herbert property, Mrs Francis Herbert's son, being dead, I am of course the present heir-at-law: that is plain English, I believe.'

'The late heir-at-law, Mrs Francis Herbert's son, being dead,' echoed the bishop, still with his eyes intently fixed upon Mrs Calvert, 'he is of course the present heir-at-law!'

'Your lordship must understand,' said Mary, 'that I have disclosed nothing: I had powerful reasons for not doing so till you were present.'

'Oh, now I comprehend,' exclaimed the bishop, rising from his chair, a motion which, from sympathy, I suppose, lifted everybody else at the same moment to their feet. 'It is not known, then, to you, ladies, and to you, gentlemen, that this lady, who, for perfectly justifiable reasons, has for a time borne the name of Calvert, is in reality the widow of Mr Edmund Herbert, to whom she was espoused by myself, in the church of the parish of which I was then rector, in his own proper name; and that, consequently, her eldest son, *not* Captain Toulmin, is the heir-at-law to the Herbert estates, real and personal.'

A silence like that which follows crashing thunder—a silence that could be felt in the audibly beating pulse, followed the bishop's announcement. What others felt, or how they looked, I know not; I remember only that my own almost suffocating emotions at last finding vent, I threw myself, in a paroxysm of sobs and tears, into Clara's arms, almost strangling her in an excess of delight very little short, for a time, of delirium. When I partially recovered, I saw that the terrible counter-stroke had prostrated Captain Toulmin, who was lying, pale and senseless, upon a couch—his mother, to whom Mary was speaking kindly, standing over him, chafing his temples, and wildly sobbing. Then the scene closed in again, so far as I was concerned, for I fainted, and was carried insensible to bed. In truth, I had been weak and ill for some days past, and was therefore not so well able as usual to bear up against such a sudden revulsion of feeling.

I think I only need add, by way of postscriptum, that the Hon. Mrs Toulmin is still a permanent guest at Ashe Priory; that Captain Toulmin, who was treated much better than he deserved, is an officer in the service of Austria; that Mary is, if possible, a more admirable person than ever; that her two sons are fine young men, who will, I doubt not, some of these days, do honour to the ancient, but, there can be little doubt, in some degree, till the introduction of fresh blood, partially decaying stock of the Herberts; that Clara is the happy and honoured wife of the rector—again a mother, and quite as much mistress of Ashe Priory as

ever she was; that Mrs Selwyn has been of necessity relegated, upon a sufficient income, to Beach Villa; and, finally, that I have been for a long time settled in London, and that my name, when I left Ashe Priory, ceased to be Redburn.

### THE REFORMER OF TURKEY AND HIS GAZETTE.

WE do not read much in what are called the War-books; but in dipping into the volumes, we occasionally alight upon passages that have more than a transitory interest. In a work now before us, for instance, which gives an impromptu history of Islamism, commencing with the biography of Mohammed from his birth, we skip over with suspicion those portions that ought to have taken years to write instead of months or weeks, but give ourselves up with perfect faith to the off-hand sketches of existing things that are evidently drawn from personal observation.\* The author does not paint the Turks quite *en beau*; but he has confidence in the reality of the civilisation they are commencing, and looks with hope to their future. This civilisation, our readers know, is spick-and-span new, and some deny its title to the name of civilisation at all. The last sultan, Mahmoud, and all his subjects, were semi-barbarians till the chief arrived at the calm and reflective middle age of man; at which point he seems to have been suddenly inspired with an ambition to imitate the refinement of Christian Europe. The slavery of the harem was discouraged, although the sultan did not dare to attempt to put it down. The number of captives for the market was diminished, and their consequently heightened value told favourably on their treatment. A man looked at his purchased slave in the light of a good round sum of money; more attention was paid to her health and comfort; jealousy demanded more in the way of confirmation than trifles light as air; even absolute misconduct did not seem to justify the master in condemning himself to so heavy a mulct, and recourse, therefore, was more rarely had to the ultimate measures hinted at in the verse of the poet—

There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the wave.

As Mahmoud rose in civilisation, he uncrossed his legs, got up from his carpet, and seated himself decently on a chair, like a Christian man. He rigged a table in his dining-room, covered it with a damask cloth, and overspread it with plate. His dishes and plates were of silver, his spoons of gold, and instead of his own unbelieving fingers, which he had hitherto used in dipping into the greasy pillauks, he had orthodox knives and forks. Mahmoud drank champagne at his meals: this was, in fact, his favourite beverage, and he sipped away at it till he became as glorious as any king in Christendom. Poor Mahmoud! his barbarous admiration of the Franks could not distinguish between their virtues and their vices; and so he became not only tolerant and merciful, but drunken, and the reforming sultan is shrewdly suspected to have died at last of *delirium tremens*.

It was Mahmoud who began those reforms in the army, the result of which we now read in every newspaper; but we are more interested in another step in advance made by this lover of champagne—the establishment at Constantinople of a Gazette. ‘This first Turkish newspaper,’ says Mr Neale, ‘was called the *Taakvimi Veekai*, or the *Tatler of Events*, and it was first issued to the public on Guy Faux Day 1831. No Guy in the streets of London ever attracted a greater

portion of inquisitiveness than did this first specimen of the Turkish press. I doubt whether the conspirator himself, when taken in the very act, with his lantern and matches, gave rise to more conversation, inquiries, suggestions, and execrations, than did this Turkish *Tatler*. Crowds assembled in the streets round any learned scribe who could spell its pages out to them; and the indignation of the old school knew no bounds at this fresh innovation upon their long-inherent rights of exclusive ignorance and fanaticism—the *padasta* and the vizier must have gone mad to countenance such a scandal. Curiosity, however, got the better of indignation. The most bigoted of the Turks slipped the atrocious article into their fathomless trousers, and carried it home with them, to examine its contents in the secret recesses of the harem. These, however, were the learned men who could read; the others flocked to the public cafes and *khatibs*, where they could share the misdemeanour with a crowd of their own class, and employ the services of persons who possessed the necessary accomplishment. These individuals rose at once to the surface of society. The heavens rained coffee, pipes, and paras upon them; and as the solemn audience sat around, stroking their beards, and staring in amazement as the recital went on, a spectator might have fancied that he saw the Moslem mind awakening, rubbing its eyes to find out where it was, and blinking in the new light of morning.

The paper was a decided success; and not merely in Constantinople, but throughout a great part of the empire. This appears marvellous, but it is full of hope. The Turks parted with their literary prejudices with less struggle than the army did with their sack trousers; and in a singularly short time the circulation of the *Tatler* became immense. In out-of-the-way places, such as Alexandretta and Antioch, our author himself was indebted to its columns for news of what was doing in Europe. ‘Some fair notion may be conceived of the varied instructive and amusing information the columns of this paper contained, when I state that through its medium ignorant bigoted old Turks, who had never travelled, even by a boat, ten miles beyond the town of their birth, whose education had consisted entirely in being able just to read and write their language—the latter imperfectly enough—the patterns of whose huge sherwals, and turbans, and zennars had been perpetuated in the same family through twenty generations—whose pride was plentiful, and who never condescended to smile; even these hard-headed and harder-hearted men, were enabled to form some indistinct conception of railways and steamers, and of the immense advantage which they must eventually prove to the advancement of commerce and science. The projected aerial ship was perfectly described, and constituted the theme of endless conversation. Being a Frank, and, above all, an Englishman, I was allowed no peace of mind or tranquillity, being supposed to possess perfect knowledge of the working and planning of so marvellous an invention. Day after day, week after week, the same incomparably dull old faces, all beard and inquisitiveness, preceded by the invariable pipe-bearer, followed by some half-score attendants and hangers-on, would be seen approaching the house, entering and taking precisely the same seat as yesterday, and recapitulating the same questions which, at the expiration of the first week, had been asked and responded to at least a score of times. Happily, the project exploded. The ship was a failure. The old Turks no longer looked nervously forward to the day when, turning out some fine morning, they would find the whole town gazing earnestly up into the air at Smith, and Brown, and Jones, and other adventurous travellers, who were ballooning it to Timbuctoo from the fabulous cities of Mexico. The *Tatler* explained to the Turks that the

\* *Islamism: its Rise and its Progress; or, the Present and Past Condition of the Turks.* By F. A. Neale. London: James Madden. 1854.

project was a failure, and then we were permitted some small peace of mind.' The great object accomplished by the *Tailler*, was forcing upon the Turks the knowledge that there existed other countries worthy of observation as well as their own. They began to doubt, while they read, whether they actually were, as they had hitherto believed themselves to be—a peculiar people, favoured, like the Israelites of old, with an especial patronage; and as the present war against a nation low down in refinement, brings them in friendly contact with the refined peoples of the West, it is not too much to hope that the change thus begun will go steadily on.

If we add that Mahmoud was a patron of art, and that pictures are now bought and hung up in Turkey—that he founded a school of surgery—and that he opened asylums for lunatics, who are now treated as patients, instead of being venerated as saints or prophets—we have said enough to shew that at least the point of the wedge has been inserted.

## THE MONTH.

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

THE migratory tendencies which so many people annually exhibit at this period of the year, have been much developed during the past week or two, by the beautiful weather with which we have been favoured. With a sky of a deep clear blue, that even metropolitan smoke seems unable to tarnish—with sunlight that finds its way into the duller nooks and corners, and with the thermometer, even in the shade, at a point that pleads most eloquently in favour of sea-breezes and sylvan coolness, we can feel no surprise that there is a general desire to escape from the stifling oppressiveness of a London atmosphere, in search of that buoyancy which only the country can afford. Already large detachments of health and pleasure seekers have departed by the various railways and steam-boats, to invade favourite rural spots and watering-places. Painters, sketch-book in hand, swarm, north, east, west, and southwards, to study new effects, and bring home materials for future triumphs. Literary men, such, at least, as are not fettered by the duties of journalism, swell considerably the tide of migration—only the rear-guard of the 'great world' remains. In a very short time, that, too, will be on the move. It may well be imagined, that in the state of semi-desertion into which the metropolis is falling, there is little activity to be noted in any direction, and scarcely any topic which provokes discussion, except the progress of the war. Literary intelligence is of the scantiest description, and without particular interest.

The Guild of Literature and Art, which had remained so long inactive as to engender a belief that it had fallen into a condition of hopeless torpor, has lately shewn symptoms of reviving animation. Having now overcome the legal difficulties which at one time beset its path, it has obtained a charter, and will, I understand, very shortly make a public statement of its intentions, and the mode in which it is to be carried on. It is to be hoped this statement will be explicit. In the meantime, an attempt has been made to establish another society of a somewhat similar description. The Literary Institute of the British Empire, is the title of this new project; and its chief object is to form literary men into a corporate body, and to establish a common hall or place of resort for the use of members. The scheme has grown out of another which, under the title of the *Athenæum Institute for Authors*, had been for some time in agitation, but without gaining much attention or support. It is to be hoped that the form in which

the new institution has been put forward, will be found more attractive than that of its predecessor. Some such institute as that proposed has long been wanted.

Complaints, iterated and reiterated in the public press, of the want of proper accommodation for the readers who frequent the library of the British Museum, have at last had some effect upon the supine and sleepy governing powers. A new reading-room, considerably larger than the overcrowded, ill-ventilated apartment now in use, is to be constructed in one of the open quadrangles of the building; and another change—the opening of the library at night, with proper precautions against fire—is said to be under consideration. By such an arrangement, the treasures of the national library would be accessible to a large body of men who are at present unable, from professional or other duties, to attend during the day. With all this talk of reform; we have not a word respecting the catalogue, which still continues to be a disgrace to the nation. What is called the New Catalogue, is tolerably well arranged and easy of reference; but the old catalogue, numbering some sixty or seventy volumes, and in very general use, is a mass of irregularity and confusion. A few days ago, I wished to refer to the works of a very well-known recent writer, and found his name in three separate places, without any reference from one to the other. Upon mentioning this circumstance to a friend, he lifted his eyes in a manner which said plainly, that I ought to think myself lucky in having found what I wished at all. The amount of time positively wasted over that catalogue in one week is incalculable; and the most annoying circumstance is, that a very little labour might remove all cause of complaint. A dozen ordinary auctioneers' clerks would, with the materials already existing, make a good catalogue in a month. These remarks lead me to a subject which is worthy of a passing notice—the rapidly increasing value of old books. To say that a rare volume is worth its weight in gold, is now no figure of speech. At the sale of the books of Mr Gardner of Chatteris, the other day, by Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, some of the lots realised the most astonishing prices. Caxton's black-lettered *History of Reynarde the Foxe* sold for L.195; his *Golden Legend*, for L.230. The first edition of Matthew's translation of the Bible sold for L.150. A first edition of Cranmer's Bible, L.121; and a first edition of Shakspeare—dated 1623—for the large sum of L.250. The entire collection, consisting of between two and three thousand books, sold for L.8171.

New books, however, do not meet with so good a market, and continue very little in demand. Of those that have been recently published, a work by Mr Patmore upon the *Deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century*,\* has awakened some little attention, by statements of the author, which are alleged to be incorrect, and which, as affecting the characters of the persons to whom they refer, cannot be passed over in silence. Amongst other things, more or less calculated to provoke controversy, Mr Patmore affirms that the poet Campbell had no other share in the *Life of Mrs Siddons* which bears his name, than that of 'overlooking the manuscript,' and 'looking over the proof-sheets'—that the book was 'entirely prepared and composed by a rapid and off-hand writer, much employed by popular publishers, when called upon at a pinch, to supply the cravings of the literary market.' It was scarcely to be expected that a statement like this, made so positively, and yet wearing such an air of improbability, would be likely to pass unchallenged. The publisher of the work in question has written

\* *My Friends and Acquaintances, being Mind Portraits and Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century; with Selections from their Unpublished Letters.* 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

to a literary journal, calling upon Mr Patmore to prove what he has advanced, and adducing, in support of his own opinion that the statement is altogether without foundation, a letter from Campbell, in which allusion is made by the writer to the labour he has bestowed upon the work, and to the conviction of himself and his friends with respect to its execution.

*Friends and Acquaintances*, though its texture is slight, and its statements, as we have seen, are open to question, is amusing reading; though more adapted for those who are old enough to remember the individuals mentioned, than for the general reader.

The only other book that has attracted much notice, is Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Sunny Memories*. Such persons as can fix their attention on anything at all in this hot weather, have felt bound to read these volumes; but the critics have, with pretty considerable unanimity, 'pooh-pooled' the whole production. Perhaps they expected too much. Perhaps they feel inclined to revenge on Mrs Stowe the fact, that they were carried away a couple of years ago by popular enthusiasm into elevating her a good deal above her merits. *Uncle Tom* has taken a deserved place in our literature; but it is not the place which its admirers at first endeavoured to force it into. At anyrate, *Sunny Memories* answers nobody's expectations; for the whole two volumes prove nothing but what might have been proved in a very few pages—namely, that the authoress egotises very agreeably, and was marvellously delighted with the reception she met with in England.

I mentioned before, that a very valuable literary treasure, an unpublished character, in verse, by Pope, of the Duke of Marlborough, had come into the possession of Mr Wilson Croker, who was preparing a new edition of Pope's life and works. In an anticipatory criticism of this work, inspired, it would seem, by the preliminary advertisement which has recently appeared, the *Athenæum* has brought forward a number of facts respecting the author and his writings which are of the most interesting kind, and which no biographer ever discovered. The chief feature in the very able and lengthy articles in the *Athenæum*, is the proof afforded that the correspondence of Pope, published with his own authority as to its authenticity, is far from genuine—alterations having been made to an extent that quite startles the reader who has always imagined the letters to have been, as stated, 'written in the openness of friendship—a proof what were his real sentiments as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion, without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them.'

The writer in the *Athenæum*, who has evidently obtained access to many unpublished letters of Pope, prints them side by side with those which have hitherto been recognised as the originals, and thus presents in a new light, and free from obscurity or doubt, many circumstances which have proved a stumbling-block to all Pope's biographers. It is pleasing to find, that although these discoveries tend somewhat to lower Pope in our estimation, we have, from the same source, a complete refutation of the charge revived by Bowles, of an improper intimacy having existed between the poet and Martha Blount, and many incidents and facts brought to light which place Pope in a more pleasing and favourable position than he has yet occupied. Whether Mr Wilson Croker will distrust the information contained in the *Athenæum*, or avail himself of it, as suggested, has yet to be seen.

#### THE STUDIO.

With the close of the Royal Academy, it is to be hoped we have heard the last of Mr Hunt's fantastic picture, 'the Light of the World,' which has been almost the talk of the town this season. So many letters have been written concerning this picture, and so much criticism expended upon it, that it

seemed probable we were at last to be spared all further allusion to the subject; but, at the eleventh hour, Dr Waagen has passed his judgment upon this marvel of modern art, and the views he expresses are so sound and sensible, that it is matter of congratulation, rather than otherwise, that his opinion has been added to the number of those already recorded. Dr Waagen, as might be expected, is no admirer of the 'Light of the World,' or of the school to which the artist belongs. He shews that the composition of the picture is incongruous and contradictory, and that it arbitrarily unites two widely opposite tendencies of art. Of the Pre-Raphaelites generally, Dr Waagen says, that while imitating the great masters of the fifteenth century, they have imitated not only their beauties but their defects, utterly forgetful of the fact, that the works of that period attract us not by their defects, their hard outlines, erroneous perspective, and meagre drawing, but in spite thereof. Dr Waagen adds that in Germany, where the new school had, at one time, many disciples, artists have, in almost every instance, given up their faith in Pre-Raphaelitism, and returned to a sounder and more rational belief. When will our own painters follow such a laudable example?

The Hood Memorial is at length completed, and has just been erected over the poet's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. The monument consists of a pedestal of polished red granite, surmounted by a well-executed bust. At the sides of the pedestal are bass-reliefs illustrating the *Bridge of Sighs* and the *Dream of Eugene Aram*; at the foot are placed a comic mask and the poetic lyre; and above, an inscription, stating the date of the poet's birth and death, and that the monument has been erected by public subscription. His own simple epitaph, 'He sang the Song of the Shirt,' is placed just under the bust. The general effect of the monument is very good; and Mr Matthew Noble, the sculptor, certainly deserves high praise, not only for the artistic manner in which he has executed the work, but for the generous spirit which has directed his labours—the amount for which he has completed the design being far from an adequate remuneration, in a pecuniary point of view. It is much to be regretted, that so interesting a memorial should have been inaugurated in a manner unworthy of the poet's memory. Paragraphs in a few newspapers had intimated that many distinguished literary men would be present at the ceremony. Tempted by this announcement and the fineness of the day, I proceeded to the cemetery at the appointed hour. In due time, about fifty people gathered round the monument; and then Mr Monckton Milnes, supported by a policeman as a kind of vice-president, recited an address. This was the beginning and end of the proceedings. Not a single literary celebrity was present. It would of course be absurd to suppose, that this neglect was owing to any want of sympathy with the object of the ceremonial.

Undaunted by the unsightly aspect of the colossal Egyptian figures at the Crystal Palace—which, but for the interest that attaches to them as the production of another age and people, would be unendurable as works of art—Signor Chardini suggests, in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, the erection of an enormous statue to Shakespeare, which, in point of size, will put even the giants of Aboos Simbel to the blush. Signor Chardini proposes that the statue should be 100 feet high, and of cast iron; that the interior shall contain three floors, on each of which is to be an apartment of about eighty feet in circumference, and fifteen feet high; that, by an ingenious arrangement, light shall be admitted at various places not visible from the outside; and the top room shall be lighted by a roof of glass fixed in the head, and by the apertures of the eyes, those apertures being in due proportion with the rest of the figure—two feet wide! That the proposition should

have been made, is not surprising, precedents for such a work of art being afforded by Russia, Italy, and Bavaria; but the good taste of these colossal statues is somewhat questionable. Surely, in paying homage to genius, the mere size of our tribute can be but of little consequence, else let us at once change gold for copper, and our presentation-cups and purses of money will be large indeed. Such a statue as that proposed by Signor Chardini, might look very well hoisted upon a rock, and fixed in an open plain; but in the midst of houses and streets, it would be out of proportion to everything around. The *Athenæum* suggests Primrose Hill as a good site; but as Primrose Hill is one of the few places within a reasonable distance from the centre of the metropolis where a breath of fresh air may be obtained, it would be unwise to lumber it with a huge erection which must curtail a considerable amount of its space, and may or may not add to its beauty. Surely a national tribute to Shakspeare should be conceived in a less showman-like spirit than that which is suggested by this gigantic proposal.

### A FRENCH PATTERN.

THE other evening, when looking over a little French fashion-book, much prized for its pretty 'patterns,' my attention was arrested by one of a different kind from what I expected to find there. It is a history of the sacrifice of a ruling taste at the shrine of duty. Few who have not felt the *besoin d'écrire*, can imagine how strong a passion it may become; yet all, I think, will agree with me in considering Mademoiselle de Lézardière a literary heroine, and will sympathise in her struggles and her sorrows.

About the end of the reign of Louis XV.—thus runs the sketch I have translated—a young girl of sixteen years of age, living in a remote manor-house of Poitou, conceived and undertook to execute a work, the erudition of which might have taxed the learned perseverance of a Benedictine monk. At this early age, she began to write the *Theory of the Political Laws of the Ancient Monarchy of France*, from its cradle to the eighteenth century—from the period of Roman legislation, to the edicts which then regulated the political relations of parliament.

M. de Lézardière, her father, often regretted having given her too masculine an education; he was anxious to forbid her embarking on such laborious investigations, and desired to lead her taste to subjects better suited to her sex. He did everything he could to oppose what he conceived to be so erroneous a direction of her talents; but Pauline had such faith in her own powers, that she defended her cause vigorously. She saw the greatness and the value of the object she had in view, and she felt an inward anticipation of success.

At this period, nothing of a satisfactory nature had been written on the political laws of France. Detached portions of history, such as related to the absolute power of the crown, the influence of the different orders—the clergy, nobility, and commons, or *tiers-état*—had their panegyrist and their censurers; but no comprehensive or conscientious political writer had arisen to grasp the whole, and to search for historical truth alone, unbiassed by party, in the study of the origin and development of public rights and privileges.

Mademoiselle de Lézardière longed to undertake the work thus neglected by others, and her noble ambition was to present it to her country.

The young girl's first historical essays were submitted to M. de Malaherbes, to the Duc de Nivernais, to M. de Breguigny, and to the Benedictine Don Poirier. They all admired her style, and appreciated the greatness of her views; and to facilitate the execution of her important plan, those new patrons of Pauline placed at her command all the books and documents she could desire. Twenty years passed over, devoted

to her laborious investigations, and she had completed one-half of her gigantic task, when the French Revolution broke out. She fancied that its publication might be of service to the state at a time when the fundamental principles of the French constitution were under discussion. Her work appeared in 1792, but during the turbulent violence of this period, it did not attract the attention she had expected. Mademoiselle de Lézardière, however, cared little for this neglect, as her thoughts and affections were now otherwise occupied. Her family, ardently devoted to the royal cause, was threatened with proscription. One of her brothers—a priest—fell an early victim to the popular excitement against the clergy; her mother died of grief on hearing of the sentence of death passed on Louis XVI.; and her father was arrested on suspicion. The crime of which he was accused was that his two sons, Paul and Sylvestre, were serving under the standard of La Rochejaquequin, in La Vendée. On hearing of the danger that threatened their father, these noble young men at once surrendered themselves as prisoners in his place. At their entreaty, their father was released, and they had the glory and happiness of dying in his stead.

In a state of despair, the heart-broken M. de Lézardière, with his daughter Pauline, buried himself in the most obscure seclusion. One of his sons, Joseph, an infantry officer, had emigrated. Charles, the youngest, while fighting in La Vendée, was made prisoner, and owed his life to the intervention of a soldier, who, recognising him, ran to him, and throwing his arms around him, exclaimed: 'If he dies, I shall die with him!' The council of war condemned the *rebel*, therefore, to exile instead of to execution. He was dragged from prison to prison, till at last he contrived to escape.

These domestic afflictions broke the spirit of Mademoiselle de Lézardière. She renounced her literary labours, and devoted herself to an obscure and monotonous life. She put from her all hope of the fame for which she had so long and so meritoriously struggled, to devote herself to her sorrow-stricken father, and live with him in retirement, forgetting and forgot. Her brother Joseph, on his return from emigration, had recovered some of his property. On their father's death, he persuaded his sister to join him at the remote Château de la Prunetière, in La Vendée. There she lived for thirty-five years, devoting herself with fervent piety to works of benevolence; undistinguished in outward appearance from the good women of the neighbourhood, who prayed beside her in the village church, and drawing from religion a balm for the great sorrows that had embittered her life.

Mademoiselle de Lézardière lived to the age of fourscore-years-and-one; she died in 1835, deeply lamented by the poor, whom she had so loved and tended in her latter days.

The literary reputation of this humble-minded woman has greatly increased since her death. A new edition of her *Théorie des Lois Politiques de la Monarchie Française* has appeared, under the superintendence of MM. Guizot and Villemain; and, in the opinion of competent judges, it combines profound erudition, rare sagacity, and new ideas, with strict and powerful logical views.

The illustrious historian, M. Augustin Thierry, has said of it: 'The work of Mademoiselle de Lézardière is complete, ingenious, and full of wisdom. She has manifested a remarkable power of analysis. She has sought out and weighed discreetly the most important questions, and has not lost sight of them until she has exhausted the subjects to which they relate; and she is never deceived as to the relative bearing and intention of the documents she has inserted.'

The writer in the *Journal des Demoiselles* goes on to say: 'We wished to make you, young ladies, acquainted

at least with the name of this noble-hearted woman, who consecrated her talents to the good of her country, but who did not allow the possession of genius of the highest order, to estrange her from the practice of the ordinary and domestic duties of life. The history of the pious and modest Mademoiselle de Lézardière may serve as a pattern to all, and a lesson to many.'

#### THE HYMENAL ALTAR.

Why are people about to marry always represented as going to lead or be led to the hymeneal altar? Are we in a Christian land? Here is a paragraph from a fashionable contemporary:—'Lady E. E., daughter of the Earl and Countess of E., is about to be married to the Hon. G. B., M.P.' Now, this reads like a bit of reasonable current history. Antiquaries, who may come from New Zealand to dig up mounds on the Thames, finding such a statement, will conclude that Lady E. E. and Mr G. B. lived in Christian times, and were members of a Christian church. But what will they make of the announcement in the same paper:—'Mr H. will lead to the hymeneal altar the youthful and beautiful Miss E. L.?' Will they infer that Mr H. and Miss L. followed the pagan rite? or will they assume that it was customary for ladies to be wedded at the communion-table, and misses at some other sort of shrine, known as the altar of Hymen? or will they suppose that marriage was a purely patrician institution—the lady being made a wife, and the miss being only made a lady? We, of course, know the facts—but we know them in spite of the report. We are aware that Mr H. is not about to lead Miss L. to the hymeneal altar. We know that there is no hymeneal altar in London. We are sure, moreover, that if there were, it would be the very last place to which Miss L. would consent to be led. Why, then, will our chroniclers go on talking of things that have passed away as if they were still living? Why prattle of hymeneal altar, when the thing meant is a communion-table—talking nonsense now, in order to puzzle learned pundits in the future?—*Lloyd's Newspaper*.

#### AMERICAN STATESMEN.

Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer in very moderate circumstances; Henry Clay, of a poor backwoods preacher. Martin Van Buren was too poor in youth to obtain a tolerable education; and it has been said of him in reproach, that he sold cabbages around the village of Kinderhook. Andrew Jackson was an orphan at an early age, and was left penniless, with nothing but his own efforts to aid him. Governor Vance, of Ohio, had been a plain farmer through life, and entered that state as a pioneer, with an axe on his shoulder and very little in his pocket. Joseph Ritner, former governor of Pennsylvania, served his time with a farmer as a regular bound apprentice; after which time, he for several years drove a wagon from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

#### EXTERNALS OF A GENTLEMAN.

Cut off that beard which reaches to the waist—never let your hair grow lower than your ears—never let your nails be seen either long or in mourning. A black coat and trousers are the only ones that can possibly be worn at a first visit, a banquet, or a ball. Under these circumstances, a white waistcoat, or one of black satin, may be seen with equal propriety. Visits of ceremony demand dress-shoes and a white waistcoat. The hands should always be gloved; and a man of good society is known to dance only in white gloves. A distinguished man may be recognised by the fineness of his linen, by the elegance of his boots, the careful disposal of his hair, and the perfect fit of his gloves. Care should be taken never to appear anywhere without gloves: this is a great sign of good society. You may have one hand ungloved: this should be the hand you will give to a friend, if you meet one. Rings and heavy gold chains are in bad taste. The shirt-front should not show any buttons: it may, however, be finely embroidered. The collar should not be far above the neckcloth.—*Meilheurat's Manual of Etiquette*.

#### LEONORA.

LEONORA, Leonora,  
How the word rolls!—'Leonora.'  
Lionlike, in full-mouthed sound,  
Marching o'er the metric ground  
With a tawny tread sublime—  
So your name moves, Leonora,  
Down my barren rhyme.

So you walk, young Leonora,  
Down the mossy-alleyed wood,  
Head erect, majestic, tall,  
The meet daughter of the Hall;  
Yet with brown eyes soft declined,  
And a voice like summer wind,  
And a meek mouth, sweet and good,  
Dimpling ever, Leonora,  
In fair womanhood.

How those smiles dance, Leonora,  
As you meet the sun and breeze  
Under your ancestral trees:  
For your heart is free and pure,  
As this blue March sky o'erhead:  
And in the life-path you tread  
All the leaves are budding, sure!  
And the birds break into singing,  
And the primroses are springing—  
'Tis your spring-time, Leonora,  
May that prime endure!

But spring passes, Leonora,  
And the silent days must fall  
When a change comes over all;  
When the last leaf downward flutters,  
And the last, last sunbeam glitters  
On the terraced hillside cool,  
On the peacocks by the pool:  
When you walk along these alleys  
With no airy foot that dallies  
O'er the daisies and the moss,  
But with quiet step and slow,  
And grave eyes that earthward grow,  
And a matron-heart, inured  
To all woman has endured;  
All the sorrow and the loss,  
All the blessing and the gain—  
Could you meet that time of wane?  
Could you smilingly lay down  
Happy girlhood's flowery crown,  
And take up, O Leonora,  
Womanhood's meek cross?

Ay: your eyes shine, Leonora,  
Warm and true, and brave and kind;  
And although I nothing know  
Of the maiden soul below,  
I in them good omens find.  
Go—enjoy your spring-time's hours  
Like the birds and bees and flowers—  
And may summer skies bestow  
On you just so much of rain—  
The blest baptism of pain,  
As will make your blossoms grow:  
May you walk, as through life's road  
Every noble woman can,  
With a pure heart before God,  
And a true heart unto man:  
Till with this same smile you wait  
For the opening of the gate  
That shuts earth from your tired eyes;  
Leaving children's children playing  
In those woods you used to stray in;  
Glad you enter, Leonora,  
Into Paradise.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 34.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE BRINGING FORTH OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE mechanical wonders of the daily newspaper have been described a hundred times. We have been made familiar with the great inventions whereby so many thousand lines are put into type, and so many thousand copies laid on the breakfast-tables of the country; the lines having been only a dozen hours before in manuscript, and the copies blank paper. In truth, it would be difficult to point out any fact which combines in itself so many of the prodigious successes of modern science, as the great fact of a London morning paper lying upon an Edinburgh counter at eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-four hours before, the matter of two octavo volumes existed only in manuscript—part of it, indeed, in the brain of certain persons, at a distance of four hundred miles.

The mechanical arrangements by which this feat is effected are, as has been said, sufficiently familiar to most people: of the intellectual arrangements, much less is known. Few ever think of the direct process whereby such a heterogeneous mass as the columns of daily papers present, is collected, digested, and put into forms so clear, regular, and connected, during the course of one-half of a single night; or how half-a-dozen articles—which would be among the brightest in a collection of essays—are thrown off at an hour's notice, with small preparation, amid the confusion of facts yet uncertain, and after the toil and pressure of the labour of the day. It may be interesting to watch, during its progress, the development of a daily newspaper.

Enter the working-office of the paper in the middle of the day: it is like a geological interval between the extinction of one creation and the formation of another. You go up a narrow, creaking staircase—dirty and ink—such as would disgrace a collier. Everything is still. Half-way up, in a little dusty room, sits a man with a pot of porter before him; he wonders what on earth you can want at that time of day. If you succeed in penetrating to the working-room—not yet put in order—your impressions will be curious. On one side lie the slips of an article which cost the writer infinite pains and satisfaction—on another, the fragment of a dispatch, containing news of the utmost importance, which excited the whole office at its arrival. Both are now interesting myriads of people at a distance of many miles. Here they are crammed into a corner, covered with dirt, and forgotten by the persons who, a few hours before, were so much interested and excited about them. A new world is about to dawn upon the newspaper, and the past is already sunk and forgotten.

The newspaper world never thinks again of a thing when it has once done with it: with that world, each day's work is like the May-fly—brilliant and rapid for its hour, then lost upon the winds.

At the same time the editor, four miles out of town, is taking his breakfast. He glances listlessly over his paper, just to see how it looks; but it is a thing gone by with him as with the rest of his world: he would be lucky if, till his hour of duty, he could forget altogether that such a thing as a newspaper existed: but this is a happiness not allowed to editors of daily papers. At every sip of his tea—amidst the prattle of his family—amidst the chat of his friends—the inquiries of his wife—rises in dreary solemnity the image of the next morning's paper. Never did coming event cast its shadow before more effectually than the coming newspaper throws its shadow over the mind of its ill-fated editor. What are to be the general subjects for the day—the particular subjects, of course, depend upon what may turn up—whether he shall be indignant on judicial abuses—proud of commercial prosperity—virtuous on the rich—sentimental on the poor—indulgent towards the Lords—piquant towards the Commons—all this—how it is to be done, and who is to do it, will intrude upon his thoughts, however closely he may fix his eyes on the flaxen hair of his pet daughter, or the bright illustrations of the last new publication.

But between him and his next paper there yet intervenes an important ceremony: he has to meet the proprietors at four o'clock. In the old times, those of which our fathers have told us, these meetings were very pleasant. When there was yet a race amongst the newspapers for the first place in influence and profit—ere a single publication had overshadowed all the rest—when personal communications from men of official rank were matters of course—when the destinies of the country seemed to hang upon the press—when the great public pressed less, and great people pressed more upon the newspapers—when the race for earliest intelligence was eager and fiery, and £200, and occasionally very much more, would be spent on a single dispatch—in those days, the four o'clock meetings embraced matters of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is much duller work now. If the paper succeeds so far as to pay a dividend, the eagerness of gain sends the proprietors—starched, white-cravated men—closely into the accounts; the penny-a-line book is too large; a reporter may be dispensed with at such a court; a correspondent at such a station. If the great topics of the day are touched upon, it is in the mercantile view of circulation. If a great name is to be connected with the establishment, it is asked if it will increase the sale. If, on the other hand, the affair

does not pay, the poor editor has a sad game to play: his mode of handling general topics, the style of his articles, his choice of features, his management of contributors, and a thousand other matters, are liable to be discussed in an impatient and cross-grained humour, which is not likely to lighten the mind of a man who has a mental burden of such weight to lift and carry every day of his life. It is true, there is commonly a business-manager attached to the paper, who ought to take much of this off the editor's hands; and so he generally does, under new arrangements and new proprietors. But the editorial duties are so intimately connected with the business, under all its forms, that the load gradually and naturally slides from the manager to the editor, who ends by having all the plague, whether he has ostensibly the business or not.

It is seldom the fortune of the editor to fall upon the golden days of a large profit; then, indeed, these annoyances are spared him, and his position is in many respects enviable. The next best position to this is to have rich proprietors, who have taken the paper for the purpose of promoting a crotchet or a principle, and are comparatively indifferent as to the expenses. A few strong articles, good personal praise, and a special tone, suffice to keep these men in good-humour; and their editor has an easy time. But this seldom lasts. Such a hobby is terribly expensive, and wearies out most people after a few months.

Our editor has got rid of his proprietors; he has now his contributors to attend to; persons from influential quarters with messages or articles, are to be seen and satisfied; new hands are to be engaged for the Gallery, or elsewhere. No wonder the candidate is somewhat fidgety at the approach of the great *chef*, for it is a question with him between starvation and £300 a year. It is one of the misfortunes of metropolitan journalism, that its members, instead of beginning with small salaries, and rising gradually and certainly, begin at once with five guineas a week. With this they live famously for a time; but a change intervenes; they are thrown out, and left with nothing. But we cannot stop now to dilate on a subject on which so much might be said, and on which so much depends in the state of modern literature. The editor has fulfilled his engagements; let him go home to his dinner; we shall not want him again till nine.

Meanwhile, the editorial apartments begin to exhibit some slight signs of life. A few packets have found their way to the tables—some of the reports of the day, parcels from penny-a-liners, and letters of correspondents. One or two of the parliamentary staff drop in, to make inquiries about the arrangements of the evening. It is a slight gust before the evening's storm, and drops into silence soon after five.

Between seven and eight, in walks the sub-editor, and with him begins the regular business of the evening. He is a pale, worn-looking man the sub-editor. Hard and drudging work all through the dark hours, from seven till four, six days out of the seven, and with only a fortnight's holiday in the year, tell grievously on a man's constitution. He is well paid; but where is the enjoyment of money to one whose day is spent in providing rest against the exigencies of the night? However, rested or not, there he is, looking on the accustomed packets upon his table. Half of these—reports of the law-courts, or communications from known and accredited persons—he hands at once to the printer without further examination. He then sits down to the 'flimsy,' as the communications are called of the penny-a-liners—who, by the way, should be 'three-halfpence-a-liners,' three-halfpence a line being their usual honourarium. With these gentlemen he has a world of trouble. Being paid by the yard, they have of course a direct interest in lengthening their measure. This they might do by amplifying incidents, or inventing a few supplementary particulars; but this the

penny-a-liner never does; although, for the most part, the poorest of poor fellows, he is thoroughly conscientious as to matter of fact. His amplifications are sentences of pathos, compound epithets, and little pieces of humour. He has, perhaps, sent in some penny-a-lining matter every day of his life for ten years. During that time, he has certainly never known a single instance in which his pathos, his humour, or his epithets, have actually found their way into print. The sub-editorial pen is most ruthless in its erasures. The sub-editor, too, having often the choice of several accounts of the same occurrence, chooses naturally that with the least ornamental superfluity, as giving the least trouble. Yet, nothing can cure these gentlemen of their passion for eloquence. The same heroic flourish in a shipwreck, the same magnificent indignation in a murder, expressed in terms of sublimity which Milton never thought of, still, night after night, solicit publication, only to have it refused. The heroism of genius must be truly great to resist such eternal rebuffs! If authors lose half their praise, because it never can be known what they blot, what is to be said of penny-a-liners?

The foreign editor, or rather sub-editor, makes his appearance about half-past eight. This functionary, like others, has of late years had his glories dimmed. The incessant activity of 'our own correspondent' leaves him little to do. His work, in former times, used to include the memorabilia of all Europe: at present, it is mainly confined to what is found in the German papers. These multifarious productions, from holes and corners beyond the reach of the corresponding system, often contain facts of interest when least expected. These, and a few gleanings from the Italian papers, form the substance of the foreign work now done at home; and this last source produces so little as to be scarcely worth notice. In these days, when periodical-writing reaches every extreme, from the highest point to the lowest, it would be difficult to find any publication more utterly lifeless, pointless, and uninteresting, than an Italian newspaper.

A heap of country newspapers is lying on the table. If these papers were what they ought to be, they might furnish our sub-editor with the means of placing the state of the nation before the public with unrivalled certainty and completeness. In the country districts, the workings of the law, the state of prisons, of workhouses, of agriculture, of religious opinion, are known to every diligent inquirer; and if these things were properly gathered by the local editors, the daily papers in the metropolis could form a summary of the great facts of the nation, which would utterly throw into the shade the reports of parliamentary commissions. England might know itself every week, instead of waiting for enlightenment every two or three years at the hands of peripatetic philosophers, who have just begun to comprehend the district, when they are called somewhere else. Unfortunately, the local newspapers, with a very few exceptions, tells nothing of all this. Observe how languidly our sub-editor glances over its columns, as if fulfilling a duty he cared little about, and from which he expected but small fruits. His scissors are inserted at last, only to cut out the notice of the consecration of a church, a colliery accident, or a cabbage of preternatural growth. Let such country papers as aim at higher things, pardon us if we lament that so few of their brethren resemble them: great are the opportunities of all, since the country knows or can know the country, while London is far from having the power of knowing London. Hitherto, there has been little either of excitement or amusement in the office; the first sounds of either come from the Reporters' Room. By this time the debates have become heavy, and have brought with them a host of anecdotes—the snubbing given by the minister to a troublesome querist, the absurd look of such a member when he

was called to order, the bull of one man, the fantastical argument of another, are—or rather were, for we must again speak in the past tense—an unfulfilling source of jest and merriment—often just, piquant, and well aimed. They were a gay, rattling set, too, the reporters, with their working-coats, which might have come fresh from Houndsditch, capering and playing pranks in a close, mouldy room, black with the ink of ages. Now, the liberality and sense of convenience of the parliament and its architect have spoiled all the fun. In the gentlemanly, well-contrived lobbies of the Reporters' Gallery is to be found all the accommodation requisite for giving the senatorial eloquence in its full detail. The reporters work silently, under the eye of authority, with the leaden atmosphere of legislation pressing heavily upon them. They make but little use of the jolly old room at the office. They have become, in consequence, staid and gentlemanly themselves, as befits official functionaries, many of them appearing in the gallery in dress fit for a dinner-party, and which would have struck their predecessors with astonishment. The tact necessary for a reporter is greatly diminished. Of old, it was a great point when an eminent speaker fell to the turn of the reporter best qualified to manage him. One was good for an argumentative, another for a humorous debater. At present, the great speeches are written out at full length, or if shortened, it is by omission rather than abridgment. A simple readiness in short-hand serves instead of the able and often singular dexterity with which the reporters in past days were wont to condense without injuring the wit, wisdom, and follies of parliamentary effusions. Condensation is now chiefly applied to unimportant speeches, where the style matters but little.

At about half-past nine, the editor himself makes his appearance. By this time it has become tolerably clear, as a general rule, what will be the special demands on his attention: it is but seldom that, after this hour, either news arrives or anything turns up in the debates requiring a special article. He is, therefore, able at once to arrange the subject of the one or perhaps two leading articles not already provided. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, from some unforeseen occurrence, to get up a leader at a later hour; and the commotion to obtain at a moment's notice the right thing from the right person, is quite wonderful. This is what the continental papers find most to admire in the English. Their articles are uniformly got up the day before; their writers have no notion whatever of working on the spur of the moment. The Paris paper of Tuesday is settled, written, and half printed by noon on Monday—at a time when an English newspaper would scarcely have its doors open, and more than half its staff would be fast asleep. Some of the very best articles in our papers have been written in this hasty way: the hurry of the moment produces a vigour and excitement *sui generis*; but it is not everybody who is to be trusted, for as there is no time to look up facts, a man not perfectly careful, or not perfectly well informed, may be betrayed into awful blunders.

The editor then lounges probably into the sub-editor's room, to hear the day's scandal, and form some estimate of the space and importance of general topics. This is by far the most lively time of newspaper work. You have the consciousness of living a day earlier than the rest of the world; occurrences are fresh, and have not been spoiled by the jokes and commentaries of the herd; the masquerade-dresses of the world are new again, and you have the first look at them. Editorial feelings require some such stimulus to brace and nerve them to the proper point.

With a tolerably clear idea of his paper now before him, the editor re-descends to his room. His next task will be one of much more importance than is generally

has accumulated during the day. In the multitude of facts, incidents, grievances, suggestions, offered by this correspondence, lies an immensity of the special interest attaching to the chief morning paper. The other newspapers get the individual political opinions of their own set, but very little beyond. On the other hand, the mass of fact alone in the occasional correspondence of the *Times*, is sufficient to set up an ordinary paper. Besides these, there are the whims and caprices of all the world; the thousand little adventures, fancies, and whimsies, which bubble up in the everyday life of ten millions of people; all the multifarious mishaps, hopes, fears, and ideas of twenty-four hours of society—matter much more amusing than private strictures on this or that debate; or the solemn assurance of A. B., that Lord C. is the worst man possible for the duties of his office. The variety of topic, style, and feeling, in the 'letters to the editor,' is worth anything to the said editor: it saves him a world of thought and trouble in his efforts to vary and enliven his paper. The choice given to the editor of the *Times* in the myriads of the letters he receives, is no small element in the success and superiority of the journal. Another point to be observed is, that a man, writing under the smart of provocation or injury, usually writes forcibly; and many of these letters—the majority of them, indeed—are singularly well written. Their business, matter-of-fact, and often homely style, serve admirably to set off the studied tones of communications purely literary. The letters to the other papers are not from the same class of persons: they come from talkers at the clubs, oracles of a set, who have picked up one of the threadbare coats of a great question, and send it, with their compliments, to the editor. This matter settled, our editor, if the news and topics of the day are not particularly heavy, unlocks his desk, and extracts therefrom sundry articles of literature on general topics, selecting, for variety's sake, that which contrasts most with the rest of his night's matter. In its reviews, the *Times*, again, occupies a peculiar position. The other papers usually intrust the reviewing duty to some of the staff of reporters. These men are clever and trustworthy, and a partial notice is a great rarity; but they are wont to look upon their task as a work of supererogation, of which it is their principal business to get rid as soon as possible. The *Times*, on the contrary, seldom reviews, except when it intends to produce an effect; intrusts the work to a specialist; and has frequently published some of the most striking pieces of criticism in our literature. To create an effect, wherever an effect is possible, has been uniformly the tactics of that paper, and we all see their success.

In other respects, the daily papers present but little difference in their critical character. None is very ambitious of literary distinctiveness. The case is different with another class of articles, some of which are probably before our editor amongst the treasures of his drawer. These are the occasional—or, as they are called, somewhat technically, 'headed articles'—essays on every kind of topic, from an emperor to a potato. The *Times* is not very partial to these things, though they owe their importance in some respects to that paper. Its famous 'Irish Commissioner' was an experiment which succeeded beyond expectation. It was the first great attempt on the part of a newspaper to gather general information as distinct from news. Its success induced other attempts—there were commissioners on English agriculture, on the labouring-classes, both here and in other countries, which produced a few good articles, but failed to compensate the newspapers for their expenses—necessarily great. The occasional papers are, therefore, left to chance contributors. The *Morning Post* is gay, graphic, and descriptive; the *Daily News*, statistical and politico-economical; the *Morning Advertiser* ferrets out jobs and abuses. These

They are amongst the most convenient resources to an editor—out of the session—in making up his paper.

About this time drop in the musical and dramatic criticisms. If the rapidity of our political writing startles occasionally the continental journalist, the rapidity of our critical writing ought to startle him still more. Political writers can sometimes take their time—the newspaper critic never. A notice—two newspaper columns in length—is handed in at half-past one of an entertainment scarcely over at twelve. Janin or Berlioz would shudder if the editor of the *Débats* were but to hint at the possibility of their undertaking such a task even on a single occasion. It is true, the work looks more than it is, for all the historical part of the notice—whether of an opera or a singer—is written beforehand. Still, all the criticism on the performance must be written on the spot; and it is really curious to see the critic, in a tavern close by the theatre, with his brandy-and-water, or yet more vulgar porter, before him, writing at furious speed, and stopping to sip or joke with a companion, for your dramatic critic never writes alone, if he can help it. Companionship stirs up his imagination, besides being otherwise useful. The feat is—all things considered—a great one, but we fear we must add, that criticism suffers in consequence. Undoubtedly, the worst part of a daily paper is its dramatic criticism; the hurry to which we have alluded is in part the reason; but there are other reasons too. Obligated, by the system, to make something of every occasion, when there is, in reality, nothing to be said, the writer takes refuge in pedantic terms, or extravagant praises, to conceal the poverty of his matter. The praise is sometimes carried to an extent nothing less than ludicrous. A common performance on the bass fiddle will be characterised as 'marvellous,' 'perfect,' 'thrilling the audience,' and so forth, by an able writer, who, when he comes to the real triumphs of genius, has nothing higher to say, having already exhausted the language. On the other hand, if he had simply said, that the performance of A on the fiddle was good; of B on the flute was good; of C on the harp was good, his criticism would be laughed at for its tameness, and with reason. The fault is with those who compel him to say something when there is nothing to be said. The French plan of working-up all the dramatic and musical criticism of the week into a single article, has many advantages: it avoids hurry, and, giving a sufficiency of choice to the writer, prevents him from forcing barren subjects. There is, besides, another drawback on the English critical writing, arising from the simple cause, that the writers do not understand their subject. Men of general information, practised in the art of making dull topics lively, they are sent into the theatre or the concert-room, to make a spirited article, but a most preposterous criticism. The display of learning used on these occasions is, to the initiated, a source of abundant merriment. Professional men are very seldom able to write, and when they are, their strictures often savour so much of their own peculiar clique, that they are not to be trusted.

It is one o'clock, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks nervously at new 'copy.\*' He is quite a peculiarity in his way—the London master-printer in the newspaper office. A square, rotund man, with a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half-deferential, half-conscious of his own importance; giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity. 'This *can't* go in, sir.' 'It *must* go in.' 'Very well, sir,' is the regular colloquy, about this time of the

night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the paper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He never gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having. The reader does not know half his obligations to this functionary. The way in which articles are set up, made good-looking by a judicious arrangement of the paragraphs, and intelligible by a judicious arrangement of the types, does as much for the enjoyment of the said reader, as the efforts of much more pretentious personages. Many a young hand, who goes away with a dim idea that the worthy public next morning will not understand his lucubrations, is astonished to find how intelligible they have become, when he nervously glances over his paragraphs, and wonders at the effect which capitals, rules, and italics, have had in reconciling the different fragments of his text, and introducing a friendly light where he, in his inexperience, found a most uncomfortable mist.

By this time the office assumes a sad and tired appearance. The excitement of fresh news, the lively hurry of critics and reporters, the warm sensations of progressive toil, have all died away, and six hours' hard work is producing its effect. The editor is perhaps in the sub-editor's room, talking lazily over matters general and journalistic. The sub-editor, thoroughly worn out, is looking over proofs; a few empty bottles, blotted manuscript, cut newspapers, complete the dreariness of the scene. The printer alone moves alert and briskly—his excitement is only half over; besides, no one yet ever saw a printer tired. Five hours hence, he will be putting on his best coat, without exciting a suspicion that he had been working all night. For the rest, they are at no pains to conceal their weariness. If there has been a late debate, a reporter or two may yet be heard upon the stairs, with dull, heavy tread, as forlorn and dreary as the rest.

It was not always thus. Before railways and electric-telegraphs, the foreign expresses would come in at this time—twenty lines, paid for at the cost of hundreds—information wonderful and exclusive, which is to make the fortune of the paper for the next half-year—messages in the far North, reported and carried two hundred miles in eight hours, at the cost of the death of a dozen horses. Then there was the wonder whether the same intelligence had reached their rivals—what was its real importance—how far it was true. In election-days, these expresses were wonderfully stirring: during an Irish turmoil, a reporter would be following the ready heels of an agitator for days, and sending his notes by a man who would write them out, ready for immediate printing, in a carriage dashing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Alas! all this is over now. In their essence, railways and electric-telegraphs are wonderfully prosaic things: they do their business quickly; but where is the poetry, the spirit, the excitement of it? The racing post-horse, the steamer panting for its port, was worth, for the fun of the thing, a thousand railways and telegraphs, whose diabolical ease and selfish consciousness of power are enough to quench the fire of Homer himself. To be sure, there is something in the saving of some twenty thousand per annum, which the Indian expresses alone used to cost the newspapers. The economy may add to the comfort of the proprietor; but it is only another in the prosaic items of the present time. Even the pecuniary extravagance of old was infinitely amusing—except to those who had to pay; and even they were not always without a return. The rivalry of early intelligence

\* Manuscript to be set into type.

kept up at once the sap, the spirit, and the equilibrium of the journals.

At present, if there is any exclusive intelligence sent in this way, the dreary hours of the earliest dawn are not enlivened by it. It makes its appearance at the garish hour of ten, telegraphed from the morning's advices, and destined for the prosaic readers of second editions—merchants in the City, and clerks in banking-houses.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over: all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising *prima donnas*, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one in a cab to his cottage four miles off, the other on foot to his chamber in Clifford's Inn. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passion, opinion—all come alike to them. The most terrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and breviter type. Erelong, the efforts of fifty men have placed in the hands of the machinist 200,000 words, of which scarcely one was printed twelve hours before. A new labour, not less wonderful than the rest, places 20,000 copies in the hands of the news-agent, ere the bourgeois and the squire have rubbed their eyes to the consciousness that a new day's intelligence is waiting, damp and uncomfortable, at their gates.

#### A VISIT TO HARTWELL.

NEARLY in the centre of Buckinghamshire, and forty miles to the north-west of London, stands the ancient borough-town of Aylesbury, a place of great consideration, some rights of which are still held by a singular tenure of William the Norman, which enjoins the lord of the manor to provide straw for the king's bed and chamber on royal visits. 'I hope,' says Camden, 'the nice part of the world will observe this.' Let us add our hope, that if it should please our gracious Queen to rest at Aylesbury, the straw may be of the finest and softest description. Besides the litter, the said lord was also bound to provide his majesty with three eels whenever he should come in winter; and in summer he was to furnish sweet herbs with the straw, and two green geese for the royal table—which fowls we take to mean Aylesbury ducks, for which that loyal borough is still famous.

The name of Aylesbury is imparted to a large and fertile vale which extends along the northern flanks of the Chiltern Hills, the teeming fertility of which has been acknowledged for ages. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, old Michael Drayton thus wrote of it:—

Aylesbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,  
And (by her wholesome air continually in health)  
Is lusty, firm, and fat—her soil throughout is sure  
For goodness of her glebe and for her pasture pure;  
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,  
For burthen and for bone, all other that exceed.

But even before the quaint poet sang the praises of Aylesbury Vale, the learned Camden had celebrated its fertility in good set Latin. 'The valley,' he writes, 'is almost all champaign, the soil chalky, stiff, and fruitful. The rich meadows feed an incredible number of sheep, whose soft and fine fleeces are sought after even from Asia herself.' In the northern part of this celebrated and very beautiful vale stands Hartwell House, sur-

rounded by its fine demesne; and here it is that we propose to ask our readers to spend a day with us during the leafy month of June.

And indeed we venture to say, that it would be difficult to select a more lovely sylvan scene within the same distance of London. The name is expressive of beauty, being derived from a hart or deer—a species which, according to Camden, abounded formerly in the woods of Buckinghamshire—and a well or spring, near the mansion, recognised by tradition as the one where harts formerly slaked their thirst: however that may be, a grateful quaffer of the lymph has sung:—

Stay, traveller! Round thy horse's neck the bridle fling,  
And taste the water of the Hartwell spring;  
Then say which offers thee the better cheer—  
The Hartwell water or the Aylesbury beer!

Some ancient title-deeds belonging to Hartwell represent on the seal a deer drinking at a well, with a peacock's head attached to the back of the animal, which may explain why so many of these gaudy birds have been cherished from time immemorial in the vicinity of the mansion.

The goal of our pilgrimage is easily reached. The footway to it from Aylesbury, from which it is about two miles distant, lies along pleasant paths, and through fertile meads. With a liberality worthy of general imitation, the present proprietor of Hartwell not only throws wide open the gates of his beautiful demesne to all comers, but allows visitors to inspect his house, which, as we shall see, presents many objects of attraction to the antiquary and general visitor.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful of its kind than the park which unfolds Hartwell House within its umbrageous arms. Undulating, and presenting those soft, swelling, verdant waves which form so characteristic a feature of English parks, it is dotted with oases of stately trees, many of whose gnarled trunks tell of years now dim in the obscurity of the past. Under the Hartwell oaks, gather still, as in the olden time, country lads and lasses—for it is the especial wish of the present proprietor to keep up ancient games; and it is worthy of remark, that amongst the numerous tenantry are farmers whose names are nearly as old as their lord's family. The latter have been in possession of Hartwell since 1250; and this evidence of local stability is additionally and pleasingly strengthened by the fact, that there are still on the rent-roll the names of Monk, Horton, Gurney, and Flamborough, whose progenitors appear as tenants more than three centuries ago. With respect to the last-mentioned family, whose line still exists under the variation of Farmborough, it has been suggested that one of their number may have been the prototype of Goldsmith's honest farmer in his immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is inferential testimony as to Oliver having visited Aylesbury; and from a dinner given to him at Bedford, he has perpetuated the epulary powers of the corporation of that place in his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

But, however unwillingly, we must pass from the park and its lovely sylvan scenes to the house, in which we had the happiness of being a guest for some days. This was erected in 1570 by Sir Thomas Lee, and, in accordance with the architectural fashion of that period, is Elizabethan. It is a noble structure, solidly built, and affording, in its Elizabethan details, sufficient variety to please and gratify the eye.

Beyond the first or outer hall is the great hall, in which mighty banquets were held of yore, and where the present tenantry are still hospitably entertained. The ceiling of this vast apartment is elaborately decorated with Sir James Thornhill's paintings, allegorically representing Genius writing History among the Ruins of Italy. That these pictures are highly appreciated by the tenantry, who frequent this hall, may be

doubted. It is said that at a recent audit-dinner, a gentleman asked the host whether the river-god over their heads represented Achelous; to which he jocosely replied: 'Perhaps so, but he's a calf-headed fellow at anyrate;' upon which a farmer gravely remarked: 'No, sir; that cannot be: his horns are too long.'

Beyond this fine hall are suites of apartments handsomely decorated, and hung with numerous pictures by Lely, Kneller, Vandeyck, Ostade, Cuyp, Weenix, Reynolds, and other masters. Sir Joshua exerted his skill in perpetuating the Lees of his day, and he has left some other excellent specimens of his pencil at Hartwell, where he was a welcome visitor; but here the badness of his oils is unhappily very conspicuous in his pictures. Probably the most interesting portrait in the collection is that of Sir John Suckling, who was connected with the Lee family. It is by Vandeyck, and is the portrait mentioned by Aubrey in his *Lives of Eminent Men*. The drawing-room, the windows of which have a southern aspect, and open on the pleasure, is a very elegant apartment, and is remarkable, likewise, for the gorgeous colouring of the walls, which are literally flooded with the prismatic colours. This startling effect is produced by a number of prisms in the windows, and is heightened by the colours being reflected in mirrors. This idea could have originated only in a philosophical mind, and Dr Lee, in fact, is a servant of no mean order, as the observatory which is attached to the house, and which has a world-wide reputation, attests. Before proceeding to this interesting apartment, let us glance at the noble library beyond which it is situated. This room, revealing the intellectual tastes of its owner, is filled with curious and valuable astronomical instruments, besides containing a rich collection of works treating of that science. From the union of the Hartwell, Colworth, and Totteridge libraries, together with the constant additions that have been made by Dr Lee, the collection is very extensive and valuable. The number of books is indeed so great, that some are to be found in almost every room in the house.

From the library, a corridor leads to the observatory, which, while commanding a wide expanse of the heavens, has the advantage of being attached to the house. It contains one of the finest equatorial telescopes in the world. The object-glass, which has an aperture of 5.9 inches, was purchased by Admiral Smyth from Sir James South, who brought it from the continent, and pronounced it to be Tulley's *chef-d'œuvre*. A large amount of good astronomical work has been done with this instrument, the most important of which was the observation and measurement of double stars by Admiral Smyth, and the investigation of the wonderful phenomena of their colours. In this latter labour, we may mention that great assistance was derived from ladies, whose eyes were called into requisition on the occasion.

Adjoining the observatory is the chapel, which bears traces of the occupancy of Hartwell by Louis XVIII. and his family. Here are his *prie-dieu*, an elaborately carved altar, a fine missal, which belonged to the archbishop of Rheims, reading-desks, and other ecclesiastical relics. As we shall revert to this interesting period in the history of Hartwell, we shall now conduct our readers to the museum, which occupies the entire length of the northern side of the first floor. The great staircase conducting to it is a stately oaken structure of easy ascent and great breadth. The balustrades, at regular distances, sustain twenty-four carved oaken figures, mostly warriors with shields and drawn swords, who scowl fiercely and grimly on the visitor as he ascends to his bedroom. Indeed, seen by candlelight, which casts huge and distorted images on the walls, the effect is almost startling; and it was on this account that the queen of Louis XVIII. caused the

figures to be removed from their exalted position, and consigned them to a cellar, where they were found when the royal family departed.

A description of the museum would far exceed the limits of this paper. Suffice it to say, that it contains a vast assemblage of all kinds of curiosities, collected with great diligence and at much expense by Dr Lee, while he was a travelling bachelor of the university of Cambridge, and during later years. The Grecian and Egyptian antiquities are particularly numerous, and the geological and mineralogical department singularly rich. All the articles are named and described, and thus the visitor is instructed as well as interested while examining the collection.

On the same floor as the museum are the sleeping-apartments, any one of which would make half-a-dozen ordinary London bedrooms. That which was assigned to us was occupied by Charles X. when he was at Hartwell; and if vast space be necessary to royalty, assuredly the king must have been at home here. From the distant dusky corners which the candle but faintly illumined, it would not have been a difficult stretch of imagination to conjure ghosts, for the reader need hardly be told that Hartwell is tenanted by these unsubstantial beings. However, we must say we slept a long round sleep in the royal bed, without being in the slightest degree disturbed. But things might have turned out otherwise had we spent the night in the muniment-room, which is a very secluded apartment in a retired part of the house, and reputed to be the favourite abiding-place of the spirits of the departed, as it is the treasury of their wills, royal patents, court-rolls, &c., several of which bear dates anterior to 1290. Lined throughout, as the room is, with oak exquisitely carved, but black with age—dimly lighted by narrow oriel-windows, which spiders innumerable have been permitted, unmolested, to curtain with their webs, it may be supposed that the ghosts of Hartwell are not likely to be dispossessed of their retreat.

And now, before leaving the house, we must say a few words respecting its occupancy by Louis XVIII. of France, who, with his queen and suite of two hundred persons, lived here from 1807 to 1814. At that period, Hartwell belonged to Sir George Lee, Bart., who, being a bachelor, and not caring to live in his ancestral mansion, let it to the royal family for the annual rent of £500. Besides the constant residents, the king was frequently visited by French princes and emigrant nobles, who brought attendants with them. Thus the accommodation required was so extensive, that the halls, galleries, and large apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets; and it was curious, as we were informed, to see how, with that method for management characteristic of the French, the second and third class stowed themselves in the attics, converting one room into several by an adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and leads of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, contained in boxes; and they, moreover, kept fowls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight; but all was well conducted and cheerful, and in the evenings there was music and dancing.

His majesty had probably, before taking up his abode at Hartwell, learned how

Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
and when walking through the groves surrounding the house, must have felt, if he did not exclaim—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp?—Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?

His majesty occupied much of his time in reading,



and throughout all his vicissitudes he retained his partiality for the classic writers, and especially for Horace, of which there is a curious instance on record. When his *fidus Achates*, the Duc d'Avary, was compelled by illness to quit Hartwell for Madeira, he wrote from thence to his royal friend for some books, and among others, for a French translation of Horace. To this request Louis, having in part complied, returned the following answer:—

'Your commission about Horace was not so easy. There is a translation by the Abbé Desfontaines, but he got no further than the middle of the third book of the *Odes*, so that would not suit you.' And after alluding to other attempts, he adds: 'I see but one remedy—send me the list of odes you have, and I will endeavour to supply the deficiency by a humble attempt of my own.'

The royal version of the Venusian bard would, indeed, have been a welcome prize to a publisher; but if ever written, in all probability it was destroyed. It was this classical taste of the king's that led Lord Byron to write in his *Age of Bronze*—

Good classic Louis, is it, canst thou say,  
Desirable to be the Desiré?  
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,  
Apician table, and Horatian ode,  
To rule a people who will not be ruled,  
And love much rather to be scourged than schooled?

The calm tenor of the king's life at Hartwell was rudely broken by the death of his queen, which happened in 1810. This event seems to have been a heavy blow to him. Writing of it, he says: 'I freely confess that I was not aware I loved the queen so much as I now find I did.' And again, some months after her death: 'Fear nothing for my health: it has not suffered. I am already at the point where I fear I shall remain—no more tears, no more pangs of sorrow, but a sincere regret, a void in my life which I feel a hundred times a day.'

Comparatively tranquil as was his life here, the ambition of again wearing the kingly crown seems never to have deserted him. Small pamphlets, privately printed, calling on the French nation to restore him to his throne, were extensively circulated; and when the king left Hartwell, several hundreds of them were found in the rooms occupied by the archbishop of Rheims, who was the king's secretary. One of these pamphlets, given to us by Dr Lee, thus concludes:—'We will never abandon our right to be your sovereign. It is the heritage of our fathers. Frenchmen! we call upon you to do us justice.' Signed, 'Louis,' and Talleyrand Perigord, Archbishop of Rheims. Nor did the birth of Napoleon's son, when the former was in the zenith of his fortunes, disconcert the 'Sage of Hartwell,' as he was called. When the event so ominous to the Bourbon interests became known to him, it was treated with philosophic resignation and sarcastic dryness by Louis, who is reported to have said: 'So, then, we are to have a babe in the Napoleon family. Whether he is really the flesh and blood of the unhappy arch-duchess herself, or only an interloper smuggled into her bed-chamber, what care I? Many people look upon this event as highly important. I am not of that opinion. If God has condemned us to this tyranny, Bonaparte can never want a successor; if, on the other hand, the Divine wrath should pass away, all the babes in the world will not prevent the overthrow of the edifice of iniquity.'

At length the turn of fortune came: Napoleon I. fell, and Louis became the 'desired' of the French. But the news took the royal family by surprise. On the 25th March 1814 (Lady-day), they were at prayers, when suddenly two post-chaises were seen approaching the house, each drawn by four horses, and displaying white flags. The carriages contained deputies from

France, with the intelligence that Louis XVIII. was proclaimed. Hardly had the excitement occasioned by these joyous tidings moderated, ere another party of deputies arrived, charged to solicit the exile to return and take possession of his throne and kingdom. These gentlemen were ushered into the library, where the king signed the celebrated document, said to have been suggested by the supple Talleyrand, stating that he accepted and would observe the constitution of France. The pen with which the signature was written was preserved, and is to be seen among the memorabilia in Dr Lee's museum. The royal establishment, which was very handsomely kept up—£20,000 having been allowed to the king annually by our government—was forthwith broken up, and the king and his sister returned to France.

Beyond Hartwell, however, we have no concern with Louis; although we may state, in conclusion, that he did not leave his quiet and beautiful English home without regret; and various circumstances which occurred in France, testify that the royal family retained an agreeable and grateful recollection of their asylum in our country. A 'Jardin à la Hartwell' was constructed at Versailles, and other remembrances kept alive the memory of the past. The king was always glad to see any one from Hartwell; and as an instance of his condescension and kindness to his old friends, the following amusing anecdote is related:—On his journeys to and from the metropolis, Louis had been in the habit of changing horses at the King's Arms Inn, at Berkhamstead, the landlord of which had several daughters, with the eldest of whom, a very sensible young woman, he was very fond of chatting, and became highly pleased with her sprightly freedom of manner. On the triumphant journey to London, she rushed out to congratulate the king on his restoration—an attention which he received with great pleasure, and good-humouredly invited her to visit him in Paris. The young lady took him at his word; and on her arrival in that city, was provided with an apartment in the Tuileries. At her first interview with Louis, she asked his majesty whether he did not feel himself more comfortable in the retirement of Hartwell than amidst the toilsome parade of the Parisian court? To which the king replied: 'Madam, I have always felt it my duty to make myself comfortable in every situation to which I am called.' Louis, it is stated, treated his fair guest with uniform courtesy and respect.

#### LUCIFER AND THE POETS.

LUCIFER seems to be a favourite character with the poets. It would be interesting to present in one comprehensive tableau the different Satanic portraiture, or studies, which have variously exercised the poetic and artistic genius of ancient and modern times. The delineation of the Spirit of Evil, with his attributes and workings, forms, in truth, a grand and awful subject, and one which is worthy to employ the highest creative faculty. In our conceptions of the Tempter, nothing mean, or base, or grotesque, must be admitted—at least not as salient characteristics; because we must remember that Lucifer 'one day wore a crown under the eyes of God.' Therefore, we must think of him as a 'prince of mighty sway,' as a power of awe-striking terror, with a kingly presence, and having the brightness and the glory of his once high estate still apparent in his scornful eyes. The great difficulty in the right imagining of Lucifer, appears to consist in the reconciliation of his character as a monarch of proud dominion, an 'archangel ruined,' with the idea of the Tempter and the Fiend, the utterly evil and accursed thing.

Dante, elsewhere so profoundly master of the terrible, has miserably failed in his description of

Lo imperador del doloroso regno.

In fact, his Lucifer is nothing more than a huge, misshapen monster, remarkable only for his enormous size and his preternatural ugliness. The same characteristics, in great measure, also distinguish and disfigure the Pluto of Tasso. He does, however, speak worthily in that fine passage commencing 'Tartarei Numi!' &c.

In this paper, we shall merely advert to the portraits of Lucifer presented to us by our English poets. Thus, we shall not once refer to the Mephistopheles of the wonderful *Faust* of Goethe, nor to the Demonio in that very powerful drama of Calderon, *El Magico Prodigioso*. Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, Byron in *Cain*, Bailey in *Festus*, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, have all given us, according to their respective ideals, the likeness of the Adversary, of the Prince of the Power of the Air, of the fallen Star of the Morning. We may, with propriety, add to this catalogue the name of Thomas Aird, whose *Devil's Dream* contains a sketch of the infernal being, hardly second to any—indeed, a thoroughly Dantesque creation.

To begin with Milton. His Satan is emphatically a hero. Nothing mean, or little, or contemptible, distinguishes his character: all about him is great and lofty. He treads the halls of hell with a free, unconscious dignity, as if still he walked amid the hills of the heavenly Paradise. He is godlike, even in his ruin; he is a king, although he wears no regal crown; he possesses still the undaunted courage and the reckless daring which prompted him to battle with the hosts of God upon the 'plains of heaven.' His spirit is undismayed by failure, and untamed by the long course of the fiery discipline. In the review of the past, and in the contemplation of the future, he is sustained by pride, lofty as the highest towers of heaven, and deep as the lowest abysses of despair. In the midst of dire discomfiture, he is yet untiring in his efforts to mar the works of God. Thus, after his defeat by the celestial armies, he exclaims, in proud defiance:

What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable will  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall His wrath or might  
Extort from me.

In his personal attributes, he is still invested with excellent majesty. He stands alone, and above his fellows, 'proudly eminent;'

But his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched; and care  
Sat on his faded cheek.

His armour is of adamant and gold. He wears no gloomy, sable trappings, but a gay and gorgeous vestment, whose gold reflects the glowing light and pride of the noontide sun. Although sorely defaced, the stamp of his heavenly origin is upon him still. He is of 'regal port, but faded splendour wan.'

His fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter.

How vividly has Milton portrayed the woes of that 'eternity of ill' from which there is neither refuge nor escape!

Within him hell  
He brings, and round about him; nor from hell  
One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
By change.

Hence, even while wandering upon the primeval earth, amid the fairy bowers of Paradise, in all their pure, fresh beauty, he still groans beneath the heavy curse, the consequence of his sin; and the soft breath of the winds of heaven bears upon its perfumed wings no

balm for his burning scars, no charm to silence the voice of the agonised soul. Thus he cries in his despair:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

So from the depths of his misery, the fallen archangel has no resource, except in conflict with the King of heaven. He will endeavour, at least, to disturb His counsels, to ruin His fair designs, to dash confusion amid the order of His worlds. The remembrance of the divine service is to him an unwelcome memory. His pride refuses to bow with 'suppliant knee' before the throne of heaven; there is no hope, therefore, that he will ever be restored to his foregone glory. Everything that reminds him of his once happy state, is now distasteful and grievous. The echoes of the paradisaical songs that linger by him still, are a reproach and a torture to his distempered spirit. So, at last, he exclaims, confronting the idea of his irremediable sin, and the wrong that can never be repaired:

All good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,  
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.

Here, then, Satan takes his stand as the unconquerable foe of God and man, with the proud, defiant glance, undimmed by ages of suffering and despair.

Very different is the Lucifer of Lord Byron's *Cain*. Although he looks 'almost a god,' he has none of the kingly attributes with which Milton has dignified his hero. He is an unmitigated fiend. Having failed to make himself equal with God, he will be 'aught more a sharer or a servant of his power.' According to his own avowal, he is of those

Souls who dare use their immortality;  
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent full in  
His everlasting face, and tell him that  
His evil is not good!

Byron's Lucifer is essentially the scornful spirit—the Tempter, the suggester of strange doubts and questionings to man. He tells Cain that he is

One who aspired to be what made thee, and  
Who would not have made thee what thou art.

And then, again, he exclaims, in reference to the exile from Eden:

I would have made ye  
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye,  
Because ye should not eat the fruits of life,  
And become gods as we.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Then who was the demon? He  
Who would not let ye live, or he who would  
Have made ye live for ever in the joy  
And power of knowledge?

Thus he endeavours to insinuate into the human heart doubts of the divine goodness; to overturn therein the altar of faith; to envelop the mind of man in suspicion and in gloom; for well he knows, that when trust and confidence in God are shaken, there will be no bulwark or protection against the assaults of the enemy.

This Lucifer is not like Milton's Satan—of lofty, warlike bearing. We do not think we can well conceive him as engaged in conflict with the heavenly hierarchies, nor yet as taking counsel amid the infernal senate prior to fresh enterprises against the Eternal King. He is rather a dweller apart—a plotter in secret—a terror and a shadow in the lonely way. He is not begirt with awful majesty, nor does he bear the impress

of regality upon his darkened brow. He is the fallen one, disappointed and writhing in strange agony beneath the sense of his defeat. He finds a fiendish joy in disturbing the peace of God's fair creation, and in sowing the seeds of discord in the new-born world; and he commences by rendering man a prey to doubtings and distrust. The contemplation of the Ruler of the universe, and of his unbroken felicity in the heavenly kingdom, is to him, indeed, the bitterness of woe. When Cain tells him that, for all his pride, he has still a superior in power and glory, he exclaims, with indignation and with scorn:

No! by heaven, which He  
Holds; and the abyss, and the immensity  
Of worlds and life which I hold with Him—No!  
I have a victor—true; but no superior.  
Homage He has from all—but none from me.  
I battle it against Him, as I battled  
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,  
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,  
And the terminable realms of space,  
And the infinity of endless ages—  
All, all will I dispute! And world by world,  
And star by star, and universe by universe,  
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great  
Conflict shall cease—if ever it shall cease—  
Which ne'er it shall till He or I be quenched!  
And what can quench an immortality,  
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?  
He as a conqueror will call the conquered  
Evil; but what will be the good he gives?  
Were I the victor, His works would be deemed  
The only evil ones.

Bailey's Lucifer has not so much of the true fiend in him as either Milton's or Byron's. He is a calm, sublime intelligence—the necessary Evil—working out obediently the mysterious designs of the Creator. He is neither the warrior nor the mocking demon: he is the philosopher, the calm, reasoning spirit, discoursing of time and eternity, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and intent upon the fulfilment of his mission. He indulges in no expressions of hatred nor scorn against the divine Being, because he recognises the justice of his position, and thus acknowledges that 'good is God, the great necessity,' who has appointed even unto him his place amid the infinity of worlds, and for whose glory only can he act, and for his 'creatures' good. He is, therefore, the servant and minister of the Eternal: he battles not against the Most High, but goes to do His will. He does not seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the divine counsels; but even through the agency of evil, he is instrumental in forwarding their accomplishment. According to his own assertion—

God hath sanctioned all  
That I have done, or may do to the end,  
Which I have nought to do with.

The Lucifer of *Festus* has neither the restless, unquenchable pride of the Satan in *Paradise Lost*, nor yet the scorning malignity, the burning discontent of the archfiend of Byron. He is crowned with an unvarying melancholy, with the calmness of despair.

I know  
Nor joy nor sorrow; but a changeless tone  
Of sadness like the night-winds, is the strain  
Of what I have of feeling. I am not  
As other spirits—but a solitude  
Even to myself! I the sole spirit sole.

Lucifer, as delineated by Mrs Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, is a lofty and 'Titanic spirit of scorn.' He has a 'glorious darkness.' He possesses an air of regal majesty; for he has not yet lost the remembrance of his kingly throne in heaven. 'The prodigy of his

vast brows and melancholy eyes do comprehend the heights of some great fall.' He is

An Idea to all souls—  
A monumental, melancholy gloom,  
Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair,  
And measure out the distances from good.

He has 'fallen below hope of final re-ascend,' because he has mocked the misery of 'ruined man,' which no spirit would dare to do, if he 'expected to see God, though at the last point of a thousand years.' He is mighty even in defeat; and although agonised beneath the 'sense of thunder,' in conversing with the angel Gabriel, he can exclaim, in the face of earth and heaven:

I, too, have strength—  
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;  
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;  
Strength to be in the universe, and yet  
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign  
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,  
Is God's sign, that it bows not unto God—  
The potter's mark upon his work, to shew  
It rings well to the striker.

The faulty construction of some portions of the exquisite *Drama of Exile*, is more than redeemed by the sublime conception of Lucifer in his 'kingship of resistant agony' towards all surrounding good. We know of nothing finer than that passage in which he compares the sorrows of the human with his own eternal woes—when, addressing Adam and Eve, and the wailing earth-spirits, he exclaims:

I scorn you that ye wail,  
Who use your petty griefs for pedestals  
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,  
And deal in pathos of antithesis  
Of what ye were forsooth, and what ye are;  
I scorn you like an angel! Yet one cry,  
I, too, would drive up, like a column erect,  
Marble to marble, from my heart to Heaven,  
A monument of anguish to transpire  
And overtop your vapoury complaints,  
Expressed from feeble woes.

Pass along  
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs,  
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed  
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes  
Of what I am, and have been. If ye have fallen,  
It is a step's fall—the whole ground beneath  
Strewn woolly soft with promise; if ye have sinned,  
Your prayers tread high as angels! If ye have grieved,  
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable;  
The power to die disproves the right to grieve.  
Go to! Ye call this ruin? I half scorn  
The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,  
Hated, and tempted, and undone of me—  
Still, what's your hurt to mine—of doing hurt,  
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?  
The sword's *hilt* is the sharpest, and cuts through  
The hand that wields it.

The image of the infernal king, as portrayed in the *Devil's Dream* by Thomas Aird, is only a sketch; and yet it is striking and impressive in the highest degree. The whole poem, indeed, is replete with gloomy grandeur—with an air of wild, shadowy sublimity, like that which sometimes invests the scenery of an awful dream. We have read nothing that reminds us more of Dante than this, in its rugged power, and in the life-like colouring of its dark imagery. In the perusal of this strange production, our ideas are affected more by hints and half-utterances than by elaborate description. In the same way, the unfilled sketch, the vague outline of some great artist's design, often impresses us more powerfully than the completed picture. Aird's demon is a 'grisly terror:' he has no clearly defined shape,

but his wing is 'woven of grim shadows,' mixed with 'twists of faded glory.' His aspect is like the 'hurry-ing storm.' The *Devil's Dream* will scarcely admit of quotation: it must be read as a whole, in order to be rightly appreciated. It is unique in plan and execution; and in the world of poetic literature, it stands out in its grand and solitary gloom, like some stern rock, 'black with the thunder-strokes.'

In conclusion, we may take Milton's Satan as the emblem of physical force and energy. He is framed on the grand heroic type, like one of the giants of old days, and he stands before us as one of earth's conquerors. To him belong the earnest heart to plan, the strong will to direct, the unwearied arm to undertake the boldest enterprise. In his character, there is an admixture of the spirit both of the lion and the snake. He is the lion in his courage and daring, in his majestic port, in his anger, and his pride: he is the serpent in his stealthy cunning, in his fair outside and his poisoned fangs, in his falsehood and his treachery. Throughout the whole course of his dark career, Milton's Satan is emphatically a king without the purple robe; a hero, though he wears no laurelled wreath; a mighty criminal, 'magnificent in sin.' Byron's fiend is the sophist, the suggester of evil imaginations to man, the tempter, the scorner—by no means so great and glorious a creation as Milton's, but far more thoroughly *devilish*. Bailey's Lucifer is a metaphysician, very *spiritual*, a sublime intellect, vast in intelligence; but scarcely to be regarded as a true fiend, since he is finally restored to his pristine glory in the paradise of God. The Lucifer of Mrs Browning's drama is the suffering, agonising demon, lofty in his unvanquished pride—

Dashing out the hands of wail  
On each side to meet anguish everywhere,  
And to attest it in the ecstasy  
And exaltation of a wo sustained,  
Because provoked and chosen.

Such are the pictures presented by English poets, of greater or less eminence, of the impersonation of Evil.

### ORPHAN WINNY.

In travelling through the north of Scotland, endeavouring to find out a relation who had some years previously settled in that part of the world, or, failing in this, to obtain a situation as governess, my inquiries led occasionally to strange recitals concerning circumstances and individuals, that might have suited well for the foundation of many a romance—proving the oft, though never too often repeated adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' In that bleak and singularly shaped town Peterhead, whose harbours run, like the jaws of a sword-fish, into the sea, I had occasion to take up my abode for some time at the house of one Abel Grey, who, with moderate custom, and great prudence, maintained his family in much respectability. Of course he had an admirable coadjutor in his good and industrious wife, who managed her little household with a methodical judgment and in a simple way I have rarely seen equalled. His shop, merely a clothier's—for some thirty years ago, men did not, as now, monopolise every branch of business under one roof—was, I remember well, on the right-hand side of the passage on entering, and the parlour exactly opposite; and surely it was the most comfortable little parlour in the world! At least I thought so, when, after a freezing ride on the outside of the coach from Aberdeen, my landlady—for I had taken a small bedroom and sitting-room on the first floor—sent up a polite request that I would join the family at tea. Every corner of the room

was illuminated by that most cheerful of all lights, a blazing fire, and revealed, what perhaps shows the hospitality of a good Scotch housewife more than anything else, a tea-table covered with abundance of good things. Remembering, as I did, the scanty supply of thin bread and butter, which, with a decoction of very pale hyson and cerulean milk, make up a London tea, I was enchanted with the Land of Cakes—recollect, good reader, I was a hungry outside-passenger—which could thus receive a stranger as an honoured guest.

In one corner of the room were two little girls, apparently of the same age, busily employed in hushing a doll to sleep, and making ready its tiny cradle; they both called Mrs Grey mamma, and yet one of the children was dressed in deep mourning, while the other wore a frock of bright crimson. A fine curly-headed boy, of four years old, in his night-gown, ready for bed, sat by the fire teaching the kitten her letters—a kind of *catechism* which could only have occurred to a child of his age. I could not help remarking the imaginative employments of the children, at the same time asking Mrs Grey if the little girls were twins.

'O no,' replied she; 'they are not the same mother's children.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed in some surprise; 'and yet they both call you mamma?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs Grey, pointing to the child in mourning, 'but Winny's mother is dead; and the child, as if catching the words, ceased her play, and turned her beautiful dark eyes full upon me, as if to say: 'Pity me!'

'Poor child!' I exclaimed; 'but she seems to have found a kind relation in you, Mrs Grey.'

'No relation,' replied that good woman: 'I doubt whether Winny has a relation in the world.'

'You quite interest me about the little creature,' said I; 'would it be too great a liberty to inquire her history?'

'I don't know much of it,' said Mrs Grey; 'and what I do know, I have been cautioned not to reveal. She has been confided to my care by a gentleman who has adopted her: he is extremely fond of her, and no doubt will give her a good education, to fit her for a governess, or some such desirable employment.'

Alas for the *desirableness* of such an employment! Had simple Mrs Grey known as much of the drudgery of a governess's life as I did, she would have found some other word by which to qualify it. The postman's knock interrupted our conversation. 'I shouldn't wonder,' said Mrs Grey, 'if that is a letter from Captain Singleton;' and almost the next minute her husband entered from the shop, confirming the supposition.

'Winny,' said Mr Grey to the little girl, 'come here, my pet, and tell me what would please you most.'

'What, most of all—of everything?' asked the child, looking wistfully in his face, as if she believed for a moment in his power to grant her wish.

'Yes; what in all the world could happen to please you best?'

'O that dear mamma could come back again!' said the child, with painfully touching earnestness.

'Nay, Winny,' said Mrs Grey, after a moment of deep silence, caused by the unexpected reply of the child: 'that is contrary to your little prayer at night, and which you tell me you say from your heart—"Thy will be done."'

'But I do wish dear mamma were alive again,' said the child, beginning to sob. 'And it would be wicked to deny it, for mamma said God wouldn't love me if I told a lie.'

'Quite right, my darling,' said Mr Grey, caressing her: 'never fear to tell us all your thoughts and wishes. But Winny is too good and grateful not to be happy that Captain Singleton is coming to see her to-morrow?'

'Dear Papa Singleton!' said Winny, brightening

through her tears—'he'll let me talk about mamma, and sing the songs she taught me.'

And who was this mamma, thought I, whose memory seems thus to engross the very 'abundance' of the little orphan's heart? A day or two revealed to me her sad story.

Captain Singleton, the gentleman who had adopted Winny, arrived on the following day. He appeared to be exceedingly delighted with his little protégée, who hovered about him with an affection which was well calculated to secure his love. He came to the town for no other purpose than to see her, and therefore spent the greater portion of his time at Abel Grey's, merely sleeping at the George Inn, at the top of the street. The manners of Captain Singleton were so agreeable and gentlemanly, that I almost fancied I had met with an old friend. Mrs Grey being obliged to attend to household duties, occasioned several tête-à-têtes between us, and during one of these he acquainted me with the circumstances which led to his adoption of Winifred Brockley.

'This drifting sleet,' said Captain Singleton one day after dinner, as we completed our third game at chess, in the absence of Mr and Mrs Grey and the children, who were employed elsewhere—reminds me of that storm, now twelve months ago, when I first saw Winny. As you seem to take an interest in the little creature, I—that is, if you have patience for a narrative in which I must necessarily be egotistical, and recount some of my own adventures—I will give you a sketch of Winny's history.'

I assured him he would confer a favour that would be highly gratifying to me; and he proceeded.

'When peace was declared, I found it somewhat difficult, being a second son, to subsist upon half-pay only. The trifling addition of a pension for an awkward wound at Waterloo, could scarcely eke out my scanty income sufficiently to meet my expenses, which, without being extravagant, had involved me in debt. Perhaps I may as well mention here, that before the battle I had engaged myself to a lovely girl, whose faith I had no cause to doubt, and who seemed formed to make earth a paradise: but my Eve was tempted! Returning home, proud of the laurels won in defence of my country—glorying in the wounds that brought safety to those I loved—with joyous exultation, I hastened to claim my reward for every peril—my own, my lovely bride—when the news was brought me that my elder brother, on whom the estate had devolved by the death of my father, had, during my absence, wooed and won her! I should not have alluded to this piece of perfidy, which changed the whole current of my thoughts and feelings, were it not, perhaps, an excuse for the careless life I led some time afterwards.

'I started off no one knew whither, and half resolved that my family should never hear of me again. I assumed the name of Bondbroke, and commenced a roaming life, mentally deciding to be indifferent to everything. But, in reality, I was never intended for a citizen of the world. In spite of my determination to be apathetic, there were persons and circumstances continually making claims upon my sympathies and affections; and as I had not the means of being generous, this was exceedingly painful to me: indeed, my supply of money was so limited, as to render it expedient that I should devise some way of increasing my store. At last, while sojourning in one of these Scottish towns, I resolved to receive pupils in fencing and drawing, and for that purpose issued cards; but finding the town too small to answer my purpose, I thought of seeking my fortune on a wider field. Accordingly, I packed up my baggage, took an outside seat on the mail, and started one winter's morning for Elgin, intending to make that my next halting-place. It was severe weather, and the roads were cut out of the snow, which lay piled on each side as high as the

roof of the coach. As we were proceeding slowly up a hill, I perceived some travellers on foot before us. They consisted of two men, a woman, and a little girl; the sleet was beating in their faces, and the mother had drawn the end of her shawl as a veil over the child's bonnet, in an attempt to shield her from the weather, as she led her by the hand up the hill. The party paused as the coach overtook them. "Coachman," said one of the young men, perceiving that there was plenty of outside room, "what will you charge for this lady and little girl to Elgin?"

"Ten shillings," said the man.

'The funds of the party were compared, and were evidently insufficient; the lady also appeared unwilling to avail herself of the contributions of her companions, though most anxious to procure a seat for the child.

"What is the least you will take my little girl for?" she asked.

"Why, three-and-sixpence," replied the coachman—"no less; so be sharp—we can't stay here all night."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the mother, lifting the child in her arms. "Now, darling, I don't care for myself, so that you can ride."

"But I can walk quite well, dear mamma—I am not tired," said the child, evidently unhappy at the idea of being separated from her mother.

'Had I not been interested in the scene, common humanity would have prompted me to interfere. "Madam," I said, "oblige me by occupying this seat next me; for your little girl's sake, who evidently will not come without you, I must insist upon it." I spoke decidedly, holding out my hand at the same time to assist her; the coachman was in a hurry, and the next instant the lady and her child were seated beside me. The guard threw them an extra top-coat he had stowed away in the boot. I buttoned them both up in it, and under the shelter of my umbrella, they were comparatively comfortable. I could not help wondering who my companions were; but the severity of the storm prevented much conversation; the child, being wrapped up warmly, fell asleep, and the mamma seemed inclined to be silent. On arriving at Elgin about seven o'clock, the lady expressed a wish to procure a private lodging; I insisted on accompanying her in the search; so, giving her my arm, and my hand to the little girl, I sallied forth with my new acquaintances, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them comfortably established in two very neat apartments. I then took my leave, without even knowing the name of those for whom I was so interested, but not without obtaining permission to wait upon them on the following morning. Sauntering back to my hotel, I was attracted by the exhibition of a bill in a shop-window, announcing the opening of a theatre. It instantly struck me that my roadside friends must be part of the *corps dramatique*. The season was to commence on the following night with the comedy of the *Provoked Husband*; Lady Grace by Mrs Brockley; and the song of *Over the Mountain and over the Moor*, between the play and farce, by Miss Brockley. I felt a strong presentiment that these were my new friends; and recollecting how successful I had been in private theatricals when with my regiment, I wondered that the idea of trying the stage had never occurred to me. Here, however, was an opportunity; and I resolved on offering my services to the manager for an appearance or two, my future engagement to depend upon my success. The thought was exhilarating; and my dreams were filled with visions of surpassing Kemble, and acting in London under my own name, to the infinite mortification of my proud relatives.

'Next day, I made my promised call, but was informed that the lady and the little girl were gone to rehearsal. I was right, then—she was an actress. I left my card, intimating that I would take the liberty of calling at an earlier hour on the following morning. Of course,

that night I went to the theatre—a neat, temporary place, fitted up in the town-hall—and took my seat in what were called the boxes, which were the front benches, partitioned off from the rest. The comedy commenced, and enter Lady Grace—the identical person whom I had buttoned up in the guard's top-coat of many capes! Her appearance and manner were admirably suited to the character: she was evidently a gentlewoman. Indeed, there was much good acting in the play; at the conclusion of which, the curtain was again drawn up, the orchestra played a symphony, and the little girl, for whom so many had been interested on her weary way in the snow-storm, came forward to sing. She was the very impersonation of the pictures and statuettes of 'Little Red Riding-hood,' wearing a short red cloak, and her beautiful little feet bare. How picturesque she looked! The audience welcomed the tiny vocalist with enthusiasm. Her sweet voice, joined to the simple words of her song—

Over the mountain, and over the moor,  
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;  
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,  
And she weeps for the days that can never return;

then her beseeching manner, with clasped hands, as she finished the verse—

Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends to humanity;  
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;  
Give me some food for my mother in charity;  
Give me some food, and then I'll begone,

was so full of pathos—so, to me, descriptive of the child's real situation, that I, with the rest of the audience, was completely carried out of the mimic scene, and she concluded her song amidst a shower of silver. This was scarcely pardonable, but it was irresistible. In my after-acquaintance with Mrs Brockley, I often entreated her to let Winnie sing that song on the stage again; but her honest, independent pride would never consent to it—she had not calculated on such a result. Next morning, I spent a pleasant hour with Mrs Brockley and her little daughter, and escorted them to rehearsal, when I sent in my card to the manager, obtained an interview, and, apparently to his great satisfaction, arranged to appear as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, about a fortnight from the commencement of the season. But my plans were doomed to be frustrated. However, in the meantime, I became greatly interested in Mrs Brockley's affairs. She told me—and I may repeat her history in few words—that, born in India, she was placed at a boarding-school in England, and becoming acquainted with Mr Brockley, a younger son, whose father insisted on his marrying a rich widow, many years older than himself, a romantic attachment ensued, which terminated in a private marriage, and finally, to avoid the wrath of his father, an elopement. But their rash union brought nothing but misery; their means were soon exhausted—and utterly abandoned by her own and her husband's relations—to save themselves from beggary, they had embraced the theatrical profession. Placed in a position for which they had little talent and less liking, yet unable to extricate themselves from it, the fatigue, vexations, excitement, and privations of the precarious life they had chosen, at length threw her husband into a decline, which, after long suffering, terminated his existence amidst poverty and sorrow. Left with her little daughter, who evinced extraordinary talent for the stage, the young widow, without any friend to advise what was best to be done, was still struggling on in a strolling company, compelled, as I had witnessed, even in the depth of winter, to accomplish her journey on foot. Alas! this was a picture of the poor player, 'who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,' which had never before been exhibited to me, and yet it was

from the life. I confess it disenchanted all my previously conceived visions of the careless joyousness of an actor's life; however, I flattered myself that the success of my *debut* would place me in a very different position; but, within two days of that event, a letter from my agent in town informed me that my brother had been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot, and as he died childless, the estate devolved upon me. I had parted from my brother in wrath, and I was inexpressibly shocked at the suddenness of this catastrophe. That night, I took my place by the mail for London; and on bidding farewell to the Brockleys, entreated permission to be responsible for the expenses of Winnie's education, and to be considered a friend on every emergency.

'Some months after this, my own affairs having been easily arranged, I received a letter from Mrs Brockley, expressing her fears that the same insidious malady—consumption—which had brought her husband to an early grave, would shortly make Winnie an orphan; and her dying prayer would be, that her daughter might be snatched from a profession in which her husband and herself—perhaps as a just punishment for their imprudence—had suffered so much misery. As I had ample leisure, and still felt the same extraordinary interest in little Winnie—an interest which the circumstances I have detailed can scarcely warrant, and which I confess, is a mystery to myself—I started for the north. The company of strollers were acting in this town, and Mrs Brockley fortunately occupied Mrs Grey's apartments. Fortunately—I ought, perhaps, to say providentially—for the exceeding kindness of that excellent woman did much to smooth the pillow of the sufferer. I had the satisfaction of arriving in time to calm the anxiety of the dying mother; a smile for an instant seemed to roll back the curtain which death was dropping over the face, and endeavouring to press my hand, her last words were: "Protect my little darling orphan Winnie!" At first, I thought the child would inevitably follow her mother to the grave; her heart seemed breaking in continual sobs for "dear mamma;" but Mrs Grey's care won the little creature from her incessant grief. It seemed desirable to leave her here for a short time; the society of the children would prove the most natural cure for her sorrow, and I could then devise such arrangements as were best suited for bringing my little protégée home: it is for that purpose my present visit is paid. I perceive that Winnie has become attached to Mr and Mrs Grey and the children; and I fear, from her affectionate disposition, should she remain longer here, the separation would be too painful, and confirm a shade of melancholy in the character of my intended-to-be brilliant little Winnie.'

Captain Singleton had conceived a strong prejudice against Winnie's being sent to school, arising, probably, from the unhappy circumstance of her mother's imprudent elopement. We had much conversation on the subject, resulting in my accepting the situation of governess to Miss Brockley. This was an unexpected and happy event for me, who had been long dependent on my own exertions as a mere drudging, unassisted teacher; while masters were to be engaged, and an expense spared to make my pupil as accomplished and elegant as she was beautiful. It was a painful parting for Winnie and the Greys: little Ellen cried bitterly, clasping the neck of her play-fellow, and the boy declared he would 'go with Winnie.' Mrs Grey prayed 'Heaven to bless the little orphan;' but Abel took the child in his arms, now wrapped up warmly in her furred cloak and hood, purchased the day before for the journey by Captain Singleton, and carried her that cold winter-morning to where the mail stood ready horsed, within five minutes of starting.

'Winnie,' said good Abel Grey, as he placed her



beside her new guardian, 'there is little likelihood of my ever seeing you again, my pet, though I think I love you as well as either of my own children; but if anything should happen to make you unhappy or unfriended in this world, recollect there will always be a home for you with Abel Grey the clothier.'

The journey was not very speedily accomplished in those days, but in due time we arrived safely at Captain Singleton's estate in Devonshire.

The apartments commanding the finest prospect were appropriated to Winny, and adorned with everything calculated to excite her interest and admiration, in order that her mind, as Captain Singleton expressed it, might be clothed with the beautiful. I could see that he was anxious to banish past scenes from her memory; but this was not so easily accomplished, for Winny, as her bright and apprehensive intellect expanded, would read poetry in the most dramatic manner, kindling into an enthusiasm that would not unfrequently betray her teachers into exclamations of admiration and applause. But memory shone most conspicuously in her love of old songs. Her musical acquirements were considerable, both vocal and instrumental; yet after executing with brilliant effect some fashionable Italian song of the day, Winny would love to sit by the window, and with no other accompaniment than the movement of the clouds, or the waving branches of the trees, sing the old ballads taught her by her mother. Let it not be supposed, however, that she was unhappy; she was much too good and affectionate for that, returning the lavish kindness of her benefactor with singular and engrossing devotion.

Winny was now seventeen, and had admirers from far and near—undeterred by any opposition from her guardian, who made it a point, apparently of constrained duty, to give every facility to such aspirants for her hand as were by character and circumstances considered unexceptionable. But a change seemed to come over the manners of my hitherto sweet and gracious Winny, for she not only instantly and peremptorily put a negative upon all such addresses, but was even at times pettish and harsh in her answers to her guardian's remonstrances on the subject. At last, young Augustus Oakdale, heir to the magnificent estate of Oakdale Hall, with a lineage from the Conquest, and possessions stretching far and near, came in full 'pomp and panoply' to woo and win.

Then Captain Singleton seemed to have formed a resolution: he positively prohibited a refusal, which Winny unhesitatingly and instantaneously would have given. I remember the scene well, for I was present. 'Winny,' said the captain, 'I must exercise the authority which—forgive the expression—my uniform care and kindness invest me with—and I insist on your giving a fair consideration to this young man's proposal. It has ever been my dearest wish that you should be properly settled in life, and here is an alliance offered which surpasses even my loftiest anticipations. Winny,' continued he, in a tone almost of asperity, 'it is my duty, as your guardian, to recommend your acceptance of young Oakdale.' As he concluded, a deep blush crimsoned to scarlet Winny's cheek and brow, followed instantly by a deathlike pallor, as she said in a low, determined voice: 'Yes—you are my guardian, and I accept Mr Oakdale.' Upon this, without a word, Captain Singleton rose and left the room.

Next day, a note from Captain Singleton brought young Oakdale to the house; he seemed a good-natured young man, but of little penetration, and was quite satisfied with Winny's calm and even formal acceptance of his proposal; but from this moment Winny's cheerfulness was gone: even the cordiality and joyousness with which she had ever met her benefactor, disappeared entirely from her manner. Captain Singleton, too, did not seem to seek her society as heretofore, but,

to all appearance, busied himself anxiously in securing her the most ample provision out of his own fortune, and making the most costly purchases as befitting presents for so distinguished a bride as Winny was about to become.

Time wore on, and the marriage was appointed to take place on Winny's eighteenth birthday, when, one morning, on entering her apartment suddenly, I found her alone, pale, and weeping, in the midst of wedding finery which her maid had been unpacking, and displaying for her admiration.

'What has happened, my dear Miss Brockley?' I said: 'you seem unhappy.'

'O most unhappy!' she exclaimed, throwing herself weeping upon my bosom. 'Do you remember,' she asked, 'those words of Abel Grey when I was a little child: "If anything should happen to make me unhappy or unfriended, I should find a home with him?"'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but you are placed in circumstances the very reverse of that.'

'Apparently so, perhaps, but, in reality, I am miserable.'

I know not how far this avowal might have gone, had not the maid interrupted it, by informing her mistress that Captain Singleton wished for a few minutes' conversation with her. Desiring he might be admitted, she requested me to step into the inner room until the interview was over. It was more of a recess than a room—a large bay-window, separated from the adjoining apartment by a kind of archway, hung with thin muslin curtains; and here I found myself in the embarrassing yet unavoidable position of a listener to the following scene.

'Miss Brockley,' said Captain Singleton—an unusual formality with him—'I am sorry to be the bearer of a most unpleasant communication.' Winny's weeping was over; her pride now seemed to be wounded by her guardian's coldness of manner: she removed the magnificent wedding-veil which lay on the couch beside her, and throwing it carelessly aside, almost spurning it from her, merely motioned to him to be seated.

Captain Singleton was closely observant of the whole action, and, in a kinder tone, said: 'Winny, I think you must feel conscious that I prize your happiness above all other considerations. I have striven to accomplish it by every means in my power, and do not scruple to avow, that from the day I first saw you, when, a little child, your mother lifted you up into my arms by the wayside, I have felt a deeper interest for you than for any other human being.' Winny's pride vanished in a moment, and fervently, but silently, her benefactor's hand was clasped in her own.

'In mind, in accomplishments, in beauty, you were all I wished you to be; my hopes were achieved—you made the happiness of my home; and this happiness, which could never be replaced, I considered it my duty, for your sake, to sacrifice. The alliance with Mr Oakdale, in many respects, would be a distinguished one; and upon my representing this to you, you seemed to think so too; you calmly acquiesced in the proposal; not one regret ever escaped your lips for the desolation your absence would cause here; and your continued, and, I must say, unkind silence on the subject, at length forced upon me the painful conviction, that I had no hold upon your love—not even upon your gratitude!'

Winny wept violently, unable, had she wished, to utter a word.

'Ay,' resumed Captain Singleton, 'now you see and feel the injustice of your indifference towards me.'

'Oh,' sobbed Winny, 'not indifference—oh, if I dared only tell you!'

'Well, well, if I have wronged you, forgive me, Winny. This is a more severe preface to what I have

to announce than I intended; and instead of using reproaches, I ought, perhaps, to have been forbearing and kind. I flattered myself I was wholly unselfish in this matter, and that I could rejoice in your rejoicing at leaving me and my dull home for gayer scenes, and nearer and dearer ties.'

'Oh, not dearer—never half so dear!' said Winny, as if her whole heart leaped up to her clear, dark eyes to shew its truthfulness. 'But I thought you were weary of me—that at last the poor orphan girl, who loved you better, ay, a thousand times better than a daughter could, had become a burden to you. It was wrong, very wrong; but pride determined me, at the cost, perhaps, of a broken heart, to obey you, and never to breathe a desire to remain where I thought my presence was no longer wished.'

'Then let me understand you rightly, Winny,' said Captain Singleton hurriedly. 'If this marriage, by any unforeseen circumstance, were broken off, would it not affect your happiness?'

'Oh,' asked Winny, in almost wild ecstasy, without answering his question, 'is it broken off? Perhaps this letter which you hold in your hand contains my reprieve! Oh, if it does, in mercy say so!'

'It does.'

'Thank Heaven! And you—for I am not too proud to beg now—you will not yet discard your poor orphan Winny?'

'Never will I part from you, Winny, till you beg me to do so,' said Captain Singleton.

'Then I am happy!' and the poor girl again took his hand, and pressed it affectionately to her lips.

'And now,' said Captain Singleton, in some embarrassment, 'shall I, or shall I not, make known to you the contents of this letter from young Oakdale? I fear your pride will be hurt by it, Winny.'

'Oh,' she replied artlessly, 'I had forgotten Mr Oakdale's letter: I can forgive him anything, I am so much obliged to him. I almost begin to like him!'

'It would seem,' said Captain Singleton, opening the letter, 'that some one who knew you in infancy now recognises you, or remembers your parents; for after a preamble, these are young Oakdale's words: "Notwithstanding my great admiration of Miss Brockley, if the assertion which was made in a public assembly last night be true—namely, that Miss Brockley is the daughter of theatrical parents, and has actually appeared upon the stage herself—I must, however reluctantly, at once decline the happiness I had promised myself by the alliance." &c.'

'Oh,' almost screamed Winny, 'assure him that I have been on the stage; assure him that I will return to the stage: anything that will confirm him in his dear, delightful rejection, and get me out of this dismal captivity! But,' continued she, in a graver tone, and with a natural revulsion of feeling, 'am I to blame for that?'

'No, certainly not,' replied Captain Singleton. 'It is a prejudice, very often justifiable; but in the present instance, it is the pride of a shallow fool, which rejects a bride, radiant in beauty and virtue—no matter what her origin—whom an emperor might be proud of!' and Captain Singleton, more excited than I had ever before beheld him, walked hurriedly about the room. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life—every moment expecting to be discovered where I had involuntarily become a listener. Winny, no doubt, had forgotten that there was such a person in existence as her poor, insignificant governess; and Captain Singleton, after a moment or two of profound silence, whether catching a glimpse of some one behind the curtain or not, I cannot tell, but suddenly he took up the wedding-bonnet, which was lying on a chair, desired Winny to tie it on, as if it were her ordinary attire, and snatching up a shawl, another article of the ill-used *trousseau*, wrapped her in it, placed her arm within his own, saying: 'Come,

Winny: you look pale; the air will revive you, and I have yet much to say,' led her from the room.

Thankful as I was to emerge from my hiding-place undetected, I could not help laughing at the unceremonious appropriation of the despised wedding-gear, in which Winny, though, I believe, quite unconscious how she was attired, looked charmingly. I had my own surmises as to the sequel of their conversation, which surmises were soon verified by the bright smiles on all the faces of the household.

'Thank goodness,' said Mrs Smith, Winny's own maid, 'the house is again what it used to be: master has got back all his good-humour, and my dear young lady has left off weeping: her present intended pleases her better than her last, I believe! And what does it matter his being twenty years older than herself? Why, he is only thirty-eight, and looking so young and handsome, that there isn't any lady in the land but would be glad to have him.'

Though the day was not yet specified, every one supposed the marriage would shortly take place; when a message arrived to Captain Singleton from his brother's widow, residing in London, who was on her death-bed, requesting his presence, and earnestly entreating him to bring Miss Brockley along with him. Captain Singleton seemed much agitated by these unexpected tidings, which opened up wounds that had long been healed, and also by the singular wish, which was of course to be complied with; and Winny herself described to me what took place. On their arrival, Captain Singleton conducted her to the bedside of the invalid, who seemed strangely excited on beholding her. 'I have wronged you both,' said the dying woman: 'you have already forgiven me, Captain Singleton, but how can I expect pardon from this poor orphan girl, whom I have for years known to be the child of my sister?'—'At these words,' said Winny, 'Captain Singleton started, and turned towards me with a look as if awaking from a dream: without perceiving this, my aunt continued: "Pride forbade my acknowledging relationship with one who, by the position she had chosen, seemed to have disgraced me. We were orphans, like Winny. The mistress of the school at which she had been placed, for her own interest, complied with my entreaty to be silent on the subject of my sister's imprudent marriage, and so the circumstance faded from the recollection of all save myself. But my injustice to my niece has been an incessant reproach to me. Your generosity, Captain Singleton, on the death of your brother, and which I so little merited at your hands, claimed some return. I knew the gratification this avowal would have been to you, and yet pride kept me silent; but I could not die in peace until I had done justice to Winny—tardy, indeed, but which will, I trust, yet obtain me her pardon, and give hope and tranquillity to the few hours allotted me." The poor lady died that night, and on their return home after the funeral, Captain Singleton said to me with uncontrollable delight: "Now, Miss Howard, I've solved the mystery of Winny's first fascination."

But who was to give Winny away? Captain Singleton proposed to send for Abel Grey, as a proper compliment to that worthy man. Cheerfully he obeyed the summons, and bestowed the hand of his 'little pet'—as he called her—upon one who loved her with perhaps the strangely blended feelings of a father and a husband.

Before that happy day, young Oakdale—that no one might labour under the mistake of his being left to wear the willow—consolated himself with an impassioned, unintellectual beauty, somewhat *passée* by the by, but then she boasted of a pedigree as ancient as his own. Captain Singleton would not hear of his resigning my situation, now comparatively a sinecure; and what was perhaps still more generous, insisted on my accompanying himself and Mrs Singleton on a trip to Scotland.

where, loaded with presents for the family, we all once more, but under such different circumstances, assembled round the happy fireside of Abel Grey the clothier.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

If the past month has brought to light no great scientific discovery, it has been marked by a number of little facts, which, taken individually, might be looked on as 'unconsidered trifles,' but which, in the aggregate, do help to swell the total of advancement. We must set down as many as we have room for, even at the risk of producing a mere catalogue. The great coprolitic deposit found some time since near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, has yielded some hundreds of tons of a substance alike available for the finer sorts of pottery and for manure. It contains also some extraordinary fossils, highly interesting to the geologist. The hot weather has brought thunder-storms, in some instances fatal, which reminds us that Professor Olmsted, of Yale, is of opinion, that when telegraph wires are much more distributed and stretched over the land than at present, there will be no very heavy thunder-storms, and no lightning-strokes. Signor Palmieri, of Naples, has invented a movable conductor—a disk of wood, bearing metallic points, rotating on an axis, which enables him to correct the errors of former observers of electrical phenomena. The idea of negative rains or clouds, he says, must be given up, because the differences observed are due only to time: for instance, the atmosphere will be negative when a shower is approaching, positive while the rain is actually falling, and negative again as it passes away. He hopes, by means of his new instrument, to arrive at some of the laws which govern the fall of rain in European latitudes. A curious fact has been noticed also with respect to gutta-percha, which may be interesting to electricians. This substance, as is well known, acquires a bluish tinge after having been kept some months; and when in this state, it can no longer be negatively electrified, as before, by almost any substance with which it may be rubbed. Its electricity is found to be positive; and the only substances which will electrify it negatively are mica, diamond, and fur.

A scheme is talked of for a ship-railway from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and news has come that the laying down of the telegraph cable to Corsica—half-way from Europe to Africa—has been successfully accomplished, and in water more than 300 fathoms deep in some places. It was thought that very deep water would present an insurmountable difficulty; but here is the difficulty overcome, and converted into an incitement to new exertions. The electric-telegraph, too, is now complete from Bombay to Calcutta—the beginning of a great scheme of physical improvements, which will demonstrate more and more the folly of having so long left the resources of India undeveloped. As Dr Royle has said: 'It is a country of such vast extent, so diversified in soil and climate, that we may readily believe it capable of producing every kind of natural produce;' and we are glad to observe, that the conviction is spreading in quarters where it may promote enterprise. Irrigation on a grand scale, next to roads, is what India requires; and with these combined, there seems no possibility of setting a limit to her productiveness. It has been shewn, on the best of evidence, that irrigation in India yields a profit of from seventy to a hundred per cent., and thus pays better than gold-digging in Australia. Incredible as this may appear at first sight, it is easy of proof. The value of water to Indian cultivators is already well known: they purchase it willingly at one rupee, or two shillings for 500 cubic yards; and any person or company under-

of success, while, at the same time, contributing in the best possible way to the welfare of the country. Great good has already been effected by the building of dams and weirs across some of the rivers; and a project is now on foot for a canal of 180 miles long, from Sukkur to Hyderabad, which will fertilise at least a million acres. So much is involved in this question, that we cannot forbear directing attention to it.

The Report of the Assam Company shews good progress; a fact which the state of affairs in China renders the more interesting. The quantity of tea grown on their lands in 1863 was 866,687 pounds—nearly 100,000 pounds more than in any previous year. In 1847, the first crop raised was sold for L.9728; the last, for L.33,000; an increase which may be expected to continue, as the clearing of land for new tea-plantations is still going on. Portugal, too, is exhibiting signs of wakefulness: the Commercial Association at Oporto has reported, that, owing to the want of roads, and the badness of those that exist, travelling is more difficult in that country than in any other part of Europe; and they recommend the abolition of all vexatious restrictions, both within and without—in short, free-trade in its integrity. Science, it may be said, is not much interested in such matters as these; but that which adds to the wealth or advancement of a people, tends also to the promotion of science.

The Geographical Society has received advices from the travellers sent out under its auspices: Lieutenant Burton and Dr Wallin are pushing their way in Arabia; and Dr Vogel, when last heard from, was on the borders of Lake Tchad, which he describes as more resembling a vast marsh than a sheet of water. The interior of Africa, he says, is a 'terrible country' to travel in. Were it not for the importance of clearing up its geography, and discovering its resources, few would be found to explore it.

Among recent inventions, Dr Marcet's apparatus for artificial respiration promises to be useful, as it has the advantage over other contrivances of the same kind of being self-acting. It has a double cylinder into which air is compressed; and each by an alternate filling and discharge, with the end of a slender tube inserted into one of the nostrils, causes the lungs to go through the process of expiration and inspiration. It has been tried on asphyxiated dogs with perfect success, and there remains now to test its capabilities on human beings.

The British Association is to hold its annual gathering at Liverpool, in that magnificent building, St George's Hall, where, if local habitation have any influence on its proceedings, the meeting should be more fruitful and successful than any yet on record. These periodical assemblages do good; but unless the intervals be occupied by enlightened research, the result will be that matters of fact will be accumulated irrespective of the philosophical value. Science made easy, though it looks attractive, is not that which best advances science.

Special Reports by Sir Charles Lyell have appeared on the Geological and Topographical and Hydrographical departments of the New York Exhibition, which are highly valuable and interesting for the summary they present of what the United States contain and are capable of in those important subjects. The facts adduced in matters geological, owing to the vast extent of country, are truly amazing, and the sources inexhaustible. One specimen of anthracite coal was shewn, a single block weighing sixty tons; and with respect to iron, lead and copper ores, and salt, there is sufficient to absorb all the mining enterprise of the world, and more. Among these was a lump of native copper 6800 poundweights, from Lake Superior, which had been cut as a sample from a mass weighing forty tons. After passing the whole subject in review, Sir Charles concludes by stating, that 'the natural

combined with the physical features of the entire country, leave nothing to be desired with respect to the materials and incentives for its physical progress and development.' If, in a pecuniary sense, the American Exhibition was a failure, the loss has been largely compensated by the interesting Reports it has called into existence.

The eager inquiry for materials from which paper may be manufactured is still heard on all sides, and numerous are the suggestions made thereupon. One recommends turf; another, the frothy scum seen on ditches; and we may add to the number, by mentioning the confervæ that grow so abundantly on the surface of standing-water, and become converted when dry into a species of natural paper.

The Royal Scottish Society of Arts offers prizes, varying from £10 to £30, for 'anything new in the art of clock or watch making,' for inventions or new appliances in the useful arts generally, and for 'means by which the natural productions of the country may be made more available;' and the Scientific Society of Leipzig announces prizes for papers on Commerce, Astronomy, and Political Economy, to be written in French, German, or Latin; and the Royal Academy of Berlin offers 200 ducats to whomsoever shall furnish a satisfactory reply to certain inquiries touching the wellbeing of a state. It wishes to know, among others, whether Adam Smith's leading doctrine—work makes wealth—can be identified with the prosperity of a people. The Royal Institution, too, makes known that the Actonian prize of £105 will be ready in 1858, for the author of the best essay on the 'Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty, as manifested by the Influence of Solar Radiation.' So much knowledge has been gained of this subject within the past few years, that materials are abundant, and we ought to have an essay of more than ordinary interest.

Our French neighbours, or allies, as we must now call them, are not slackening the preparations for their Exhibition, although, as well as ourselves, they have a war on their hands. It is to be opened on the 1st of May in next year, and all goods for exhibition must be sent in before the 15th March. There is to be no charge for conveyance from the ports or frontiers of France to Paris, and none for rent. All British exhibitors are to communicate with Captain Owen, at Marlborough House, whereby they will gain facilities for passing their packages through the custom-house. It is such an opportunity for international intercourse, as will doubtless bear results not less acceptable than that of our own Exhibition of 1851. We may add here, that forty prizes, of £8 each, are to be awarded to the students of the schools of art throughout the kingdom, who shall most distinguish themselves during the present year, so that they may have the means of visiting Paris next summer. The spirit of emulation will doubtless be lively with such a prospect.

Optical science has just been invested with new beauties by the truly philosophical apparatus contrived by M. Duboscq, whose skill and excellence of handicraft are well known. He came over with the Abbé Moigno, and shewed his experiments to a select party of savans at the Polytechnic Institute. Faraday, Tyndall, Wheatstone, Powell, &c., were of the number; and when such men express unqualified approbation of the phenomena displayed, we may be sure they are worthy of attention. Newton's rings, prismatic spectra, and undulations of colour, were produced with a distinctness and brilliancy almost magical; and the play of rainbow hues thrown on the screen and ceiling by simply breathing on a lens, was such as to provoke an exclamation of delight from the grave philosophers who witnessed it. Then there is the illuminated cascade—a fall of water which may be made to appear red, blue, green, &c., at pleasure, and which, surprisingly enough, retains the colour through its whole course, as though

died with it. This cascade has already been added to the sights of the Polytechnic; and we may be sure that next winter many audiences will be charmed with lectures on the whole subject. The illustrations cannot fail to be attractive.

From a return recently published, it appears that 331,000 persons visited Kew Gardens last year; and Sir William Hooker reports the museum to be in a flourishing state, with a good collection of fibrous plants, herbaria, and botanical works. Many new plants and rare trees have been added; more green-houses are wanted; and we are told that the Earl of Clarendon has, 'with no small trouble, introduced not only living plants of the Argan tree of Southern Morocco (celebrated for yielding fodder for cattle in the husks of the fruit, oil similar to olive-oil in the nuts, and a beautiful wood in its trunk), but he has imported the seeds also in the finest state for germination.' Some of these seeds have been sent to our colonies abroad, and to different countries, with a view to their propagation, and the cultivation and growth of so useful a tree. Kew thus maintains its character for utility as well as beauty, while, for the Londoner, it offers the most delightful recreation-ground within reach.

An architectural museum for artisans has been established in Parliament Street, the scheme of which takes in all departments of building—science—Greek and Gothic, decorative and domestic. With access to such an institution, working-men may acquire a knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of their art—no unimportant consideration while miserable erections rise up all over the land, a very scandal to architecture, in the true sense of the term. If we may give the promoters a hint, we would say: Let dwelling-houses in future be built, and not 'run up.'

#### ILLUSTRIOUS TRADESMEN.

The doctrines of Islamism teach that no man may live above his destiny; that every one may learn a vocation whereby he may earn his bread, if predestined to do so. A curious list is given in Maradja of the occupations of patriarchs, caliphs, and sultans, which commences with the first man. Adam tilled the ground; Noah was a carpenter; Abraham, a weaver; David made coats-of-mail; Solomon made baskets of the date-tree; the Caliph Omar manufactured skins; Othman sold eatables; Ali, the cousin of the Prophet, hired himself to a mason for a salary. The Ottoman sovereigns did not think it beneath them to submit to this law, in imitation of so many eminent examples. Thus Mohammed II. sold flowers; Soliman the Great made slippers; Achmet I. made ebony cases and boxes; Achmet III. excelled in writing, and in emblazoning the canonical books; Selim II. printed muslins.—*Descent of the Ottoman Empire.*

#### SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

For the last four years, considerable attention has been paid at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, to the cultivation of a plant coming from China, and known under the name of *Dioscorea Japonica*. This plant, says the writer of a paper sent to the Central Agricultural Society, may, by its size, weight, and hardy character, become exceedingly valuable in France, as it will serve as a substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist in the open air the severest winter without sustaining any injury. Several specimens of these roots, of very large size, were presented in 1853 to the Society, one of which, of a cylindrical form, was three feet in length; another, presented in 1853, weighed three pounds; the former having been in the earth twenty months, and the latter sixteen. The flavour of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato.—*Galignani.*

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 35.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE WIVES OF DAVID TENIERS.

DAVID TENIERS was scarcely eleven years old when the painter Rubens came, one day, into the workshop of his father. David was daubing a small sketch; at the sight of the great master, the brush fell from his hand. Rubens, perceiving that his presence disconcerted the youth, picked it up, and added some touches to his work. From that day, David Teniers determined to be a great man; yet during more than ten years, he worked as a mere painter of signs, waiting, like our old friend Dick Tinto, for better days, till the Archduke Leopold appointed him his painter in ordinary, and gentleman of the chamber.

A little adventure suddenly decided his fate. It happened about that time, that a certain gentleman of the court being about to marry, gave instructions to Teniers to paint him a representation of the god Hymen. The gentleman being a connoisseur, Teniers employed upon the work all the resources of his genius: he imitated the graces of Albano, and the colouring of Rubens, till his Hymen became more beautiful than Adonis. The painter did not forget the flambeau: never did the hymeneal torch shine with greater brilliancy. On the eve of the nuptials, Teniers invited the gentleman to his studio. 'Here,' said he, 'you behold the highest ideal of love and beauty which my imagination has presented to me.'

'You have hardly been so successful as I expected,' said the gentleman, shaking his head with an air of discontent. 'I have a better idea of Hymen than this. There is something wanting—a certain expression, a something which I feel, though I cannot explain it.'

'You are right in being dissatisfied with my work,' replied Teniers. 'It is scarcely dry yet. My colours, like those of our great masters, improve with time. Allow me to bring you this picture in a few weeks. Since your marriage takes place to-morrow, you will have other business to attend to besides looking at a portrait of Hymen. Take my word; and if you find I am mistaken, I renounce my claim to be paid for the work.'

The gentleman had nothing to reply: he left the artist's abode to visit his intended bride. She was a Flemish woman, of Spanish origin, as worthy of the pencil of Murillo as of that of Rubens; but as the lady had nothing to recommend her but her face, her mind not equalling her beauty, Teniers, like a sensible man, desired to give the gentleman time enough to recognise Hymen in his actual aspect. At the end of three months, he conveyed his picture to the residence of his friend.

'You are right,' exclaimed the latter at the first glance. 'Time has much improved your picture. Age

is necessary even to the most perfect work. You will allow, however, that the expression is a little too lively. It is Hymen, remember, not Cupid, whom you intended to portray. That laughing eye is scarcely natural. Hymen is a reasonable god after all.'

'Excellent!' exclaimed Teniers. 'The lover is now only the husband. It has turned out as I predicted. Know, then, that it is not my painting, but your ideal, that has changed.' For the honour of his wife, the gentleman was inclined to be angry; but how could he meet such a triumphant experiment? He offered at once to pay him the stipulated price.

'No,' said the painter; 'my genius has failed me in this affair. Grant me a few days more.'

Teniers set to work again, and accomplished a chef-d'œuvre. By the aid of perspective, he contrived to produce a portrait of Hymen which should appear charming when viewed sideways, at a certain distance; but which, on a closer inspection, should be found to have a slight frown. The Archduke Leopold having heard the history of this picture, desired that it should be placed at the end of his gallery. The curious, married and unmarried, came to inspect it. Dufresnoy, who relates this anecdote in his witty manner, concludes his recital thus: 'The duke caused the portrait to be placed above a kind of dais, to mount which the visitor had to pass a step very polished and slippery. Below this was the pleasing point of view; but no sooner had you passed the step, than, farewell the charm!—it was no longer the same thing.'

Cornelius Schut, the painter-poet, first related this little story. 'What is more curious,' said he in his narrative, 'is that this portrait of Hymen brought about the marriage of David Teniers.' Cornelius Schut had a ward named Anne Breughel, daughter of Breughel of Velours, also a painter. As she was beautiful, and of pleasing manners, old Cornelius Schut took a pleasure in walking abroad with her. Sometimes they visited the studios of Rubens and Van Baelen, who were also her guardians; sometimes the court of the archduke; at other times, they spent the day in the country, or in making an excursion by water. One day, as they were walking in the archduke's gallery, and her guardian was pointing out to her the famous picture of Hymen, Teniers happened to come in. After some remarks upon the weather, poetry, and painting, Teniers said to the young maiden: 'Would mademoiselle like to pass the step?'

'Yes,' she replied, perhaps without reflecting.

'I take you at your word,' said Teniers, offering her his hand. Anne Breughel blushed, and refused to pass. Cornelius Schut treated the matter rather as a poet than a guardian.

'Why should you object?' said he, smiling.

'What would be the advantage,' she replied, somewhat emboldened, 'since once on the other side the picture changes in colour and effect?'

'For you and me, never!' exclaimed the young painter gallantly. 'Or, rather, I promise you to recross the fatal step immediately.' At that critical moment, some strangers happened to come in. Teniers saluted his friends respectfully, and withdrew, already in love with the young girl. The next day, after some hesitation, he entered the studio of Cornelius Schut, who was painting some camellias in a garland of flowers.

'Master Cornelius,' said Teniers, 'will you tell me what is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Write her some verses,' said the poet. 'So you are in love, eh?'

'To desperation—to the point, in fact, that the archduke says I have lost my senses.'

'And with whom, Master David Teniers?'

'Do you not guess?' replied the cunning young artist. 'Ah, if I could write verses like yours!'

'I am not master of the hand of Anne Breughel,' said Schut, divining the object of his passion. 'She has two other guardians—Rubens and Van Baelen. Besides, I take her for a woman of spirit, who will have a husband of her own choosing, and no other.' Teniers, meeting Rubens soon after, asked him in like manner, 'What was the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Make her a flattering portrait,' replied the great painter.

'O that I had your genius!' exclaimed Teniers; 'I would make my portrait even more beautiful than Anne Breughel.'

'If it is Anne Breughel you are thinking of,' replied Rubens, 'go to our grave friend Van Baelen: he will tell you, like an old philosopher who has subdued the passions of man's nature, what is best to be done in such a case.' Teniers went directly to the house of the old painter; he found him painting, upon copper, a copy of his great work, 'St John Preaching in the Desert.' Teniers had seen the original often in the palace of the archduke. He came at once to the object of his visit. 'What is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Love her sincerely,' replied Van Baelen.

'You are perhaps right; and yet I adore Anne Breughel, who, I imagine, is not in the least affected by my passion.'

The three guardians interrogated their ward in turn. She had not forgotten David Teniers. It turned out that Van Baelen had spoken more wisely than his colleagues. The three took counsel together: they weighed in the balance the talent of Teniers and the fortune of Anne Breughel—the mind of the one, and the beauty of the other. After some debate, they decided for the marriage. The young pair were brought together at a supper at the house of Rubens, who, as well as his guests, amused himself with observing their mutual embarrassment. At the dessert, they told Teniers that they had invited him as a witness to the marriage-contract of Anne Breughel, in his character of a disciple of her grandfather, old Peter Breughel. Soon afterwards, the notary presented himself very gravely: a space was cleared for him at the end of the table. He unrolled the parchment, mended his pen, and prepared to read the marriage-contract of the future partners. Young David no longer doubted his happiness.

This marriage-contract, still preserved in the archives of the city of Antwerp, is prepared rather in a tour of the wife than the husband. It stipulates, in case of the decease of Anne Breughel, their relations shall receive, not only the property which she

brought him as her marriage-portion, but also all interest in the joint property settled by the contract. We shall see presently that the clause was strictly fulfilled. The three guardians, artists as they were, had made all their arrangements like sober lawyers. The marriage took place a few days afterwards. On the morning of the wedding, the archduke presented Teniers with a miniature portrait of himself, and a gold chain. Anne Breughel was of a sweet disposition and pleasing manners. She brought her husband four children, and loved him to the last as on the first day of her marriage; while he, in his turn, loved her with all the tenderness of his passionate nature. In short, they never saw Hymen except on the favourable side of the step.

In the first years of his wedded life, Teniers continued to reside in the palace of Leopold, working almost exclusively for the king of Spain, who was so delighted with his works that he had a gallery built expressly for them. At first, the artist did scarcely anything more than copy the great masters of the Flemish and Italian schools. After a little while, growing weary of following others, stroke by stroke, he contented himself with merely imitating them. His imitations enjoyed a singular reputation, some persons even going so far as to prefer them to the models. He was particularly successful in his imitations of Rubens, which many mistook for the works of that master. But Teniers at length determined to be in his turn an original painter.

In his leisure hours, remembering the counsels of his aged father, he sketched by a few strokes of his pencil a scene taken near by, of pure and simple nature. Suddenly, he abandoned his grand subjects. Eminently Flemish, he limited his field to a Flemish horizon. He was wearied of gazing upon saints in ecstasy, and penitent Magdalens: he had never met with such things in his simple way of life. Was it not time that the human form should be painted under some other phase, and in a character more true to nature? If painting should be a mirror of nature, why not set that mirror beside the public way, as well as in the unfrequented by-roads? A picture of happiness, fresh and *noir*, a reflex of actual life, can never be unworthy of art: prose may be made pleasing as well as verse. Thus reasoned the young artist.

Adrien Brauwer and Van Craesbeck had already taken sketches among the mariners and other frequenters of the cabarets of Antwerp, of all the original physiognomies to be found there. There was not an interior of a public-house, not a droll or characteristic face, which they had not copied a dozen times. Teniers saw that he must seek for a new world; but he had not to look far for that. In the little village of Perck, between Malines and Antwerp, there happened to be a château to be sold, called the Château of the Three Towers; an ancient Gothic edifice, worthy of lodging a prince. Teniers, who was, indeed, a prince among Flemish painters, purchased it, resolved to pass the remainder of his life there in the study of nature, and in the enjoyment of his good-fortune. The place was well chosen—a church with pointed spire, meadow, lake, picturesque enclosure, boars, toppers, cabarets—everything he wanted was to be found in Perck and its environs. He lived here in good style, keeping livery and equipages; and his château became a celebrated rendezvous for the chase. The Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Marlborough, and many other illustrious persons visited him there. Twice his extravagant way of life brought him to the verge of ruin; the first time, he set to work to repair his fortunes by painting day and night. He did not dispense with a single horse or servant, nor did he even receive fewer of those illustrious visitors from all countries, who, in the Château des Trois Tours, fancied themselves in a



royal palace. His industry restored his finances. It is said that at this time he even produced as many as 350 paintings in a single year; but this extraordinary fecundity disheartened his purchasers, and his works fell in value. There is a tradition—but an improbable one—that he then adopted the singular expedient of spreading abroad a report of his own death, and that his wife even went into mourning, to induce a belief in the story, and thus enhance the value of his works.

Teniers was in the midst of his career when his wife died. His affliction was beyond measure: his château, so cheerful before, became sombre and comfortless; Nature, his ordinary teacher, spoke to him now of nothing but Anne Breughel. His marriage-contract compelling him to give up everything on the death of his wife, the painter found himself, by this calamity, suddenly reduced to poverty. His children would not have allowed the clauses of the contract to be executed in their favour; but Teniers, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, resolved to strip himself of everything in the very year of her death; saying that 'he would never consent to live upon the property of orphans.' The château changed owners, and he retired to Brussels. Here he lived a solitary life, turning his thoughts unceasingly to the remembrance of his dear Anne, and devoting himself to the practices of religion, and to watching over the progress of his children at college.

Though living now in the most humble style, he had been compelled to retain one of his horses—all his pictures being the result of short journeys into the country. On these excursions, he had several times revisited Perck, wandering in the neighbourhood of the château, and lingering over its associations of love and fame. One evening he noticed, through the railing of the grounds of the château, a young lady walking in the garden, whose face bore several points of resemblance to that of Anne Breughel. In his surprise, he let fall the reins upon the neck of his horse, which began to bite at the hanging branches of a willow. His eyes followed involuntarily the apparition, which seemed to him to be a dream of the past. In a moment, the young lady disappeared by a retired pathway leading to the château. Teniers continued musing, looking now towards the lake, and now towards the spot where she had vanished. 'My poor Anne, you are dead to me,' he exclaimed pensively. 'No, you are not dead. I see you everywhere—under these trees, at yonder window, beside that lake where we have walked so often.'

While musing thus, the poor painter did not perceive that his horse, which had also his reminiscences, had begun to take the road to the stables. Upon the bridge, he drew up the reins again, and said, sighing: 'No, no, my trusty friend; we have no longer any right to be here.' That day, Teniers returned to his solitary home more sad than usual.

'Why did I sell the château?' said he with bitterness. 'There I should have been, in some sort, nearer to my dear Anne. In those old favourite haunts I might still, in imagination, have seen and heard her.'

The next day, he could not refrain from returning to Perck. The château was then in the possession of a wealthy retired counsellor, named De Fresne. The latter, meeting Teniers in the neighbourhood, and recognising him, begged him to accompany him to his old home, and consider himself still its master. The counsellor presented him to his daughter, Isabelle de Fresne. She was young and fair, and had the same tender and simple look as Anne Breughel. Teniers was delighted with her. She painted a little; Teniers offered to give her a lesson. A shower of rain began to fall, and the advocate gladly took advantage of the circumstance to detain his guest. The poor painter almost believed himself living again in his ancient splendour. The sweet face of Anne Breughel was missing; but Isabelle de Fresne was not wanting in charms.

'What a pity,' said his host, over the dessert, 'that you should have taken it into your head to leave the château! It was to increase the patrimony of your children, I am aware; but that appears to me to be carrying paternal affection too far. Such a genius as yours should have a palace for an abode.'

'Nature is my palace,' replied the artist, casting at the same time a wistful look at the gilded panels of the *Château des Trois Tours*.

'My greatest pleasure, Monsieur Teniers,' said the counsellor, 'would be to see you here all the fine season.'

'Ah,' said Teniers, 'I should be too happy to live in such good and fair society, but my fête-days are past. Once I was not only a painter, but a fine gentleman; now I am only a painter. All my pleasures now are associated with my pallet. I shall continue to depict scenes of happiness, but it will be the happiness of others.' So saying, Teniers regarded Isabelle tenderly. The young lady blushed, and turned the conversation into another channel.

The next morning, Teniers rose at daybreak to return to Brussels. While his horse was feeding, he took a stroll through one of his favourite haunts upon the borders of the lake. It was a clear, fresh morning; a light wind was slowly moving the mists along the fields of Vilvorde; the country, refreshed with the rain of the night before, filled the air with sweet odours; and the sun, just risen, touched the glittering tree-tops and the towers of the château. Arnold Houbraken relates this story. Teniers was leaning against the trunk of a tree, surveying the lake and the château, lost in thought, when suddenly raising his eyes towards the window where he had often seen Anne Breughel looking out on fine evenings, her image appeared there as if by enchantment. 'It is she, with her light hair falling in curls,' he exclaimed. 'It is the same sweet face, so full of beauty and innocence.' But in another moment he recognised Isabelle de Fresne. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'it is not she; and yet'—

He returned to the château, mounted his horse, and rode away slowly. All that week, he did nothing well. He attempted to paint from memory a portrait of Isabelle de Fresne, and failed; and yet, when it was but half-finished, the face had seemed to remind him at the same time both of Anne Breughel and Isabelle de Fresne. Those two delightful images were for ever present to his mind; he sought to divert his thoughts from them, afraid of falling in love again. He made a journey into France, and even set out for Italy; but he had scarcely arrived at Lyon, when his new passion compelled him to retrace his steps. On his return, he found a letter from the counsellor, complaining of his neglect.

'Come, my dear Teniers,' he wrote; 'the very peasants are anxious to see their old master again; and my daughter Isabelle finds that, even from such a skilful master as you, a single lesson in painting is not enough.'

Teniers started immediately for Perck. The counsellor pressed him to pass the remainder of the season at the château. The painter accepted his invitation, and boldly installed himself there, hardly sure that it was not more dangerous to fly from the presence of Isabelle, than to see her continually.

It happened—accidentally, no doubt—that the young lady had for an attendant one of the *femmes-de-chambre* of Anne Breughel. This was another illusion for the painter, who, when he met her, found himself often about to ask her whether his wife was abroad in the garden, or in the walks in the neighbourhood. The woman—by force of habit, no doubt—dressed her new mistress exactly like her previous one: there was the same arrangement of the hair, the same cap, the same lace, the identical colours. Teniers, meeting this living reminiscence sometimes upon the stairs, or in the dusky

passages of the old château, would imagine himself in a dream. More than once, on kissing the hand of Isabelle de Fresne, the old time seemed to him to have come back again. Every day he discovered some new point of resemblance. Last night, it was her hand; to-day, it is her foot; to-morrow, she will sing, and her voice will be the very counterpart of Anne Breughel's. Never was illusion more perfect at all points.

'What ails you, my friend?' asked his host one day, surprised at his absent and anxious look. 'Does not our way of life please you?'

'Yes,' said Teniers; 'it is nothing—a passing recollection—a momentary regret. It is gone now.'

One evening, after sunset, he was sitting again upon the ground beside the little lake, idly brushing the tall water-grasses with his feet. Isabelle and her servant passed him in the pleasure-boat. The light veil of evening falling upon land and water confirmed the painter's misty reverie; he was no longer master of himself, as in the broad daylight. The head of the skiff grazed lightly on the bank, and he rushed forward.

'Annet! Anne!' he exclaimed, when they found themselves alone. 'Pardon me—Isabelle, I meant,' continued he, falling at her feet, in the chivalrous fashion of the times.

'Well,' said she, carried away by his manner, 'Anne Breughel, if you will.' It may be easily imagined that the young Isabelle, perhaps a little romantic, had secretly loved Teniers; that, touched by his sorrow for Anne Breughel, she had undertaken the task of consoling him, coming by degrees, by means of these illusions, to take the place of his adored wife.

Three weeks afterwards, Teniers married the daughter of the counsellor. He returned to the château, and took again to his old way of life. Isabelle de Fresne, charmed by the simplicity of his genius, and his noble manners, remained devoted to him till the time of her death. She knew that her greatest charm for him was, that she reminded him of his first wife. Far from complaining, or feeling vexed on that account, she took pains to acquire the habits of Anne Breughel, with the generous intention of pleasing her husband. Teniers, in his turn, delighted with having found so sweet a companion, loved her for her own, and for Anne Breughel's sake.

The painter survived his second wife, and died at the age of upwards of eighty. After her death, he returned to Brussels again, and lived in strict retirement, devoted to his art. One of his sons, a Franciscan monk at Malines, held him in his arms as he breathed his last; through the zeal of this son, he had become more than ever attached to the Catholic Church. For the convent at Malines, he painted his 'Nineteen Martyrs of Gorcum.' The son has left a biography of his father, interspersed with orisons and litanies; the only interesting portion is the end, in which he describes the death of the great painter.

Already in a state of unconsciousness, David Teniers only spoke at long intervals. In the middle of the night, after a painful sigh, he took the hand of his son with agitation: 'See you, yonder?—yonder!' he exclaimed. He saw, no doubt, passing in his mind all the curious creations of his pencil. The Franciscan looked in the direction which he indicated.

'I see nothing, father.'

'Do you see,' continued the painter, without heeding his reply, 'the alchemist in that laboratory, meditating? He turns towards me to bid me farewell. Farewell, then! What did I say? It is a drinker—there are two—three—four—the odour of their ale rises to my head. O the deep politicians! these are the men who transport our Flanders into Spain. The drunkards! it is merely that they may drink from glasses overflowing with Malaga. My son, stop that boor from smoking, who has nothing to say apropos.

I hear his pipe shap. No; it is the violin of poor old Nicholas Soest. There is a fair, then, in Perok to-day. Open the window, and let me hear their cries better. Excellent! how they dance under the balcony! Take care, Margaret! Look at that sly chemist. The old dotard! It is a good thing, indeed, to have gray hairs. I like your violin, Master Soest; but what are you playing there? O my son—my son! look there! this is fearful indeed!'

The dying painter shuddered from head to foot, and passed his hands over his eyes. 'Do you see that doleful dance?—all their mirth is gone now. Old Nicholas Soest is nothing but a skeleton. Look how he whirls, and whirls, and whirls in the dusk—all hastening to the church-yard. They are gone! Farewell, farewell, my friends. Call my servant—it is time to go!'

These were, as nearly as possible, the last words of the laborious painter of nature. In obedience to his wish, the son had his remains deposited in the choir of the church of Perok, under that tower which, in his pictures, stands forth against so many horizons.

### SOMETHING DONE IN THE MEANTIME

WHILE the subject of a great national scheme of education continues to be surrounded with difficulties, there is interest and importance attached to everything which brings out the availability of present existing institutions, and affords hints for making the best we can of what we have. There lies before us just now, in the shape of a *Report on the Dick Bequest*,\* some interesting information of this nature; the more so, perhaps, because the field of its operations appears a singularly unpromising one, comprising, as it does, the parish-schools of the rural districts of three counties in the north-east of Scotland—schools in which the elder pupils are absent through the summer, at field-labour, and the teacher, in many instances, is away during the winter attending college-classes, with a view to the clerical profession. By a system of vigilant superintendence, notwithstanding, backed by remuneration according to merit, it would seem that much has been done to obviate the hindrances to a regular system of tuition, and to raise the standard of parochial education. But we forget ourselves. Familiar as we are with parish-schools in Scotland, we must not leave behind us in the dark that portion of our readers—perhaps a large one—who know little of a Scotch parish-school, except that the term is often met with in the public journals. Be it known to such, that the heritors—that is, the proprietors of land in every parish—on whom it devolves to maintain the church, the manse, and the minister, are equally bound by law to provide the school, with the teacher's salary, dwelling-house, and garden. The election of the teacher rests with the heritors and minister, subject to the approval of the Presbytery, whose business it is to inquire into his qualifications; after which, his office is *ad vitam aut canoniam*—he cannot be removed except upon grave charges alleged by the minister and heritors, and sustained before the Presbytery. The magistrates of burghs are in like manner obliged to maintain burgh-schools; but with these we have, in the present instance, nothing to do, as the 'Dick Bequest' is confined to the rural parishes. The provision determined by law consists of a house of at least two apartments, an enclosed garden of at least a quarter of a Scotch acre, and a salary which is determined every twenty-five years, according to the price of oatmeal, and which, on account of the low fairs

\* *Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, Embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School.* Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1864.

peeps fixed in 1822, may, be roughly, stated, as now ranging from L.18 to L.25 per annum; besides the fees of the pupils, which, in the district now referred to, yield on an average about L.25 to each teacher. As there is often no other school whatever in the parish, and rarely any of a higher class, the parochial schoolmaster is generally expected to teach Latin, and even Greek, with mathematics and book-keeping, to the sons of the better classes of agriculturists, as well as to instruct the poorest barefooted trochis of the labourer in those elementary branches which he can afford to learn. Of course, one sees at once that few men of education sufficient to accomplish such a task, would devote themselves for life to a calling so poorly remunerated; but it serves as a temporary means of subsistence to many a young aspirant after college honours and ministerial usefulness. It would be beside our purpose to inquire whether a race of plainly educated men, of mature years and riper experience; and having no ulterior views, might or might not answer the general purpose better. It has long been the boast of Scotland—a boast she would not easily forego—that here, and there, from time to time, the parish-school has elicited, and, to a certain extent, tutored a genius destined, in after-life, to become the learned professor or the celebrated author; and the gentlemen whose report is now before us, have believed it better to have in these schools a succession of masters, each devoting seven or eight years of the prime of his energy and enthusiasm, rather than one who, by going over the same tasks for twenty, thirty, or forty years, necessarily loses the zest which attends a first or second course of instruction.

And now to the legacy in question. It was bequeathed by James Dick, Esq., a native of Morayshire, who, at the age of nineteen, went to the West Indies, and accumulated a considerable fortune, which he afterwards improved by judicious speculations in England; where his remaining years were spent. After settling a matter of L.86,000 upon the children of his only daughter, bequeathing legacies to his servants, &c., the remainder of Mr Dick's princely fortune was, according to his will, to be applied to the maintenance and assistance of 'the country parochial schoolmasters' in his native county of Elgin or Moray, and in the neighbouring counties of Banff and Aberdeen. The free annual revenue at the disposal of the trustees for this purpose, after deducting all expenses of management, has run from L.3000 to L.5000 a year in round numbers. The clause of the will by which they have chiefly been guided, is that which authorizes them to 'dispose of the said income in such manner as shall seem most likely to encourage active schoolmasters, and gradually to elevate the literary character of the parochial schoolmasters and schools aforesaid; and for these purposes, to increase, diminish, or altogether discontinue the salary or allowance to be from time to time made to all or any of such schoolmasters, without being accountable for so doing.' Upon this clause they have founded a system of vigilant superintendence, which appears to have been generally submitted to; if not for the sake of professional improvement, at least for the sake of the bounty which the trustees have to bestow.

To give the reader an idea of this system: The trustees decline interfering in any way with the election of the schoolmaster, which remains, as heretofore, in the hands of the heritors and clergy; but as soon as he is appointed, they invite him to submit to an examination, in order to test his personal attainments in literature and science. In some few instances, this has been utterly declined; and in such case, a teacher establishes no connection at all or himself with the fund in question. In many instances, the teacher has failed to satisfy the examiners at his first appearance, but has succeeded on a

subsequent occasion. Meanwhile, he is set down for a modified allowance, if he gives satisfaction in English, arithmetic, Latin, and any other two of the required branches; no payment, however, being made till the completion of the examination, which, for a teacher of the highest rank, includes English, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Latin, Greek, mathematics, and physics.

The next ordeal to which a candidate is subjected, is that of teaching a class in presence of the examiners, in order to test his capability of communicating his knowledge to others. If this also proves satisfactory, there is yet another, which is constantly and diligently upheld—namely, the visitation of the school over which he presides. In connection with this inspection, there is maintained a system of correspondence in which the impressions received by the visitor are freely stated to the teacher, and advice, or, if need be, warning and threatening, are added as the case appears to require.

These letters have been varied in their tenor—at one time, pointing out to the teacher particular departments in which the system might be amended; at another, advising the extension of certain branches, most frequently English grammar, arithmetic, and geography, to a larger number of pupils; at a third, noticing deficiencies in reading and spelling, which appeared to indicate a want of attention to the most ordinary parts of instruction. The use of such appeals is obvious in pointedly directing the teacher's attention to defects which, in the quiet routine of daily work, may, while he is unconscious of it, creep in. Suggestions, also, are made to enlarge and advance the general instruction: the teacher has been urged to observe the duty of privately preparing the lessons—the Bible-lessons especially, and those in the classics. Faults of manner have been suggested for correction, and cleanliness and order enforced. With regard to religious instruction, deficiencies have been pointed out, and occasion has been taken to suggest an increase of tenderness and reverence in imparting it, and the cultivation of an extended intelligence and elevation of feeling in the pupils. Teachers have been exhorted to visit schools of established reputation, warned to avoid the causes of a visible decay of energy, and animated to cherish high views of their duty and responsibility, so as to give a progressive elevation to the character of their schools. The advice is mingled with praise of whatever has been observed worthy of commendation; and the suggestions are justified when necessary by a reference to what is accomplished in other schools, of which the circumstances are in all essential particulars the same, as well as to those higher views by which the enlightened teacher is unceasingly led onwards and upwards.

The reporter is bound to acknowledge the candour and attention with which these communications have almost universally been received.

A specimen of these letters will be interesting:—  
DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the trustees to express to you in writing, their regret that the impression derived from the recent visit to your school was unsatisfactory. The information and intelligence appear to be too much limited to a few pupils at the head of each class, and there is not sufficient evidence of exertion to stimulate the powers of the other pupils, whose torpid and uninformed condition does not appear to be consistent with the application of an active and judicious system of tuition. The state of the New Testament class cannot be considered creditable; and the trustees submit to you the propriety of an example afforded by other schools, not to permit pupils to use the Holy Scriptures until the proficiency is such that the lesson may serve a higher purpose than that of a technical exercise in reading.

English grammar ought certainly to be taught to

a greater number, and advanced to a higher point. This exercise is peculiarly fitted to rouse the intellectual faculties; but the pupils cannot derive that advantage without systematic labour and patient perseverance.

'The trustees, from their knowledge of your attainments, are satisfied of your capability to raise the school to a much higher standard than it presents just now; and they earnestly submit to you the necessity and duty of such an earnest devotion of your mind and energies to its improvement as will, for the future, prevent any such expression of dissatisfaction as the present. They would urgently impress upon you the desirableness, in particular, of studying perfectly to simplify the substance of your examination, and not to be satisfied with questions and answers which appear verbally sufficient, unless you are satisfied that the pupil has a clear and intelligent perception of the matter. It is only by the successful adoption of a method thus simple and efficient, and by faithful and assiduous labour directed to the mental advancement of *all* your pupils, that you can hope to avoid the diminution in your allowance from this Bequest, which must ensue if the next Report be not of a different tenor. I remain, &c.'

It is gratifying to add, that at the next visitation this school was found in a much improved condition, and reported accordingly.

The apportionment of the annual income among the parochial teachers, depends on the personal scholarship of each, his apparent skill in teaching, the number of his pupils, the regularity of their attendance, the cultivation of the higher branches, the amount of the fees realised, the salary afforded by the heritors, and the gratuitous instruction of the poor. This unequal distribution of the bounty is the distinguishing characteristic of the management; each teacher's allowance, from the minimum of L.20, 11s. 8d. a year, to the maximum of L.76, 16s. 6d., being made to depend upon everything which contributes to the prosperity of the school, as well as upon his own proficiency in literature and in professional skill. This happily conceived principle gives life to the operation of the Bequest, and prevents it from descending with an influence which would enervate while it enriched. It supplies an all-powerful motive to exertion, by securing to skill and faithful labour the pleasing acknowledgment of a reward, not only substantial in itself, but marking the recipients publicly as men of merit.

The trustees have viewed with great indulgence the case of teachers who had taken office before the introduction of this Bequest, and who, having been trained in what we call the old school, could have little idea of what is now deemed indispensable to the successful discharge of the instructor's duty. Some of these enjoy an amount of bounty which would not fall to their lot if they were judged by the rules applied to their younger brethren. Yet it would seem that, with few exceptions, these gentlemen of the old school have made energetic and successful efforts to catch the spirit of improvement, and keep pace with its progress; they have, at least, introduced a better class of books; they have undertaken the journey to Edinburgh to visit the best schools; and have introduced, as they could, the improved methods they have witnessed; the trustees, be it observed, holding themselves always ready to assist such a pilgrim to bear the expense of such a visit.

Were a system like this maintained in operation in what might be deemed a fair field, it is difficult to estimate the degree of improvement that might be expected. But with all the disadvantages, it is wonderful what has been accomplished. The teachers, finding they forfeited their allowances for being absent at college, have very generally been content to forego every second year, and thus to double the already long

course of preparation for the ministry. The pupils have generally made an effort to attend with more constancy; and the table of returns shews a considerable increase of the average number attending at least six months without intermission. The heritors have been induced to improve the endowments as well as the school-premises and dwelling-houses; for, it should be observed, that the liberality of the trustees in other things being equal, in direct, not inverse, proportion to that of the heritors.

The reporter's notes record several particular cases of considerable interest. In one school, he found a boy demonstrating a proposition in Euclid, and learned that he was the son of a blacksmith, and displaying so ardent a thirst for learning, that the father vainly hopes to induce him to follow his own occupation, while the master is zealously striving to qualify him for a bursary, which will secure him a university education. In another school, the reporter heard a boy, holding the public function of a post-runner, read a lesson in Latin. At another, a lad who acted as servant to the minister of the parish, stood a Latin examination creditably; and ere the next round of the visitor, had been appointed teacher of a school in England, with a salary of L.50 a year.

A peculiar interest seems to attach to the schools in fishing-villages, where systematic education and school-discipline are comparatively new, and the visitor fails not to observe the free look, the wild scream, and other characteristics of untamed energy; yet of such a school he reports: "We found upon the floor a class of eight engaged on a lesson in Cowper's *Task*, which is read every Thursday. The reading, although without taste or refinement, is perfect as regards accuracy and confidence. Mr ——— instituted a very searching examination upon the general scope and also the minute details of the passage; and the pupils exhibited not only an excellent knowledge of the lesson, but a remarkable degree also of general intelligence and information. For this the passage afforded wide scope, the subject being the tendency of cities to generate not only eminence in science and art, but depravity also and vice—London being taken as an illustration, and its most eminent artists referred to. Of these they were able to give some account, and they shewed a more extended information than ordinary upon the various subjects naturally suggested by the lines. There have not been seen upon this tour any pupils better informed than these, and they shew a fire and promptitude which make it pleasant to examine them.

"In English grammar, hard questions suggested by the lines read were answered, and an exercise in spelling difficult words was also successfully performed."

"Of another sea-coast school recently erected, it is remarked, that "at Mr ———'s appointment, when the school was planted, the population was in a condition little removed from barbarism; and it speaks volumes for his faithfulness and worth, that he has succeeded in organising a seminary of which apparently the discipline is perfect, and the moral fruits already distinct and valuable." Here, too, it is noted that the teacher's influence is not confined to the children, but extends most beneficially to their parents.

"It is pleasing to observe the chastening influence of sacred music upon these children, and to mark the effect of discipline upon their free and restless habits as they retire in regular order singing their *Dianthus Hymn*."

As to the vexed question of religious instruction and clerical influence, the trustees of the Dick Bequest have wisely, we might almost say necessarily, left it undisturbed, in the position which Scottish law assigns to it, paying all deference to the parochial minister, and encouraging an enlightened system of Scripture instruction. They have thus, almost universally, it would appear, secured the friendly regards of this body, while

it is perfectly obvious that their own influence has become all-powerful throughout the district of their operations.

The Report is, of course, drawn up in the name of the trustees, and they, in their corporate capacity, are made to appear the doers of whatever has been done; but it cannot escape observation, that the gentleman who acts as their secretary—the author of the Report now before us—must have been the man whose enlightened energy, in connection with this fund, has organised and maintained this system of supervision and reward; and this is the more apparent from the observations and suggestions which occupy the second part of the volume, and which have been added chiefly with the view of placing before schoolmasters correct views of the great and responsible duties of their office, and offering suggestions respecting the best modes of fulfilling it, based on the authority and example of some of the most eminent teachers of the present age. A single passage from this part will, we hope, so prove the author to be master of his subject, as to induce those more immediately interested in the education of youth to peruse the whole, if they have opportunity.

'Your children, during the period of opening reason, and with the sensibility of tender years, are placed here in immediate and constant contact with one in a position of authority, who is to teach them by his voice and command, but who must inevitably teach them also by what exerts a stronger power—namely, the insensible influence of his life and conduct. With the instinctive accuracy of childhood, they mark the "expression of the eye, the face, the look, the gait, the motion, the tone or cadence, which is sometimes called the natural language of the sentiments; and while speech or voluntary language is a door of the soul, which we may open or shut at will, the other is a door that stands open evermore, and reveals to others constantly, and often very clearly, the tempers, tastes, and wishes of our hearts." Looking to the susceptibility of childhood, then, the pupil has no deeper interest than that the teacher who is to be his example shall be such in character, that, speaking or acting, in every movement and expression, whether designed or unconscious, he shall out of the good treasure of his heart bring forth nothing but that which is good.'

#### TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.

Nor the revolution. That is a thing we have given up. When they do make an end of it, one way or other, we shall be very glad to take the winner by the hand; but we would rather not look on at the game any longer. If the Chinese are destined to turn the tables on the Tatars, so much the better; but what we have to do with at present, is the turning of the Celestial tables *simpliciter*, without reference to political parties, or to anything else. Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shewn to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed; \* Alexander's copy of the *Iliad* enclosed in a nut-shell could not have been written without the aid of the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam—railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long

by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance—the indelibility of colours—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time—we have to fish up anew.

The last 'original' things with us are Table-turning and Spiritual Manifestations. Original!—these have been known in China at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth—between five and six centuries before the Christian era. In the last file of the *North China Herald*, there is an account by Dr Macgowan of the existing formula; and from this it appears that the treatment of the tables is somewhat different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The directions usually given, he says, are 'to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with water; and upon these, the table turned upside down. Four children are then called in, and to each a leg is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion—thus forming a circle. Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the "medium," which may be thus rendered:

Heaven! Entreat heaven for power;  
Earth! Entreat earth for power;  
Left green dragon! turn to the left;  
Right green dragon! turn to the right.

If you fail, I'll call Yellow Ling, Duke of Space, to bring his horsehip to flog you till you scamper right and left.

Soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and then becomes revolutionary, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until whirled off the axis.

The doctor, however, being a scientific man, was not to be abused by the mere poetical parts of the ceremony; and he determined to try the experiment without having recourse to either right green dragon or left green dragon. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table reversed and adjusted according to rule—only the vessel being without water—he awaited the result. The boys, it should be said, did not form the magic circle by joining hands. In a few minutes the table shewed symptoms of sensitiveness; it became uneasy; a struggle appeared to be going on; but soon all this was at an end, and off it set in its involuntary revolution, spinning round and round, accompanied by the boys as fast as their legs could carry them, till it suddenly dashed off its axis, carrying away with it some portion of skin from the shin of one of the urchins.

The Rapping-system, as practised in China, has likewise its poetry, though of a less refined nature than that of the table-turning, the green dragons being substituted by a certain Miss Fan-k'ang, who, if we may judge by the locality she inhabits, is not the most agreeable of the elfin race. Her services are summoned chiefly at the beginning of the year, by those who are anxious to know what fortune they are to meet with in the new cycle of time. 'A girl,' says Dr Macgowan, 'is sent with a lighted candle and incense-sticks, to worship among the cloacas, holding a rice-basket for conveying the filthy elf, whose presence she invokes, into the house; and who, it is said, never declines attending. The basket is placed on a table, by the side of two small wine-cups inverted, and separated a few inches. The cups are used as rests for the ends of a chopstick, on which a rod is balanced, which completes the preliminaries. The "medium" now asks: "If so-and-so, or myself, is to be successful this year, knock twice; if otherwise, knock three times"—whereupon a see-saw motion of the rod takes place, until the end strikes or "raps" the table either twice or thrice.'

\* The Emperor Shan, 2225 B.C., 'examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the movable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets.'—Ancient Chinese Chronicle, quoted in Thornton's *History of China*.

The Fan-k'ang K'ü-niáng, it appears, never fails to answer in this way—the rod always raps the table; but either the spirit has no extraordinary divining power, or no great reliance is placed on her veracity, for the prediction is never turned to any practical account.

But although Miss Fan-k'ang fails sometimes, this is never the case with the manifestations of the Kwei, ghosts or demons, which are made in writing, and in a much more curious way than the medium manages it in the West. Such ceremonies, we have conjectured above, are at least as old as Laou-tse; but in point of fact, the invocation of spirits was ancient in his time, and he is supposed to have endeavoured to bring the world to a purer system. His writings, however, are so obscure, that his followers gave them all sorts of wild and extravagant meanings; and the consequence was, that the doctrine of the Taou, or pure reason, was converted into the very gospel of demon-worship. The Taouists introduced order into the heretofore chaos of the spiritual world, distinguishing gradations of rank, and establishing formulæ for the invocation of each order of spirits. They became magicians, astrologers, and high chemists. They discovered mystical books, as authoritative as that of the Mormons, in mountain-caves; and the transmutation of metals, the phenomena of mesmerism, the fortunate islands, the draught of immortality—all in turn kindled the imagination of China, long before these ideas began to dawn upon the mind of Europe.

Although Dr Macgowan, however, takes no notice of the history of Spiritual Manifestations in China, we are indebted to him for an account of the way in which the more important of them—those delivered in writing by the agency of the Kwei—are managed. The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder, and two media sit down, at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as the penholder; and a reed or stylus is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost, in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round awaiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious but unwilling participators in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

The communications received in China from Hades are always curious, but in no other way satisfactory. 'Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, ere the port was opened for trade, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom, that it could only be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic: there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom not generally observed, could not be ascertained; but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned to those who followed, or confided in the

communications from Hades, and by the complaint, that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination. More recently, a club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in the Pan-tch'kwán, a Taoist temple, near the temple of Confucius, for practising the K'ü, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the "spiritual manifestations" which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intendant, who disapproved of the demonolatry. He addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices; on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time, this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals.'

Here is an instance, however, in which the manifestation seems certainly not intended to injure or mislead. The anecdote was received by Dr Macgowan from a Christian preacher: 'A Mr. Li, in the village of Man-shan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably successful in consulting spirits. Our informant Chin, formed one of a party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called in to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole when copied was shewn to the practitioner in attendance, who declared it to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never shew their confrères in the flesh.' The same Mr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself.

In such ceremonies the Chinese, like their brethren of the West, sometimes invoke the ghosts of particular persons. In Morrison's Dictionary, it is mentioned that in the year 1814, a deputy officer of government was condemned to death for publishing an answer he had received in this way from the spirit of Confucius. The crime does not seem, according to our ideas, to merit so severe a punishment; the answer merely recommending that the emperor should worship by deputy, instead of personally, at the tombs of his ancestors; and that the title of emperor should be taken from the demigod Kwan-ti. These ideas, however, were considered to involve the most daring impiety.

The only portion of the above relations that has any mystery for us, instructed as we now are, is what appertains to the feats of the Kwei. A single medium might write, just as he does with us—or rather dis-conscious of the source whence he derived the fanciful inspiration; but how two individuals, taken suddenly and by chance, could hit upon the same inspiration, is more difficult to understand. Perhaps the explanation is—that when the more easily impressed mind of the two commences, the other medium looks on with curiosity, and is too much engaged in watching the result to act independently. We have said that some of the Chinese ghosts cannot write. The reason is, that they were all originally men, and learn no new accomplishments in the spiritual world. For our part, we should look with suspicion upon an ignorant ghost; but in China death is no passport to knowledge, or to anything else agreeable or advantageous. There, in fact, the dead depend for their very subsistence upon



the living. Money, clothing, food, horses, carriages, are sent to them periodically by their descendants, in the form (with the exception of food) of painted and gilded imitations of those things, burnt to their manes; and we to the defunct who has left no son, or other representative, to attend to his comfort on the other side of the grave! In that case, the wretched shade must starve till the next annual Feast of the Dead, which the charitable Buddhists prepare for the benefit of such destitute ghosts. We have only to add further, in explanation of descriptions that are not very intelligible as they stand, that while the Shin, or beneficent spirits, are the ghosts of good men; the Kwei, or demons, are those of bad; which accounts for the fact, that any trafficking with the latter is always perilous to the imprudent tripler.

## REMARKABLE NAVAL DUELS

ALTHOUGH it is by no means unfrequent, during a war between great naval powers, for actions *à l'outrance* to be fought by well-matched single ships, it is very rare for a singular engagement to occur in consequence of a special naval agreement to fight—in other words, for two ships of presumably equal force to strive for victory; expressly in consequence of a challenge having been sent by the captain of the one, and accepted by the captain of the other. Such an affair is something very different from ordinary casual meetings of hostile vessels, and is literally a *ship-duel*. Only two notable engagements of this description, to the best of our knowledge, have occurred within the last sixty years. In both cases, English captains were the challengers and their antagonists being respectively French and American. For our own part, we are as much interested by a spirited narrative of a well-fought single ship-action, as by one of a regular battle on a grand scale between large fleets. Take up any popular account of the battle of St Vincent, or the Nile, or Trafalgar, and unless you happen to be a professional man, well read in John Clerk of Eldin's *Naval Tactics*, and able to appreciate, and criticise every manoeuvre—the probability is, that long ere the engagement is brought to a triumphant conclusion, you grow rather confused, and finally lay down the book with a hazy sort of conception that it was a very gallant and terrible battle, won by British skill and valour—and that is all you know and understand. But in reading about a single ship-action you can concentrate your attention better; and although you may hardly know the jib-boom from the spanker-boom, you can form a tolerably correct idea of the progress of the fight, and of the effect of each change of position, and the material damage and loss on the part of the respective ships. Our limits will permit us to give only brief and condensed sketches of the remarkable actions we propose to cite, and which we will preface by a few general remarks.

In all naval battles, and especially in actions between single ships, it has ever been held a considerable advantage to obtain the weather-gage at the commencement, and, if possible, to retain it throughout the engagement. Of course this is by no means so important where steam-ships of war are engaged, as they can change their positions at pleasure; but no ranged battle has, up to this period, occurred between steamers, although it is highly probable that we shall hear of several during the present war. The advantages of securing the weather-gage—that is, being to windward of the antagonist—are various. It enables a ship of good sailing qualities to defer engaging, or to bear plump down on the enemy at once, at option. Moreover, if the enemy discharge their broadsides at a medium range, the weather-ship's side is less exposed, while the leeward-ship's side is more exposed to shot than would be the case were they respectively in any other position; and should they go about on a fresh

tack, the shot-holes of the former will be clear of the water, while those of the latter will possibly prove dangerous leaks. Again, the windward-ship can bear up and rake—that is, stand athwart the bow or stern of her adversary, and discharge in succession all the broadside-guns, so as to sweep the upper-deck from end to end, or desperately damage the stern, the weakest portion of a ship. As soon as hostile vessels come in sight of each other, the drum beats to quarters, and the crew prepare for action. The tackles of the guns are overhauled; the tompions withdrawn; shot of all descriptions placed ready for use; and the magazines opened by the gunner and his crew, who make ready to serve out cartridges. The carpenter prepares his plugs for shot-holes and his fishes for wounded spars, rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, &c.; the bulk-heads are knocked down, or triced up to the beams, as the case may be; the great cabins are unceremoniously cleared of the officers' furniture, &c.; and every deck, fore and aft, is put in fighting-order. The surgeons dispossess the midshipmen of the cockpit, and the first convivial table is spread with tourniquets, forceps, plasters, and amputating-instruments, all in sickening array. The boarders have put on their great iron-bound caps, and have stuck pistols in their belts, and hold a keen cutlass or a glittering tomahawk in hand; the marines are drawn up on quarter-deck and poop, with ball-cartridges in their boxes; the clews of the sails have been stoppered; and, lest the ties should be shot away, the yards are slung in chains. Many other preparations are made; and in a properly disciplined ship, everything is done without confusion, and in a space of time amazingly short. Every man and boy capable of duty is at his post; and when an action is imminent, British tars on the doctor's list have frequently been known to drag their languid limbs from the sick-bay, to give what help they are able to fight Old England's battle. The spectacle of a ship cleared for action, with the crew at quarters, silent and motionless as their grim guns, is one of the most impressive in the world. It is at once terrible and strangely exciting—something never to be forgotten by whoever has witnessed it. Your blood thrills in every vein, and your heart throbs heroically as you glance along the tiers of black cannon, each with its silent crew of stalwart seamen burning for the fray. You know that at a single word from the commander of this warlike world, those silent groups will start into life and activity, and those black guns will thunder forth their iron message of death and destruction; and knowing and feeling this, you can hardly keep in the wild hurra of your country. Rely upon it, that every one of the hairy-chested fellows you see at quarters will, the moment the word to fire is given, join in a cheer shaking the very decks!

Have you heard the British cheer,

Fore and aft, fore and aft?

Have you heard the British cheer

Fore and aft?

There is nothing like it—nothing to compare to it. What are all the *vivas* or *vive l'empereurs* to the British hurra ringing through the port-holes of a three-decker?

But we must now to our special theme. Towards the end of July 1793, the British 32-gun frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtenay, cruised off New York, on the look-out for the French 36-gun frigate *Embuscade*, Captain Bompert, a frigate which had inflicted immense loss on our commerce by capturing scores of merchant-vessels. It happened that the French captain mistook the British frigate for a consort of his own, and sent his first officer in a boat with twelve men to communicate some orders, under this erroneous impression. The officer seems to have been more mistrustful, or more prudent, than his superior, for he paused on his way to question an American pilot-boat. The pilot assured him that the stranger was

veritably a French ship—having really been deceived himself by a stratagem of Captain Courtenay, who caused some of his officers to talk together in French when the pilot-boat was within hearing. So the *Embuscade's* boat rowed confidently alongside the *Boston*, and, of course, the crew found themselves prisoners. Captain Courtenay told the captured lieutenant, that he particularly wished to fight the *Embuscade*, and would challenge her captain to exchange broadsides. The lieutenant replied, that the *Embuscade* would accept the challenge, if he was allowed to write to Captain Bompert by the pilot-boat. To this proposal, the British captain assented, and sent his challenge also by a verbal message, to be delivered by the pilot. The latter, however, scrupled to deliver it, but had a written copy forthwith posted in a coffee-house of the city; and thus it soon reached Captain Bompert, who promptly accepted the cartel, and put to sea. Early on the morning of the 31st, the antagonists met, and the battle commenced soon after 5 A.M. The British captain and his lieutenant of marines were killed by the same cannon-ball, about 6 A.M.; and the two lieutenants of the frigate were sent below severely wounded. One of them came up again when a little recovered, and gallantly continued to fight the ship, which, by 7 A.M., was so disabled, as to be glad to stand away before the wind, while the *Embuscade*, nearly as crippled, stood after her for a few miles, and then put about to the eastward. The result was a drawn battle, gallantly fought on both sides. The *Boston* had only about 200 men and boys on board at the time, and of these she lost 10 killed and 24 wounded. The *Embuscade* had a crew of fully 800, and is said to have lost 50 killed and wounded. The king granted a pension of L.500 to Captain Courtenay's widow, and L.50 pension to each of his children.

The other frigate-action, resulting from a challenge, is one of the most deservedly celebrated affairs in the annals of the navy. Soon after the commencement of the war with the United States in 1812, the Americans successively captured the British frigates *Guerrière*, *Macedonian*, and *Java*. Each of these vessels was taken in single action by American frigates—so named and classed, but in reality almost line-of-battle ships, as regards scantling and complement; or, as seamen said at the time, *sixty-fours in disguise*. All the British ships fought most gallantly, and surrendered only after a frightful loss of men, and when their shattered hulls were totally helpless and unmanageable. We need not hesitate to say, indeed, that the defence of the three British frigates against greatly superior antagonists, was at least as honourable to them as the victory to the Americans. But their capture caused unparalleled excitement both in Great Britain and in America. The public did not then know how deadly the odds had been: all they understood was, that three British frigates had, in rapid succession, been taken by American frigates; and they were ready to exclaim, that the prestige of British invincibility at sea was gone for ever; and that the vigorous young navy of the United States was more than a match for the veteran navy of Old England. It was obvious that something must be done to turn the scale in our favour, and that something was promptly done in a brilliant style. Among the many brave and able frigate-commanders who burned to retrieve the British name, was Captain P. B. V. Broke, of the *Shannon*, 38-gun frigate—a ship thoroughly well disciplined, and in good fighting-trim. In April, he cruised off Boston in company with his consort, the *Tenedos* frigate, Captain Parker, watching the American frigates lying in that port. Two of them, the *Congress* and *President*, managed to put to sea unintercepted; but the *Constitution* and the *Chesapeake* yet remained. The former was under repairs, but the latter was nearly

ready for sea. Captain Broke sent away the *Tenedos* to cruise elsewhere for a season, in order that the American should have fair play in the contest he meditated; and then he sent in repeated verbal challenges to Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* to meet him. Finally, he despatched a letter of challenge, a full copy of which we have in one of the two accounts of the affair lying before us, but it is much too long to quote entire. Suffice it, that after requesting Captain Lawrence to meet him to fight for the honour of their respective flags, he gives a faithful account of the armament and complement of his own ship, and names a rendezvous for the fight; or offers to sail in company with the *Chesapeake*, under a flag of truce, to any place Captain Lawrence thinks safest from interruption from British cruisers! He concludes his chivalrous challenge with the following magnanimous passage:—'You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in a case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity, to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combat that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of trade that it cannot protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.' A more extraordinary and manly letter never was written. It drew honour alike to the head and the heart of the writer. On 1st June it was given to Captain Slocum, a released prisoner, to deliver; and the *Shannon* then stood in close to Boston, to await the result. About noon that day, the *Chesapeake* fired a gun, and set her sails. She was coming out to fight at last! not, however, in consequence of the letter, for Slocum was slow in coming, and had not yet delivered it, but undoubtedly in consequence of the verbal challenge. She was accompanied by numerous pleasure-boats, filled with people eager to see the affair at a safe distance, and flushed with anticipations of success. This, indeed, was thought to be so sure, that a grand dinner is said to have been prepared at Boston, to welcome the officers of the *Chesapeake* on their expected return with the British frigate as a prize.

A word as to the comparative powers of the antagonists. The *Chesapeake* rated as a 36-gun frigate, but mounted 25 on a broadside, discharging 590 pounds metal. Her tonnage was 1135; and her crew—all very fine men—was 381 men and 5 boys, as sworn to by her surviving commanding-officer. The *Shannon's* broadside-guns were also 25, and the weight of metal discharged by them, 538 pounds: the crew, as stated by Captain Broke himself, consisted of '300 men and boys—a large proportion of the latter—besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately.' Her tonnage was 1064. Thus we see that in tonnage, weight of metal, and number of crew, the *Chesapeake* had the advantage. Nevertheless, we may term it a very fair match, all things considered—and now for the result. After some preliminary manoeuvring, the two frigates closed at about six leagues' distance from Boston—the *Chesapeake* having a large white flag flying at the fore, inscribed with the words, 'Sailors' Rights and Free Trade.' The crew of the *Shannon* greeted this extraordinary

symbol with three hearty cheers. We shall not detail the fight itself, beyond saying that the *Shannon* opened a tremendous fire from her double-shotted guns; and the ships having come in contact, Captain Broke, eleven minutes after the engagement commenced, boarded the *Chesapeake* with only a score of his men, and in four minutes completely carried the ship. From the time the first gun was fired to the hauling down of the American colours and the hoisting of the British in their place, only fifteen minutes elapsed! Just in the moment of victory, Captain Broke was treacherously assailed and severely wounded by three Americans who had previously submitted, and then resumed their arms. Poor Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* was mortally wounded. He was a gallant officer, and his death was sincerely lamented by his generous-minded conqueror. Many acts of great individual heroism occurred; and brief as was the battle, we may form some idea of the desperate valour displayed on both sides, from the heavy loss of life mutually sustained. The *Shannon* had 24 killed, including her first-lieutenant, and 59 wounded. The *Chesapeake* had, according to the American official account, 47 killed and 99 wounded—14 mortally; but her own surgeon estimated the total killed and wounded at 160 to 170. We believe that such a frightful loss—in the two frigates, 71 killed and nearly 200 wounded—hardly ever before occurred in so brief an engagement. Some of the English seamen serving on board the *Chesapeake* leaped overboard when Captain Broke boarded her. Poor conscience-stricken traitors! they could not bear to fight hand-to-hand against their own countrymen. One of them, John Waters, was a fine young fellow, who had deserted from the *Shannon* only a few months before. Thirty-two English seamen were serving in the American frigate. What must their feelings have been during the engagement? One circumstance deserves notice: no less than 360 pair of handcuffs were found stowed in a cask in the *Chesapeake*. They were intended for the crew of the *Shannon*! How the men of the latter ship must have grinned when they put them—for such is the custom—on the wrists of the *Chesapeake's* own crew! The *Shannon* and her prize—neither of the vessels materially injured—safely reached Halifax, where poor Captain Lawrence died of his wound, and was buried with full military honours, all the captains in the port following his remains. We have now only to add, that Captain Broke was very deservedly rewarded with a baronetcy, and other honours; that two of his lieutenants were made commanders; and that two of his midshipmen, who had peculiarly distinguished themselves, were promoted to the rank of lieutenants. Take it for all in all, the duel of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* is one of the most extraordinary on record.

#### AN OLD WOMAN'S REMINISCENCE.

AMONG the earliest and most pleasing recollections of childhood, are the people and place connected with one whom I will call Miss Pearson, or, to give her a more familiar title, Aunt Ruth. She was the oldest of my mother's friends; and it was more by virtue of this friendship, than from any close tie of affinity, that I was taught to address her by the same endearing name which my mother always used.

It was one bright, fresh, spring morning, when my dear mother signified her intention of sending me for a few days' visit to this old friend. Accordingly, after the necessary preparation of sundry little white cambric frocks and alips, with other articles of dress, being laid in my own tiny trunk; and with many strict injunctions as to my general neat and orderly deportment during my visit, I was suffered to depart in a

large coach, with my mother's maid, to the stairs, where we were to take a boat to Battersea. Very delightful were these boating-excursions on the noble Thames in my young days; and this one was particularly so, as leading to that goal of my earnest wishes—my first visit to Aunt Ruth.

How merrily the waters sparkled in the sunshine, as the measured stroke of the oars ruffled the smooth surface; and how admiringly I gazed upon the different objects of interest the maid pointed out to me. The venerable towers of Lambeth Palace; the bowery shades of Vauxhall; the far-spreading cedars of the Chelsea Gardens; with a multitudinous array of stately houses and fair gardens, sweeping down to the river's brink on either side, were all objects of deep interest to my childish mind. After a quiet row of more than an hour, we reached the well-known vicinity of Battersea Fields, celebrated for centuries as one of the favourite rural haunts of the citizens; and rejoicing in those days in a more aristocratic celebrity than they now possess. Mooring the boat close to a flight of old worm-eaten steps, which led from the river to a quaint-looking garden, and fastening the little craft to a rusty iron socket used for the purpose, the boatman assisted us to disembark, and we commenced the ascent of the crazy stairs. Passing through a low gate at the top, we entered the garden, where we were met by Aunt Ruth, her beautiful face beaming with smiles of welcome as she took my hand and walked towards the cottage. Little girls in those days were not expected to be so communicative as they are now; and as, after the first greetings were over, my aunt addressed herself solely to my maid, I was left at liberty to observe her dress and appearance more fully. Even at this lapse of time, I have a most distinct recollection of her, as she stood beneath the shadow of her honeysuckle-porch, dressed in a gray tabinet gown, with pointed bodice, and snowy kerchief; while her silver-streaked hair, combed neatly back, was scarcely visible beneath the rows of delicate lace which shadowed her cheeks. Close behind Aunt Ruth stood her maid Nanny, a prim, smiling figure, full of pleasant welcomes for 'little miss,' as she ushered us into the neat parlour, and then proceeded to dispense the hospitalities of her kitchen to my attendant.

Pleasantly and rapidly time sped on. The fortnight to which my first visit to Aunt Ruth was limited soon expired; and, dearly as I loved my gentle mother, and my handsome town-home, it was with a feeling of unfeigned regret I left the country retirement of Battersea, and the society of my kind aunt.

Swiftly, but not so pleasantly, flitted by the next ten years of my young life. Many of them being passed at a distant boarding-school, I had few opportunities of seeing my dear old friend, until I returned to London, in time to accept an invitation to spend my eighteenth birthday with her at Battersea. Time, which had been to me a fond fostering nurse, had dealt almost as lightly with the old lady herself. The braids of glossy hair under her cap might be a few shades nearer in tint to the snowy lace which enclosed them; but her dark eyes were as bright, her warm smile as gentle, and her voice as clear and ringing as ever. Nanny, too, was as unchanged in her prim kindness of manner and appearance as her mistress; and her only wonder seemed to be, that 'little miss' should all at once have sprung up into a tall young lady.

Before proceeding with my narrative, it will be necessary to inform my readers, that the dwelling, Aunt Ruth and her faithful servant had inhabited for fifty years, was originally built for the gardener's cottage belonging to a noble mansion adjoining it. A rude paling alone divided the humble tenement from its stately neighbour, though it was evident that a large portion of the pleasure-grounds which belonged to the latter had been attached to Aunt Ruth's domain. Even the roomy summer-house, which formed the extreme end of the boundary-paling, and overhung the river in which it was partly built, had evidently not always been considered as an appendage to the gardener's cottage. This old summer-house, with its high-backed chairs and faded gilding, was my favourite haunt; and hither dear Aunt Ruth had wandered with me on the evening of my birthday; and seated together in one of the deep windows which looked upon the river, we both contemplated the placid beauty of the scene for some time in silence.

'Do you remember, dear Aunt Ruth,' I at length said, 'that you once promised to tell me a story connected with that grand house and your own little cottage? Suppose you tell it me on my birthday; it will be doubly pleasant to sit here and listen to you.'

The calm, happy expression of Aunt Ruth's face, which I had never before seen disturbed, suddenly changed to one of intense sorrow; or rather, a quick thrill of pain seemed to follow my few words. This, however, was only momentary; in another minute, the placid tenderness so natural to her face resumed its sway, and I discovered no other sign of emotion as she answered:

'You shall have your wish, my love; and then added in a low voice: 'It is right that she should hear the promised history, and that I should tell it.' The latter part of her speech the venerable lady rather murmured to herself than addressed to me; then drawing her fine figure to its utmost height, and folding her thin white hands upon her lap, she commenced her narrative—which, however, I prefer putting into my own language, believing that Aunt Ruth's natural modesty prevented her from doing justice to the heroine of the story.

'Walter is late this evening, Mildred, and yet I am almost certain that I saw him pass on the river an hour ago. I may have been mistaken, but I wish you would run down to the old summer-house, and see if the boat is moored. We ought to have got through a good portion of business to-night.'

The speaker, a fine old man of some seventy winters, turned as he spoke towards a deep window, where a young and strikingly handsome woman sat resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with a look of abstraction upon the twilight shadows as they deepened over the broad river, flowing at the bottom of a long terrace-walk in front of the house. Her father's voice suddenly recalled her dreamy thoughts, and rising hastily, she said:

'Yes, dear father, I shall enjoy a stroll to-night; and if the truant has not yet arrived, I can watch for him a little longer from the summer-house. We do not know what may have detained Walter,' she added, tenderly raising the old man's hand to her lips: 'he knows your love of punctuality, and I am certain he would not wilfully keep you in suspense.'

Mildred Vernon was the only child of a widowed parent. A beauty and an heiress, she was, as might be supposed, not without a goodly string of admirers; of these, her father's choice and her own affection fell upon a relative of her own, whom her father had brought up to his own calling—that of an East India

merchant. Accustomed from boyhood to regard his cousin with affectionate admiration, Walter Vernon deemed it an easy task, at Mr Vernon's affectionate suggestion, to yield up a free heart to her keeping; and he agreed gratefully to the proposals made to him by his uncle, which ended in his being at twenty-one the promised husband of the beautiful Mildred, and the expectant heir to her father's immense fortune. To Mildred, however, whose ignorance of Mr Vernon's previous influence with her cousin led her to believe that the declaration of his love was as earnest and independent of extraneous circumstances as her own affection, their engagement was very different, and for some time the happiness of her young life seemed without a cloud.

Situated in a remote corner of the grounds which surrounded Mr Vernon's mansion, was a low, thatched cottage, covered with monthly roses and honeysuckle up to its lowly eaves, and surrounded by a garland of blossoms. This snug and roomy dwelling had for years been the abode of Roger Lee, Mr Vernon's gardener. Here, too, his only child, Alice, was born, and here, some years after, the strong man and his young daughter wept together over the lifeless form of a beloved wife and mother; and the sympathy which had always existed between Mr Vernon and his faithful servant, seemed more firmly cemented by the melancholy sameness of their relative positions. The little Alice, from her motherless childhood, had been an object of interest to the worthy merchant. Some time in the autumn of the same year, which made him a widowed father, Mr Vernon looked upon her, more in the light of a pretty playfellow to his own beautiful child, than as the daughter of his servant; and this kindly feeling was displayed in the liberality with which he provided an education for Alice Lee, better suited to her extreme loveliness and natural elegance of mind, than to her mere conventional position.

Half an hour before the conversation between Mr Vernon and his daughter, which we have just related, Alice Lee might have been seen gazing anxiously on the broad river as the young leaves herself. Pushing back the diamond-paned casement until it rested upon a ledge of roses and green boughs, she bent over the low window-sill till her golden curls touched the flowers which clustered round. Suddenly she started up as the gentle sound of oars met her ear; and raising a face, glowing with love and hope, Alice passed quickly from her cottage parlour into the box-bordered walk which led to the river.

'Sweet Alice, am I not punctual?' exclaimed a deep melancholy voice, as a young man, elegantly dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, bounded up the broad oaken steps which led from the river, and stood beside the gardener's daughter.

'Yes, dear Walter; very punctual; and yet I have waited so long, and have been waiting so anxiously for the sound of the oars. But you look sad and anxious, Walter. What has troubled you?'

The young man's brow grew darker, and then flashed to a deep crimson, as he gazed with passionate earnestness upon the sweet, upturned face which rested against his shoulder, and then exclaimed: 'Dear one, will you still desire to hear the cause of my sorrow, if you knew that such knowledge must make you a partaker of it? Can your love bear this test, my Alice?'

'O Walter!' murmured Alice, reproachfully, as she hid her tearful face on his bosom. 'Dear, dear Walter, can you not yet trust my love?'

'I do trust your love, my own sweet Alice, and I only adds to my self-reproach; because, Alice, the speaker bent his head lower over the diamond form which clung to him so fondly—'it will soon be a sin for us to love each other at all; for, unfortunately, till too late of the nature of my feelings towards you, I have promised to marry my cousin.'

Alice Lee raised her head, and gazing for a moment into her lover's face, as if to read there a contradiction to the words he had spoken, sprang from the still cowering arm which had supported her, and as pale as the white roses which clustered round the arbour where they had been seated, she appeared to wait in stupefied silence for an explanation.

Another moment, and the rustle of a lady's dress caused the bewildered girl to turn her eyes from the stern look of sorrow which was so plainly portrayed in her companion's face, to encounter an expression equally fearful on the beautiful features of the intruder. Like some fair statue on whose fineaments the intensity of hopeless despair was traced by a master-chisel, stood Mildred Vernon. Her large dark eyes were fixed upon the young pair before her with an expression of agony which seemed to overpower their sorrow in sympathy with hers. The quick perception of Alice seemed at once to understand the mystery, and gliding from the seat where she had crouched in her sudden grief, she took the passive hand which hung by Mildred's side, and raising it to her lips, exclaimed wildly: 'Forgive him, dearest lady; only forgive Walter—he will love you. Oh! he does love you already, as you deserve. See, he is weeping! He does not love me now; that is past, dear lady; and you will forgive him, and be his wife!'

Pale and lifeless, the unhappy speaker sank at the feet of her rival, who appeared suddenly recalled to her usual self-possession. In a calm voice, she bade Walter carry the fainting Alice to an adjoining summer-house, where she watched with intense solicitude for the first sign of recovery. Then beckoning her cousin to her side, she placed Alice Lee's hand in his, and without frosting herself to look into his face, said slowly: 'You must tell Alice, Walter, that you are not going to marry your cousin; that you may love her without sin; and that to-morrow I will tell her so myself. You may not like to see my father to-night; to-morrow, I will prepare him for an interview. There; now see this poor girl to her home.'

Passing rapidly on to the house, Mildred Vernon sought in the solitude of her own chamber, upon her bended knees, that consolation which her crushed heart so sorely needed; and she arose at length, strengthened and confirmed in the generous self-sacrifice her noble impulsive nature had at once suggested. The only, indeed, contained a bitter draught; but she resolved to drain it to the very dregs, believing that in the end it would prove a wholesome medicine, which in time might bring back some degree of peace to her troubled spirit.

'Your engagement with Walter at an end! What on earth do you mean, child? I always gave you credit for knowing your own mind a little better than most women. Give me your reason for this behaviour, Mildred.'

Mildred was silent for a moment, as if struggling with some inward emotion, the signs of which were painfully visible on her fine features, as, with a sudden effort, she said firmly: 'Even at the risk of losing what I prize so dearly, your good opinion, my dear father, I can assign no other reason than the one already given—namely, that our marriage, if persisted in, would be a source of misery to both of us. Pray believe that this is not grounded upon mere caprice: deep searching into my own heart, and a clear knowledge of Walter's feelings, have alone led me to decide thus. Only let me ask this favour, dearest father, and the beautiful girl clasped the old man tenderly round his neck, and bent fondly over him—'that you will not alter your pecuniary arrangements with Walter in consequence of this change in my views. Let him be as much your heir as he would have been had he married your only daughter.'

'And what becomes of my daughter? If she is satisfied to be a portionless beauty for her cousin's sake, might not her future husband reasonably regard this preference of a once-favoured lover with something nearly akin to jealousy?'

'Dear father, do not pain me by speaking thus. In giving up Walter, I give up all thought of marriage. My dear mother's fortune is an ample one for a spinster—is it not, sir? Nay, you almost promised not to visit the sin of my fickleness, as you term it, upon Walter; so make me happy now by ratifying that promise.'

Mildred's soft, clear voice faltered perceptibly, in spite of her efforts to appear calm; and when Mr Vernon raised his head, and looked up into her face, he saw that she had been weeping.

'Come, my Mildred, no tears. We will say no more about your marrying, my sweet child; and as to this other matter, it shall be arranged nearly as you would have it—only my Mildred must be mistress of this old house; that cannot be Walter's now.'

Mr Vernon kept his word; and when, a year after the events just related, his nephew followed him to the grave, he returned to find himself master of the princely fortune he believed to have been forfeited by his inconstancy. Some months later, Walter led his gentle Alice to a handsome home in the city, where his happiness would have been complete but for the painful knowledge, that this happiness was built upon the blighted hopes of her to whom he owed all his prosperity.

In accordance with her father's wish and the provisions of his will, Mildred Vernon still kept up her establishment at Battersea, living a life of quiet usefulness and benevolence until all traces of her sorrow seemed to have been chased away. Mildred had sedulously avoided meeting her cousin after the death of her father; and she had not seen Alice since the fatal scene which opened her eyes to her lover's real feeling towards herself. The sudden news of the entire failure of one of Walter's business speculations, at length roused her to more active efforts. Determined, at any sacrifice, to secure the comfort of her beloved cousin, Mildred decided upon mortgaging her estate to its full value, and thus, in some measure, relieving him from his embarrassments. This generous idea was no sooner conceived than executed; and a second time in his life, Walter found himself saved from comparative ruin by the woman he had so cruelly wronged.

Years passed on; the mortgage upon the old mansion was at length closed, and it passed into the hands of a stranger, while its once wealthy mistress retired to the cottage of old Roger Lee, which, with a large portion of garden, she had managed to retain; and here, with one faithful attendant, her days fled by as peacefully as when she was surrounded by the luxuries of fortune.

Not until Alice sorrowed over the lifeless form of her husband, did Mildred conquer her feelings sufficiently to visit her. She did then forget and conquer them; and it was to her earnest sympathy and active diligence, that the widow of Walter Vernon, and her daughter Mildred, were indebted for a more comfortable maintenance than the embarrassed state of the merchant's affairs would allow. Mildred lived to see this orphaned namesake the wife of a rich and worthy citizen, and to find her own reward in the peace of a good conscience, and the affection and reverence of the grandchildren of her early and only love—Walter Vernon.

Such was Aunt Ruth's story of her own checkered life; for my readers will have long since guessed that she was the beautiful and generous Mildred Vernon of my tale. It is a tale, however, that is not a fiction. Romantic as is the love-devotion of the heroine, and

unnatural as is the facility with which the father yields to her wishes, there are many who will be able to strip the narrative of its thin disguises, and detect in it an episode of real life.

### 'THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.'

THE lately published number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains a remarkable and telling article on the relations between labour and capital, being a critique on an essay on the same subject by Mr C. Morrison. It has been called forth by the late 'strikes' in the north of England, which the writer regards as demonstrating that 'the operatives—improved and intelligent as they are—do not understand the conditions of the question between them and their employers; and that, while much of their old violence has disappeared, many of their old fallacies still keep their ground.' The correction of these fallacies appears to the writer the more pressingly necessary, as the working-classes are manifestly destined to acquire more and more political influence in this country. There are dangers, he thinks, ahead, against which the only effectual guarantee must be sought 'by instilling into the operative classes, not only a theoretical conviction, but a living faith, that the laws which govern the distribution both of power and wealth between them and their employers are as fixed and unbending as the laws of nature—like them, plain and discoverable—like them, proving their existence and supremacy by rewards to those who study and obey, and penalties to those who violate and neglect them—like them, inexorably deaf to passion and complaint—like them, mightier than parliamentary authority—like them, more enduring than human theories.'

It is not wonderful that the English operative should dream of an improved distribution of profits. 'He sees that he lives in an unsatisfactory, cramped, often ill-drained and ill-ventilated cottage or cellar; that he fares hardly, has few holidays, rare luxuries, and scarcely any recreation; that his children run about in the dirt, or that he is pinched to pay for their schooling; that when times of depressed trade come, he is either put upon short time, or thrown out of work altogether, and reduced with his family to short commons, or to absolute distress, or to parish aid: and all this, though he works twelve hours a day, and is willing to do so, and has done so ever since he can remember. He sees again, on the other hand, that his employer—who perhaps only works six hours a day, and whose work, to all appearance, consists in watching others work, or in writing letters, or in drawing plans, or in buying cotton and selling goods, and that often by deputy—lives in a grand house, beautifully furnished and advantageously situated; fares sumptuously every day; takes pleasure-trips whenever he pleases; sometimes goes to the sea-side, sometimes to the continent; has ample leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and when bad times come, bears them without any apparent privation, lives as before, or at most lays down a carriage or postpones a journey.' A change in this state of matters is of course desirable; but the workman makes a mistake when he would seek to bring about the improvement 'by artificial instead of natural means, and at the expense of others, instead of by his own industry and virtue.'

We have not space to follow either Mr Morrison or his critic in illustrating or proving the grand doctrine which all the great thinkers who are not workmen have arrived at, and which we believe to be indisputable—that the rate of wages must always depend on the proportion between the fund available for the employment and remuneration of labour and the number of claimants on that fund; 'that in one form or another it must be divided among

all, since—in a country like ours, where the law does not allow men to starve—if, in order to afford higher payment to the employed, some are left without employment, these last must be supported in idleness, and supported out of the same fund.' We can only indicate the practical conclusion which follows—that 'only two ways exist of augmenting the labourers' remuneration, and that no genius can discover and no power can invent any third way: either the fund which provides that remuneration must be increased, or the number of claimants upon it must be reduced.'

The fund in question is the result of savings—something left over, instead of being immediately consumed. The larger it is in proportion to the numbers to be supported, the higher, generally speaking, will be the rate of wages. Workmen, therefore, have a manifest interest in the increase of capital, and, instead of regarding it as their enemy, should look to it as their best friend, and seek, as far as in them lies, to promote its increase. This is a duty, however, in which the working-classes take little or no part, leaving it wholly to the class of traders and manufacturing employers.

'The net annual addition to the capital of the community by savings out of income, is estimated by the best authorities at not less than £56,000,000—an enormous sum, which goes to augment the earnings of working-men as an aggregate class, which would greatly augment their individual earnings were their numbers not permitted to increase so rapidly, and which does actually augment these earnings in no inconsiderable degree. Now, by whom is this saving effected?—out of the incomes of what class? Clearly out of the incomes of the middle class—the industrious tradesman, the enterprising merchant, the manufacturing capitalist—the great employers of labour; in short, against whom especially the clamour and envy of the operative are directed. The upper classes, the nobles, the landed gentry, we know are rarely economists or accumulators; their system, as a rule, is to spend their whole income; few among them leave their families richer than they found them—many poorer; often their land passes by sale into the hands of thriving individuals of the middle class. The labouring-class, those who work for wages, are, with honourable exceptions, by no means given to saving—that is, to accumulation. They subscribe, indeed, largely to friendly societies, sick-clubs, and the like; but these subscriptions are only meretricious insurances against a rainy day—a provision against slack work, a mode of equalising the earnings of a life. It is rare, indeed, for workmen to leave property behind them; it is considered enough if they support their families decently while they live, without providing for them after death. As a rule, they, like their superiors at the other extremity of the social scale, spend their entire income within the year. The savings-banks offer no contradiction to this statement; for in the first place, the increase of deposits does not exceed a million a year; and in the second place, not above half this sum belongs to individuals properly describable as belonging to the working-classes. That these classes do not save, and would not save were a different division of profits between them and their employers greatly to increase their earnings, is painfully obvious from many facts most ably brought to bear by Mr Morrison in his fourth chapter. Periods of prosperity, of brisk trade, general employment, and high wages, are invariably marked by a signal increase in the consumption of imported and excisable articles—an increase which takes place almost wholly among the labouring poor. The feature of good times is so constant and certain, that it is counted upon by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with at least as much confidence as the proceeds of the income-tax; and it is one which never deceives him. The two years ending with the summer of 1863, were marked by unexampled earnings on the part of the operative classes—work was never so universal or so well paid; and accordingly, we do not find that the accumulated property of those classes has increased, but we do find that



the consumption of bread, beer, spirits, tobacco, tea, coffee, and sugar, has been beyond all precedent.' It appears, in short, from the inquiries of Mr G. R. Porter, 'a most competent authority,' that the amount spent by the working-classes of the United Kingdom, every year, in spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, is upwards of L.50,000,000. *'That is to say, they waste annually as large a sum as their employers annually save.'*

The bringing of these two facts together 'should flash upon the working-class, as with a blaze of sunlight, both the reason why the position of their masters seems so much more luxurious and enviable than their own, and the mode by which they may obtain that amendment of their condition for which they speculate, and scheme, and sacrifice so much. Their employers grow rich while they keep poor—live plentifully while they live scantily—float easily through the hard times which press so heavily on them; not because the share of profit enjoyed by the former is unreasonably great, or, indeed, at all larger than their own, but because a portion of it is saved instead of all of it being spent—because the former lay by for future use what the latter spend in present gratification. If any operative doubt this explanation, let him remember that all capital is only accumulated profit—*saved earnings*, that is—either by the actual possessor or his predecessors; that many capitalist-employers were in the present or the last generation frugal and hoarding workmen; and that he might himself become a capitalist if he would. Let him consider what would be the position of his master in bad times or during strikes, if he, like his workmen, had always spent his entire income; and what would be his own position in such conjunctures, if he, like his employer, had always, on an average, laid by one-third of his earnings. The comfort, the independence, the success, the victory of the two parties would, it is evident, be in that case reversed. The operative might soon become a capitalist, if he would emulate the economy of his master; the capitalist would soon be reduced to the condition of an operative, if he were to imitate the spendthrift habits of his men. Is it not, then, obvious enough, that any artificial interference with the present division of profits, whether by the regulation of authority, or the dictation of trades-unions and strikes, which should shake the accumulating spirit of the manufacturer by menacing the amount or security of its reward, or should give a larger portion of those profits to him who would spend it instead of saving it, would ultimately be—the question of justice or injustice, possibility or impossibility apart—a positive loss of wages to the working-class, by trenching on the fund out of which those wages must be paid?'

Mr Morrison, in his essay, and the reviewer following him, discuss the various plans that have been suggested for improving the distribution of profits between employers and employed; and shew convincingly enough, though we have not space for the particulars of the demonstration, that none can work so well as that of simply leaving the buyers and sellers of labour to make their own bargain. As for strikes—efforts to extort, by united action, an increased rate of wages—their fallacy and fatality are strongly insisted on. The working-classes would acquire power by the possession of saved earnings; but strikes dissipate their savings, and leave them poorer than before. Where they strike, masters, for self-protection, must associate; so the tendency of the system is to array the one class against the other in idleness, to the destruction of the fund available for the subsistence of all. 'Such a state of things,' says Mr Morrison, 'would be opposed to all the conditions on which the good working of any social system depends.'

We have already trenchanted beyond propriety on the matter contained in this excellent article; but, believing that a good end may be served by what we are doing, we must yet be permitted to present another extract, which may be considered as summing up the practical results of the question. The reviewer considers it as proved, that 'all that the operative needs, in order to become as prosperous and comfortable in his sphere as the employers and merchants whom he assails and envies are in theirs, is that he should imitate their prudence, their abstinence, their sense, their habit of always living within their income,

their customary postponement of marriage till marriage becomes safe and wise.' 'A few obvious considerations,' he adds, 'will shew that this position is strictly true, and not one iota overstated. In the first place, if the L.50,000,000, now annually expended by the operative classes in drink and tobacco, were—we do not say saved, but—spent in adding to the comforts of their home, in procuring for their children a good education, in getting their wives and sisters instructed in domestic economy, and enabling them to stay at home to practise it, in obtaining for themselves an hour or two of daily leisure for recreation or for books—what a vast, immediate, and blessed metamorphosis would come over nearly every humble household—a change amounting in itself to a complete social revolution. No one can deny this: no one conversant with facts will doubt it for a moment. In the second place, suppose that only half this sum were saved, accumulated for future use—as it is notorious that it easily and advantageously might be—not by any sacrifice of comfort, but by simple abstinence from impairing their health and lowering their character by intemperance—the hoarded capital of the working-classes would, in ten years, amount to L.250,000,000, even allowing them to spend every year the interest of their previous savings. "Now, a capital of this amount would be sufficient to effect the universal substitution of co-operative associations of working-men for the existing system of employers and employed, to make the working population their own masters and managers, and thus to set at rest all questions about the rights of labour and capital for ever." Whether this would be the wisest mode of applying their capital, is another question: it is enough to shew how entirely their own objects are within their own power, if they will only take the right way to reach them. Lastly, consider what would be the effect—combined with, or independent of, such an augmentation of the labour-fund as we have just supposed and shewn to be feasible—of such a reduction of numbers as would result from the establishment among the poor of the same views with regard to marriage as prevail among the easy and the rich. If every workman did what every tradesman, merchant, gentleman, and younger branch of the aristocracy does now—postpone marriage till he has saved enough for the wedding outlay, and till he sees a clear prospect of being able to support a family according to his own standard of decency and comfort—in a single generation the operative classes would be able to command the very highest rate of remuneration which the productiveness of industry could afford them. They would have the control of the labour-market, and nobody could gainsay them. Whereas at present, it is notorious that the poorest and least provident are always the first to marry, and the quickest to multiply; that the agricultural peasant marries earlier than the artisan, the artisan than the tradesman, the tradesman than the noble or gentleman. The self-denial involved in the voluntary postponement of marriage is no doubt great; but it is the price which nature has fixed for the object desired; it is the condition of the blessing; it is the price which every other class has to pay—the condition which every other class has to fulfil: and why should the workman only be exempted from the common lot—be exonerated from the exercise of those virtues which are imperative upon all other ranks? Nay, in his case, the self-restraint now needed is less than in the case of his superiors, for emigration has opened a new resource, which removes nearly all the hardship of the demanded effort. If, when he has laid by a sum sufficient for his wedding-outfit, he sees no prospect of being able to maintain a family at home, the same sum will carry him to the new world, where industry and prudence will always secure him a sustenance and a future. Therefore, we are amply warranted in saying, that the working-classes of this country—the operative portion of them at least—have their fate in their own hands; they command their own condition; they make their own bed; and all their complaints and demands, when rigidly analysed, resolve themselves into a claim to have their object given them instead of paying for it—to obtain it in defiance of the rights of others, and in spite of economic laws, which are the laws of nature.'

## ORIGIN OF DANTE'S 'DIVINA COMMEDIA.'

In M. Villemain's Course of French Literature—a charming work, much less known in this country than it deserves, probably because it remains, so far as we know, still untranslated—the following curious passage occurs. Speaking of Dante's immortal *Divine Comedy*, M. Villemain says: 'What first suggested to Dante the subject of this sublime drama? Was he inspired with it, as has been said, by a fable—the tale of the Juggler, who descended to the infernal regions, and played at dice with St Peter for the souls of men? Or by the poetical vision of Brunetto Latini, Dante's preceptor, and whom, be it said parenthetically, he has placed in one of the infernal circles? No. He imitated what was said around him—he drew inspiration from the common thoughts of his contemporaries. But he had the genius which reveals to the popular mind its own grandeur, which it knew not. I will relate an anecdote, bearing, I think, strongly on the subject, and which has never yet been cited, even by Italian writers.

'Long before the time of Dante, it happened, one day, in the little town of Arezzo, Pope Nicholas II. being present, that a cardinal ascended the pulpit, and began to preach. He was a man about fifty years old, small of stature, and his eyes shone with a deep and sombre light, that made each sinner tremble. His thick, jet-black hair lent to his worn features a yet harder and more determined expression. Every word he uttered was revered by the people; with them he passed for a holy man, and all the bishops in Italy trembled before the power of the monk Hildebrand, destined to wear the tiara as Gregory VII.

'In the course of his sermon, he spoke thus: "In Germany, a certain count, rich and powerful, and, what appears a prodigy amongst his class, a man of good conscience, and who, according to human judgment, always led an innocent life, died about ten years since. After this event, a certain holy man descended in spirit to the infernal regions, and saw the count placed on the uppermost rung of a ladder. He described this ladder as rising untouched amid the rushing waving flames of the avenging furnace, being planted there to receive every member of the same family who might be sent down thither. A black chaos, a fearful abyss, extended infinitely downwards; and thence this enormous ladder rose. An order of frightful regularity was established; the latest comer always took the upper rung; and he who was directly beneath, and all the others, each descended one step towards the abyss; so that, by an inevitable law, the men of that family plunged, one after the other, into the bottomless gulf.

"Seeing these things, the holy man asked the cause of this horrible condemnation, and especially, wherefore it included the count, his contemporary, who had led a life of justice, purity, and truth. A voice answered: 'Because of a domain belonging to the Church at Metz, which one of this man's ancestors took unlawful possession of; and because his descendants have all been guilty of the same sin of avarice, the like punishment is decreed to them below.'

'Now, Hildebrand's object in weaving this horrible legend, was to augment the priestly power. He wished to make it understood that the wealth of the Church was sacred and inviolable, and that neither prince nor baron might touch it with impunity. Moreover, in his astute policy, he chose to impute this greatest of all crimes to Germans, the enemies of Italy and of the popes.

'Now for the poetical aspect of the question. A man of genius having thus preached, his words were necessarily repeated, commented on, added to, and changed by the popular imagination, until they formed a vast legend, fit for the service of another mighty genius. Dante seized the idea of the rungs of the ladder, forming a progressive novitiate in condemnation, and matured

it into that extraordinary and sublime drama, where nine infernal circles display to the poet's eyes a continual progression in suffering.'

## A VALENTINE.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways  
She'd cause an angel's patience to forsake him,  
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,  
Did old Sathanas on her goodness gaze,  
Out of a devil she'd an angel make him.

But with Sathanas she has nought in common,  
And is (thank Heaven!) no angel yet, I trow:  
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human;  
She is more beautiful as simply woman,  
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I do but wish that she may keep  
This womanhood, and change not, only grow;  
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,  
And in a quiet blessedness, aye reap  
On every hand of that which she doth sow.

## COSTUME IN FRANCE.

It is curious to observe the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the Empire. Nearly all the exquisite simplicity which was the characteristic of female dress in France, has disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colours are the order of the day. I saw, on one occasion, a lady, noted for the elegance of her costume, appear at a *soirée* in a toilet very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of light red, her bracelets and necklace of coral-beads, larger than hazel-nuts, and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been even beautiful, she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say they are compelled to this sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms laden with gold and silver embroidery by the courtiers and all public functionaries. The change is curious, because Frenchmen have long struggled successfully against the national taste, which is all for show and gorgeousness, as is evinced, says one of their writers, by the immense popularity of the *dahlia flower*. The Empire has not yet had much influence on male costume, except by the re-introduction of frock-coats with long skirts. But it was once seriously contemplated to make a *tailor* revolution in this respect—to suppress monstrosities, and enforce tight breeches and a sort of top-boots. The emperor, however, did not think it would be expedient, on reconsideration, to make Paris picturesque in the fashion, and contents himself with setting a good example at Compeigne, where, with a true appreciation of elegance, he resorts sometimes to the costume of the last century, and shames his court into magnificence by wearing *frills* and pendent wristbands of Malines lace.—*Revue John's Purple Tints of Paris*.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

At a conversazione at the Polytechnic Institution, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited—one the largest, and the other the smallest produced by the process. The first was a portrait, full size of life; and the last was a copy of the front page of the *Times*, on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the trait being more pleasing and far more correct than the usually produced; while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the aid of a magnifying-glass. The photographs were exhibited by Mr Mayall, the well-known artist of Argyl Street, Regent Street, and excited considerable interest during the evening.—*Times*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Place, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 229 High Street, ABERDEEN. Sold by J. McGLASHAN, 60 Upper Beakville Street, DUNDEE, and all Booksellers. Digitized by Google

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 36.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## A GLANCE AT THE HIGHLANDS OF ABERDEENSHIRE.

We usually think of the Highlands of Scotland as one range of hilly country, extending, with little variety of character, from Dumbarton to Cape Wrath. When it is carefully travelled over and examined, we discover great local differences. Perthshire, for example, is beautiful; Ross-shire, savagely grand; Inverness-shire, something between. A birch-feathered lake in Breadalbane or Monteth, is a totally different thing from a wilderness of bare quartz and sandstone in Assynt. The hopeless, heart-depressing moor of Rannoch can never be compared with the lovely openings of Glen Morrison and Glen Urquhart on the line of the Caledonian Canal. Even in the quality of mountainousness, from which the entire district takes its name, some parts are strikingly unlike others. Much of the Highlands, indeed, presents only very moderate elevations—generally under 2000 feet. Hills of above 8000 occur only in certain limited districts, as the north of Perthshire, the head of Aberdeenshire, and western Ross and Sutherlandshire. The famed Ben Nevis itself, 4408 feet above the sea, the loftiest summit in the island, rises in a territory generally composed of moderately high hills, and is therefore, indeed, the more conspicuous.

It so happens, from considerations of convenience, and the prevalent desire of seeing scenery merely pretty, that some of the grandest elevations of the Highlands are little visited, and even now are little known. Few make their way north of the Great Glen in Inverness-shire, or diverge to the eastward of Badenoch; and yet true it is, that there is nothing which will compare in the qualities which inspire awe and terror, with the battalion of colossal mountains extending along the west coast of Ross and Sutherland; while, beyond all doubt, the nucleus of the Grampian range is to be sought in Aberdeenshire. There we see a tract of fully thirty miles, containing as many mountains of above 3500 feet as are perhaps to be found in all the rest of Scotland, exclusive of the district just named. Among these are Ben Muicdhui, the second in the island, being 4290 feet; Ben Main; Ben-y-Vrackie; Cairngorm; and Loch-na-Gar—all of them magnificent examples of rudeness, grandeur, and sublimity. A very large part of this territory has never been subjected to any ordinary economic use, as the rearing of sheep or cattle; it is still a deer-forest, as it was in the earliest times; yielding no rental, except as a field of one of the hardest and most ancient sports.

If the reader will glance over a map of Scotland, he will quickly pick out a spot called Castleton of

Braemar, in the western part of Aberdeenshire. It is a simple village, about 1100 feet above the sea, seated on the right bank of the Dee, and nearly in the midst of the alpine region which has been described. Here, in 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard of rebellion against the newly seated dynasty of Brunswick; and here will now be occasionally seen the royal family, mingling with the homely crowd of a fair, and amusing themselves with a sight of the toy-booths and stalls of lollipops and gingerbread. From the door of Mrs Clark's inn, one sees the grandest of the group of mountains, as from the Hôtel de Londres at Chamouni you see Mont Blanc and the Flegere. You see them, perhaps, in a humid day, wreathed in mist, and provokingly unapproachable: no resource but to turn in and try to enjoy the comfortable inn parlour, in hopes of better weather to-morrow. Such was my fate—such is the fate of everybody who sets himself to see Scotch mountains. He posts himself in the nearest inn, laying siege, as it were, to the mountain, and captures it the first fine day—if he can wait sufficiently long. I have, for my part, made three expeditions in as many years to a particular mountain, only carrying it in the last. And it is told of Dr Macculloch, the geologist, that he visited the Cuchullin Hills, in Skye, eight years in succession, and never saw them except from a boat after all. It is a fine exercise for patience, your regular Scotch mountain.

I am bound in candour to admit, that my second visit to this district was successful. My approach was as the supposed rider of a pony, through the celebrated valley of Glen Tilt; that is to say, I hired a pony at Blair, along with a guide, and, tiring of its slow and uneasy motion, walked most of the way. It is a long, straight, narrow glen, altogether without human inhabitants, and with only a rude track for the lonely traveller. It takes you back to the primitive days of mankind, when you enter this extensive wilderness, devoted only to deer, and think that unless you can make out thirty miles of travelling, you have no chance of any bed for the night, except one upon the open heath. The only relief which I experienced in my journey from the most absolute solitude, was, when about half-way, I came to a small platform of green land, in the angle formed by the incoming of a side-stream, and backed by a lofty rock, half covered with ivy and moss. Here I found two journeyers like myself, but who had come the contrary way, with a pony and guide, and were now taking a rest and lunch. The gentlemen, being in Highland costume, formed a picturesque group, and I gladly came to a halt by their side. Flasks, sandwiches, and cigars were brought out. The ponies and guides formed a subordinate group at a little distance.

With the streams tumbling and sparkling at our feet, and the cool shade of the rock behind, amidst light chat, gradually ripening to merriment, an hour passed agreeably away. The whole was like a scene in *Don Quixote* or *Gil Blas*, where there is always a bag containing a store of bread and onions, if nothing better, besides a long-necked leather-bottle, which passes round the company till it gets exhausted by their embraces. Finally, we bade each other adieu, and proceeded on our several routes.

I was followed by rain all that day, but always kept a little before it, till near the last, when at length it overtook me. Just as I entered the inn at Castleton, the night descended, and the rain began to fall in torrents. It lasted all next day, except a few intervals too brief to be of any service. But, prepared for such a contingency, I waited patiently to see what the next again should bring forth. Perseverance was rewarded with a bright morning, and I made instant arrangements for attacking Ben-Muicdhui. A curricule and a guide being soon in readiness, I set out for a gamekeeper's house nine miles off, where it is customary to commence the walking part of the expedition.

The first part of our course lay along the bank of the Dee, even here a majestic river, without any regard to the fine mountains rising by its side. Crossing by a modern wooden-bridge, we enter the park of Mar Lodge, a plain old mansion, noted only as the highest in the valley. Then, leaving all reasonable roads, we ascend by a rude path through the pine-forest to a considerable altitude on the mountain-side, enduring all degrees of jolting by the way, short of being absolutely propelled from the vehicle. Some of the trees remind us, by their great magnitude, of those of Norway. Another feature recalling that country, is the multitude of ant's hillocks to be seen scattered about. Here and there, a patriarch of the forest, overthrown by the blasts, lies on its side, with a mass of root turned up on edge, not much less than the gable-wall of a house. By and by, we get clear of the woods, and begin to ascend a bare and elevated valley called Glen Lui, where one can see, from the ruins of cottages, that there *has been* a population, though all is loneliness now. A few miles of this, and we arrive at the gamekeeper's cottage, the only human habitation, I believe, within a very wide circuit of country.

Leaving my vehicle and its conductor here, I had to address myself to a toilsome walk of nine miles along rough valleys, and corries, and mountain-sides, in order to reach the summit of Ben Muicdhui. The way is thus circuitous, partly for the sake of easy ascent, and partly because by this way the traveller gives the least possible disturbance to the deer—these forming an interest in Braemar, to which everything else must give place. My guide, a vigorous lad of three-and-twenty, led the way into a side-vale called Glen Derry, which I soon found to be one of considerable geological interest. At intervals of from half a mile to a mile, there occur huge masses of rough detritus, generally lying right across the valley, excepting that there is always a wide gap through which the rivulet finds its way. They are barriers, as it were, partly broken down. Using a hand-level, I found, in a rough way, that one of these barriers is no less than 130 feet high. The composition is a coarse, angular gravel, with great numbers of large blocks bristling along the surface. No one, so far as I am aware, has as yet taken

notice of them, and one finds no similar objects adverted to in the works of British geologists. Yet their history is abundantly manifest to any one who has ever travelled among the Alps. They are, in short, ancient *moraines*—the memorials of a condition of lower temperature in long by-past time, when each mountain region of considerable elevation in Scotland was above the line of perpetual snow, and had its valleys, of course, filled with glaciers. It is a circumstance invariably attending a glacier, that it raises along its sides, and leaves at its extremity, lines of rubbish or detritus—a *moraine*—which it has carried off in its course. In the present case, the moraine first met is the oldest. The glacier, shrinking under the influence of an improving temperature, has then begun to deposit the second at some distance further back; and so on.

After a third or fourth of these huge barriers, we come to a large open space, containing some fine pasture and dotted with a few trees, though it cannot be much less than 1800 feet above the sea. While the barrier remained entire, it must have been the bed of a lake; but it presents no lines of ancient beach along its sides, and I therefore conjecture that the process by which the water forced its way out was a rapid one. This, I was told by my guide, is the nightly haunt for feeding of a large herd of deer. During the day, they retire to the high grounds to the right, where they are less liable to be disturbed. The life of the red deer in the Highlands, is like that of a remnant of some barbarous outlawed nation, which, surviving in the midst of civilisation, can only save itself from being extirpated by haunting the recesses of drear forests, extensive morasses, and scarcely accessible mountains. They never wittingly allow any human being to come near them, and it is only by an exercise of the greatest cunning and patience that the sportsman gets within shooting distance. At one moment in my journey of this day, my attention was attracted by my guide to an unwonted object on the brow of the hill far above us. Something like the branches of a burnt forest could be discerned, relieved against the sky. It was a herd of deer. They were evidently keeping an eye upon the two human figures passing through the valley; and had I made a suspicious movement, they would instantly have been off for the far uplands, where the human foot cannot easily follow them. I should vainly try to give an idea of the feeling of wildness and solitude which was raised in me by this spectacle.

We now began to pass under the shades of tremendous wall-like precipices, all black and bare, as at the moment of creation. Our path became steep and toilsome, and it was necessary to rest for a few minutes every quarter of an hour. The granitic constitution of the mountains of the district becomes abundantly visible. The vegetation begins to be scanty. At length, at the elevation of about 3500 feet, we reach a desolate plateau, composed entirely of great slabs of granite overcast by weathering. A black lake—Loch Attachin—presents itself—surprising to say, full of fish—and having one outlet towards the valley of the Dee, and another towards that of the Spey, a river running to the Moray Firth. In the deep, dark, herbless chasm into which the latter outlet discharges itself, and the other side of which is formed by the lofty Cairngorm, lies the celebrated Loch Avon, 1700 feet above the sea. I am more interested, however, in observing, in the recesses of the mountain near the higher lake, pretty large patches of snow, which rarely melt entirely away—the last remains, as they may be considered, of the glaciers which formed the moraines of Glen Derry. The stony sterility of the whole scene is appalling. One feels disposed to hurry through, and be done with it, lest, by some unforeseen accident, he should be left to its savage inhospitality. I felt this more pressingly, as a cold mist came sweeping past in bitter gusts. After all,

it was necessary to mount a good deal higher before attaining the summit. When this was gained, I found it to be a broad space, composed of the same mouldering, rounded fragments of granite which surround the lake below. Unfortunately, the mist prevented my having any view of the more distant surrounding country. No object varies the scene but a cairn of stones marking the highest point, and the remains of a small rude hut, erected near by for the accommodation of the sappers and miners, when engaged some years ago in the business of the Ordnance survey. Through the stalking masses of mist which passed me, I could get glimpses of the neighbouring peak of Cairngorm, and some others of the brotherhood of mountains planted around, most of which are not sensibly lower than Ben Muicdhuil itself. There was much of terror as well as awe in the feeling of the moment. And it could not well be otherwise. An elevation so great in the north of Scotland is similar to a voyage into the arctic regions. It was with a feeling of relief that, having hurried over a slight refreshment, I commenced my descent from this soul-subduing scene.

In these elevated and dreary regions, there is, of course, a small exhibition of life, either vegetable or animal. I remark, however, that there are few situations in which the black snail is not met with. In general, the plants are Alpine and meagre; but very often, where a spring comes out, there will be found a collection of cresses; one is at a loss to imagine how they got there. Often, after passing into the sterile region, you alight, in some sheltered nook, upon a tuft of blue-bells, like a family of pioneer settlers in the wilderness—the blue-bells of Scotland, as they may well be called, since they typify so truly the hardihood and enterprise of the national character. Very generally, where there is a cress-shaded spring, a small disturbance from your hand or foot will bring out a little hermit-frog, 'loup-loup-louping,' like his brother in the old fairy tale of the *Well of the World's End*. One feels disappointed at his not beginning a conversation, and shewing how you may restore him to his proper form of the finest young prince that ever was seen. When one is entirely alone in such places, some small living object will sometimes arrest attention, and excite sentiment, far beyond the power of similar objects in ordinary scenes. You take to the little wild-flower as a companion; melt at the idea of so many passing through their season-life unsaluted by human eye, yet never the less beautiful on that account; and feel how the many analogies of human life bind up all these things with ourselves, as common creatures and subjects of the great Lord of All. A day in the wilderness now and then, is a Sabbath to the inner feelings of man. I do not think I ever once paused for three minutes of rest in these rocky solitudes, without finding within sight some natural object which prompted the spirit to poetical and religious meditation.

Making a change of route on our return—and for this purpose, by the by, making an extraordinary descent down a corry, where the stones could scarcely lie upon each other—I passed through another glen, which also contains remains of glacial detritus, thus so far confirming my view of the ancient condition of this district in point of temperature. On regaining the gamekeeper's house, I found that the walk had occupied exactly six hours. It was no great feat perhaps; yet, as there are obstacles to its accomplishment, I felt rather pleased with it. A blithesome drive of less than two hours brought us back to Castleton for a late dinner. Amidst the merriment of the inn parlour that evening, some jocular remarks were made on the brief reign which Ben Muicdhuil had had some years ago, as chief of British mountains, while the true height of Ben Nevis was not ascertained; and the con-

as a finale to an article which, I fear, many will deem to be too much of an opposite description:—

## A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

### CHARACTERS.

SAUNDERS PIKIR, an Aberdeenshire man.  
DONALD M'PHERSON, an Inverness-shire man.  
AN OFFICER OF THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

### Saunders.

TUNE.—*The Bowle o' the Crookit Horn.*

Aberdeenshire, lift your browie;  
Cock your beaver, Ben Muicdhuil;  
There's nae hill sae high as you, I  
Queen Victoria's kingdoms a'!  
Mining Sappers they ha'e said it,  
And the fact we a' maun credit,  
Though Ben Nevis wad forbid it;  
Faith, he's got an unco fa'!

### Donald.

TUNE.—*Johnie Cope.*

My faith, her nainsel doesna care  
For a' your brags a single hair;  
But for hersel she will declare,  
You're a very foolish man this morning.  
To think, though Sappers had the will,  
They could tak the tap frae aff our hill;  
Na, faith! that wad defy their skill;  
So I wish you a fery cood morning!

### Saunders.

Hoot, Donald, man! ne'er be sae petted;  
That's no the way I meant to state it;  
They'll neither steer the tap nor feet o't—  
The real case I mean to shaw:  
Your hill is just as high as ever,  
But Sapping Miners now discover,  
That Ben Muicdhuil's something over—  
It's twenty feet aboon them a'!  
Sae, Aberdeenshire, lift your browie, &c.

### Donald.

Umph! Sapping Miners—wha are they,  
Pretending sic a thing to say?  
In troth! they had better no come our way,  
Either by night or morning.  
Ben Nevis' craigs they are right steep—  
Ben Nevis' boughs are unco deep—  
An they fa' owre there they'll get a sleep,  
And no be waukened in the morning.

### Saunders.

Hoot, Donald! ye're in sic a passion,  
I vow it's just the Hieland fashion,  
Instead o' reasons, gi'e a thrashin'!  
Have ye nae respect for law?  
Black never can be turned to fite, man;  
Things will be sae, do as ye like, man;  
Ye'll no improve your power to bite, man,  
By gnashing at an iron wa'!  
Aberdeenshire, lift your browie, &c.

### Donald.

What are the Sappers? are they Whigs,  
Come back again to play their rigs,  
And gi'e us thistles for our figs?  
A bad exchange this morning!  
Or are they skientific men,  
That pretend o' mony things to ken?  
When between you and me, our auld friend Ben  
Knows just as much this morning.

### Saunders.

Why, Donald, man, they're just auld sodgers—  
On taps o' mountains constant lodgers;  
Sic a set o' knowing dodgers,  
Sure am I ye never saw.  
Every hill they'll tell the height o't;  
Every land they ken the right o't;  
How they came to get the licht o't,  
Ne'er o' us can tell ava!

*Donald.*

Proogh, man! they're a set o' feckless chieks;  
They may do fery weel for the Lowland hills;  
But ours wout measure in feet or els—  
They're far too high ony morning.  
I tell you Ben Nevis will stand out  
The king o' hills, past a' dispute,  
For I've walked every bit o't on my ain fut;  
So I've no more to say this morning.

Enter an officer of the Ordnance Survey, who bows politely to both gentlemen, and thus addresses them: 'My friends, I believe there is a little mistake between you, which I am able to rectify. In the late government survey of Aberdeenshire, it was found that Ben Mulduhl measured 4390 feet above the sea, being 20 feet more than the height assigned to Ben Nevis by previous unauthorised measurements. But now our men have executed an exact survey of Ben Nevis, and find that it is not less than 4408 feet above the sea; consequently remains 118 feet the superior of Ben Mulduhl, and, till the contrary is shewn, must be held as the king of British mountains!'

*Donald.*

Hurrah! hurrah! I do declare  
You're a fery shivil offishair.  
But hark! our hill is a great deal mair  
Than what you say this morning.  
But come in here and crook your leg;  
I'll bring out Long John's muckle keg!  
And we'll drown poor Ben Mulduhl's brag  
In Ben Nevis' dew this morning!

## THE WOLF-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

On the edge of a wide heath, in the still primitive province of Bretagne or Brittany, stood the antique and quaint-looking dwelling of the Breton family, whose history is the subject of my little romance. It was a wide and dreary heath; but in summer-time, it was gay with the blossoms of the yellow-flowering plant that gave its simple name to our proud line of Plantagenet. The genêt or broom was the crest of Edward I., and thus came the haughty-sounding title of Plantagenet, made in English into Plantagenet. Indeed, the province is so full of memorials that attach it in an earlier period to the Great Britain of which it is supposed to have been an off-set or colony, that, however opposed we generally are to the practice of altering or translating geographical names, we always feel inclined to use our own word of Brittany in preference to the French one of Bretagne, in speaking of this ancient kingdom of Armorica, which is still as distinct an adjunct of France, as Wales, or even Ireland, is of the kingdom of England.

Though it is said to have been colonised from our own Britain, partly during the time of the Roman domination, and partly by its refugees from the horrors of the Saxon invasion, the people, being Celts, are in no respect like the English of the present day. The language of Lower Brittany, the most primitive or least civilised part, is as unintelligible to the French, as Welsh or native Irish is to the English; while it is said to bear so strong an affinity to the former and to the dialect of Cornwall—also peopled by ancient Britons—that Breton sailors landing in Wales or Cornwall have been understood by the people. In most respects, however, their character appears to resemble more that of the Scotch Highlanders than either the Welsh or Irish. They are strongly attached to their old ways; and even when religion and loyalty were quite out of fashion in France, they were cherished in Brittany. During the great Revolution, the Bretons fought and suffered for both. Indeed, it would appear that in times of which we have no other memorial than the extraordinary and mysterious monuments

which remain on the earth to puzzle antiquaries, as our own Stonehenge still does, Brittany possessed much the same distinctive character with regard to religion which has in some degree influenced that of its people from generation to generation, something of its spirit seeming to descend from the remote times of the Druidic faith and worship. The people are intensely superstitious, and attach much mysterious influence to the pagan monuments which abound in their country. Christian priests have sought to turn this feeling into a better channel, by consecrating many of these monuments to Christian worship. It is believed by some that Brittany might, in a former age, like our own Mona, now Anglesey, have been in some special manner the seat of the Druidic worship, to which, at stated times, devotees might have repaired from other quarters. The abundance of these singular and enormous stones—the use of which never has been, and, it is reasonable to conclude, never can be satisfactorily made known, but which are believed to have been connected with the religion of the Druids—would seem to warrant such an idea; but while the mystery might seem to be, how human hands could raise such mighty blocks, the simple faith of the unsophisticated Breton settles the antiquarian puzzle, by ascribing such an astonishing work as 'the Temple of Carnac,' composed of 4000 immense stones, standing on a barren plain, where not the least appearance of stone is in their vicinity, to the work of 'the little people,' the dwarfs, who are said to dance round these stones at night, guarding, within their mysterious circle, an immense treasure of gold. Wo, then, to the wanderer who approaches the dancers! He must dance, too, and dance till he dies, if once tempted to begin.

The religious character of the Bretons is preserved even in their fairy superstitions, which very closely resemble those of the Irish. The fairies, for instance, are addicted to child-stealing; therefore children are preserved from their power by a rosary or scapular worn round the neck. These lady-fairies are said once to have been beautiful princesses; but when the Apostles came, and preached Christianity in Brittany, the poor accepted, but the great would not—the pagan princesses chose to be pagans still; and so they became what they are, and remained the enemies of all good things; for the sight of a priest is terrific to them, and the church-bell drives them away.

In the very neighbourhood of such fairy-haunted relics of an unknown age, stood the dwelling I have named: there the father of Pierre and Victor had cultivated his own little farm, and been independent, though far from being rich. Pierre, his elder son, was his assistant; Victor, his younger, kept the goats and sheep on the wide heath, and was assisted in his care by Virginie, the pretty little orphan girl whom his mother had taken and provided for, simply because there was no one else to do so: the boy was a year younger than the girl, and so she acted quite a maternal and guardian part by him, for one year of seniority gives great authority to the child of a poor family.

How they passed their time, out there on the wide plain, I really am not informed; but at nightfall they took good care to avoid those great mysterious stones which, their father gravely told them, had once been the soldiers of Cæsar's army, who came to invade Brittany, and, being pagans, were transfixed into stone as they stood, and must stand there to the end of the world. The theory was an ingenious one, and quite satisfactory to the young Bretons; who, if the great stones were said to have been the forms of the Republican soldiers who slaughtered the priests, and destroyed the churches, shortly before they were born, would have believed the tale just as devoutly.

It was pleasant enough, out there on the wide heath, for the boy and girl, telling the old fairy tales of which their country is the source, or singing the romance-lays



that still have such power over its peasantry.\* But pleasant times, especially if times of childhood, must pass; and thus it happened on the wild heath of Brittany. The father fell ill, and change came on; the wide, open hearth, round which the family sat in the winter-evenings, was not then such a cheerful one, for Care—the yellow-visaged enemy of Cheerfulness—came and sat among them, and stopped the song and the tale, and even caused the distaff to twirl more slowly, and the wool-carding to go on more languidly. Finally, Poverty came, and took the place of Care; nearly all was gone; and perhaps one is better when all is gone than when all is going. Virginie went out to service with a farmer at a little distance: this was the change which the boy Victor felt to be the greatest. Pierre, his brother, who was more than four years his senior, did not feel it at all. Virginie was only a child, playing with the boy, and disturbing the gravity of his reflections; for grave and reflective as his people generally are, Pierre was particularly so.

But Virginie went away, and young Victor felt—how? Perhaps much as the sweet poet did when his Lucy left him:

She lived alone, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in the grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

But the young Breton maid was not in the grave; and though her absence caused the boy to feel 'the difference to him,' he still made that difference as light as possible, by managing to keep up a pretty frequent intercourse with his former comrade.

In the long winter-evenings, he was often sure of a seat by her side when they met at the assembly which regularly takes place at one or other of the peasants' or farmers' houses, where all the families round about meet together, to sit round a common hearth, young and old, men and women, taking it in turn to tell stories, sing songs, or all to listen to the minstrel or wandering bard, generally a blind or lame one, who, as in old times in Wales, Ireland, and even in England, travels from place to place, and house to house, sure of a glad reception, and of ready listeners to his ballads, which, as is still the case among ourselves, often recount any passing events that may possess some present interest, although it is not likely they will ever pass into the stock of legendary lore still preserved in Brittany, as that which his ancestors long, long ago recounted from castle to castle, or be transmitted to generation after generation, as the songs have been to which noble knights and stately ladies listened to with the same devout attention and ready faith as the unchanged peasantry of Brittany do at the present day.

No winter snow or summer heat detained young Victor from a meeting with the young maid of the farm; but it was only at a 'pardon' that Pierre, his elder brother, chanced to meet her after a long separation. The name is so peculiar, I must explain what it means.

The pardon answers to what in old or Roman Catholic times the English wake did: now, the wake has lost a part at least of its original character, and come to be a mere periodical merry-making, a scene too generally of drunkenness and vice. In Wales, the pardon is, I believe, now to be traced in the bardic meeting; but in Ireland, where the same religion is maintained, it has its counterpart in the 'patron.'

It is, in fact, a parochial and religious festival, held on the saint's day who is the patron of the village church. In Brittany, the pardon retains that primitive character

which, in Protestant or semi-Protestant lands, has been lost or modified. It begins with religion, and ends with festivity, and presents a curious mixture of both throughout the three days of its duration.

The eve is announced by the ringing of the church-bells, attachment and even veneration for which form another old-fashioned peculiarity of Breton character. The altars of the churches are newly arrayed, and the image of the patron saint is adorned. The church is cleaned, and in it are deposited the offerings of the peasants, consisting of the produce of their land or the work of their industry—corn, flax, wool, articles made of plaited straw, such as large chairs or bee-hives—anything, in short, that can be of use, if not to the saint to whom it is nominally offered, at least to the priest of the parish, whom they respect and esteem almost as much. Perhaps some persons would find, without much difficulty, the prototype of such customs in the paganism which Christianity supplanted in this primitive district; but in England, as well as in Brittany, it was the practice to dance in the church itself on these festive occasions. The clergy there, as they did here, found some difficulty in abolishing it.

Now, the people having gone to confession, and obtained the absolution or pardon, testify their gladness by all sorts of rejoicing. Some sacred well or fountain, famous in old song and tale, is almost sure to be in the neighbourhood; and thither the musicians repair, and around it the dance is formed. The fairies haunt these wells still, and comb their yellow hair beside them, with golden combs, just as they did hundreds of years ago; and Victor thought young Virginie could dance around them as well as any fay of the land.

On the occasion of what is termed a grand or great pardon, the people come from considerable distances to the special locality. Sometimes they arrive on the eve, sometimes at dawn of day: when they come in a band, they often carry banners, and their own pastor walks at their head. When they first come within sound of the church-bells, they uncover their heads, kneel, and say a prayer. The priests of the district come to meet their brethren; they enter the church; and after the offices are ended, they all, priests and people, make a procession in the neighbourhood, joined by all of the highest rank who reside in it, if, in its progress, any religious ceremonial takes place.

Tents are pitched for the habitation of the strangers, and the whole of the first day is dedicated to religion. The bards sing hymns in the church-yards; the priests are in the confessionals; the churches are filled by people, kneeling there in penitence or prayer. All through the day, and on through the night, religion holds her sway: the native bards who flock to these pardons now sing pious hymns, or recount saintly legends. But, with the dawn of day, religion withdraws, to a little distance, though it still continues, strangely enough, to be blended at intervals with all that follows. Now begin races, games, dancing, singing, and sometimes those religious dramas, in the style of the old Mysteries, which, however, on these occasions, take for the subject the wonderful miracles which the saints of Brittany are celebrated for.

It was in such a scene and at such a time that Pierre, young Victor's elder brother, met with Virginie, the maid from the farm. A pardon—it is not profane to say so—is not an unlikely place to begin a love-affair; and so Master Pierre found it. He had not seen Virginie for a long time; he found the little girl grown into a nice young woman, tall, and straight, and bright-looking. He had come to the pardon, seeking its religious benefits more than its festive pleasures; for the cast of seriousness which distinguishes a Breton as well as an Irish nature, and gives a tinge of sadness to their national poetry and legends, predominated strongly in his, and seemed to throw a shadow around

\* So addicted are the Bretons still to this minstrel lore, that, in the time of the cholera, the bards or improvisators, who still exist among them, were employed to sing or recite the remedies which the doctors recommended.

him, which might be prognostic of a mournful destiny. Nevertheless, Pierre and Virginie danced round the well, and were so pleasant together, that before the third day was nearly over, he had made her promise to come over to the quaint old house on the edge of the moor, to see his father and mother. And Virginie was so happy to have made the grave, pensive, thoughtful Pierre look so bright and cheerful, that she promised readily, and thought she could soon make him as lively and pleasant as Young Victor. She was accustomed to Victor—'the good boy'—and thought nothing at all of his devotion to her, for he was a whole year younger than she was; but the power she possessed in dispelling the gravity of his brother, was something quite new and flattering to her; so for sundry fête-days after the pardon, she regularly went in the afternoons over the wide moor, to spend them at her former home. At first she had done so, and then Victor used to meet and accompany her there; and in the evening he used to convey her back, taking good care not to pass near the dolmen,\* lest 'the little folk' should get them into their fatal circle. They had been pleasant walks, too, but somehow it was Pierre, not Victor, who now attended the farm-maiden on her evening road: they always left 'the boy' either, as the Irish would say, 'crooning over the fire,' or stretched on the stone-seat outside the house. What was the matter with him? That was precisely what neither of them thought of asking. Victor was 'only a boy,' and his freaks were not to be accounted for. So, on one of those festival afternoons when Virginie, in her holiday trim, was coming over the moor, she was met by Pierre, and the rest of the way took longer time in making. That heath was not unlike the 'broomy knows' of the land of Burns, and in summer-tide its yellow blossoms might have tempted the active and hard-working Virginie to linger among them, as she had done in the blithesome days of childhood.

However that was, the pair entered together the quaint old dwelling at the side of the moor, where, together with the father and mother, sat young Victor, looking as if he did not know what to do with himself. Virginie kissed the old couple on each cheek; and, somehow avoiding even a glance at the boy, said only: 'Good-day, Victor,' and ran out of the door, saying, the sun was charming, and she wanted to look at it, or something to that effect.

Pierre stayed within it, and seemed brighter than usual. Victor looked beyond it, and was rising to follow the visitor, when his brother's words stopped him short. He looked at his father and mother with a smile, and then he asked their consent to marry Virginie.

The old couple were surprised—but it was the destiny of all people to be married. Pierre did not know what was before him: they looked grave, shook their heads, finally shed tears, embraced him, and gave a hearty consent. Virginie was a good girl; the mother had brought her up herself, and could answer for her. Yes, Pierre might thank her if a better wife was not to be found in the whole of Brittany.

But why was Victor silent? Stupid boy! he could not say a word: a convulsion seemed to have seized him, and when it passed, he looked as much like the stiff, upright menhir as anything else.† Without noticing him, Pierre went out, and led in the bride-elect, smiling, blushing a little, and really feeling happy because she had made 'that sombre Pierre so happy.'

But where was Victor? The boy did not come to welcome the new sister. Poor Victor! where was he?

He was out on the wide moor—out in the happy haunts of his boyhood, where the evening breeze tossed the broom-flowers about, and the mysterious stones that had been Roman soldiers, rose up in the twilight; and the tormenting elves who danced around them, and delighted in putting human affairs astray, alone could tell in what precise train the youth found his to be.

But one thing is certain, that there—on the heath where the children had played, and the boy had learned to love—there, before the menhir which both held in veneration—there did young Victor, with a full and throbbing heart, vow to promote the happiness of his dear Virginie, though that was to be effected by her marriage with his brother.

Yet Virginie had never known of his love. They had grown together like two young trees in their native forests, as calmly, as dispassionately. She was older than he was: there was the ground of her mistake. A girl who is older than a youth who is even expressly devoted to her, naturally looks down upon him, and wishes to have an admirer of a higher class. But there is something in the very aspirations to manhood—which aspirations beat, I suppose, as strongly beneath a goatskin pelisse as beneath an English round jacket—that lead a boy to look with reverence and love to some fair star above him. So did our great poet Byron, and so did our young Breton, Victor. A boy's first love is almost always his senior. Such love, it is true, but seldom lasts: in full-grown manhood, and, still more, when verging to manhood's more than maturity, the same being loves to protect, to cherish, to guide, and consequently loves what is most beneath him; but the object of a boy's first love is almost always his superior, in years as in all else.

First love! O it is a powerful and all-transforming spell, capable of being used for the best or the worst of influences! Yet, in manhood, it is looked back to as a mere nonsense, or, at best, regarded with a sort of half-sigh, half-smile remembrance. Ah! if all young girls knew their power at such an epoch—knew how much of future destiny lies in their control—knew how many a heart, made better or worse, they might send out into the world, to meet and brave the struggles of the woes of manhood. They know it not; know it as little as Virginie did, who might have made an equal plaything of the warm heart of young Victor, had his throbbing pulses been bared to her view. But she was saved from that sin, for she knew it not.

It was mid-winter. Across a wide and dreary moor, two travellers journeyed over the snow that already had covered all but the tall mystic stone which, surmounted by a cross, testified at once to the existence of a past and a present faith.

The deep snow that already lay under foot, was constantly increased by the falling flakes which hovered whitely in the darkness, for it was yet far from day-break. No sound, save that of the travellers' footsteps, broke the silence that added to the desolate aspect of the scene; and the figures that traversed it were singularly appropriate to its aspect.

They were Bretons; one younger than the other, but both habited alike in long coats of brown goatskin, with the hair outside, over which the light-brown hair of the elder, and coal-black hair of the younger, flowed down almost to their shoulders from beneath their broad-brimmed hats—mixing, in the case of the elder, with the beard that, young as he was, hung gemmed with snow some inches below his chin. He was pretty heavily armed; carrying a long pike, while to his leathern girdle was attached the *serpe de bûcheron*, or wood-cutter's hook—a heavy and deadly instrument, bent at one end, and capable of being exercised with effect on matter more sensitive than the forest wood.

Yet the face of the young man, in contrast to his

\* The Breton dolmen is the English stone-table, called in Ireland cromlech, being rude blocks of upright stones, supporting a table or slab of the same.

† The menhir is the Breton name for the upright stones called Druidic, which are now, in Brittany, often surmounted by a cross.

accoutrements, was more expressive of sadness, anxiety, and even tenderness, than of any daring disposition or desperate tendencies. His companion was a youth just verging on manhood; tall, and strongly made for his years, and with an eye that could at times lighten up with a fire, the source of which lay deep within his heart. His countenance was composed; and, closely enveloped in his goatskin pelisse, he appeared to be unarmed, and merely an attendant on the other.

They had crossed the moor; a distant twinkling light appeared through the misty air: it came from a house that stood near to the edge of a wood or forest, the darker outline of which was faintly discernible in the dull twilight of morning.

'There is the rendezvous,' said the elder. 'Victor, you must leave me now. The road is difficult through this snow, and it is not necessary to fatigue yourself, especially as you must work harder on the farm to-day, in order to supply my place. Allons! Victor; adieu petit.'

Victor said nothing, but walked on a little faster.

'Go, my brother,' said Pierre, stopping and laying his hand kindly on his younger brother's shoulder; 'return to our home, and desire poor Virginie to hasten to the menhir, and say an ave for every wolf's head she wishes me to bring back.'

'No, Pierre; I will not return, my brother,' said Victor with a grave and resolute air.

'No! How far wilt thou go, then? Even to the fight, perhaps?'

'Assuredly. Such is my intention.'

'Poor boy!'

'Yea, boy, if thou wilt! But perhaps this may serve thee, Pierre: see, I have my serpe also, and I sharpened it well last night,' and drawing aside the goatskin garment, he shewed the weapon concealed beneath it.

Pierre looked at it gravely.

'And is it thy ambition to be a wolf-hunter that has prompted thee to this?' he asked in a tone in which wonder and pity might seem to blend.

'Be that as it may,' said young Victor, in a tone that might appear either careless or haughty.

'Thou shalt come no further!' cried the elder: 'consider only, and renounce thy rash design. Wouldst thou have me fail in my object, and lose the benefit of the chase to-day? How can I expect to conquer wolves, if I must occupy myself in the care of thee? Wouldst thou have me lose my only hope of procuring a substitute for the army of Africa, and see me depart and leave Virginie to die of grief at home? Think of what that dear girl would say, if she knew how you embarrass me.'

'It is not at all necessary for you to occupy yourself in the care of defending me, my brother,' Victor answered; 'and as for Virginie, she need not be tormented by hearing anything about it.'

'Well, then, go—return, my brave boy: I shall be late at the rendezvous,' said the elder brother.

'Pierre,' said the other with far more calmness and resolution, 'listen to my words. You love our Virginie; you would be her husband—that is natural. But the conscription comes; you draw a bad number. Well; you must join the army of Africa. It costs much to get a substitute; I am not yet of the full age. Well, the wolves have been troublesome, and our farmers have lost some horses; our mayor offers thirty francs for each wolf's head. Well, you would rather fight with the wolves than with the infidels—that also is natural. You want to get money enough to buy a substitute—that is, to get so many wolves' heads at thirty francs a head; and the fight is to be to-day. Well, listen still: do you hope to despatch more than two wolves to-day? Hope it not: you know what they are at this season, when the snow is on the ground. Now, for two heads, our mayor will pay you sixty francs—a pretty sum, truly, to touch for so small a matter; but still you will

want much more to buy a substitute for military glory. Well, it appears to me that with the help of this excellent serpe, I might manage to get one head—there is thirty francs more, to be paid to any one who will join the great army of France.'

'And if the wolf should kill you, instead of your killing the wolf?' said Pierre.

'True; that remains to be thought of,' Victor answered, as if reflecting on the question. 'Well, my brother, in that case I need not go to a wolf-fight in order to pay a substitute when the next conscription comes.'

'Victor,' said his brother earnestly, 'you know that ever since I have been betrothed to Virginie, you have been our mother's hope and dependence: you have come here without her knowledge; should danger befall you, the blame will rest on me: I shall lose her consent, and thus my marriage with Virginie will be impossible.'

'That would be deplorable,' the other as earnestly replied. 'Adieu, then, my brother; take care of yourself: I will return home. May the good saints befriend thee!' And Victor turned and walked some steps back. Ere he had gone far, he stopped, and looking towards his brother, who still stood still, he called aloud, as if by hasty impulse: 'Pierre, I too love Virginie! I have loved her ever since I was born: I love her more than the air I breathe, than the life I live. In three months I shall join the army of Africa, not as a conscript, but as a free man.' And having made the double declaration, young Victor continued to retrace his way over the snowy moor.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### PHILADELPHIA.

TERMINATING my brief visit to Washington, I made my way northwards by railway through Baltimore to Philadelphia, the journey occupying little more than six hours. Writing now after an interval of several months, I throw my mind back to the very delightful residence of a few days which it was my fortune to enjoy in the city of Brotherly Love. My quarters were at the Girard House, a hotel in Chestnut Street of the first class; but so much of my time was engaged in making calls, seeing sights, and picking up scraps of information, that my stay was a perpetual change of scene and circumstances.

When William Penn fixed on the spacious peninsula between the Delaware on the east, and the Schuylkill on the west, for the site of a large city, he may be said to have selected one of the most beautiful and convenient spots on the whole coast of America. Approachable from the sea by the Delaware, the land, with a gentle yet sufficient rise from the water, was originally a fertile plain, dotted over with trees, and inhabited only by a few Indians. Such was the sylvan scene on which the first English settlers made their appearance in 1681, and began the reclamation of the wilderness. What do we now see after a period of a hundred and seventy-three years?—A city, the second in point of size in the United States—second, however, to none in beauty, regularity, and all the blessings attending on good order and intelligence. We are called on so frequently to note the rapid progress of American cities, that the subject ceases to excite surprise. There is something, however, more than usually wonderful in the growth of Philadelphia. At about the time of the Revolution, when the English abandoned it, the number of inhabitants, army

included, was only 21,000; so that when Franklin was at the zenith of his glory as a philosopher and statesman, the city of his adoption was in reality but a comparatively small place. Since that not distant era, the population has mounted to nearly, if not beyond, 500,000; and to all appearance it is destined to equal that of New York. That Philadelphia may, indeed, be soon the first of American cities, would not be astonishing; for it possesses the advantage of being now, since railway communication was opened, on the speediest route from the Atlantic to the Ohio and Mississippi, and of having ample room to expand in its dimensions, which New York unfortunately has not.

Every one has heard of the plainness of Philadelphia. According to ordinary notions, it is a plain brick town, with straight lines of street crossing each other at right angles, and altogether as dull and monotonous as its Quaker founders could have desired. In this, as in many things, the fancy dresses up a picture which is dispelled by actual observation. So far from being a dull or dismal town, Philadelphia is found to be a remarkably animated city, with streets crowded with as fashionable a set of people as you could wish to see, and displaying a greater number of private carriages than are paraded in any other part of America. It may be allowed that the scheme of long and straight rows of brick buildings, with scarcely any variation in shape, is not very tasteful; but a severe regularity in this respect is better than no plan at all, with the consequent confusion of streets, lanes, and mysterious back-courts with which such cities as London are afflicted. As a relief to the monotony of Philadelphia, the houses are constructed of a species of brick so smooth and fine, and so neatly laid, that all other brick-built cities sink in comparison. Then, let it be understood, that the basement story of many of the houses, the architraves, and nearly all the flights of steps to the doors, are of pure white marble. Next, take into account the punctiliously clean windows of plate-glass—the broad granite pavements—the well-swept, I might almost say washed, streets—the rows of leafy trees for shadowing the foot-passengers—the air of neatness generally prevailing—and you have a tolerable idea of the capital of Pennsylvania.

Going into particulars, many other things strike the stranger. Latterly, the taste of the inhabitants has overlapped the primitive architectural design, and begun to substitute magnificent buildings of marble and red sandstone for those of brick. The ordinary height is also here and there exceeded; and now a pleasing variety takes the place of the ancient and much-complained-of uniformity. Similar changes are observable in the naming of streets; although, all things considered, the old plan is perhaps the best. It consisted in distinguishing all the streets running one way according to numbers, as First, Second, Third Street, and so on; and naming all those which proceeded in a cross direction, after trees, as Chestnut, Mulberry, Spruce Street, &c. The old names, as far as they went, are happily preserved. Running right across the town, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, is Chestnut Street, the main or fashionable thoroughfare; and near its centre, comprehending a space from First to Fourth Street, is the chief seat of business operations. Suddenly put down hereabouts, the English stranger would be surprised at the traffic which seems to prevail, the thronging of well-dressed people, and the unexpected splendour of the shops—large stores shewing a long vista of elegant counters, shelving, and glass-cases, such as may be seen in the better parts of London and Paris, and stocked with the most costly articles of luxury. Proceeding eastwards along Chestnut Street, we finally arrive at the Delaware, which is faced by a long quay-like street, with a frontage of wooden wharfs jutting into the water; and here, as far as the eye can carry, nothing is seen but the masts and cordage of vessels,

the puffing of steamers arriving and departing, and the struggling of draymen, porters, and sailors, engaged in the business of loading and unloading articles of commerce. At the upper extremity of the quay, the shipment of coal, brought down by railway from the great Pennsylvania coal-fields, seems to be conducted on so large a scale, that a Northumbrian might be deceived into the idea that he was, on the banks of the Tyne.

Renewed and improved in various ways, Philadelphia shews few architectural relics of its early history. We see nothing of any edifice in which Franklin resided; and neither, until the time of my visit, had any public monument been erected to his memory, which, however, is preserved in connection with various institutions. The most remarkable building, dating from the pre-revolutionary period, is the old State-house, situated a short way back from the line of thoroughfare in Chestnut Street, so as to form a kind of square. It is a respectable, old-fashioned looking brick structure, consisting of a ground and upper story, with a spire partly of wood rising from the centre, and a wing added to each end. This edifice, which was erected so early as 1734, afforded accommodation for the congressional assemblies of the Revolution; and it was here, in the large apartment on the left-hand side of the doorway, that the famed Declaration of Independence was signed. At present, the apartment, which is unfurnished, seems to be reserved as a sacred show-place for strangers. It contains a few relics of antiquarian interest; one of these being the bell which, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of July 1776, sounded a peal from the spire above, to announce that the Declaration had been subscribed. Having been subsequently fractured, it is now laid aside here as an object of curiosity. The other apartments of the old State-house are occupied chiefly as courts of justice; for Philadelphia, although the principal city of Pennsylvania, is not honoured by being made the place of meeting of the state legislature. That dignity, according to the usual American plan of huddling away the business of legislation into retired nooks, has, since 1812, belonged to the small town of Harrisburg, a hundred miles distant, on the Susquehanna river.

Behind the old State-house is an enclosed space with rows of trees; no doubt an agreeable summer-house to the Hancocks, Washingtons, and Franklins of revolutionary memory. Adjacent to the further extremity of the enclosure, is one of the few squares in the city, forming a lawn, with walks and seats, and prettily ornamented with trees. On visiting this spot, which is open to the public, I was amused by observing the tameness of a number of gray squirrels, which at a call came down from their nests in the trees, and were fed by the children who were playing about the ground. It was pleasing to learn that these little animals did not suffer any injury from the youthful visitors of the square, and that care was taken of them by the public. How much good, I thought, might be done, by thus accustoming children to look kindly on the creatures which God has committed to our general regard and bounty!

Few cities are so well provided with water as Philadelphia. Beyond the environs on the west, the Schuylkill, which is a river about the size of the Thames, is dammed up and thrown back into a capacious pool, whence the water is led away and pumped by powerful wheels into a reservoir, nearly 100 feet high. By these means, 1,500,000 gallons of water are raised every twenty-four hours, and supplied by mains to the city in such profusion, that every family has an ample command of this prime necessary of life. The water-works on the Schuylkill form a favourite resort for the inhabitants of the city. The scene at the spot where the river falls over the barrier forming the dam, is very charming. Immediately beneath, a handsome suspension-bridge

had lately been erected, by which access is readily obtained to the opposite banks.

In the neighbourhood of these hydraulic-works, is situated the celebrated Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which, originating in the efforts of a few humane individuals interested in the subject of penal discipline, has formed a model for the system of prisons now authorised in Great Britain. Having visited pretty nearly all the large prisons in Germany, France, and England, I felt a degree of interest in comparing their arrangements with those in operation in this American institution. The plan adopted is that of the separate system, as it is called, but with considerable modifications. About eleven acres of ground are surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, with battlemented turrets; and in the middle of the enclosure is the prison, designed on the principle of corridors radiating from a central point. The cells open from, and are ranged along, the corridors, in the usual manner, each containing a convict, who, from entry to dismissal, lives and works in his cell, and is allowed no communication with other prisoners. In England, it is customary to permit the prisoners to have outdoor exercise at certain hours, in courtyards. Here, a more humane and reasonable practice is followed. Each cell is provided with a small courtyard, into which the unhappy inmate may, during the day, step at pleasure. The entrance into this little airing-ground is at the end of the cell opposite the door, and according to taste, is laid out partly as a parterre of flowers, in the cultivation of which the prisoner may relieve the wretchedness of his confinement. In several instances, on entering the cells, I found the inmates in their courtyards reading in the sunshine, which stole over the top of the high bounding walls; and I thought, that this open communing with nature must have in it something soothing and improving to the feelings. Hand-weaving at small looms, and shoemaking, seemed the principal crafts pursued by the prisoners. In one of the cells, occupied by a shoemaker, there was a pair of pigeons, which sat meekly on the edge of a pail by the man's side; and on questioning him respecting these animals, he said he prized them as companions. 'They do me good,' he said, 'when I look at them: their cooing cheers me when I am alone.' I was glad that the prison authorities allowed the unfortunate man this simple pleasure. But it seems to be one of the aims of the directors of the institution, to neglect no means of operating on the moral sentiments of the prisoners. Though styled the separate system, the discipline admits of the freest intercourse with respectable visitors. The best people in Philadelphia call upon, and hold converse with, the convicts, who doubtless receive no small benefit through such agencies.

The last cell I visited was double the size of the others, and occupied by a man who was busily engaged at a bench, making chairs with carpentry tools. On our entry, he did not look up, but continued at his employment. He was a stout-made young man, probably not more than thirty years of age, with a good-humoured expression of countenance, and was dressed in a linen blouse, confined round the waist. A more unlikely person for a criminal could hardly be imagined. After a few introductory observations, I inquired the nature of the offence for which he was committed. His answer was the single and startling word—'Murder!!'

'Whom did you kill?' I asked. His reply was nothing.

'I killed my wife; but it was in self-defence. She was a bad woman; she had been drinking with some men in my own house, and when I returned home after short absence, she ran at me with an axe.' I saved myself by holding out my razor, which happened to be in my pocket at the time; it unfortunately struck her neck, and she died to death. I was tried, and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment.' Such was

the man's story; and if true in all particulars, it seems to infer scant justice in the tribunals. On looking about, I observed a child's chest of drawers, which the prisoner said he had made for his daughter, who came at times to see him, and whose visits afforded him the only gleam of happiness in his lot. I could not but feel deeply interested in this individual; and I ventured to throw out the hope, that by good conduct he might by and by obtain a remission of his sentence. On the whole, after making a survey of the prison, and hearing explanations respecting its arrangements, I was more favourably impressed with the genial system pursued, than with the comparatively arid discipline which prevails in our penitentiaries. Besides this general receptacle for criminals, there are two houses of refuge for juvenile vagrants and offenders in Philadelphia—one for white and another for coloured inmates; for even in crime and suffering, colour asserts a distinction here as elsewhere in the States.

The humane system of prison-discipline introduced into Philadelphia, seems to be appropriate in a city founded by a body of religionists whose aim has always been that of practical benevolence. Begun by Friends, this sect has left its impress on the public institutions, and also the usages of the inhabitants; but has long since dwindled down to be one of the least noticeable religious bodies in the city, and in the present day, the number of persons dressed as Quakers in the streets is in no way conspicuous.

The public buildings of Philadelphia—such as banks, hospitals, churches, theatres, and other establishments, including a Merchants' Exchange—are of a more than usually elegant style of architecture; and it seemed as if in no city in the Union was greater progress making than in this department of the arts. One of the more stately of these public edifices is the Girard Bank, in Third Street, once occupied by Stephen Girard, and where that remarkable person amassed the large fortune which, at his death, was bequeathed to the city for the support of an institution for orphans, and other purposes. The Girard College, founded by this appropriation, and now occupied as an educational hospital for children, is situated at a short distance from the town on a high ground, towards the Schuylkill, and is by far the finest building, in point of size, material, and purely Grecian character, in the United States. On the evening after my arrival, a gentleman kindly undertook to conduct me to this, the grandest architectural product of America. Placed as it is within a spacious pleasure-ground, I was struck with its magnificent proportions and general aspect. It is in form a parallelogram, composed entirely of white marble, with a basement of steps all round. With eight Corinthian pillars at each end, and eleven on each side, supporting a pediment and roof, it presents an exact model of the higher class Greek temples. The pillars are 6 feet in diameter, and 55 feet high, exclusive of base and capital. As it was open to inspection, I ascended by an inner stair to the roof, whence a magnificent view was obtained over the city and country to the west. The roof itself is a curiosity. It is composed of slabs of marble, resembling tiles, and the weight of these alone is about 1000 tons. Consisting chiefly of class-rooms, the edifice does not lodge the pupils, who, with the teachers and other officers, reside in two separate or out buildings. The whole of this superb monument cost nearly 2,000,000 of dollars. I call it monument; for, like Heriot's and Donaldson's Hospitals at Edinburgh, it is, in reality, a thing devised by the founder to keep his name from sinking into oblivion. The rearing of children in monastic establishments of this class, is an error of the past, which one does not expect to find perpetuated in so new a country as America; and the sight of Girard College, with all its architectural elegance, is on this account felt to be more painful than otherwise.

As regards general education, Pennsylvania has followed the example set by the New England states; and now the stranger will be gratified in witnessing a completely ramified system, adapted to the wants of the community, free from sectarian bias, and conducted entirely at the public cost, as a matter of municipal policy. Nearly an entire day was devoted by me to visiting schools and academies established on this liberal basis; and, like all who have made similar inquiries, I rejoiced to see such admirable means adopted to insure the intelligence of future generations. As elsewhere, I observed that in these public schools the children of different classes of people attended without reserve—the son of a carter, for example, being seen beside the son of a judge—a state of things less imputable to any republican notion, than to the fact, that the education given could not be excelled, if it could be at all approached, in any private establishment. Perhaps, also, something is due to another fact; which is, that the children of a humbler class of persons are usually as well dressed as those of a superior station; for in general circumstances, American operatives, with their high sense of self-respect, dress themselves and their families in a manner which admits of no challenge from the more opulent classes. The entire number of publicly supported schools, ranging from the primary to the higher establishments, is about 300, with upwards of 800 teachers, of whom the majority are young women specially educated for the purpose in a normal school. Besides these institutions, there are many denominational academies; and latterly, a School of Design has been commenced for the purpose of improving the tastes of young persons connected with manufacturing establishments.

Like Boston and New York, Philadelphia abounds in public libraries, museums, and scientific and artistic institutions. I was taken from library to library through a long and bewildering series, each addressed to a different class of readers—apprentices, merchants, and men of scientific and literary acquirements. In this excursion, I visited the rooms of the American Philosophical Society—the oldest institution of the kind in the United States, having been begun by Dr Franklin, whose venerable portrait hangs in one of the apartments. The custodian of the institution, among other curiosities, shewed a number of letters of Franklin; and what was more historically interesting, the original draught of the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, containing the fiery passage in reference to negro slavery, which was discreetly struck out on the final revision of the document.

Once the political metropolis of the States, nothing of that character now pertains to Philadelphia but the national Mint, which, for some special reasons, has not been removed to Washington. After a sight of the Royal Mint in London, one would not expect to find any novelty here; but the establishment is exceedingly worthy of being visited, if only to see the extent of the coining process, and the beauty of the mechanism which is employed. Accommodated in a large marble building, with a portico and pillars in front, the Mint is conducted with a singular accuracy of arrangement under proper officers, and according to the latest improvements in the arts. Many of the lighter operations, including the weighing and filing of the gold pieces, and the assorting of quantities of coin, are performed by young women. While being politely conducted through the several departments by the principal of the establishment, I inquired what means were adopted for securing the integrity of the persons employed; and was told in reply, that none was attempted beyond the ordinary checks as to weight. 'Our true check, however,' said the intelligent functionary, 'is the sentiment of self-respect. All are put on their honour, and the smallest act of dishonesty in one would be felt as a disgrace to the whole. We are repaid for our confidence—nothing

is lost; thefts are unknown.' Can they be a bad people of whom such a character is given? I think not.

Since the discovery of gold in California, the coinage has been immense. Travellers, a few years ago, spoke of the abundance and wretchedness of the paper-money circulating everywhere through the States. You still see dollar-notes, purporting to be issued by state and city banks; but, to all appearance, the circulating medium is to a very large extent, if not chiefly, in gold coins. At the time of my visit, the principal deficiency was in silver, for small-change; though new quarter dollars of that metal, resembling an English shilling, were coming into use, and are now perhaps plentiful. The most common coins were the gold dollar—a most beautiful small piece—the two-and-a-half dollar, and the five-dollar piece. The eagle—a ten-dollar gold coin—was seldom visible, and more seldom still, the double eagle. Latterly, it has been proposed to coin fifty-dollar gold pieces; and some of an octagonal form of that amount have been actually executed at California, and are seen in the windows of the money-changers in New York. On looking over the collection of native and foreign coins in the Mint at Philadelphia, it is observable that the Americans come quite up to the English in some details of mechanical execution, but are still distanced in artistic design. The devices on the various American pieces, gold and silver, are not elegant, neither is the die-sinking so perfect as it might be; and to an improvement in both these points, the United States' government, for the sake of its own credit, could not do better than direct attention. It appears that for several years the coinage in the Mint at Philadelphia has been upwards of 50,000,000 of dollars per annum. Taken in connection with the product of the English and French Mints, it is stated on authority, that the coined money ushered into existence in the year 1853, attained the value of £38,725,831—a quantity of hard cash added to the ordinary currency which gives an impressive idea of the industrial transactions of modern times.

After all that a stranger can say of the more remarkable edifices and institutions in a city—after describing the aspect of the streets and of the people who crowd them—he necessarily leaves off with the conviction, that he has failed to impart a full and correct idea of what came under his notice. How, for example, am I able to communicate a just notion of the intelligence, the refinement, the enterprise of the Philadelphians—their agreeable and hospitable society, their pleasant evening-parties, their love of literature, their happy blending of the industrial habits of the north with the social usages of the south? All this must be left to conjecture, as well as the Oriental luxury of their dwellings, and the delicate beauty of their ladies. I only indulge in the hope that these fair and fascinating beings will not accuse me of want of gallantry in hinting to them, in the gentlest possible manner, that they have one fault—at least I think they have—one, however, common to all their countrywomen, and that is, staying too much in the house, in an atmosphere not quite, but nearly, as hot as that of an oven. O these terribly suffocating apartments, with the streams of warm air rushing out of grating from some unimaginable hot cavern beneath—streets of the desert led, as a matter of fancy, into drawing-rooms—languor-promoting and cheek-blanching duties of life are carried on in these hot-houses. I cannot understand. Sometimes I was inclined to think that there must be a great chilliness in American constitutions—that they must feel cold much more readily than we do in England, where, even in the coldest weather, houses are rarely heated beyond 65 degrees, and that by open fires promotive of ventilation. From whatever reason, the Americans heat their



dwelling to a degree of which we in the old country have not the faintest conception. That such a practice is the main cause of a want of rosy colour in the complexion, and that appearance of premature old age in many persons of both sexes, is past a doubt; though I am not aware that the subject has met with attention from physiologists. 'What with the thin dry air out of doors, and hot stoves within, the Americans,' said a facetious friend, 'get themselves regularly baked—shrivelled up before their time. No wonder they are everlastingly drinking cold water: if they did not keep moistening themselves, they would dry up to mummies.' This joke was rather hard, but not altogether undeserved.

Philadelphia is somehow associated, *par excellence*, in the minds of the English with the idea of America. When we think of the history of that great country, or of its statesmen, or patriots, up comes the notion of Philadelphia in a very remarkable way. The story of Franklin's early struggles, imprinted on the mind of every boy, has perhaps something to do with this psychological spectrum. We all recollect his efforts to get up a printing-office—the deceptions promises of the English governor to lend him money to import a small stock of types—his newspaper, started originally by Keimar in 1723, and the second in the province—his experiments in drawing lightning from the clouds—and many other interesting circumstances in his career. It is now about a hundred and twenty years since Franklin commenced as a bookseller and printer in Philadelphia, and gave, as it may be said, a literary reputation to the place. From small beginnings, the trade in the production of books has increased so largely, that now the city in this respect is a formidable rival to Boston and New York. Besides a large number of magazines, and journals of science and art, published periodically, there were, at the time of my visit, as many as twelve or thirteen daily, and upwards of forty weekly, newspapers—several of them religious, for Sunday-reading. From several publishing-houses, there are issued vast quantities of books in miscellaneous literature; and here, among other curiosities which interested me professionally, I alighted upon the large concern of Messrs Lippincott, Grambo, and Company, which, independently of a trade in publishing, carries on the peculiar business of book-merchants. A spacious building, several stories in height, is stored, floor above floor, with books gathered from all the publishers in the Union, as well as from England, and ready for selection and purchase by retail-booksellers coming from every part of the States. Any person, for example, wishing to open a book-store in California, or some other distant quarter, may here, in a walk from bin to bin, acquire such a varied stock as suits his purse or his inclination. Say that he is going to open for a season at Saratoga, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, or any other fashionable watering-place, there he has his choice of handy little volumes, flashily gilt, in the light line. Or, say that he wishes to go into the school, or heavy trade, still he finds a mine of material ready to his fingers. In an hour, he might load a wagon with all the varied literary wares he can possibly require; just as a country draper, dropping into one of the streets about Cheapside, is able to lay in his miscellaneous stock of haberdashery for the season. I was told by one of the principals of the firm, that it had dealings in every seat of population of any importance from New Orleans to Toronto, and from the Atlantic to beyond St Louis. Think of commercial travellers being despatched on a journey of 2000 miles—as far as from London to Cairo or Jerusalem!

Such concerns as these are types of the manufacturing and trading establishments of Philadelphia, which, in different departments, is making extraordinary endeavours to reach the position taken from it half a

century ago by New York. A person accustomed to think of Birmingham as the only great seat of manufactures in metal, would be surprised to see the large establishments in Philadelphia for the production of that single article, the locomotive, of which several hundreds are exported annually to England. In a factory of another kind, I found 800 persons employed in making gas-lustres and chandeliers; and in a third, were seen 150 operatives engaged in the manufacture of gold chains and other varieties of jewellery. In the fabrication of military and ladies' dress-trimmings, some hundreds of hands are also employed; and one house pointed out to me, was said to make 1000 umbrellas and parasols in a day. The manufactures of the place are stated as amounting to the value of 64,000,000 of dollars per annum. The opulence introduced through this means is vastly augmented by the produce of the rich mineral fields of Pennsylvania, which here finds an outlet. As has been hinted, New York has taken the place of Philadelphia as the leading entrepôt of commerce in the States—an event traceable in some degree to its readier access from Europe, but principally to the opening of the Erie Canal, and other channels of communication with the 'Great West.' Neglectful of its interests in this respect, and with capital directed to mining industry, Philadelphia has seen its rival on the Hudson outstrip it in the race of prosperity. At length, awakened to a sense of their danger, and recovered from a temporary financial depression, the Philadelphians are going ahead at a great rate, and it will behove New York to look to its laurels. No Atlantic city can ever take a commanding position, if unprovided with a direct and easy access to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the great lake-countries on the north. Philadelphia has found that out, and by means of railways recently opened, is busied in getting back the traffic which it ought never to have parted with. One thing, however, is wanting. Reposing on the west on the one side, it will need to cultivate an intercourse with England on the other. The Delaware must be the port of entry and departure of first-class steamers in weekly communication with Southampton or Liverpool; for at present, no inconsiderable portion of the goods and passengers for Philadelphia require, for the sake of speed, to go round by New York—a circumstance attended with numerous inconveniences. I believe the Delaware—a massive river, and presenting miles of frontage for traffic—is fitted to bear with safety, to and from the ocean, vessels of any burden; and with such an estuary, and such internal resources, it would be difficult to assign a limit to its greatness.

I left Philadelphia with more regret than I had experienced in departing from any other city in America. As regards good organisation, refinement, and prosperity, the only eastern city fit to be named with it, is Boston; and when I add Toronto, the three seats of population are mentioned, which, according to my fancy, offer the attractions usually sought for by a class of emigrants whose aim goes beyond mere money-making or the ordinary necessities of existence. Philadelphia, though not picturesque, is invested with charms to invite the settlement of the enterprising, the tasteful, and the moderately opulent. In the far northern townships, the severity of winter and the brevity of summer may repel the fastidious in climate; but nothing is left to pine for on the banks of the lovely Schuylkill or the noble Delaware. Even the idler, who needs the habitual solacement of his clubs, his whist-parties, his conversaciones, and his billiards, will have no difficulty in discovering the objects of his search in Philadelphia.

Hastening northwards, by a railway train which took me through Trenton, the scene of Washington's famous exploit, after crossing the Delaware on the night of Christmas 1776, I arrived in New York a day

or two before my departure for England; and here I may pause to make some general observations suggested by my excursion. W. C.

### MY ARABIC MASTERS.

PECULIAR circumstances rendered it advisable, if not necessary, that I should gain some knowledge of Arabic: no matter what these circumstances were; they belong to my private history, which I am not going to relate; and this paper is merely intended as a description of two singular characters that passed before my eyes in the world's diorama.

I had for some time worked at the above language by myself, but with the exception of becoming familiar with the character, and learning a few phrases by heart, I made little progress, so different was it from anything with which I was already acquainted. The prospect of a change of residence prevented me from having a master at that time; but soon after my husband and myself were settled in Paris, our inquiries for an instructor in Arabic were answered by a friend, who said he had one to recommend, who was not a native of the East, but a Hungarian, and who was reckoned one of the first of modern linguists; I must, however, put up with his strange eccentricities. The eccentricities were rather an inducement than otherwise; and Mr. L—— presented him to my husband in due form. He accepted his terms, which in themselves were unlike all others. He said he never gave more than one lesson per week, but he always left his pupils plenty of exercises for the intermediate time; and that this solitary lesson was given on a Monday. His name was Mandelli, which we thought at the time was not at all Hungarian in sound. He talked much of his family; he told us they were peasants; but from what afterwards fell from him, we found that the father cultivated his own land, and lived in the greatest possible comfort. One of his great delights was to speak of the evening concerts performed by his relations, who played on various instruments; and of the delicious cakes his mother made. The butter-cake was, according to his account, the most exquisite thing that was ever tasted; and why he left all these luxuries, we could never clearly make out. To us, he said his father thwarted his love of learning, and in every way opposed his propensities, so he had left home without telling any one, walking forth into the world by himself, and leaving no trace of his route. He had since communicated with his family, but had no intention of returning till he had acquired all the knowledge he thought necessary. We suspected he might not be telling us the whole truth; but he never conversed on politics, never spoke of the public affairs of his country, never complained; and, in fact, we heard much more of Hungary from an Austrian friend, whose early stored mind led him to foresee all that has more recently happened in that country, and whose predictions we have lived to see verified.

Mandelli told us he had set forth without making any preparation, with but little money in his pocket; and he did not suppose he was missed, for he had eleven brothers and sisters. He must have occasionally suffered much; but he had met with great kindness and encouragement during the series of years in which he had been away. He had traversed a part of Russia and Poland, always on foot, and at last arrived in Germany. How he supported himself we never could understand; but he had held discourses at, and written theses for, every university in Germany of any consequence. The freedom of access which a scholar enjoys on the continent, was at that time so striking and new to us, that we were never weary of listening to his details, or the account he gave of the persons of note with whom he became acquainted in the public libraries. At that of the Institute of France, he had

met with our friend Mr. L——, who had been much interested by his appearance and conversation.

Mandelli was very remarkable in person; and since I saw a procession of Hungarians get up to meet Kossuth, I have been more inclined to believe that Hungary gave him birth, there was so strong a national resemblance between him and the persons above mentioned, although none of them equalled him in beauty. His grand head was covered with thick clustering curls, which, however, were getting gray; his forehead was straight and high, and his perceptive faculties were largely developed; his great dark eyes were full of expression; his high classical nose rendered his profile beautiful; his teeth were regular, but much stained with the filthy substances he was continually smoking, which were not always tobacco; his upper lip, and the whole chin, were covered with the most remarkable curling beard I ever beheld, which descended far upon his breast.

'This beard,' he used to say, 'has often saved my life. How?' I exclaimed.

He replied: 'When I have no money, I have only to offer to sit to an artist for it, and he will always give me one or two francs.' His stature was six feet three, and his proportions those of immense strength; he was remarkably upright and dignified, carrying his glorious 'head on high'; but as to the softer graces, he had none. His voice was loud, and rather harsh; and I always fancied it would burst in thundering indignation from that capacious chest. He was, however, generally speaking, very calm and composed, though now and then his eyes would sparkle with fire. He reminded me strongly of the ancient busts of the Thunderer; and I longed to put a drapery over him, and a wreath round his head, and call him Jupiter Tonans. His age appeared to be about thirty-five, and certainly he owed nothing to the advantages of the toilet.

Wishing to get a pupil for Mandelli, Mr. L—— told him he must be better dressed; and the Hungarian replied, he had not the means of getting other clothes; whereupon Mr. L—— raised money among his friends and from his own pocket, and fitted Mandelli out handsomely. As long as the lessons continued, he made a most respectable appearance; but no sooner were they over, than the master again began to get very shabby; and at last he sent a note to his good friend, begging him to come speedily to his assistance, as he was in great trouble. Mr. L—— went, and found he had been taken up on suspicion of having stolen a pair of boots; Mandelli confessed that he had parted with his good clothes, piece by piece, for books; and when he offered the boots, the tradesman said it was impossible for one of his appearance to have come honestly by them, and he was detained on suspicion of being a thief. Mr. L—— soon settled the matter; and as he walked away with Mandelli, he expostulated with him. 'If you will get me the dress of an invalid soldier,' said the latter, 'I will wear it for ever.' Accordingly, the gray trousers, waistcoat, and frock-coat, were procured; and in this fashion he presented himself as my master. I now forget whether he had a cap or a hat, for I recollect him only as bareheaded. He wore no linen; and by way of cravat, had a dirty red cotton handkerchief round his throat, tied in a knot; nor did he wear stockings; and his bare ankles peeped out between his trousers and his coarse thick shoes, tied with string.

As Mandelli lived and lodged upon the weekly five francs he received for my lesson, it will be supposed that his food was not of the choicest description. He bought it every week, on the Monday morning, at the market, where it was set out on small plates, having been collected from the restaurateurs. It was not always sweet; but this was a matter of indifference to Mandelli. I, however, could not arrive at so desirable a pitch of apathy; so he generally took it out

of his pocket, and left it in the anteroom. This was one day omitted; and as he sat unusually near the fire, the heat soon extracted the perfume of the viands. My olfactory nerves being dreadfully assailed, I tried to make my escape: this, however, proved impracticable; and I fell before I reached the door. He was much distressed, and promised he would not again bring his food with him. I tried to persuade him it was very unwholesome for himself; but he laughed, and said he was used to it; and when I looked at his stalwart person, I could not press him on that point. I then turned upon him, and urged the want of cleanliness; but he assured me, that as long as he kept his person clean, it was of no consequence what he swallowed. His person? thought I; I do not believe he knows the use of soap.

A few days after the above conversation, I had a proof that my surmise was correct. I showed him a bottle of curious honey, which had never congealed, even in a very low temperature. He let the bottle slip through his hand, and trying to save some of the contents, as the glass lay broken on the floor, he covered his fingers with the honey. I ordered soap and water to be brought to him; but so completely ignorant was he of the former, that I had to show him how to use it. He assured me that he every day bathed in the Seine, or washed himself at one of the fountains of the street, and insisted on the uselessness of any other mode of ablution.

Highly cultivated as was the mind of Mandelli, and great as were his acquirements, he was full of prejudices. He had learned Russ, Polish, and German, in the countries where these languages are spoken; Italian was natural to him; modern Greek, he had obtained from neighbours; French, from his intercourse with those people; Arabic, from books, and learned professors at the universities; Spanish, from a friend; and English he had acquired by attaching himself to our troops when the allied armies had possession of Paris. He hovered about the spot where they bivouacked, waited on them, bargained for them, and only asked, as his reward, that they would teach him English. He aimed at mathematics, and was teaching himself in a roundabout way; and my husband, who was a very fair mathematician, offered to instruct him; but Mandelli became impatient at what he called shackles, and shook off his instructor. He was desirous of understanding the classification of plants, according to the natural system; but the moment he heard that all those grouped into one family did not bear the same appearance, he would not continue the study. His Arabic was the western, or that chiefly found in books, which suited me best; but even here his peculiarities interposed, and he taught me much that was useless. The fine arts had no interest for him, in spite of his family concerts, in which he had not taken any part; and it always seemed as if the act of learning was his enjoyment, and not the application of what he learned.

The winter of Mandelli's attendance upon me was the second after a sojourn of some years in a warm climate, and which is always the worst to bear. It was not, then, to be wondered at that I cowered over the fire, and crouched at the chimney-corner, looking over my lesson. Mandelli one day found me thus. He was amused at my chilliness, and boasted that he never suffered from cold. 'How do you manage to keep yourself warm?' I asked.

'I never have a fire,' he answered; 'but I put my bed-cover over my shoulders [I dare say it was something like a horse-rug], and my legs into a tall basket which reaches to my knees, and which I have filled with hay.'

In this manner did the strange Hungarian pass through the inclement winter; when, if he had chosen to depart from his established rules, he might, by his

alleviation, however, occurred when the cold was at the worst, for he told us he had found a companion, who shared his room and his bed, and paid half his rent; he was free from him all day when he was at his work; but he returned at night, when he should be very comfortable, if the young man was not always trying experiments.

One of the experiments of Mandelli's friend was to make a water-bed; and, after a great many trials, he succeeded in accomplishing a waterproof covering which did not leak, and to perfect which, he was obliged to have a fire. When ready, the young man borrowed a boiler, and heated the water over the fire, as he imagined it was necessary to put it in hot. By degrees the bed was filled, the tube closed, and tightly screwed, and the smaller man of the two laid himself down upon it. 'O Mandelli! make haste to bed,' he exclaimed; 'it is delicious!' The giant form of Mandelli, however, was too much for the material: he stretched himself upon it—crack went the covering, and the room was deluged. He told us this the next morning, almost convulsed with laughter, although his clothes were even then wet, they having been soiled when the bed was burst; and a second suit was much too great a luxury for Mandelli.

We did not like to dismiss my instructor, and yet it was desirable to take another master. My husband, therefore, employed him to write for him on the same terms as those given for the lesson. We were not, of course, aware of it, but this was an employment he detested; he therefore found another pupil, and took his leave. We, I presume, unwittingly affronted him, for he never came near us again; and a few years after, when I returned to Paris, I heard that he had left that city; and as our friend, Mr L—, was gone to live in Russia, I never heard anything more of Mandelli. Events of public interest had entirely banished the poor student from the memory of the Parisians.

My second instructor was a complete contrast to the first: he was a short, mercurial man; a Copt by birth; never at rest; never long in good-humour. He was induced by gratitude to a mutual friend of ours, and by the piquancy of teaching a lady, to give me two lessons per week. He generally clothed himself in the best of European costume, only retaining the fez. It was necessary, before each lesson, to coax him into the mood for it. He was employed by the French government to translate Arabic manuscripts, and had married a French wife, over whom he tyrannised according to the prescribed rules of an Eastern despot. She was a gentle, sad-looking person, much afraid of her husband, and shewed me a great deal of kindness. Her husband's greatest friend was a certain learned marquis, who seemed to possess much influence over him, and to whom she frequently appealed in his fits of ill-temper. To me, he was exceedingly polite, and yet more than once I felt he had not exerted himself as he ought to have done. In order to secure his services, I was obliged to go to him; and I dared not be one moment behind my time, or even venture to send an excuse for non-attendance, when bodily suffering would otherwise have kept me back. He never would have kept his appointments had I trusted to his coming to my rooms.

A heavy fall of snow, a sudden thaw, and a still more sudden frost, during the night, rendered the streets of Paris impassable to carriages, and difficult for foot-passengers. It was the morning for my lesson from Ellious, and I resisted all the persuasions that were used to detain me at home. My husband, as well as myself, knowing his ticklish temper, would not say a word for or against; but the friend who tried to dissuade me, after vainly giving me an exaggerated account of the weather, insisted on my swallowing some hot soup before I set out; and so, armed with

With considerable management, I contrived to keep my footing; but I never shall forget the painful sensations with which I crossed the Luxembourg Gardens, tempted to leave the shelter of the streets by its being the shortest way. I slipped along rather than walked; the tears forced themselves out of my eyes, and froze upon my veil. Benumbed, and ready to drop, I reached Ellious's door, and had scarcely strength to lift the heavy knocker of the gate. The portress pulled the string, never dreaming of putting her nose beyond her lodge; but Ellious's wife had her door opened ready for me, and as I staggered inside, loaded me with kindness. By degrees, she admitted me into the heated apartment of the Copt; and there I beheld him, pipe in mouth, a white turban on his head, a gray jacket trimmed with dark fur on his shoulders, seated in bed. He was delighted at my appearance, but it was not without some feeling of apprehension I saw him prepare to get out of bed. He gave his hookah to his wife, threw down the bed-clothes, sprang out with alacrity, and to my great comfort, displayed a pair of full yellow silk trousers and red slippers. He drew two chairs to the fire, and said: 'I waited breakfast for you.' I was not sorry to hear that he had done so, for visions of hot coffee floated before my eyes. My readers may judge of my disappointment, when Mrs Ellious brought in oysters and champagne! Satisfied, however, of the necessity of compliance with my master's strange tastes, on such a day, I swallowed my second breakfast with as good a grace as possible. He never was more eloquent: he praised my Arabic writing, he repeated Arabic poetry, and I never after lost his good opinion. Some months elapsed, and I left the country, and never saw him again.

I afterwards surprised some Moors by my slender acquirements, because their females have none; but disuse has caused the whole of my learning to pass away. It is not, however, as if it had never been: the pleasure with which I read some of the stories from the *Arabian Nights* in the original has never been effaced, and the increased feeling for, and comprehension of Scriptural writings, is a precious boon, for which I can never be too thankful.

#### HOW TO MAKE SEA-WATER.

Our readers are already aware that the curious family of sea-weeds has been successfully introduced to cultivation, and not in public gardens merely, but likewise as domestic pets, that may in time displace the long-cherished geranium and fuchsia on the mechanic's window-sill. At present, however, this kind of gardening is chiefly occupying the attention of natural history students, who find in the Marine Vivarium an excellent means of observing the development and habits of a class of organised beings, both vegetable and animal, which, as living objects, have hitherto eluded their direct researches. The recent appointment of one of the most distinguished of living zoologists to occupy the chair of Natural History in the Edinburgh University, has, during the past summer, had a wonderful effect in arousing the enthusiasm of Scottish naturalists, and of spreading a taste for such pursuits in quarters where it was unknown before. The beautiful zoophytes, crabs, molluscs, and 'sea-flowers' collected in the professor's dredging-trips, have put Vivaria greatly into requisition; so much so, that they are becoming by no means unusual drawing-room ornaments in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland; while in England, the taste for them—emanating from the Regent's Park Zoological Garden—has advanced with even greater rapidity.

Those naturalists who have the good-fortune to reside by the sea-shore, are able to give their ocean-treasures a daily supply of fresh sea-water, and thus

preserve them in unimpaired health. Not so with the unfortunate inland resident, who, despite the best of management, and the nicest 'balance of power' between the proportions of animal and vegetable life in his little world, occasionally finds the briny element to lose its sweetness, and thus lead to the sacrifice of his long cherished treasures. To the poet, 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever'—but not to the naturalist. 'Necessity, however, is the mother of invention,' and Mr Gosse, as her instrument in the present instance, has pointed out how the inland naturalist may dispense with the ocean, and manufacture sea-water for himself.\*

But the naturalist and marine-gardener will not be allowed to enjoy a monopoly of this invention. Sea-water has other uses than the nurture of parlour pots in a glass-vase; 'and uses more important too,' we fancy whispered by some gouty gentleman, who, throwing physic to the dogs, has given his faith to sea-bathing. Such considerations induce us to bring some of Mr Gosse's details before the notice of our readers. The inconvenience, delay, and expense attendant upon the procuring of sea-water from the coast or from the ocean, Mr Gosse long ago felt to be a great difficulty in the way of a general adoption of the Marine Aquarium. 'Even in London,' says he, 'it is an awkward and precarious matter; how much more in inland towns and country places, where it must always prove not only a hindrance, but, to the many, an insuperable objection. The thought had occurred to me, that as the constituents of sea-water are known, it might be practicable to manufacture it, since all that seemed necessary was to bring together the salts in proper proportion, and add pure water till the solution was of the proper specific gravity. Several scientific friends, to whom I mentioned my thoughts, expressed their doubts of the possibility of the manufacture, and one or two went so far as to say that it had been tried, but that it had been found not to answer; that though it looked like sea-water, tasted, smelt like the right thing, yet it would not support animal life. Still, I could not help saying, with the lawyers: "If not, why not?"'

Mr Gosse took Schweitzer's analysis of sea-water for his guide. In 1000 grains of sea-water taken at Brighton, it gave:—Water, 964·744; chloride of sodium, 27·059; chloride of magnesium, 3·666; chloride of potassium, 0·765; bromide of magnesium, 0·059; sulphate of magnesia, 2·295; sulphate of lime, 1·402; carbonate of lime, 0·033. Total, 999·998.

The bromide of magnesium, and the carbonate of lime, he neglected from the minuteness of their quantities—the former is not found in the water of the Mediterranean—and the sulphate of lime he likewise ventured to omit, on account of its extreme insolubility and the smallness of the quantity contained in the Mediterranean water. The component parts were thus reduced to four, which he used in the following quantities:—Common table salt, 3½ ounces; Epsom salt, ¼ ounce; chloride of magnesium, 200 grains troy; chloride of potassium, 40 grains troy. To these, four quarts of water were added. The cost was about 3d. per gallon; but if large quantities were made, it would be reduced to a maximum of 5d. per gallon.

His manufacture took place on the 21st of April. On the following day he poured off about half the quantity (filtering it through a sponge in a glass funnel), into a confectioner's show-glass; covering the bottom with small shore-pebbles, well washed in fresh water, and one or two fragments of stone, with fronds of green sea-weed (*Ulva latissima*) growing thereon. 'I would not at once venture upon the admission of animals,' says he, 'as I wished the water to be first somewhat impregnated with the scattered spores of the

\* *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, July 1854.

*alga*; and I thought, that if any subtle elements were thrown off from growing vegetables, the water should have the advantage of it before the entrance of animal life. This, too, is the order of nature: plants first, then animals. A coating of the green spores was soon deposited on the sides of the glass; and bubbles of oxygen were copiously thrown off every day under the excitement of the sun's light. After a week, therefore, I ventured to put in animals, consisting of species of *Actinia*, *Bowerbankia*, *Cellularia*, *Balanus*, *Serpula*, &c., along with some red sea-weeds. The whole thrived and flourished from day to day, manifesting the highest health and vigour, which induced the addition of extra specimens to the Vivarium.

After the lapse of a sufficient time to test thoroughly the adaptability of the manufactured water to the exigencies of its inhabitants, Mr Gosse thus reports:— 'Six weeks have now elapsed since the introduction of the animals. I have just carefully searched over the jar as well as I could do it without disturbing the contents. I find every one of the species and specimens in high health, with the exception of some of the *Polyzoa*—namely, *Crisea aculeata*, *Collepora pumicosa*, and *Pedicellina Belgica*. These I cannot find, and I therefore conclude that they have died out; though, if I chose to disturb the stones and weeds, I might possibly detect them. These trifling defalcations do in no wise interfere with the conclusion, that the experiment of manufacturing sea-water for the aquarium has been perfectly successful.'

#### OUR SONNETEERS.

In looking back on those rhymists who have given us thoughts and images worthy of lasting remembrance within the narrow compass of fourteen lines, we are by no means disposed to adopt the Johnsonian reading of the word sonneteer, as implying 'a small or petty poet.' To countenance such a heresy, would be to proclaim that, while 'brevity is the soul of wit,' diffuseness is the spirit of poetry. All our best poets, those whose more extended flights of genius have been the happiest, have excelled in the sonnet—witness Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and numerous others among our own prized English writers, to say nothing of Petrarch and his brother poets abroad. Within the restricted fourteen lines, the cause of the despised sonnet has been nobly defended by the poet Wordsworth—

Scorn not the Sonnet: critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours: with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
Camœns soothed with it an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow: a glowworm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The sonnet, from its very brevity, and from its completeness within itself, has an advantage over other forms of poetry—in its power of readily ingrafting itself on the memory; and, when in its perfection, it possesses a charming succession of cadences which find their echo in the awakened poetic sense, long after its music has died upon the ear. Who can read aloud Milton's fine sonnet on the *Massacre in Piedmont*, without feeling stirred as by the clang of some far-off battle? With

the opening lines, the majestic flow of the verse sweeps over the sense with a peal like the distant roll of artillery—

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

Even those master-minds that, in spite of their undoubted claim to the divinity of poetic inspiration, have been justly accused of obscurity and mysticism in their more prolonged efforts, have yet rayed out perfectly clear and transparent when using the sonnet form of versification as the medium of thought. The more ambitious works of these brilliant but fiftful geniuses confuse us with their very wealth of imagery and wild licence of commingling fancies. To attempt to fathom their 'deep obscure' is bewildering. It is like gazing on a summer-night sky when the myriads of heaven's lesser lights are glancing, crowd upon crowd, from the deep blue above us, till the sense aches with the diffused splendour of those countless worlds of beauty. But, closer to the moon's orb, we see perchance some planet of a more distinct and concentrated glory—and here we have a type of that gem of poetic creation, the 'scorned' and despised sonnet. Within its narrow scope of words, but wide-reaching realm of thought, the finger no longer runs heedlessly after a meteoric fantasy: he has neither time nor space to go in search of a mere Will-o'-the-wisp. The Puck of Fancy, that freaksome, tricky sprite, must be caught, caged, and tamed: Imagination must be the slave, Reason the lord-paramount of the hour. With all Coleridge's unquestioned power, we can hardly persuade ourselves that the following sonnet is from his hand:—

Gently I took that which ungently came,  
And without scorn forgave: do thou the same.  
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark  
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.  
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,  
Fear *that*—the spark self-kindled from within,  
Which, blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,  
Or, smothered, stifle thee with noisome air.  
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,  
And soon the ventilated spirit finds  
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenned,  
Or, worse than foe, an alienated friend,  
A rib of dry-rot in thy ship's stout side,  
Think it God's message, and in humble pride  
With heart of oak replace it—thine the gains—  
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

What a world of forceful thought lies here! These are the truths that speak to the soul through the medium of a few ringing words, more powerfully than all the field-preaching in the universe. Who, after reading those words, could go incontinently and commit an unworthy action? There is a sonnet of Byron's, whose recollection lingers with us in our moments of higher musing, and which exhibits a striking instance of a poet's power to exalt and ennoble, through an appeal to the better portion of our nature. We allude to the

sonnet addressed to George IV. upon the reversal of the attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:—

To be the father of the fatherless,  
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise  
His offspring, who expired in other days  
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less—  
This is to be a monarch, and repress  
Envy into unutterable praise.  
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,  
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?  
Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet  
To make thyself beloved? and to be  
Omnipotent by mercy's means? For thus  
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete;  
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,  
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Once more to quote Wordsworth, the most prolific of our modern sonneteers, we would instance his description of a London morning in a sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, as a proof of the power residing in this species of composition, to present a perfect picture, which shall leave its trace indelibly on the mind, or to enforce the impress of some single feeling never to be effaced. You stand with the poet where he stood—on that bridge spanning the waters; you see with his eyes and feel with his heart. The smoke of the great city is not. You hail 'the beauty of the morning' in its clear, unscullied glory, rising over the sleeping city-world. The hush of a deep repose, undisturbed yet by the noisy jar of crowding life and riot cares, rests wherever the gazer turns. You feel, with your spirit-guide—for such ever is the true poet, and Wordsworth is of the truest—that around and about on every side lie the dwellings of fellow-mortals; for it is in the, *here* pardonable, familiarity of the epithet, 'dear God,' that you are made to feel at once that you are looking not alone on empty 'towers, domes, and temples,' but where the 'mighty heart' of humanity is beating silently in many a slumbering homestead.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair.  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky—  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

After such instances as are here given of the higher and nobler purposes to which this same 'pipe' has been tuned, we hesitate—however heretical may appear such a dereliction of our bounden duty as his true worshippers—to introduce a single specimen of the sonnets of Shakespeare. Beautiful as these small niches are, they yet shew insignificant beside the colossal figures of his dramatic canvas. Shakespeare, whose every line could be pregnant, when he so willed, needed not to present to us men's minds cramped within the focus of this 'glowworm lamp.' The rarest dissector, and wisest and most profound expositor of the human heart, shews, in his indulgence of the sonnet form of composition, like a very Achilles sporting and trifling with his own strength—a hero in his softest mood, discoursing sweet harmony by means of this 'small lute,' while toying with Amaryllis in the shade. The form in which poets of less transcendent genius have embodied their loftiest aspirations, was to him but the outlet of personal feeling—the only escape for, and relief to, that natural egotism

which never obtruded itself into the higher conceptions of his genius. As such, they have a value independent of their extreme intrinsic beauty; but being so, are rather the body-effigy than spirit-mind of the Swan of Avon. For the present, therefore, we resign them to that 'Silence,' at once eloquent and dumb, which has been so aptly and well depicted by the pen of Richard Flecknoe:—

Still-born Silence! thou that art  
Floodgate of the deeper heart;  
Offspring of a heavenly land,  
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind;  
Secrecy's confidant, and he  
That makes religion mystery;  
Admiration's speakingest tongue—  
Leave, thy desert shades among,  
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,  
Where retired devotion dwells—  
With thy enthusiasms come,  
Seize our hearts, and strike us dumb!

#### TOYS AND GAMES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

I was amused here by watching a child playing with a popgun, made of bamboo, similar to that of quill, with which most English children are familiar, which people pellets by means of a spring-trigger made of the upper part of the quill. It is easy to conclude such resemblances between the familiar toys of different countries to be accidental; but I question their being really so. On the plains of India, men may often be seen for hours together flying 'what with us are children's kits; and I procured a Jews-harp from Tibet. These are not the toys of savages, but the amusements of people more than half-civilised, and with whom we have had indirect communication from the earliest ages. The Lepchas play at quills, using slates for the purpose; and at the Highland game of 'putting the stone' and 'drawing the stone.' Chess, dice, draughts, hockey, and battle-door and shuttle, are all Indo-Chinese or Tartarian; and no one better with the wonderful instances of similarity between the monasteries, ritual, ceremonies, attributes, vestments, and other paraphernalia of the Eastern and Western Churches, can fail to acknowledge the importance of recording the most trifling analogies or similarities between the manners and customs of the young as well as of the old. *Himalayan Journal.*

#### YOUTHFULNESS OF PUBLIC MEN IN ENGLAND.

I could not help thinking, as I looked around me at many men whom I had heard of historically all my life, how very much less they bear the marks of age than men who have been connected a similar length of time with the movements of our country. This appearance of youthfulness and alertness has a constantly deceptive influence upon one in England. I cannot realise that people as old as history states them to be. In the prompt company, there were men of sixty or seventy, whom I should have pronounced, at first glance, to be fifty. Generally speaking, our working-minds seem to wear out their bodies faster, perhaps because our climate is more stimulating; more, perhaps, from the intense stimulus of our political régime, which never leaves anything long at rest. The tone of manners in this distinguished circle did not obtrude itself upon my mind as different from that of highly-educated people in our own country. It appeared simple, friendly, natural, and sincere. They talked like people who thought of what they were saying rather than how to say it. The practice of thorough culture and good-breeding is substantially the same through the world, though smaller conventionalities may differ. *—Mrs Stowe's Sunny Memories.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 50 Upper Beakville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 37.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## OUR JACK.

OUR JACK is as well known as the parish-school he went to with so much reluctance, and at which he stood distinguished as the greatest dunce and the best fighter of all the scholars. He was always either getting into some scrape, or trying to get off from some penal task, which for the life of him he never could execute; so he would throw down his book, play the truant, and run up so awful a reckoning, that it had to be scored on his back. There used to be always somebody coming with complaints to his widowed mother, about what he had been doing to somebody's lad; and she used always to say: 'I'll give it him—that I will: he shall have such a talking to as he never had in the whole course of his life, the instant he comes in—that he shall.' Then when Our Jack came in, his mother did give it him—that she did; and he calmly heard her to the end, hurrying charge upon charge, and running question into question, until she was fairly out of breath through enumerating the number of punishments she had 'a good mind' to inflict upon him; and then Our Jack began to get a word in 'edgeways,' as he said. 'Didn't that woman's boy fetch little lame Bill a rap, and when I told him he was a coward to go and hit a littler boy nor himself, and one that was a poor cripple, didn't he say as how he would do it again if he liked; and when he went for to hit little Bill again, and he ran crying to me not to let him, then he caught it;' and Our Jack's dark hazel eyes would flash again, as he added: 'And I'll give him more next time he meddles with lame Bill, though he is biggerer than I be's; and he may go home and tell his mother again—the coward.' Though Our Jack understands nothing about protocols and ultimatum, yet, when he sees oppression and wrong, he fires up at once; and the time he gives to answer his 'yes' or 'no,' is while he throws his head back and raises his clenched fists, and if they do not at once ran like scalded cats from the principalities he protects, he is down upon them with his one, two, three. Our Jack, indeed, makes short work of it. Still, he is naturally good-tempered, though, as his dear old doting mother says: 'He takes after his poor father, who was a little hasty at times, but it was soon over.' His schoolmaster had a way of giving his head a kind of hopeless shake whenever he alluded to Our Jack, though he would sometimes add: 'He's a good heart—a noble-hearted lad, but a sad, sad dunce.' He was the umpire in all boyish games, and in feats of skill and strength stood unrivalled; and was to those who tried to cheat their lesser companions at marbles, buttons, or pitch-and-

toss, in the presence of Our Jack, for his jacket-sleeves were furled up in a moment whenever there was a wrong to redress!

Our Jack's greatest fault was a love of water: as his mother used to say: 'He ought to have been born a fish, for he's always a-dabbling in it, making boats of everything he can lay his hands on, the instant my back's turned. He has swum my boots, my bonnet, and my bread-pan; tried how much sugar my basin would carry, and sunk it; served my tea and coffee canisters the same. I've many and many a time found my cups, and saucers, and dishes, at the bottom of the water-butt, and my mustard-pot and pepper-box sunk in the pail; while, if there was a shower of rain, he would send every morsel of firewood, every cork in the house, and indeed everything that would swim, into the gutter, and down the street, and shout and clap his hands like one demented, if his little ships, as he used to call them, beat his big ones. As for his cap and shoes, bless you! they were seldom either on his head or on his feet: if he came to a ditch, a horse-trough, or a pond, off they would come, and in they would go; and the only wonder is, that he hasn't caught his death o' cold over and over again. He ought to have been born a fish, he's so fond of the water.' And, like Jack's schoolmaster, his fond old mother would finish with a mournful shake of the head.

A good-natured farmer took Our Jack, and employed him to fetch up the cattle to water, scare away the birds from the corn, and be a little Gibeonite on the farm; and for a time he went on admirably, until one day he was sent to the distant market-town—a small seaport—with the wagoner, and from that hour, as his dear old mother often said afterwards, with the tears in her eyes, 'he was a changed lad.' All he had hitherto known of ships and sailors was through books and prints, but having once seen them, Our Jack's old occupation was gone. From morning to night, he was making boats, and swimming them wherever water was to be found; he even cut off the skirts of his smock-frock, to make sails for his little ships, and to give what remained more the appearance of a sailor's jacket; while every piece of wood he could lay hold of he converted into a boat; and it was marvellous how he managed, with only his pocket-knife, to cut them into such beautiful forms. Our Jack had his boyish admirers, who were ever eager to accompany him to swim his boats, and wade into ponds to fetch them back when they were becalmed in the middle or did not blow to shore; and amongst these were one or two of rather bad character. If a stray hen had laid in the fields, they would take the eggs, and now and then go the length of robbing an orchard. One

ill-starred hour they persuaded Our Jack to join in the depredation; and he consented to keep watch within the orchard-gate, while they made booty of the owner's choicest golden pippins. If the proprietor came, Jack was to whistle, and keep him on the run round the trees until his vagabond companions escaped through a gap in the hedge. The owner came, and Our Jack was captured: he was promised both pardon and reward if he would give up the names of his accomplices, but Jack would not; so, with a smart box of the ear, and a threat that he should be transported, the culprit was dismissed. That threat decided the fate of Our Jack; on the following morning, he was missing. He had written down his crime on a slate, in his large ungainly school-boy hand, and left it on the table, praying for his mother's and the farmer's forgiveness, and promising in future to be a good lad, and begging of her to pray for him while away. Round spots on the letters shewed where the tears had fallen while he wrote.

Another day came, and closing her cottage-shutter, and leaving the key under the door, the sad-hearted mother set out in her weather-stained scarlet cloak to search for Our Jack. She made her way towards the little seaport, inquiring at almost every cottage and toll-gate she passed, and of nearly every traveller she met; but no one had seen him. At length she met the village carrier returning. Jack had ridden part of the way with him; he had gone to sea. The carrier knew the captain who had taken him; the ship sailed that very morning; he had shaken hands with Our Jack as he went on board. The carrier made no mention of the half-crown he had given the boy, nor how well he had treated him on the road. So the dear old woman returned, and sat down by her solitary cottage-hearth to bemoan the loss of Our Jack. The farmer whose orchard he had helped to rob was one of the first who called to comfort her, and he expressed his regret that he had used a threat which he never intended to execute, as he feared it had driven him away. But her constant comforter was the joiner's pretty little daughter, who lived opposite, and who was always quarrelling and fighting with Our Jack, running in squealing whenever he pursued her, and running after him again the instant his back was turned on her. She seemed as if she could not bear him, and yet was never happy unless when teasing him. She had been the cause of his fighting both her brothers, whom he always thrashed. He had tumbled her among her father's chips, rolled her in his sawdust, spoiled her frocks with paint, emptied the glue-pot on her hair, been beaten by her father, scolded by her mother, and yet there the little maiden was beside the widow, shedding tears of sympathy when she saw her weeping for the loss of Our Jack.

Time wore away; the joiner's daughter grew taller and prettier; the widow became resigned; but excepting a few trifling presents, and a short letter or two which had been left at the inn where the village carrier 'put up,' his mother received no further tidings of Our Jack, nor had he been more than once to the little seaport from which he first embarked.

Three years elapsed, and there came a longer letter, with an order to draw a sum of money every six months at the banker's in the market-town. He had got a berth on board H.M.S. something or other—the schoolmaster said *Vulcan*; the clergyman, *Vulture*; the little tailor read *Valiant*; but Our Jack wrote such a strange 'scrawming hand,' as his dear mother called it, 'that it might mean any manner of things.' On turning to the purser's order for the money, it was found to be the *Valiant*, bound for the African coast to intercept slavers. Two more years, and with an increase in the money she drew, there came a rich

shawl, which would have become his dear old mother about as well as the dress of a Bloomer; and a pair of beautiful stuffed birds for the joiner's pretty daughter, who had sent 'her respects' in his mother's letters. The birds were in the attitude of fighting, which caused the pretty maiden to laugh, for she said 'that was what she was always a-doing with Our Jack;' but her mother said 'she had a good cry over them' when she placed them on her chest of drawers in her bedroom. The farmer whose orchard Jack helped to rob, had sent out his best wishes, and had received in return a basket of curious shells, which, as he said, 'made his parlour look as fine as fivepence.' More letters and presents from time to time, with orders for more money than his dear old mother knew how to spend, and so seven years passed away since he first left home. Meantime, the joiner's pretty daughter had rejected many offers, and grown into the sweetest flower of the village. Another June came on in her chariot of roses, and a smell of new hay hung around the picturesque hamlet, which the carrier's cart was entering two or three hours before sunset, with a beautiful parrot in an immense cage, fastened on the tilt of his vehicle, and a long stuffed sword-fish that hung partly over the shaft-horse, which, with the leader, was decorated with bows of blue ribbons. All the village was out to look at the parrot, the sword-fish, and the horses; and from the hurrahs of the carrier, and the waving of his hat, they knew that 'he had had his lounce'—meaning that he was pretty tipsy. And while he shouted, a voice from inside the tilted cart kept calling on the horses to move 'larboard or starboard,' which they, like very wise horses, paid no regard to. With half the villagers behind and around, the cart at last halted before the cottage where Our Jack's mother resided, and then both the carrier and his passenger called out lustily: 'Ship ahoy!' Then the dear old woman came out in her spectacles, thinking he had brought her another letter; and the pretty maiden came tripping from over the way, ready to read it to her, as she had always done; when a tall, handsome sailor, as brown as a hunchestnut, sprang with a bound from the cart-shaft, and knocking off her spectacles as he threw his brave arms round her, exclaimed: 'Dear mother; while, in a tremulous voice, as she raised her eyes to heaven, she uttered the words: 'My son, my dear son!' and all the villagers said: 'Why, it's Our Jack!' and the pretty maiden recrossed the road, scarlet with blushes, and with a new and strange sensation beating about her heart. She had never dreamed he could have grown so handsome, so bold, and manly-looking. As for Our Jack, he had not even noticed her—he had no eyes, no ears, no words for any one saving his dear old mother. The first interview over, there was the carrier's cart to unload; and many a long month had elapsed since the old man had brought such a load, for it was half filled with the presents brought by Our Jack, who had something for everybody whose name he could remember—coral, shells, curious sea-weed, stuffed birds and fishes, skins, Indian ornaments, besides more costly articles; for his ship had taken several prizes, and his own share of the money amounted to a goodly sum, as he had already risen to the rank of mate. Meantime, the old carrier had shewn to the wondering rustics the new silver watch which Jack had given him; and told them how Jack had vowed he would hire a chaise and pair to carry him home, and not ride with him, if he wouldn't take it as a keepsake.

Partly to ease his fine overflowing heart, and hide the tears which would keep falling, Our Jack went out into the little garden to look at it once more. What numbers of times he had recalled that old lilac-tree, with the bees murmuring amid its bloom in spring; that rose-tree covered, as he then saw it, with summer roses; the vine he had trained on the cottage-wall, and often wondered if it were hung with purple grapes in

autumn; the holly, from which he had gathered crimson berries in winter—and which were all there, though thrice the size since he left home! Ah, how often had they appeared to his 'inward eye' while keeping watch at sea! The sun setting on the cottage-window; the daisy-covered field beyond the garden-hedge; the old thorn, with its moonlight-coloured May-blossoms, with the singing of the birds in those golden mornings, had come back upon his waking thoughts, and mingled with his dreams when he lay basking under hatches on the African coast, or riding through the swell of stormier seas. And while these thoughts again passed through his mind, bright eyes were watching him from over the way, peeping out of a corner of the blind, half shy, half shy—her heart as ready to romp as ever it was, but its wild fluttering reined back by maiden modesty; her merry laughter as ready to leap out of her lips as when, in his rough play, he tore the frock from her shoulders, but withheld by a womanly seriousness, which seemed to have deepened since his return. And now Jack's mother joins him in the garden, and tells him all about her—how she attended her in a long illness, and was like a daughter to her, sitting up by night, and watching over her by day; and her eyes fill as she clasps his tar-stained hand, adding: 'But for her, Jack, I should have been laid beside your father in the green churchyard. She has been like a dear daughter to me, as well as a loving nurse. I have sent for her to come and take tea with you; but she's turned so shy all at once, that I can't get her to come over.'

Passing his hand across his eyes, while a smile chases away the momentary sadness, Our Jack says he'll try what he can do to persuade her; and over the way he goes, carrying with him the rich shawl he has brought for her mother, and the curious pipe and real foreign tobacco for her father. He stays a long time, and his dear mother begins to grow fidgety in watching for them from the window. At last they come; he brings home his prize: arm-in-arm they come! Happy Jack! happy maiden! joyous old mother! There was some difficulty in getting her to come down stairs: the mother tried, and the father tried in vain, and it was only through Jack coming to the stair-foot at last and saying: 'Come, Mary, I can't go to sea again without bidding you good-by,' that she came. As she put her little, honest, hard-working hand in his, and said: 'I'm glad to see you back again,' and just raised for a moment her timid eyes, he caught something of the old expression of their squealing, romping days, when they fought and made it up again—a little of the old arch harmless wickedness which was even then endearing, as shewing her bold and fearless spirit. Then they were left together for a few minutes. There were traces of tears in her eyes after the interview; but never were they followed by so soft, so sweet, so sunny a smile, as when she came out of the parlour hanging on his arm, and he, in his blunt, honest, sailor-like way, said to her parents: 'She's consented to be my partner in the cruise through life, if you'll allow it.' They understood enough of his nautical imagery to give their consent, and he led her home to his mother triumphant.

Then he inquired after his old school-fellows and playmates, and sighed over the memory of those that were dead; and the next morning he stood all alone in the village church-yard, having cleared the low wall with a stride and a skip, and given his trousers a hitch, and paced about with folded arms and rocking gait, as when he walked the deck at sea. And as he thought of those who lay there, and the messmates he had seen lowered into the deep—and above all, of the tarry topman who was his sworn brother, and whose eyes he had closed—tears stood in his eyes, as if at a loss which way to flow along those hardy, sun-tanned cheeks, which neither fear nor danger could furrow.

He promised to visit the mother of his dead shipmate; and will, no matter how remote the distance, or great the cost, bear to her his dying wishes; for the promise made to his messmate is sacred in the eyes of OUR JACK.

### TURKEY IN LONDON.

TURKEY in Europe, Turkey in Asia, Turkey in Africa, we have been familiar with since school-boy days; and now, if we have no Turkey in Russia, there are at least much talkings and sundry doings about Russians in Turkey. Turkey in London, however, is rather a novel idea, and a very good idea too. There have been panoramas and tableaux in abundance concerning the 'City of the Sultan,' and the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles, and the Balkan, and so forth; but just at present there is something more immediately instructive than these, and more approaching to the character of Turkey in London. We are speaking of the Turkish Museum, recently opened in the building formerly appropriated to the Chinese Exhibition, at Hyde Park Corner.

We have frequently regretted that the collection just named, the Chinese Exhibition, was not secured in some way for permanent preservation in the metropolis. We regarded it as one of the very best exhibitions ever opened in London. It presented to us, in a singularly perspicuous manner, the features, the dresses, the ornaments, the rooms, the shops, the wares, the tools, the implements, the employments, the amusements, the idols, the books, the pictures, of that remarkable Asiatic people, by means of examples and illustrations which had been collected at great expense and under circumstances of no little difficulty. Where the collection is at present, we do not know: in 1851, it experienced a sort of revival to catch a few of the Hyde Park visitors as they returned through Knightsbridge; but there were some small-footed living Chinese added, and a few little bits of quackery, which took away from the real dignity of the collection: it had a sort of tinsel about it unlike the Chinese Collection of earlier years. What a fine thing it would be if the Sydenham Company, under their vast crystal roof, could illustrate nations in some such way as this, superadded to the illustrations by means of ethnology, botany, architecture, and sculpture!

However, *revenons à nos Turques*. The St George's Gallery, wherein the Turkish Museum is exhibited, is well suited for the purpose. It is a room about 220 feet in length by 40 in width, lighted by a sort of lantern-roof, which leaves ample exhibiting space beneath. By means of twelve or fifteen pillars ranged on either side of a kind of central nave, the sides are divided off into convenient square portions, which can be fitted up into rooms, shops, or other compartments for groups. Whether the proprietors are one or many, English or Turkish, is not publicly announced; but two Turks are named as managers of the museum—C. Oscanyon and S. Aznavour; and there are both Turks and Armenians among the intelligent clerical within the building. The catalogue gives to Mr James Boggi—an Italian, we presume—all the credit for the production of the waxen Turks forming the collection. In the introduction to the catalogue—which we may say, *en passant*, is above the level of exhibition catalogues, generally, in merit—it is stated that the rapidly changing character of many things in Turkey has been

one of the motives to the formation of the present museum: 'It is to be regretted by all lovers of the beautiful and picturesque, that the magnificent costumes of the Osmanlis have nearly all been superseded by the more convenient but less graceful European modes of dress; and it is the object of the present effort to secure to the world, while they are yet passing away, some remembrances, with their peculiar originality, of a nation which has been from time immemorial—not quite immemorial, we should say—'so interesting and attractive. The different grades in life—the officers under government, civil, religious, and military—the various trades and callings, and individuals of both sexes—were formerly, each and all, designated by a peculiar style and appearance. The janizaries, or the militia of the country, were also habited in various costumes, according to their ranks and employments; so that to renew and present to the public all these personages as they walked and talked a few years ago, is to establish a lasting monument to the gorgeous taste of the Ottoman nation as it existed for so many centuries.' This preliminary remark is not altogether unnecessary, for the waxen Turks at the museum shew the Ottomans at a time when the Turks were Turks, and not blue-coated, tight-trousered, Wellington-booted semi-Europeans, clipped of their fine, lazy, flowing orientalisms.

If the attempt here made were simply to illustrate the costume of the Turks in the times now passing away, the interest would be limited to one single social element; but the buildings, rooms, vehicles, furniture, and various implements and utensils, are also illustrated in a way of which we will endeavour to give some account.

One of the first objects seen on entering the gallery, is a *Hamam* or *Hammam*, or Turkish bath, copied with great exactness from those which are now in use at Constantinople. There are two rooms, fitted either with the very appliances themselves, or with good imitations of them. One has a kind of lantern-roof; while the other is lighted by about a dozen small, round, glazed apertures in a domed ceiling: one is the saloon, and the other the bath. The saloon, in which the bathers dress and undress, is an apartment surrounded on three sides by elevated platforms, on which are placed mattresses and cushions. The clothes belonging to each bather are wrapped in a shawl, with his own turban at the top, to designate them. In a real Turkish bath, the bather, wrapped in towels, passes from the saloon to the *halvet*, or tepidarium, where he reclines on cushions, to accustom himself to the high temperature; but the *halvet* is omitted at this museum, and we are shewn only the saloon and the bath. The bath-room contains a marble platform in the middle, on which the bather lies while being rubbed or shampooed; when rubbed into a perspiration, he moves to another platform, where he sits while an attendant dashes bowls of hot and cold water upon him, and rubs him with a silken cloth until his skin assumes all the Oriental softness of which we have read so much. After a due course of sloughing and rubbing, he is wrapped in towels; he reclines upon the cushions in the saloons, and luxuriates on sherbet or coffee and pipes, until he dresses and departs. Now, so far as can well be done, all this is represented at the museum by waxen figures, presenting something more than the usual amount of expression. There are, among the figures, a janizary about to take a bath; a man reposing on the cushions after a bath; a *tellak*, or attendant, fanning him;

another attendant inviting other visitors; the *hamam*, or bath-proprietor, sitting near his counter, in which is a slit for receiving money; a bather being shampooed, and a *tellak* pressing and squeezing him in the manner which constitutes shampooing; another bather being rubbed with the silken cloth, and a *tellak* rubbing him. Besides the *personnel*, the *matériel* is well represented. There are specimens of different kinds of towels used at the baths; the drying-stove for the towels; *na'vus* or high clogs to protect the feet from the heated floor; the *tass*, or bowl, with which the water is poured on the bather; a brass bowl for soap-suds; a silken mop wherewith to apply the suds, &c.

Next to the Turkish bath is a Turkish *kahvé*, or coffee-house, not less characteristic of an Oriental people. It is a regular little coffee-shop, with door, and windows, and roof. Looking into the interior, we meet with an exact fac-simile of such places in Constantinople. The Turk is not a great eater, but he must have his *kahvé* and *tchibouk*, not only once but several times a day. The coffee-shops are very numerous in Constantinople, each having its own regular set of customers, who regard it as a kind of casino, club-house, or Exchange, where they discuss politics, transact business, and gossip about things in general. The coffee-shop has an elevated platform round three of its sides, with cushions for the visitors; in one corner is an elevated fireplace for the preparation of the coffee; and near it is an array of the tiny cups in which the coffee is served, holding not more than an ordinary wine-glass, with their brass or silver stands, like egg-cups; around the fireplace are shelves on which are arranged the *tchibouks* and *narghilis* for the smokers. The *kahvé* is also a barber's shop, in which the barber plies his varied avocations of shaver, hairdresser, dentist, bleeder, cupper, and leecher. By an ingenious arrangement of grassy turf and flowers in pots, a little garden has been formed by the side of the *kahvé*, to afford an idea of the real arrangement at Constantinople. The figures are such as will suffice to illustrate the living elements of such a scene as this. Here we find the barber busily at work on the cranium of an Osmanli, shaving off every vestige of a hair; a Turk sitting on a cushion, sipping a cup of coffee; a *tabby*, or attendant, serving coffee to the customers; and two persons squatting on the grass in the garden, playing at backgammon. We catch a glimpse also of the implements and vessels—such as a Turkish coffee-pot; the cups and stands; the box for containing ground coffee; the *narghilli*, and its *narpidge* or tube; a dressing-case, a looking-glass, a Turkish razor, a comb, a soap-stand, a water-jar, a suspension-candlestick, &c.

A group near the *kahvé* illustrates features and costumes rather than employments. It represents seven persons concerned in an Armenian wedding. The Armenians, although their nominal country is in Asia Minor, are scattered all over the East, somewhat resembling the Jews in their wanderings, although themselves Christians. Being active and intelligent, they constitute the real men of business in Turkey: they are the bankers, the merchants, the traders, without whom the Turks, the Osmanlis, would make rather a sorry figure in business. There are said to be no fewer than 200,000 Armenians in Constantinople alone. Their religion and their domestic usages are scrupulously respected by the Turkish authorities; indeed, without this they would not remain in Turkey at all. The marriage-ceremonies are peculiar; but in the museum they are illustrated only so far as costume is concerned. There is the bride, muffled and tinselled in her bridal-costume, which completely hides her face; there are her bridesmaids—an Armenian lady on one side, and an Albanian lady on the other; there is the Armenian patriarch, who performs the marriage-ceremony; there is the bridegroom, in an Armenian dress of somewhat earlier times than the present; there is a

friend who gives away the bride; and who, according to Armenian custom, becomes sponsor to any children of the married pair; and there is a Greek guest or visitor.

Having seen how the Armenians marry, we may next see how the Turks eat. Four Turkish grandees are seated round a low table; they slip their legs under an overhanging cloth, and dip into a dish in common. Cloth, napkins, knives, forks, plates, glasses—there are none of these; a few such innovations are to be met with at Constantinople; but a Turkish meal is better pictured without them. The Turks, well-to-do in life, have many dishes at table, but small: they contain soups; *pilafs* of rice; *paklavah*, or a peculiar kind of pastry; *mohalleby*, or blanc-mange; *kébab*s, or little pieces of roast meat; macaroni, jelly, entremets of vegetables and meats cooked together, fish, fowl, sweet dishes; while around the edge of the table or tray are ranged small dishes of fruit, pickles, anchovies, cheese, and small loaves of brown bread. It would have been difficult to give or to represent the eatables in the museum group: but we have the diners; the copper tray which serves as a table; the stand whereon the tray is placed; a pitcher and basin for washing hands; a Turkish dinner-set—spoons, water-mug, bread-baskets; and lastly, an *ayvaz*, or servant, attending on the guests.

Next come a group of janizaries, illustrating the dresses, the arms, and other peculiarities of that remarkable portion of the Turkish people. The janizaries, as is generally known to ordinary readers, were a military body, formed some centuries ago by Sultan Amurath, as a kind of body-guard, or household troops, near the sultan; but they became too powerful, and were massacred to a man by Mahmoud, the father of the present sultan. There are upwards of twenty janizaries here represented—privates, chief of the city-guard, colonel, lieutenant, runner, cook, water-bearer, serjeant-at-arms, &c.—all attired just as those functionaries were wont to be; and a queer set of dresses they certainly are. There are also five figures representing functionaries in the regular Turkish army, with the dresses worn before the recent changes.

It is not the least curious among the circumstances of Turkey at the present day, that the European costume is gradually superseding the Oriental, in the palace as well as in the army. Here, in this museum, we see how marked was the difference of dress, according to the rank and office held by the individual. Among several groups is one of palace-attendants. There is the *solak-bashi*, or chief of the orderlies; the *bash-ichavoush*, or serjeant-at-arms; the *hasseky*, or outdoor attendant; the *shatir*, or officer of woods and forests; the *bostangee-bashi*, or chief of the body-guards. Then, again, among the religious functionaries of the palace, are the *mollah-hunkiar*, or chaplain to the sultan; the basin-bearer and the jug-bearer, for the purposes of the sultan's ablution before prayers; the *muezzin*, or announcer of the hour of prayer; the turban-bearer and the stool-bearer. All these indicate, by their remarkable costume, the nature of their respective offices, or at least they would do so to the eye of an official Turk. But this is still more exemplified by a gorgeous group which occupies a large space in the centre of the gallery. This is a *divan*, or Turkish cabinet council in the time of Sultan Mahmoud. The sultan is seated on a *dais*, and is surrounded by the great officers of state, about twenty-four in number. Nothing can exceed the diversity of form and colour in the dresses worn by these functionaries; most of them are splendid, some ugly, but none of them European. It affords a striking contrast to see, near this *divan*, the isolated figure of the present sultan, Abdul Megid Khan. With his plain frock-coat, his tight trousers drawn over his French leather boots, and his plain blue military-cloak, he is a quiet European gentleman, with nothing Oriental about him except his *fez* or red cap.

He looks like anything but a regular Turk of the Blue-Beard cast.

One of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the museum admits us into the harem, or female department of a Turkish palace. There are two apartments—a sleeping-room and a reception-saloon; and the taste and elegance displayed in the whole arrangement are worthy of notice. In the sleeping-apartment, there is a lady sitting close to a *tandour*, or Turkish stove, and pencilling her eyebrows with black; and there is an unhappy infant, packed up in swaddling-clothes as tight as a parcel to go by railway, and carried in the arms of a nurse as black as ebony. In the room is an elegant silken and embroidered bed, of a richness which none but Orientals are accustomed to indulge in; and a Turkish cradle, fine enough in all conscience, but with plentiful strappings to confine the little victim within it; and a small round table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, whereon candlesticks, night-lamps, or water-jugs may be placed; a lady's toilet-glass; and *naluns*, or high clogs, such as ladies wear when walking over the marble floors. But the reception-saloon is yet more striking, from the number of figures and the luxury everywhere displayed. One of the figures is the *fatma sultana*, or daughter of the sultan; another is a *kadun*, one of the sultan's wives or ladies; three others are ladies-in-waiting, holding trays, coffee-cups, and coffee apparatus, most of which are exceedingly elegant; two others are dancing-girls, one a child of great beauty, and both having *castanets*; while the last figure in the group is the *kuzlar-lar-aghasi*, or head black eunuch—a fellow as black as he is stout, as ugly as he is black, and as watchful as he is ugly: they have even gone so far as to give him rolling eyes, moved by clock-work, so that he becomes a very terrible defender of the choice contents of the harem. All these figures are dressed with great richness—the jewels and the other costly ornaments being, of course, only imitative. The furniture and accessories present, in like manner, a luxurious appearance; and altogether this ladies' domain is very attractive.

A shoe-bazaar affords us a little insight into the shopkeeping arrangements of the Turks. At Constantinople, and other Oriental towns, as is pretty generally known, the principal traders congregate in *bazaars*—long streets covered with arched roofs. There are thus the spice-bazaar, the silk-bazaar, the calico-bazaar, the pipe-bazaar, the shoe-bazaar, and many others. Each dealer has a stall in his appropriate bazaar, behind which is often a small room, and he sits before his shelves on a sort of elevated platform. He has no shop-window; all is open to the passers-by; and a most busy and exciting scene it is, as all travellers assure us. In this shoe-bazaar, there is the *kaffak*, or shoemaker, squatting down, as Turks love to squat; while near him is a lady trying on a pair of slippers, in an attitude which, to European ladies, would appear neither convenient nor decorous. The shelves of the shop are crowded with slippers, of cloth, silk, and leather, mostly embroidered in an elaborate manner; while strings of little children's little boots are suspended, like onions, from the ceiling.

An unlucky, or rather a rogish baker is the chief subject-matter of another group, relating to the administration of justice. An agent of the city-governor is on his duty, detecting false weights and measures; a baker has been discovered erring in this particular; the officer has a small brown loaf in his hand, apparently the evidence of the offence; while the luckless bread-merchant, in accordance with a Turkish custom, is nailed by one ear to the door, and the waxen baker really does look very uncomfortable and woebegone in this situation. A story is told, in relation to the summary mode of punishment adopted in Turkey, that a baker was once sitting in his shop at Constantinople, conversing with a friend who had just arrived from the

country. The baker suddenly noticed the detector of false weights approaching; he disappeared for a few minutes, leaving his friend in the shop. The inspector appeared, detected an under-weight loaf, and instantly nailed the poor stranger's ear to the door, where he remained until the baker came forth and ransomed him.

The *hamals*, or porters, of Constantinople are the subject of a group; some carrying burdens on their heads, and some slung from poles borne on the shoulders. These men are mostly Armenians; they are athletic, and can carry immense weights. One man has been known, for a wager, to carry a thousand poundweights for a distance of a quarter of a mile! They are men in whose honesty the fullest reliance is placed; and they are on that account much valued as patrols or watchmen by merchants.

We have heard a good deal of *Bashi-Bazouks* lately; and we are, therefore, not unwilling to meet with them at the Turkish Museum. The meaning of these two words is said to be 'disorderly headgear.' Every rank and profession, until recent times, was designated by its peculiar turban; and any person who had no particular calling, and nothing to designate by his turban, obtained the name of *bashi-bazouk*. An English *bashi-bazouk* would probably be a scapegrace, *harumscarum*, *ne'er-do-weel*, trumper, adventurer, Jack-of-all-trades, living from hand to mouth, how he could and where he could. In a military sense, the *bashi-bazouks* are irregular volunteers in the present Turkish army, and a queer set of fellows they look. Among the group, a place has been found for *Kara Fatma*, the dame who lately arrived at Constantinople at the head of 2000 irregulars, whose services she offered to the sultan. We must not picture to ourselves a beauteous *Joan of Arc*, or *Maid of Saragossa*; she is a tall, bony, very strong woman, with a face so homely and so dark, that the Turks call her *Kara Fatma*—Black Fatima.

There is one group representing two physicians, European and Turkish, and an invalid lady, whose pulse is being examined by the latter. There is a group of Constantinopolitan Jews, comprising a Jewish gentleman in his ordinary dress, and two Jewish ladies in the outdoor and indoor costume. There is a group in which a *keatib*, or Turkish scribe, is writing a letter for a veiled lady, whose education, probably, did not include 'reading, writing, and arithmetic.' But we will pass over these, just to say a few words at closing concerning the largest group in the museum—largest in area, though not in number of figures. It is an ingenious attempt to represent some of the characteristic features of a Turkish watering-place, such as *Genk-souzon*, or Sweet Waters of Asia; and *Kihat-hané*, or Sweet Waters of Europe—two beautiful pleasure-spots on the banks of the Bosphorus. There is a sort of terrace, on which is seated a lady, reclining upon cushions, and listening to the strains of three gipsy musicians, who accompany their voices with small stringed-instruments; a little boy, the lady's son, is by her side; and near her is a Circassian maiden, waiting in respectful attention. There is a grassy-plot on which a little boy and girl are playing; and near them a vender of sweetmeats, whose tray is filled with sugar-plums. But, best of all, there is a full-sized Turkish *araba*, or lady's carriage, drawn by two oxen: the *araba* was made at Constantinople for the museum, and the oxen are cleverly stuffed. The carriage is decked in crimson and gold; it contains three fair ladies; and around and near it are the *arabages*, or conductor; a *yamak*, or attendant, on the oxen; a black female slave; a black eunuch; a gipsy woman telling the fortune of one of the ladies; and a group of *boyniks*, or Bulgarian peasants, who attend the sultan's horses at the *Kihat-hané*.

In such times as these, when our political affairs are so much mixed up with the destinies of Turkey, it is

pleasant thus to be able to see the Turks in their homes, as it were. The Turkish Museum does not aim at so much as the Chinese Collection; but what it does, it does well, and so far deserves commendation.

### CONFLICT BETWEEN LAND AND WATER.

THERE is something peculiar about the appearance of the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk. The land and the sea have evidently been at war one with the other. The sea, sometimes the aggressor, has seized and taken away a portion of that which once belonged to the land; while the land, as if in retaliation, now occupies spots which were once covered by sea. There is an apparent contradiction here; but it is only apparent, for both classes of phenomena are resultants of one cause.

It might not be that a sojourner on any one part of this coast could obtain full evidence of these conflicting processes; but a comparing of notes might throw much light on the matter. We will first speak of the encroachment of the sea on the land.

In most instances where a coast is gradually worn away, this is produced by the action of tides, waves, and currents—sometimes one of these only, sometimes two or all. The eastern coast of Britain is exposed to a remarkable action in this respect, owing to a curious double tide which prevails there. At most ports, as we well know, the tide rolls in from the ocean, and rolls out again after highwater; but on the eastern coast, this rolling-in comes from two quarters at once. When the tidal current from the Atlantic reaches the Land's End, it divides into two: one branch proceeds northward, and winds round Scotland into the German Ocean; while the other travels eastward along the English Channel, and turns up to the north after passing through the Straits of Dover. These two tidal currents meet; but the larger course takes the longer time; and the combined and alternate action of the two produce a peculiar rubbing motion against the coast, calculated to wear down cliffs, and to give a smooth outline to the sea-board.

There is abundant proof that portions of Norfolk and Suffolk, once inhabited and flourishing, are now buried beneath the sea. In more northern parts of the island, where the coast is stern and iron-bound, the destructive action has exhibited itself in other ways. In the Shetlands—composed of hard rock—steep cliffs have been hollowed into caves and arches—passages have been worn through the hardest rock—rugged islands have been formed—and huge masses of stone have been torn from their beds, and hurled to surprising distances. On the eastern coast of Scotland, where there is less rocky cliff, the destruction has come home more immediately to the handiwork of man. At Findhorn, an old town has been carried away; in Kincardineshire, the village of Mathers was carried away in a single night in 1795; at Arbroath, houses and gardens have disappeared within the memory of those now living; and the light-houses at the mouth of the Tay had to be carried further inland, because the sea was approaching. On the Northumberland and Lincolnshire coasts, equally strange movements have been and are still going on. In an old map of Yorkshire, we find the villages of Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde, at spots where are now nothing but sand-banks covered with water at high-tide. Sir George Head, in his *Hess Tour through the Manufacturing Districts*, gives a graphic, almost a painfully graphic, description of a



church-yard in Yorkshire which is at this present moment being eaten away by the sea. The dead bones are first exposed, and then they are washed out, and then they fall upon the beach below; each year doing something towards the destruction of a pretty grave-yard which was once a mile or more inland.

In the portion of coast south of Yorkshire, Norfolk and Suffolk exhibit the effects of the wearing action more decidedly than Lincolnshire, which is so low that it may be said to have been flooded rather than abraded. Cromer is 'looking up,' as a sort of pleasure-town; but the real original Cromer has long ago been swallowed up by the sea, and the present town is only a substitute. Shipden, Whimpwell, and Eccles—all old towns on the Norfolk coast—are not now to be found. At Sheringham, between Cromer and Wells, the progress of the sea has been singularly marked and definite. In 1805, an inn was built at that place, and it was supposed, from the known progress of the sea, that the house might last about seventy years before it was attacked; for it was seventy yards from the coast, and the destruction was estimated at about a yard per annum: but the rate of wearing afterwards increased, and by 1829, the sea approached very near indeed to the inn. The Sheringham of to-day is not the Sheringham of old: that is gone—swallowed up by Neptune; and perhaps Sheringham the new may go likewise, unless protective works be executed. For it may be worth while to observe, that if there is a judicious arrangement of breakwaters, or rows of stakes carried out into the sea, there may be formed accumulations of sand along the bottom of the cliff; and this sand, when a peculiar kind of binding-grass has grown upon it, will tend to preserve the cliff from the destructive action of the waves. Corton, Pakefield, Dunwich, Aldborough, Bawdsey, on the Suffolk coast—all have suffered in a similar way. As for Dunwich, it appears to be two miles from the site of the original Dunwich. The town of Orwell lives only in tradition—nothing more. Twenty years ago, Sir Charles Lyell warned the inhabitants of Harwich, that if they go on doing as they have hitherto done and now do, they will find themselves some morning on a little island. He thinks the sea is cutting a channel across the isthmus which connects the peninsula of Harwich with the mainland; and that by selling for cement the stones which roll down upon the beach, the inhabitants are hastening that process; for the stones, if left alone, might act for some time as a sort of breakwater or shield.

But what of Yarmouth and Lowestoft? Here, at anyrate, there are no great indications of wearing away; indeed, the enormous accumulations of sand tell of a reverse process. When, a few weeks ago, we witnessed a holiday review of the East Norfolk Militia on the South Denes at Yarmouth, we could not but think of the strangeness of the fact, that this spot had been stolen from the sea; whereas, in most other parts of the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, the sea is steadily and irresistibly stealing from the land. The two processes, however, as we have stated, are joint results of one cause. The waves, and tides, and currents carry away the cliffs from the towns named in the earlier part of this article. But whither do they carry them? The shattered fragments must go somewhere; and it depends upon a number of local circumstances how and where the deposition shall take place. Near the mouths of the rivers, such as the Yare, there are reasons which would lead one to suspect that such deposition might take place there. If a tidal current

is carrying its load of spoil, its fragments stolen from a cliff elsewhere, and if it meets a river-current at right angles, it may be made to drop its burden, and thus a sand-bank might grow up just opposite the mouth of the river. That some such process has been going on at Yarmouth, is plain enough; and the good people of that town make all their commercial and social arrangements in conformity with the plan thus marked out for them by the currents and tides.

The three towns of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft are worth a few days' visit, irrespective of their own points of attraction, on account of their relative positions in respect to the sea. Considering the strangely flat marshy district separating the three towns, there seems much reason to believe that it was once sea. The three rivers Yare, Bure, and Waveney, which find a common outlet at Yarmouth, present such fantastic twistings and twinings, that there can be little doubt that changes have occurred hereabout in the relative distribution of land and water. It is believed that the Yare was once an arm of the sea up to Norwich, the Bure another arm up to Ayleham, and the Waveney another up to Bungay. At anyrate, it is pretty evident that there was once sea where is now green swampy meadow. If any crotchety traveller, in search of the dull and unpicturesque, should find himself on the Norwich and Yarmouth Railway, we would warrant his contentment. The moiety of the railway nearer to Norwich brings in view a few pretty bits of scenery; but as we approach Reedham and its marshes, good-by to all prettinesses. From thence to Yarmouth is an unmitigated flat, with a house or two, apparently surprised to find themselves set down in such a place, and half-a-dozen cows and horses, which look as if they would get their feet wet and catch cold. Nor is the railway route from Norwich to Lowestoft—identical with the former as to the distance between Reedham and Norwich—much more varied and picturesque; for it follows in part the course of the supposed arm of the sea represented by the present river Waveney.

Norwich is an interesting old city—interesting for its fine cathedral, and for its connection with the worsted and silk manufactures: but we are just now visiting it with an eye directed to other features. If the river Yare were really at one time an arm of the sea, with Norwich in the innermost nook, Norwich must have occupied a fine position; for there are sufficient bold elevations to give marked and striking scenes. The question is—have these changes in land and water occurred since man took possession of the region? We know nothing of Norwich until the earlier incursions of the Danes. The city appears to have risen gradually from the decay of Caister, once a British, and then a Roman town, but now an inconsiderable village, about three miles south-east of Norwich. Some think, that in the time of the Romans—others think, so late as the Normans—the lower parts of the present Norwich were under water, studded here and there with islands. The elevation whereon the castle is built must, in those days, have been either a promontory or an island; and, in either case, it must have offered a tempting site for castle-builders.

As matters now stand at Norwich, the streets are evidently set up and framed in accordance with the castle elevation on the one hand, and with the river on the other. The river is called the Wensum until it has passed through Norwich; after which it receives the name of the Yare, or rather it falls into the Yare. The Wensum performs all sorts of queer antics in its passage through the town, curving and winding in serpentine course—now flowing south, now north, now south-west, now north-east. The town is mostly built on one side of this river, but as it is gradually extending on the other, the bridges over the river have become very numerous, and these bridges point in almost every direction of the compass. As for the

streets, what can be said of them? Did any mortal ever see such a labyrinth? Did any stranger ever succeed in finding his way through them without a guide? We have a pretty good acquaintance with English towns, from Harwich in the east, to Plymouth in the west, from Berwick in the north, to Brighton in the south; but we know of nothing that can compare with Norwich for crooked streets. The only principle of arrangement discoverable seems to be this—that no two streets shall be at right angles.

If Norwich has received any of its peculiarities of position from the existence of land where once was water, Yarmouth is, as we observed in an earlier paragraph, still more dependent on a similar cause. We must endeavour to convey an idea of this remarkable town—a town unlike any other in England.

The river Yare, after running eastward through Norfolk, seems to have been checked in its course when within half a mile of the sea; it bends suddenly to the south, and flows parallel to the sea for three or four miles, when at length it finds an outlet. There can hardly be a doubt that it once flowed direct into the sea; that the mouth became gradually choked up with sand; that the river wended southward in search of a new outlet; and that this outlet itself travelled further and further southward. The Yare brings with it the waters of the Waveney; and just at the point where the deflection takes place, the Bure also joins it; so that all three rivers are affected by this change of outlet. The metamorphoses of the district seem first to have converted three arms of the sea into three rivers, and then to have driven the three poor rivers about in search of an outlet.

Now, it is just at this remarkable spot that Yarmouth has been built. The town has the sea on the east, and the river on the west. Yarmouth has thus a sort of double façade, so to speak: a west front towards the river, and an east front towards the sea. The east front is irregular and straggling, for it is greatly at the mercy of the sands; but the west front can boast of a quay far superior to those ordinarily to be met with: indeed, there are those who say that there is not such another quay in Europe, except at Marseille. Be this as it may, a quay three-quarters of a mile in length, more than a hundred feet in width, and planted with trees along a great part of its length, is a possession of which townsmen may well be a little proud. It is, however, the other side of Yarmouth which best exhibits the dependence of the town on the changes between sea and land. What a wilderness of sand it is! Near the southern extremity of the town, new streets and houses have been built further and further towards the sea; and a jetty, fishermen's stands, ship-owners' look-outs, and maritime inns have been built; but, north and south of this point, the houses keep at a respectful distance from the water-side. And good reason is there for this. The sand is fine, soft, and of great depth; the foot sinks in at every step, so as to render walking tiresome. The sand is not quite flat, but presents a sort of billowy surface. We should imagine that if a man wanted to dust his jacket, he could not do better than go upon Yarmouth sands during a windy day. That wind is more plentiful there than water, seems to be shown by the numerous windmills dotted hither and thither on the more consolidated portions of sand. Beyond the northern limits of the town, the sands are called the North Denes; while beyond the southern limits we meet with the South Denes. The South Denes, and Yarmouth town, together occupy the tongue of land lying between the river and the sea. On the South Denes, a little scanty grass has grown, and a barrack, a gas-work, a battery or two, a race-course, and a Nelson's Monument have been formed; but its general area is bare, and wholly unoccupied. At the southern end of this tongue, the river bends sharply round and enters the sea; while at the spot

where the South Denes may be said to join the town, Yarmouth is trying to polish itself up to the dignity of watering-place celebrity, by the fashioning of a holiday-pier, a terrace, a marine parade, a parade hotel, baths, beach-walks and terrace-walks; and so forth.

The effect of its curious location upon the trade of Yarmouth is worth noticing. No harbour, no quay, no basin, no landing-pier, enables ships to draw up to the shore on the sea-side of Yarmouth. All the ordinary trading vessels enter at the river's mouth, two or three miles south of the town, and proceed upwards to the quay on the west of the town. The beach and the sea-side are the domain of the fishermen. The vessels which bring herrings and mackerel, anchor at half a mile or so from the beach, and boatmen go out to bring the fish from the vessels to the shore. This is altogether a bustling scene on a fine morning in the fishing season. We lately saw sixty or eighty mackerel-boats all ranged along at one time. The beachmen were busily at work, rowing their clumsy but roomy boats out to sea, and bringing back the mackerel in baskets. No sooner were they landed, than the vessel-owners made their appearance; the fish were taken out and counted; and the beachmen received—or were to receive—payment according to the number they brought ashore. The bargain between the vessel-owner and his crew is managed in another way and at a different time. Dealers and salesmen are on the look-out to purchase the best fish as they make their appearance; and then salesmen, acting on behalf of the vessel-owners, put up to auction the remaining fish, which are sold at just what they will fetch, be it high or low: sold they must be, and are, even for a "song." Dealers of a humbler class range themselves round the open-air auctioneer, and make or withhold their bidings according as their judgment or their pocket may dictate. No want of flowery language on the part of the salesmen, be sure of this. We heard one of them declare that the mackerel he was selling "tasted like hung-beef, and smelt like wilsta"—qualities which we should scarcely have supposed to be exactly fishlike; but this may only be proof of our ignorance.

A few lines about Lowestoft, and we have done. Lowestoft, the third of the towns connected with the singular delta-shaped district we have endeavoured to describe, although a coast-town, has properly no river actually belonging to it. The town lies about ten miles south of Yarmouth; and between the two there is a considerable length of singular sand-dell, exhibiting many proofs of the peculiar tide-action of the sea. Between Lowestoft and the sea, as between Yarmouth and the sea, the accumulation of sand is enormous; deep, rolling, apparently endless masses of the finest and most penetrating sand.

Until joint-stock enterprise took the matter in hand, Lowestoft had no water-communication with Norfolk; but the river Waveney, in its winding course towards Yarmouth, came within three or four miles of Lowestoft; and the ponds called Oulton Broad and Lake Lothing intervened. By engineering-works, completed at various times, the Yare has been connected with the Waveney by a canal; the Waveney with the ponds by a canal; the ponds have been deepened, a cut into the sea has been made, and a capital little harbour formed out seaward, with walls, and piers, and quays, and warehouses, and railways, adequate to a very respectable amount of business. A steam-ship company has been established, to run steamers across from Lowestoft to Denmark; and this maritime trade, with the repairing establishment of the company, is creating quite a new town, entirely southward of Lowestoft proper. Southward, again, of the harbour and railway is another new town—Lowestoft the fashionable, with such a hotel, and such a terrace, as would make some of our old watering-places stare, if such places could stare. We are inclined to think that unless Yarmouth

put on its best and do its best, it may be thrown behind a cloud by Lowestoft one of these days. However, we need not predict. Both have done wonders in combating the strange marshes which lie westward of them, and the still stranger sands which lie eastward.

## THE WOLF-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

I now follow Pierre to the farm whither his steps were directed when the brothers parted company. The scene into which he entered was a strange one. A rather large and very dirty room was lighted only by a long yellow candle, such as are used by the French peasantry, made of resin, and rolled out by the hand: its light, at any time insufficient for the apartment, was rendered more indistinct by the cloud of smoke that issued from numerous pipes and cigars. This room was nearly filled by peasants, attired à la mode de Bretagne—that is to say, like our friend Pierre, in coats of skins, undoubtedly the most old-fashioned dress in the world; although here and there the more modern trunk-hose of the sixteenth century might be seen worn by a straggler from another district; and in two or three instances, the still more modern, and far less characteristic equipment of our now-a-day sportsman; for it generally happened that some such adventurer either placed himself under the protection of the *louveteurs* (wolf-killers), 'to behold the battle,' or, depending on the merits of their fowling-pieces, took a part in it. Fusils and gunpowder, however, were too great rarities to be seen in all hands, or too inglorious weapons to be used by them. Most of the *louveteurs* were armed like Pierre, except that many, instead of a pike, carried a sort of pitchfork.

While the uncouth assemblage ate, drank, and smoked in the dim light and stifling atmosphere of the apartment, their strange gesticulations, the vehemence of their tones, apparently increased by their wild native dialect, as they argued, contradicted, screamed, grinned, chattered, and seemed to be defying each other to mortal combat, while arranging some particulars concerning which each was nearly indifferent—Pierre entered among them, and his arrival was clamorously greeted by the men, who knew his cool, intrepid character, and his present interesting circumstances. But whatever share poor Pierre might contribute to augment the smoke, he did not do much to increase the noise: he smoked his pipe in silence, until the old *louveteur*, on whom, from his age and experience, devolved the order of the day, gave the signal for departure; and the wild animals that were setting forth for the destruction of those only a little wilder, drank off their sour cider, rekindled their pipes, seized their pikes or forks, and sallied out to taint the fresh cold air of morning with the obnoxious fumes that issued from their mouths.

As they gained the borders of the forest, the countenance of the old experienced leader grew more serious: the guides or spies who had preceded them, brought intelligence that the numerous tracks upon the snow plainly indicated the number of antagonists they might expect to find within the forest. Accustomed to make such observations, they calculated that the wolves were not only in force, but that they were united in a pack, and prepared for an attack, which only occurred when hunger rendered them furious.

The oldest of these wolf-killers, whose age and victories made him the man of importance, and the generalissimo of the band, stopped near the edge of the wood, and drew his company around him, to decide on operations, and give them directions on which the safety of each must principally depend. It was not to hold a council of war, but, happily for himself and his comrades, to deliver directions which no one would dispute, that he spoke. 'My children,' he said, 'we must divide now: it is necessary to encircle the forest as much as possible; you will therefore go off in couples, and take your posts. With good hearts, two men may easily defend themselves against four wolves, even should they be attacked. But as we shall arrive at so many places at the same instant, we shall give occupation to their noses, and distract the scent: thus it is not at all probable that four will fall to the lot of any one of you at once, and you can thus more easily gain the heads you wish for. But, mark me! if you do not desire to draw the whole pack upon you, do not speak one word aloud; and, above all things, do not fire but when you are sure of your aim. Let our fusils be as equally divided as possible—no two who carry them keeping together, but associating themselves with those who have only forks and pikes.'

The group that surrounded him separated as he ceased to speak, and formed into couples without choice or dispute. Pierre was thus accidentally coupled with an amateur sportsman. As the wolf-killers approached silently to their respective posts, a long, low, distant howl saluted their ears. The eyes of Pierre kindled, as, with an impatience that is felt by the soldier who awaits the charge, he stepped forward more quickly. A silence profound, and almost solemn, followed; and after this pause, prolonged and numerous howlings resounded through the lately silent wood, and shewed the *louveteurs* the truth of their old general's calculation; that the enemy was in force, and preparing for a concentrated attack.

The object of this attack was soon discovered by a cry so wild, so piercing, so agonising, that no one who has not heard it can imagine a horse capable of uttering it. And this bitter cry of mortal agony came from an assembled group of these poor creatures, round which the hungry and grinning wolves were already assembling, waiting only till their comrades should arrive to give security to their meditated assault. Such a scene as this is not very uncommon in the wild and thinly-peopled part of Brittany. The custom that prevails in a province where the business of agriculture is carried on in a very slovenly, unskilful manner, is, I believe, practised in similar districts which are rendered intricate by woods, moors, or desiles, more suited to the pasturage of animals left to nature, than to the business of the regular farmer. In these districts, persons who breed and trade in horses, leave at liberty those which their limited domains and premises cannot provide for: flocks of horses are turned wild upon the moors and woods, to be caught as their owners need them; they are marked so as to be easily reclaimed; but I suppose, in the case of the young progeny by which the flock is augmented, either family-likenesses or affection must decide the fact of paternity, for I am ignorant of any other mode of arranging it. The losses these proprietors suffer by means of the wolves, are sometimes very great; and it is not very unusual, therefore, to hear, in remote districts, that really appalling cry to which I have alluded.

The wolf-hunters hastened in from their out-posts, and rallied round the old *louveteur*, to unite for an attack on the combined foe. The band thus concentrated, advanced in silence towards the spot whence the sound of danger issued: it was a small glade or open space in the forest, where the sagacious but

unfortunate animals had assembled—acting on the principle that unity is strength—but shewing in the arrangement of their position a higher and stronger principle than any philosopher or political economist ever devised. The mares, with their young ones pressed close to their sides, and shivering in mortal terror, were in the centre, surrounded by their noble male protectors, which, with erect manes, and flaming eyes staring and rolling in their heads, shewed all the horror they endured, yet stood, vigorously prepared for defence, their forelegs stretched forward, and fixed firmly on the ground, the hinder drawn closer together, and ready for a kick or a plunge at the heads of their assailants, which prowled around them, with white glazing teeth and bristling mane, gnashing their dry, hungry jaws, but kept at bay for a little time by the heels that had already fractured the skull of one of their impatient number. Even the old loupvetier was puzzled as to the best mode of proceeding in order to deliver the victims, whose fate was only delayed until the arrival of a re-inforcement of their enemies; for even the report of the fusils, should their discharge not prove fatal to the horses instead of the wolves, must necessarily throw disorder into the serried band that still continued to owe the safety of each to the unity and firmness of all.

Pierre arranged his serpe, raised his pike, and made a sign to his comrades that he was ready to begin the battle; but hardly had he made this movement, when a horrible barking howl was heard behind them, and almost the next moment, eighteen or twenty famishing wolves plunged suddenly right among and over the hunters, overthrowing some of them in their furious bound, but springing beyond them to the prey they liked better.

This was the re-inforcement the others had expected. The band of their threatened victims was now broken; confusion and terror were in their ranks; plunging, kicking, slaying, or wounding, the gallant horses gave way, and opened a passage to the agonised mares, and their trembling, helpless offspring, which fell an easy prey to the conquerors. Then the flight of the horses took place, and pursued by their raging enemy, they flew to all sides of the forest, starting off in a moment; so that the loupvetiers, unable to fire a shot, were forced to fly in confusion to the shelter of the trees, to avoid being trodden under their feet. This confusion did not last long: the poor horses were soon at a distance, and drew many of the wolves after them; but some of them had already fallen—the young dead, and the old wounded; and numbers of the wolves, either less active or more hungry than their comrades, remained to feast upon the prey before them.

The sight was tempting to Pierre, as he eagerly counted over the heads, and the pieces of silver that were within his reach. Nearly at the same time, the old loupvetier made a signal for the fusils to fire. Pierre looked then for his comrade; but, alas! he perceived only a dark spot up in the snow-powdered branches of a tall tree. Not even the report of the firearms, nor the death-cry of some of their number, diverted all the famishing beasts from the meal they were growing over; and seeing himself deserted by his confederate, and without the aid of his fusil, Pierre no longer restrained his impatience, but raised his pike, and advanced to the charge.

The battle now commenced: the wolves that had been frightened by the fire, returned only more full of fury, and their adversaries were each obliged to seek for a background, and find the shelter of a tree, by which they were defended behind, while engaged with two or three wolves in front.

Pierre, animated by hope, and tired of inaction, soon pierced with his pike the foremost of the three with which at once he found himself engaged; and scarcely drew out the weapon ere he tried to pin another to the

earth. The stroke was a powerful one, dealt with his whole strength; but in leaning forward to make it, his prudence, though not his courage, forsook him—he left the screen of the tree; and a horrible growl, a sudden weight, and a terrible gripe of his shoulder, gave him fearful intelligence of the advantage he had given to the enemy. The savage creature had sprung upon his back: its fangs were on his right shoulder. With a cry of torture, Pierre endeavoured to grasp his serpe with the left hand; but his position, the weight of the monster, and the sudden pain, prevented this effort. He fell, calling, though not very loudly: 'A moi! à moi! à mon secours, loupvetiers!' But while the words were on his lips, the head of the wolf that had been upon his shoulder rolled down before him; Victor, his young brother, caught him in his arms, and Pierre fainted upon his breast. . . .

That memorable fight was over and done. Many wolves had been slaughtered, the rest fled howling from their conquerors; and the loupvetiers raised their successful, but unfortunate comrade, and carried him to the place of rendezvous he had left that morning.

Victor, his waist encircled with four wolves' heads, which dangled from a leathern girdle, walked beside him: he was unable to assist in carrying him. He had twice retraced that snow-covered moor, and had been fortunate enough afterwards to despatch two wolves; but now his strength and courage failed; he walked, weeping, beside his brother, yet secretly congratulating himself that he had arrived in time to save his life by a stroke of his serpe on the neck of the assailant.

On turning back, in the manner I have already related, at his brother's request, he had gone to seek their mother, and tell her that it was contrary to that brother's desire he had resolved to join the wolf-hunt. But the mother was occupied with the sick father; he found Virginie alone, and made her his confidante. The girl's gratitude was great, for she understood the motive Victor would conceal. She caressed him; wept over him; called him 'poor dear,' 'good little one,' 'beloved child,' and by some other endearing epithets, which Victor would much rather not hear; and told him he must not attempt to go to the fight. Victor left her with this parting speech: 'Whatever happens, tell our mother that Pierre never knew I was there.' And then he hastened vigorously over the moor.

And now the result of the battle was known: he had killed two wolves, and Pierre had, he said, killed two; but the fourth head was that which had rolled over the poor young man's shoulder when he arrived exactly, as he hoped, in time to save his brother's life by that vigorous stroke. But Pierre was badly wounded; his head as well as his shoulder was lacerated. Fever came on, and his life was pronounced to be in imminent danger.

Then came poor Virginie—weeping, praying, and visiting the old sacred places where her offerings were promised for his recovery. Alas, in vain! No healing fountain could restore Pierre to strength, and all her invocations remained unanswered. At his own request, the young man was conveyed home, to lay his head once more on the pillow where it had lain at first—on his mother's breast. But Victor and Virginie watched him day and night, and shed many a tear over him. Another, too, came often beside him, to offer a consolation they could not so well impart: the parish priest—a simple-minded, benevolent man, who had baptised the boy, and was to have married him, now found he would have another, the last of the offices of the church, to perform for him. He came now to turn his mind, and thoughts, and heart from one world to the other—from time to eternity.

He was present one afternoon when the young man, who had been reposing after receiving these admonitions, demanded in a weak voice to know who was with

him. 'Is it thou, petit?' he said, as Victor bent over him. 'Ah, my brother, I have wronged thee! Listen, Victor. I knew your love for Virginie—knew it all along. But I despised your youth, and thought she must do so likewise. Victor, forgive me before I die; and then, if in some future time our dear Virginie shall know that she, too, has all along loved you, then you will tell her it was my last earthly wish that she should be your wife, and that you should make her happy.' Thus having relieved his mind, the young man gave up all his attention to the solemnity attending the close of mortal life. At midnight, he died in the arms of Victor and Virginie.

Virginie had left her place to take up her old abode in the house of her betrothed. For some time after his death, the stillness of sorrow pervaded it and all its concerns. The people worked, indeed, still, but all went on in a softened sort of manner, as if no one liked noise, while no one ever spoke against it. In time, this began to wear off, and when it did, Virginie announced her intention of returning to her place at the farm. When Victor heard this, he took the girl aside, and said to her:

'Certainly, Virginie, you must do whatever will make you happy. But see now how we are situated. I must talk of it, though it will force me to remind you of cruel circumstances. Well, then, our mayor has paid me for four wolves' heads: see there, one hundred and twenty francs! Now, Virginie, this money is yours, for it was to obtain the right of remaining with you that our dear Pierre'—

Here Virginie burst into tears, and sobbed out: 'Speak no more of it, brother, and never let me see that silver.'

'That is just what I wish not to do,' the youth answered; 'but I know that you, too, would wish to do what would give our brother—I mean my brother—pleasure.'

'Ah, yes; I would obey his wishes gladly.'

Victor paused a moment, and then resumed: 'Well, his wish was—one of his wishes was—to take care of our good old mother. Now, Virginie, you know how our mother loved her cow, as indeed all persons do: she has not been the same thing since my father's illness obliged her to sell it. I propose, then, that you buy another cow.'

'Yes, yes; that is beautiful! Thank you, good, dear brother.'

'Ah, I have not said all: I must ask you to do more. See, now, Virginie; if the cow is bought, there must be some one to milk her, and to take care of the milk, and make butter for the market. Our mother can do that no longer; and unless you can stay here and help her, it will be of no use to buy the cow. But if you would rather leave us'—

'Ah, Victor!—No, it was not that; but if you want me to take care of the new cow, I will stay.'

'Thank you, thank you, good, kind Virginie!' So it was all said and done. The cow was bought, and Virginie stayed to take care of it. Victor set himself to work on the little farm, and active, untiring labours soon produced a decided improvement in the aspect of affairs. The young man had forgotten his resolution to join the army of Africa; perhaps it was as well he did so, for a Breton cow is always the object of care; and as Virginie and he had been herds together in childhood, they could naturally associate their attentions on an emergency.

So time went quietly away, and Victor was going into his twenty-second year; and though Virginie was still a year in advance, she had long ceased to give herself airs of authority and protection on that account; and did not call him 'dear little one,' or 'poor dear,' as she once used to do; she ceased, also, to call him 'brother,' which word might bring painful memories to both. In some respects, however, her conduct was

a little mysterious. Virginie had her own 'stock in trade;' the cow, indeed, was family property; but out of its first profits she had bought some fowls and some wool, wherewith to set up on her own account. The fowls multiplied; the eggs were sold; and the wool was spun and knitted into stockings, which also disappeared; but no one saw or heard of the fruit of the sales. She would often go, even weekly, to the market-town, when the mother thought there was no great use in her going, and when the snow or rain rendered the road difficult; and, after all, no one could tell what she did there, for no one heard of her sales or purchases. It was not on dress, certainly, she laid out her money; for, with the exception of the complex and extraordinary cap, which was as snow-white and coquettish as possible, poor Virginie's working-dress seldom knew a change; and as for her quaint and picturesque holiday costume, it might, for aught I know, have served some generations before her. It was no wonder, then, that the old mother sometimes, on Saturday nights, shook her head a very little, and looked gravely at her son, as much as to say: 'Is it not strange?'

Time, however, went on, and the old father who had been so long ailing, died. They buried him with due respect, and after the customs of Brittany, in a place from whence he was one day to be disinterred, and his skull, with his name legibly inscribed in black paint on the brow, placed in the *reliquaire*, or bone-house of the parish, where it, as well as that of his lamented son, might be seen by successive generations.

Victor was now the only as well as eldest son of the widow, and, consequently, by the law of France, was free from the conscription, which had been perhaps to him, as others, like a dark cloud looming in the distance; for another wolf-fight might not have afforded him the means of getting a substitute. But one day, when the roof of the house was undergoing some repairs, the workmen drew from beneath the rafters a quantity of pieces of money, silver and copper—not ancient good-for-nothing coins, but good franc and sou pieces. Young Victor was astonished, and carried them to his mother, supposing his poor father had kept a secret hoard. The mother was not there, but Virginie was.

'Ah!' said she, 'have you found my money?'

'Yours?'

'Yes. I saved it to buy you a substitute in case you should draw a bad number at the conscription.'

Victor looked inquisitively in her face, and its colour rose. 'Virginie, was it for my mother's sake you did this?'

'No.'

'For my father's?'

'No.'

'For mine?'

'No.' The colour rose still higher.

'Not for mine! Ah! for whose, then?'

'For my own!' The colour now was so high that tears came to the eyes, as if to check it.

'Dear Virginie'—

'I will be true to Pierre,' cried Virginie.

'I wish nothing more,' replied her lover with seriousness. And then he quietly repeated his brother's words; adding: 'I never told them to you before, Virginie. I have often and often thought that it was most likely I never should tell them to you; but now you know all, and, if you do not believe me, ask our good priest, who was present when our dear brother spoke.'

Victor, perhaps involuntarily, pronounced the plural pronoun *our* rather emphatically; Virginie wept; but the Bretons are said to be credulous, and I have not understood that she ever doubted any part of what Victor told her, although I believe he told her more than what his brother had said. And as the same priest shortly afterwards joined their hands, in that manner which it is said no one can disunite, there is every

reason to suppose that the case stated by Victor was all right, and that the good man would not disallow the propriety of the way in which I terminate my story of the Wolf-hunters of Brittany.

### THE THREE ERAS OF OCEAN STEAM-NAVIGATION.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, the great American orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, in a lecture he delivered at Boston, said, in allusion to steam-power: 'In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short space of fifty years! . . . What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible.' When Webster spoke thus, the grand problem of ocean steam-navigation had not been solved; in fact, the possibility of a steam-ship crossing any ocean was generally denied both by practical and scientific men. Three distinct eras of ocean steam-navigation have, however, subsequently become matters of history. The third era is only just inaugurated, and the fact has suggested to us that a couple of pages may be not unprofitably devoted to a brief chronicle of the three first voyages of the pioneer ships.

**ERA FIRST.**—Almost contemporaneously with the publication in a quarterly review of an essay by a learned and scientific writer, who demonstrated in a way perfectly satisfactory, so far as figures and theory went, that it was impossible for a steam-ship to cross the Atlantic, a spirited company were preparing to solve the problem by an actual trial. A steam-ship called the *Great Western* was built at Bristol, her registered tonnage being 1340, and therefore a much larger steam-vessel than any ever launched before, although now-a-days she bears about the same relative proportion to the gigantic *Himalaya*, for instance, as a frigate does to a three-decker. All being prepared, she took 600 tons of coal on board, to work her two engines of 225 horse-power each. History, hereafter, will not omit to record that the name of her able commander was Lieutenant Hoaken, R. N. Immense interest was excited throughout Great Britain and America by the news that so bold and important an experiment was about to be tried. Many were sanguine of its success; many otherwise. One thing was evident—that if the voyage should be successfully performed, incalculable advantages, commercial, social, and political, would result to both countries. A number of daring passengers—for daring they were thought in that day—took berths for the voyage; and, finally, on 8th April 1838, at noon, the gallant ship steamed away from her anchorage at the mouth of the river Avon—a few miles up which Bristol is situated—and majestically descended the Severn, bound for New York. She had commenced her memorable voyage—a minute and graphic narrative of which, by one of her passengers, is lying before us. When they were fairly under-way, he makes this noteworthy observation: 'Whatever misgivings might previously have assailed us in the contemplation of our voyage, I believe that at this moment there was not a faltering heart among us. Such stability, such power, such provision against every probable or barely possible contingency, and such order presented itself everywhere on board, as was sufficient to allay all fear. That there should latterly have been a doubt as to the practicability and safety of a passage by steam across the Atlantic, seems indeed strange, when with any effort of reason we look at the question.' It is easy and simple enough for even a school-boy to indorse

this last sentence now; but early in 1838, we must not forget that the problem was unsolved, and that the great question of theory *versus* practice had not been decided in favour of the latter.

It is unnecessary to chronicle here the incidents of the voyage. Suffice it that the *Great Western* entered the harbour of New York at full speed on the afternoon of 23d April, having performed the passage in the then unprecedentedly short period of fifteen days, in which only 452 tons of the 600 tons of coal on board had been consumed. The fort on Bradlow's Island saluted the steamer with twenty-six guns; and what follows is of such permanent historical interest, and is so well described by our passenger, that we need not apologise for quoting his vivid narrative. 'It had been agreed amongst us,' says he, 'some days previously, that before we left the ship, one of the tables should be christened *Victoria*—the other, the *President*. Wine and fruit had been set upon them for this purpose: we were standing round the former of them; the health of Britain's Queen had been proposed; the toast was drunk; and amidst the cheers that followed, the gun was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The fire was electric. Our colours were lowered in acknowledgment of the compliment, and the burst which accompanied it from our decks—drinking the President and the country, and breaking wine again—was more loud and joyous than if at that moment we had unitedly overcome a common enemy. Proceeding still, the city became more distinct—trees, streets, the people—the announcement of the arrival of the ship by telegraph had brought thousands to every point of view upon the water-side; boats, top, in shoals, were out to welcome her, and every object seemed to superadd impulse to our feelings. The first to which our attention was now given was the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in the North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, her paddle-boxes, her rigging, mast-head high! We passed round her, receiving and giving three hearty cheers, then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads seemed collected—boats had gathered around us in countless confusion, flags flying, guns were firing, and cheering again—the shore, the boats, on all hands around, loudly and gloriously, seemed as though they would never have done. It was an exciting moment, a moment which, in the tame events of life, finds no parallels: it seemed the outpouring congratulations of a whole people, when swelling hearts were open to receive and to return them. It was a moment that if both nations could have witnessed, would have assured them, though babblers may rail, and fools may affect contempt, that at heart there is still a feeling and an affinity between them. It was a moment of achievement! We had been sharers in the triumph of a noble effort, and each one of us felt the pride of participation in the success of it, and this was a crowning instant. Experiment then ceased; certainty was attained; our voyage was accomplished. A proud and thrilling moment it must indeed have been to be concerned. In explanation of the allusion in the allusion to the *Sirius*, we may here state that this was a small steam-ship which had sailed from Cork before the *Great Western* left Bristol, and had arrived a day or two before the latter vessel; but as the *Sirius* only partly used her engines, not having, we believe, storage sufficient fuel to keep them constantly plying, and performed most of the voyage under canvas, it is to the *Great Western* the fame is due of being the first to be propelled by steam across the Atlantic.

**ERA SECOND.**—After the lapse of twelve years, a second striking era of ocean steam-navigation commenced. The public mind was excited to a point of feverish anxiety concerning the gold discoveries in Australia, and in order to provide for the delivery of mails to and from the colony with greater speed



and regularity, a company was formed, pledged to effect this by a line of great steam-ships. Even then, people who ought to have known better, confidently predicted that direct steam-communication with Australia was impracticable. As in the previous case of crossing the Atlantic, nothing would convince them, or settle the question, but actual performance. Now, as the distance to be run is little short of 16,000 miles, it is obvious that no ship, unless of enormous size, can carry sufficient fuel to perform the entire voyage under steam, without stopping to take in coal at stations on the way; and this has caused hitherto considerable delay and great additional expense. The pioneer was the *Australian*, a large new Clyde-built iron steam-ship, that first started from London, and after some accidents and delays, finally left Plymouth with the mails on the 5th June 1852, under command of Captain Hoase. She anchored at St Vincent on the 16th to take in coal, which had previously been sent to the depot there from England. This occupied three days. The ship then proceeded on her voyage, and after coaling at St Helena, reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 19th July, where she again coaled, sailing from Table Bay on the 22d, and anchored in King George's Sound, West Australia, on the 20th of August. There she received coal from a ship sent out with a cargo from England expressly for her, and a few days afterwards proceeded to Adelaide, which she reached on the 29th, and Melbourne on the 2d of September. This was the first voyage performed by a steamer from England to the antipodes. In some respects, it was a badly managed voyage, much unpleasantness occurring among both passengers and crew, repeated accidents happening to the machinery, and the coal running short between the stations, so that at times the engines stopped, and the vessel had to lie-to or proceed under canvas. Nevertheless, it effectually demonstrated the practicability of the enterprise; and since then, several splendid steam-ships—including the famous *Great Britain*—have been put on the station, and perform the voyage to and from Australia in a satisfactory manner; calling at the Cape, both on the outward and homeward passage, to land and receive mails and passengers. When arrangements for coaling, &c., are perfected, there can be no doubt that steam-ships will make—even if they do not already—the Australian passage with a punctuality equal to that which distinguishes the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers. Taking into consideration the prodigious expanse of ocean to be traversed, surely this will be, and in a great measure is, a triumphant realisation of the most sanguine hopes of those who have watched the progress of steam-navigation—a progress which we may safely say is only paralleled in the history of railway enterprise.

**ERA THIRD.**—A very recent era is the third. Last year (1853), a remarkably fine American paddle-wheel steamer called the *Golden Age*, came to Liverpool, where she attracted much notice. She was of great size and power, built with all the latest transatlantic fashions and improvements. One truly novel peculiarity about her struck us exceedingly—she literally had no bowsprit! When we first saw an engraving of her, we thought it probable that she would rival, if not surpass, in speed any ship ever built in England, and the sequel fully bore out our anticipation. Her owners resolved to send her to Australia, and she made the quickest passage out on record, up to that time. What she has done since, is far more memorable and important. On the 11th May 1854, she left Sydney, and in thirteen days reached Tahiti, where she took in the enormous weight of 1200 tons of coal. This occupied her six days; and on the 31st she sailed direct for Chagres (Isthmus of Panama), which she reached on the 19th of June—the passage from Sydney, including the long stoppage mentioned, thus being performed in

about thirty-nine days! Let the reader refer to a map, and he will better appreciate this wonderful feat, which, it is said, was rendered more remarkable owing to strong head-winds during the first part of the voyage; and the current against her course is estimated as equal to an extra 768 miles. It is, however, mentioned that 'from Tahiti, so smooth was the sea, and so mild the passage, that a canoe might have come the whole distance in safety.' Pacific Ocean this, and no misnomer! When she arrived at Chagres, or Panama, she happened to be just in time to transfer two hundred passengers, her mails, and a million sterling in gold, to the West Indian steamer *Magdalena*; and, consequently, we received in London on the 18th July, letters from Sydney to the 11th, and from Melbourne to the 5th May—only 67 days from Sydney!\*

It is thus to American skill and enterprise that credit is due for first opening direct steam-communication across the vast Pacific—in that manner connecting Australia and Europe by the medium of Panama. We cannot read without regret that the spirited proprietors of the *Golden Age* have incurred a dead loss of several thousand pounds by the experiment, solely owing to the cost of coal at Tahiti. But they have shewn what can be done; and nothing can be more certain than that, ere long, arrangements will be made sufficiently economical to enable a regular line of noble steam-ships to traverse this novel route, and so bring us within two months' distance of Australia. To quote a newspaper paragraph: 'Ever since Columbus set out across the Atlantic in search of India, it has been the dream of commerce to reach the East by the West; and from the time that Balboa caught a glimpse of the great trans-American ocean from the heights of Darien, the world has looked forward to the junction of the two oceans at one point or another, as the commencement of a new era in the history of commerce. Nevertheless, the Pacific has hitherto been a field of adventure rather than of regular commerce. Till recently, it has been cut off from all direct communication with the trade and civilisation of Europe and America. No maritime nations of importance have occupied any part of the extensive line of coast by which it is circumscribed, and within which it has lain in silent repose rather like a secluded lake than a mighty ocean. But a new destiny is beginning to dawn upon it. The *Golden Age* breaks in upon its isolation, and arouses it from its slumbers. She inaugurates an era in which its commerce will probably as far transcend that of the Atlantic, as the latter eclipsed that of the Mediterranean.'

Only sixteen years have elapsed since the *Great Western* first crossed the Atlantic, and already England alone possesses scores of mighty ocean-steamer, varying from 2000 tons to 3500 tons burden—and others very much larger are in the course of construction. Regular lines of them traverse both the North and the South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Mediterranean, &c. Millions of capital have been expended in their building and equipment, and the British government pays to the several companies a sum little, if anything, short of a million sterling per annum for postal services. Liverpool is the chief port of departure for the Atlantic and Australian steamers;

\* Since writing the above, we have learned that the English screw steam-ship *Argo* (1850 tons register) has recently returned to England from Australia *via* Cape Horn—being the first steamer that has circumnavigated the globe. According to an advertisement by her owners, she made the passage out to Australia in 64 days; and has now returned *via* Cape Horn in the same time. Since the ancient days of Jason and his Golden Fleece, several celebrated ships have borne the renowned name of *Argo*; and certainly we consider the present steamer not the least worthy of the number to be chronicled in history. She has proved herself one of the most notable pioneer-ships of the nineteenth century.

and Southampton for the Oriental, West Indian, Peninsular, &c. The United States bid fair, ere long, to rival us by sending forth as many and as magnificent ocean-steamers as ourselves. France also possesses a few fine ones, plying between Havre and America. Most of the great steamers built of late are propelled by the screw. All the British and American ships are fitted up in a splendid manner—every imaginable provision being made for the accommodation and enjoyment of first-class passengers. So far as these are concerned, a voyage in an ocean-steamer is a delightful pleasure-trip, spent in gorgeous saloons, where they live quite as luxuriously as they could in a first-rate hotel on shore.

A ceaseless progression is manifested in the construction of our ocean-steamers. Each newly-built steam-mammoth excels its predecessors in some respect or other, in superiority of size, in improvement of build, or of machinery, or of internal arrangement, or of provision for the safety of passengers and crew—and there is yet very urgent need for better management in the last essential item; for keen rivalry between our various companies, and between all of them and our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, is a powerful stimulant. Above every other consideration, *swiftness* is deemed the grand desideratum. 'I am nothing if not swift!' is the ocean-steamer's motto. There seems hardly a limit to what combined science and practical skill, aided by increased experience, may effect in this direction. Shakespeare's Ariel talked of 'putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes'; and ere another generation has passed away, we verily believe our ocean-steamers will girdle the earth—steam their 25,000 miles round the solid globe—within forty days!

#### THE WEST HIGHLAND EXODUS OF 1837.

IN 1837, great destitution prevailed in many parts of the West Highlands and Hebrides, chiefly in those districts where the manufacture of kelp had been carried on. This manufacture, once lucrative, was now at an end, in consequence of the prohibitive duty being taken off a foreign article. The case, therefore, somewhat resembled that of the West India planters, on free admission being given to the sugar of Brazil. The crops of the district also had failed for several seasons. While the bulk of the people had lost their usual means of subsistence, the landlords could do little to help them, for they had suffered likewise by the late changes. An appeal was made to public benevolence, and a large sum was quickly raised for the relief of immediate wants. It was seen, however, that, without a reduction of the numbers of the people, the existing destitution would be permanent; and it became obvious that some extensive plan of emigration should be adopted.

From various circumstances, it fell to the lot of the writer of this paper to take a leading part in promoting and conducting such a scheme. I first bent my thoughts on Canada, but soon learned that the government could give no aid towards emigration to that colony. They possessed, however, certain funds from the sale of crown-lands in Australia, which were designed to assist in carrying out labour to that more distant region. If the Highlanders could be induced to remove so far from home, and into a region where so few of their countrymen were as yet established, here was a prospect for them. The government, however, had been assured that the Highlanders would not emigrate at all; consequently, they turned rather a cold ear to my proposals. After much discussion with the head of the Colonial Office, their hesitation somewhat gave way; they agreed to furnish vessels, and I engaged to give my aid gratuitously to an officer they proposed to appoint for conducting the operations.

In a very short time after my return to Edinburgh,

I received a call from Dr Boyter, R.N., who informed me that he had been appointed by the government to carry out the necessary measures; and that, in compliance with the directions he had received, he now called on me for special instructions, as to whether he was to proceed in the first instance. After discussion with Dr Boyter, I arranged that he should commence in the Isle of Skye and adjoining districts—not only because an extensive emigration was much required from that locality, but from the further reason, that in Skye and its neighbourhood I was well known, and possessed some local influence. To Skye, therefore, Dr Boyter went; and in about fourteen days afterwards he wrote to me, that having been in Australia on four different occasions, and having travelled over much of that country, he fully knew the kind of people who would do well in the colony; and proceeding on this knowledge, he had no hesitation in saying, that he had enrolled as intending emigrants as fine a set of men, women, and children, as he had ever seen; and that, in consequence, he had written to London, requesting that three large emigrant ships should be fitted out, without delay, and sent to Skye, where the people were to embark. All this was to me cheering in the extreme: but in about ten days thereafter, I received a most unlooked-for intimation from my new friend. He wrote to me, that notwithstanding the greedy desire evinced at first by the people to have their names enrolled for immediate emigration, an unexpected reaction had taken place; and that although the first of the ships ordered by him was then, he believed, about to sail for Skye, he feared that there were not a sufficient number left on his 'roll' to fill even one-third of that vessel. He therefore entreated my immediate presence in Skye, to aid him in his difficulties.

With this communication before me, and recollecting my promise to the government—whose doubts as to the Highlanders consenting to emigrate appeared now to be but too well founded—I hesitated not as to the course I was to follow. I left Edinburgh that afternoon, and did not halt till I reached Skye, and joined Dr Boyter.

I found matters in the same state as they were when Dr Boyter wrote to me. There was no time to be lost, as the first ship was daily expected. We instantly set to work to dispel the strange delusions under which the poor people laboured. We saw the once intending emigrants; we heard their reasons for drawing back; and we answered, and fortunately successfully, the strange and ridiculous misgivings that had induced them to the resolution, rather to remain and starve in Skye than emigrate to Australia.

One class represented that they had been informed by learned persons, that 'the government never did anything for nothing'; and that, although the emigrants were to be taken out free, still, on their arrival in New South Wales, they were all to be made soldiers—the passage to the colony being viewed as the bonus-money for the enlistment; and as they were determined that soldiers they would not be, they had made up their minds to stay at home. A second class said, that the above was not the reason why they had drawn back, but they had been informed, that on their arrival in the colony they were to be worked on the roads 'in chains,' like the convicts, till such time as the expense of their passage was paid by their labour. A third class scouted the idea of being in the least swayed by either of the reasons stated above, but said they had been informed by men who had read books, that New South Wales swarmed with 'serpents with wings,' whose choicest food was white children; and they were told, that if they went to Australia, and if one of their children was seen by a serpent with wings, basking at the door in the sun, the creature would, without ceremony, pounce down on the

poor child, and off with it to the mountains as food for its young. A fourth class had been credibly informed, that Australia was overrun with savages—'little red men with long tails, the terror of the white population, particularly the women and children.' And one and all of the objectors united in saying, that no real friend to the Highlanders could desire them, under such startling circumstances, to emigrate to Australia.

It was quite evident that some persons, for their own amusement or other reasons, had been at work to delude the people—for whom, it may be remarked, there was ample excuse in their general ignorance, as well as in the novelty of the idea of Australia. Few had, indeed, ever heard of the country before, except as a place of banishment for British malefactors. Very naturally, too, it was difficult for these poor people to understand how a boon so great and so costly as a free passage to Australia could be given, if that country was really a desirable field for emigration. But in a few days, all objections were answered to their entire satisfaction; a reaction set in in the right direction; and I then felt comparatively at ease.

The ship which was to convey the emigrants to the land of their adoption now reached Skye. She was large, and comfortably fitted up, and excited the wonder and approbation of the whole population. No coaxing or entreaty was required to induce the people to go on board: on the contrary, there was a rush on the part of many to embark and secure their berths. One man, a shepherd, with his wife, on being disappointed of a berth, offered ten sovereigns to any married pair who would give up their places in his favour; but not one in the whole ship—and there were about 820—would take the bribe, and the shepherd was, in consequence, and much to his annoyance, obliged to delay his sailing till some future time. The ship sailed the following day, quite full. She reached her destination in safety, and all the emigrants found immediate and advantageous employment.

Before I witnessed this embarkation, I had been led to believe that such a scene was of a truly harrowing nature. And, indeed, there were the painful leave-takings of friends assembled on the shore; but once the emigrants were on board the well-found ship, their spirits revived, and many were their expressions of gratitude for the trouble that had been taken to secure their comfort during the passage, and provide for their independence in the country to which they were proceeding.

After the sailing of the first ship, immediate arrangements were made for the despatch of the second; and the dread of the savages now once more returned. A stout, active Highlander expressed to Dr Boyter a great desire to go, if he could only be made certain of the non-existence of these much-dreaded aborigines. The doctor laughed at him, and told him that people had been practising on his credulity; on which Donald observed: 'Well, doctor, I am told you have been frequently in Australia, and have travelled over much of the country; now tell me honestly, did you never see a savage in the course of your travels?' The doctor, looking him full in the face, replied: 'I assure you, on my honour, that in all my travels in Australia, I never saw such a savage-looking being as yourself.' This reply occasioned a laugh against Donald, and from that time no more was heard of the 'little red men with long tails.'

While finally taking down the names for the second ship, a decent Highlander, accompanied by his wife and family, came forward for enrolment; and while their names were being inserted, it was observed that the eldest daughter was weeping bitterly. Dr Boyter asked the girl why she was crying. She replied, she had no objection to go, only she was certain she would be drowned on the passage; on which the doctor said to her: 'Never fear, my girl. I have been four

times out and home, and you see I was not drowned. I advise you to go; and I shall be very much mistaken if you are twelve months in the colony before you are married, and riding in your own carriage.' The idea of the carriage caused a general laugh. But Jenny went with her parents, and in due time she wrote home that Dr Boyter was surely a warlock; 'for, only believe! I have just been eleven months in Australia, and I was married about three weeks ago to an excellent husband, who drives me every Sunday to church in his gig.' It may be well imagined that this letter from Jenny did not in any way damp the desire of the Highland lasses to emigrate to Australia.

From first to last, about thirty ships were despatched under the immediate superintendence of Dr Boyter, and from time to time cheering accounts were received from the emigrants, intimating the comfortable circumstances in which they were placed, as contrasted with their former miserable state, and advising all who could to leave the 'destitute country,' and proceed to Australia. While engaged in allaying the doubts and fears of those who had drawn back from their engagement to go, many questions were put to me as to the *Great Country*, as they termed Australia; several of which, I confess, I was not at the time able to answer. On my return home, however, I threw together, from such materials as I could collect, a small pamphlet of about twenty-four pages of print; and I was rejoiced to find afterwards, that it was productive of much good in the Highlands and Islands.

On referring to this little publication, and contrasting the state of Australia in 1837 with its present condition (1854), I am so much impressed with the facts brought before me, that I cannot refrain from adverting to them.

The population of New South Wales in 1837 was upwards of 80,000, independently of the population of Van Diemen's Land, which was then upwards of 35,000. In the year 1852, the population of New South Wales had increased to 220,474, and that of Van Diemen's Land to 70,164. But great as these increases are, they sink into the shade when contrasted with what has taken place in the neighbouring settlement of Victoria, as it is now called—late Australia-Felix, or Port-Phillip District of New South Wales—with Melbourne as its capital. In the year 1837, when the emigration commenced from the Highlands and Islands, this new Australian colony was unknown. Major Mitchell, the intelligent government surveyor, in his dispatch of 24th October 1836, giving an account of his discovery of the country, says:—'It has been in my power, under the protection of Divine Providence, to explore the vast natural resources of a region more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen.'

And what is now the state of this extraordinary colony of Victoria? \* In the year 1852, it had a population of upwards of 200,000. Its exports were that year to the amount of L.17,500,000, and its imports upwards of L.4,000,000; thus shewing, that in the year 1852, every individual in Victoria was consuming on an average L.20 worth of imported goods.\* This colony continues to increase daily. It is estimated that the gold produce of last year was L.20,000,000; and it is stated in one of the public journals, that in the year 1853, the imports into the colony were to the value of L.15,842,687, of which about L.18,000,000 was from Great Britain and British colonies, and about L.1,700,000 from the United States. The population

\* Much valuable information as to this interesting colony will be found in a recent publication by Mr Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

is, by means of emigration, daily increasing, and at a most extraordinary ratio. I have looked with interest at the tables shewing the increase of emigration to Australia since the year 1837. It appears from a return by the Land and Emigration Commissioners, that this emigration from the United Kingdom was, in the year 1836, 3124; 1837, 5054; 1838, 14,021; 1839, 15,786; 1840, 15,850; 1841, 32,625. Then follows a decrease for some years. But the number in 1852 was 86,901.

The above numbers are irrespective of the many thousands who have gone to Australia unaided by the government commissioners; and it may be safely stated, that the population of the several Australian colonies now greatly exceeds 600,000. What a contrast this is with the 1030 persons who, in the year 1788, landed with Captain Phillip at Sydney, and founded the now flourishing colony of New South Wales!

The first free emigrant who obtained a grant of land in New South Wales was a German, who had been sent out by government as an agricultural superintendent. His grant comprised 140 acres, which, unfortunately for himself, he was induced to sell piecemeal. Had he only retained it about twenty years longer, he could have sold it for at least £100,000, owing to the rapid increase in the value of land in and about Sydney.

Emigration from the West Highlands still continues, and to a large extent. In many instances, the emigrants are now assisted by remittances from friends who preceded them, and who, being active and industrious, have 'done well.' And in many letters sent home by the now wealthy settlers, this language is used to induce their friends to follow them:—'Come here, and if you are only active and industrious, independence awaits you. At home, tea was seldom seen by us, and when it was, it was cautiously measured out in a spoon; butcher-meat was a luxury rarely enjoyed by us; while here, in our new country, the tea-chest stands open in a corner of the room for the use of all; and as for butcher-meat, we have as much as we can consume or could desire.'

#### MANCHESTER DRUNKEN RETURNS.

In *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 485, when comparing the drunkenness of great cities, the writer lets off Manchester too easily—and no wonder. In Glasgow and Liverpool, a drunken man, however quiet, is at once laid hold of by the police, and marched off to the office, to be out of harm's way; whereas in Manchester, unless actually riotous, he is allowed to find his way home. But this is not all: in the last-mentioned city, even if his condition is so suspicious as to cause his apprehension, he must be convicted and sent to prison, otherwise his name will not appear in the list of drunken people. This is sufficient to explain the difference in the drunken returns. A city like Manchester, where it was recently proved that out of a population of 315,000 souls 214,000 visits were made to the public-house on a single Sunday, is hardly entitled to be held forth as an example of comparative sobriety!

#### OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

A book written on vellum implies a certain antiquity immediately recognisable by the initiated. If it does not appear to be ancient, it is then more than probable that it contains the works of some author of more than ordinary consideration, to have made it worth while to go to the expense and labour of a careful scribe and a material difficult in those days to procure. An illuminated manuscript on vellum, if not a prayer-book, secures additional attention; independent of its value as a work of art, it must be of some consequence to have made it worth illuminating. A large manuscript, as a general rule, is worth more than a little one, for the same evident reason, that its contents were considered at the time when it was

written to have been of some importance, and deserving of more labour, time, and care, than if it was just written out cheaply by a common scribe. Uncial writing—that is, a book written in capital letters—is much more ancient than one written in a cursive hand, and the most ancient volumes were generally large square quartos. It is curious that this should be the case in almost all nations and languages surrounding the Mediterranean, though their customs may be so different in other respects. Manuscripts on paper, again, are sometimes of remarkable interest, from their containing the works of authors then considered trivial and inferior, but now of much more value than the more ponderous tomes of the middle ages.—*Curzon's Travels in Armenia.*

#### BIRTHDAY VERSES.

The spring-tide air is calm and clear;  
The sky bends softly o'er us;  
And flushed with hope, the passing year  
Gleams gay and bright before us.

Beneath our feet the tender blade  
Is matched with opening flowers;  
Sweet choral music fills the glade,  
And charms the happy hours.

What may such promise not betide  
Of sunny summer-time?  
How softly will its splendour glide  
To autumn's golden prime!

And so with thee, my gentle friend,  
The youth that crowns thee now,  
May all its joys with brighter blend  
To light thy woman's brow;

May thy young hopes and girlhood's dreams  
No worldly blight assail;  
No mists of earth their golden gleams,  
No clouds their glory pale!

The friendly hearts now linked with thine  
By stronger ties than blood—  
For nobler far than royal line  
Is holy brotherhood—

May they remain still true and tried  
Through sorrow, care, and rath,  
The fount of feeling still supplied  
By dew of early youth!

Thus may thy years pass lightly by,  
And Time age nought but dust;  
Let this thy undimmed Soul defy  
In her immortal trust.

When twilight shades forebode the night  
Whose dawn shall be afar,  
May He who was thy Morning Light  
Be then thy Evening Star!

April 1853.

#### CHINESE NEWSPAPER IN CALIFORNIA.

A Chinese newspaper has been established in California under the title of *Kin-chen-ji-sin-lou*, which signifies *The Gold-mine Journal*. It is lithographed in four pages and divided into columns, commencing at the right hand of the top of what with us would be the last page, as is usual with the Eastern writings. It opens with an address from the editor, setting forth the design of the journal, and soliciting subscriptions and advertisements. Besides these, commercial news and articles of intelligence likely to interest the Chinese are noted. An eminent Chinese scholar of Paris, who has examined the newspaper, says that it displays talent and industry, but is not written in the choicest language or most elegant style.—*American paper.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Lane, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 338 High Street, BIRMINGHAM. Also sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 38.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1854.

PRICE 4d.

## AN ALMS-HOUSE IN SHROPSHIRE.

ONE day last autumn, after fifteen months' arduous and incessant literary duty, I gladly for a time turned my face from London. My destination was to one of the western shires, there to perform an act of pious duty in a charitable foundation, said to be placed amidst the solitude of a wild moorland scene. I had rather a humble idea of what I had to behold, arising from a depressing conception of the meaning of the word 'charitable;' but the object of my journey rendered it of little consequence to me whether the place should prove a palace or a hovel!

At the early hour I started, it was cold and rainy; but I was too much delighted with my hard-earned holiday to be affected by disagreeables of a small kind. They proved, however, numerous enough to put the question of patience to the test, for instead of four in the afternoon, it was nine at night when I reached the little town to which I was destined. This I found to be full of forge-fires, smoke, and colliers.

I had yet ~~five~~ miles to go through a wild country, and the night extremely dark; but placing myself and treasures in a fly, I soon set forth again into the wildness of the night, for intensely wild and keen blew that autumn wind; so much so, that had I been set down blindfolded on the spot, I could have told that either a great open tract of country, or the sea, lay near at hand.

Though the highway was little more than a succession of rugged and narrow country lanes, its hedge-rows could be scarcely seen. Sometimes these were still more shadowed by the overarching trees of park or field; sometimes the stacks of the new harvest scratched against the windows of the vehicle, or cast a yellow gleam within; sometimes I breathed the unrivalled odour of that season's hay; at others I caught pleasant glimpses of fire and candle light in farmhouse and cottage; sometimes of the flitting lantern-light, far away in solitary shellings. But on the other hand, and seen the more intensely for the pitchy night, ran that marvellous backbone of Staffordshire and Shropshire, lurid with countless heaps of coke and ironstone burning in its first process, as well as with blast-furnaces belching forth their flames like so many Heclas. This is, in reality, a wonderful sight; the more so when we recollect that the first Levison was 'ill content' with William the Norman for this 'poor moorland fee.' But time changes material values as well as men; and here this mighty creation of riches will proceed, as far as iron is concerned, perhaps for countless ages yet to come; and as respects coal, till

new changes arise, and science has eliminated out of nature the secret of a new combusive power.

At length the vehicle stopped before a park-like gate, painted white, and opening between two lodges prettily overhung with hollies and other shrubs. The driver then led his horse up a short avenue of elms, and stopped at other gates, lofty, and of beautiful wrought iron. Here stood my dear relative, as well as the handsome old serving-man of the building, and I was led—yes, led is the word, for I was still a child in the heart of the aged alms-woman—up the flagged side-path of a shaven lawn, and into a lengthened cloister; and such a cloister as few except more ambitious collegiate buildings can at this day shew. Here were some attendants with lanterns, but the richest and warmest light fell far and wide upon the cloistered pavement through an open door. To this I was taken; and a little scene was before my delighted eyes that, for its air of comfort—I might almost say opulence—its excessive quaintness, its sense of holy, nay, as it impressed me, its religious peace, will never fade from me whilst life remains. Perhaps I was a partial looker-on, perhaps I might be influenced by the mingled and many-coloured feelings of that night; but though I remained there six months, this first impression was neither dissipated nor changed; on the contrary, only intensified and mellowed. I would, indeed, that one of our best painters could have seen that room that night: it was, indeed, a worthy scene, with its blended lights and shadows, for the richest mini-  
stration of art. I was at Preston Hospital, in Shropshire; my aged relative was an alms-woman—I was in her quaint home.

As soon as the door was closed, and I had thrown off cloak and bonnet, and drawn a quaint high-backed chair to the fire, I had time to look about me. The first brave thing was the fire itself—a mass so full of sparkling life as to light all but the distant corners of the room, like a jet of gas, and, by its bounty, enough to astonish a Londoner. But it is only in coal counties that you see such fires; and yet there was need of it, for the room was large and very lofty, and its pavement, stone, though warmly carpeted throughout. The walls, newly and tastefully papered, were in thickness much like those of the keep of a Norman castle, and gave comforting assurance of warmth and protection when winter winds and snow should sweep across the moors. Opposite to the door, opening, as I have said, so picturesquely from the cloister, was a large and antique window running up nearly to the ceiling; across this swept a handsome curtain, as tastefully hung as in a drawing-room; and in the wall opposite to the fireplace, was the ample bed-place or recess,

so often seen in Scotland and on the continent. It was slightly raised above the floor, and across it was likewise drawn a curtain—the only thing that rather grated on my sight, and gave an alms-house air to the otherwise handsome room. On either side the fireplace was a large closet, the one on the side nearest the window having a corresponding casement, and serving as pantry and china-closet. Such, in addition to a small garden-plot, constitutes the domicile of each alms-woman. But the differing taste in embellishment, and the possession of numerous relics of by-gone days, make the seven-and-twenty homes in Preston Hospital strangely various, as I in good time saw.

Here great natural good taste, a love for decoration, the descended culture of an old race, extreme cleanliness, and carefully preserved means, had done all that was possible to make it a bright and pleasant home. Old china, cups and vases, graced the mantle-piece; above these hung portraits of children long dead or far away—one a miniature on ivory, painted by a French abbé in Dartmoor Prison, many years before. Then there was 'Dick' roosting in his cage; a cluster of pretty modern bookshelves, bearing a few cherished relics of a once rich library—the top shelf being crowned with rare old china—and a little antique silver urn of exquisite beauty. Then, spread about the room, were chairs of varied shapes, a capacious sofa, differently shaped tables too—one in its brightness shining like a mirror, another bearing on it the old family-bibles and their parchment scrolls.

So much for decoration. But a little table was now drawn cosily to the hearth. On this was spread a snowy cloth, country bread, butter, cream, cold roast beef, and steaming tea; and I in my old-fashioned high-backed chair, and my aged alms-woman in her pleasant easy one, sat fairly down to rest and talk. Both were necessities: we had not met for seventeen years; in that time the cherished living had become the revered dead, and, like myself, my aged alms-woman was worn out with unusual fatigue—she having waited for me in the little country town all day, only giving up my arrival as night closed in, and it was time to return home.

It was twelve o'clock before we retired to rest, and I lay long awake, wondering at the quaintness of my new home, and its solemn and monastic stillness; unbroken by a sound save the occasional baying of a watch-dog on a neighbouring farm, and the old belfry-clock as it tolled the hours. Even I, with my imperfect hearing, could note this last, as it multiplied its slow, sweet echoes in gallery, cloister, and room, and then swept out upon the wind to moorland wastes and hills. Then I called to mind that this noble charity was founded in 1725, or thereabouts, by a Lady Herbert—of that old race, undoubtedly, which had been prolific of so many noble men; two brothers of them, though at the antipodes of human opinion, having names illustrious in English letters: the one, Lord Herbert of Chesham, born—contrary to the ordinary accounts—in this neighbourhood; the other, the 'sweet George Herbert,' who, with all his outrageous quaintness and incipient Puseyism, was not only a true poet, but the possessor of an exquisite human heart. His little poem, *Man is all Symmetry*, has unrivalled philosophic depth and beauty—a perfect gem, whose true meaning awaits the appreciation of a greater age of physiological knowledge

and medicine than our own; and whose life—one of those old Walton 'writ with an angel's pen'—will always present a charm for English readers, though they wisely smile at the old fisherman's occasional disputations against Puritanism, and what Lord Clarendon styled the 'Great Rebellion.' Then I went on thinking of the mother of these men, who, born at High Arcall, in this neighbourhood, bore the half-poetic maiden-name of Magdalen Newport. Then I was led on to ponder upon benevolence as a human characteristic—of its self-multiplying effects—of its magnificent power of nobly influencing remote causes—of its pre-eminence abstractedly considered as a virtue in alliance with human progression—of its being, under its higher aspects, the invariable accompaniment of the most perfectly organised and developed natures: and, reaching my favourite class of 'speculations, I fell asleep.

The morrow rose, a brilliant September morning—rich in sun and the exquisite perfume of mignonette from the neighbouring gardens. I rose betimes—for primitively early hours are the fashion here—and went out into the cloister, which was warmed and glowing with the rich young beauty of the day. I then saw that this large building formed three sides of an extensive square—a hall, ascended to by a flight of handsome steps, and used both as a chapel and school, occupying the upper portion; cloisters, with wide galleries and rooms above, forming either side; and from these, short wings, more recently added, branched out. The intermediate square, as I had seen the night before, was laid with a rich sweep of turf—as was the case in all the old conventual buildings—with flagged paths across it, the whole being bounded by the palisading and iron gates referred to, and which divided it from the outer lawn and avenue. The cloister opposite the one I now paced, closely resembled it, with a similarly wide staircase to the fine gallery above and its diverging rooms, and a passage through to the old gentlewomen's plot of garden: everything was alike, with this exception, that here the school-house and matrons-dwelling occupied the angle. To add to the privacy, only doors open into these cloisters—all the windows, except those of the galleries above, looking towards the garden.

In addition to the original endowment by this Lady Herbert—who had the building imitated from that of a monastery in which she had been hospitably sheltered in the Tyrolean Alps—other noble donors augmented the charity from time to time; so that, at the present date, it is said to be an immensely rich one. Its farms and lands are spread far and wide about the neighbourhood, and are eagerly competed for by occupiers, who seem to be a thriving class; though little can be said for their education, their courtesy to the recipients of the charity, or their style of farming—many essentials of which, as the condition of their fences, gates, and roads, would put Lord Ducie or Mr Mechi in a fever.

The original endowment of the charity was for the support of twenty decayed widows, and the maintenance and education of twenty poor girls between the ages of ten and sixteen years, and destined to be brought up as domestic servants. Spinsters are now eligible to the charity as well as widows; and the class of recipients seems to have been raised, till it now embraces the widows and daughters of clergymen, surgeons, landed proprietors, and others of the educated middle classes. The further this proceeds, the better: educated poverty is peculiarly deserving of compassion, and the more homogeneity of feeling, education, and tastes brought together in an institution of the kind, the better for all concerned; for no differences separate more widely or so effectually as those arising from education.



The charity is rather a private than a public one, though controlled by Chancery; the patronage being vested by the original donors in the Earls of Bradford. But all appointments are irreversible, except for flagrant misconduct; and it says much for the *morale* of a long line of old gentlewomen, that in a century and a quarter, there has not been more than one or two expulsions. Candidates are not eligible for admission till the age of sixty. Many thus go in merely to die, though others enjoy a green old age for some twenty or thirty years. One charming feature cannot be too highly praised, as it is a somewhat rare one in institutions of the kind—there exists no badge or distinctive mark of charity. In dress, in the reception or stay of guests, in absence from or return home, there is unconditioned liberty. The only points necessary for admission, in addition to that of age, are, that each candidate be of the Church of England, and that she deposit the sum of £1.10 in the savings-bank of the neighbouring town, as a contingent against any extraordinary medical expenses. The depositor may draw the interest, or let it accumulate; and the whole may be willed away, or pass by heirship. The charity now supports twenty-seven old ladies, each of whom has two tons of coal yearly, and a home, such as I have described, furnished by herself. In addition, twenty receive £1.18 per annum, and the remaining seven £1.28—this larger stipend passing by seniority of admission to the rest as death makes vacancies. The sum of £1.5 is also allowed for the burial-expenses of each inmate. With the exception of general supervision and assistance in case of sickness, the duty of the matron, who is also schoolmistress, is confined to a monthly visit to each room; but these are so charmingly managed, as to lose, in the majority of cases, all air of official duty. The loan of a book or newspaper, a friendly chat, or a neighbourly service, hide the formal duty; and in our case, these periodical visitations were amongst the most delightful episodes of my winter-evenings.

As for myself, I was most fortunate. Though not intending to make a long stay, I had brought my work, and was rejoiced to find a study. The next cloistered home to ours being vacant, owing to the permanent absence of the owner, it was most kindly given up to my sole use; and here, by half-past eight or so in the morning, one of the little incipient school-maids, in cap, bib, and apron, had lighted me a brilliant fire, and soon after I was cheerfully at work, my open casement—as long as weather permitted—admitting many tiny friends, in the shape of robin and sparrow. True, I had not many household effects—two tables, three chairs, a footstool, and a poker, comprised my worldly stores; but I was ‘monarch of all I surveyed;’ had stillness, light, and warmth, and my beloved books—what would I more? As time wore on, one of my feathered visitants grew very tame, ceased to mind the rustle of book-leaves or pen, brought his pretty red breast quite close to shew me, and would have perched upon my shoulder, had I remained long enough, I am sure. At half-past twelve, I locked up my study; had a saunter in our sunny cloister or in the fields; then dined, then rested, then had a two hours’ walk far away amidst the wildness of the moors, the autumnal beauty of the woodlands, or beside the winding way of crystal brooks. At five o’clock, I returned; paid duty to the toilet; had tea; at six o’clock, went steadily to work beside our own hearth, my aged alms-woman sitting opposite stilly at needle-work, with ‘spectacles on nose.’ As the belfry-clock struck nine, I put by; then came supper; a chat—bed. Thus the peaceful days flew on.

As they did so, my enjoyment of our cloister grew greater and greater. From it I had a fine view of that celebrity of Shropshire—the Wrekin; beyond it, that range of desolate hills, so exquisitely mentioned by

Sir Roderick Murchison in his great work the *Silurian System*; and at night—dark ones especially—I had all the Etna-like wonders of the Lea-Priory Forge—one of the greatest blast-furnaces in the world. But the sunsets were the loveliest, when strips of golden glory fell across the shadowed floor. Then slowly pacing up and down, the hope was constantly mine, that, should any self-sustained endowment or college be founded for the literary class, its building might have cloisters. The idiosyncrasies attending the higher kinds of mental toil must ever be the same, and the cloister be as much a contemplative luxury to the true workers and thinkers out of an advanced human knowledge, as to a Roger Bacon or to Wycliffe, and those other large-brained monks, whose meditations on the corruption around them must have been an effective, if indirect, agent towards the liberation of human thought. For in this case, as in all others, the corrective power sprung up from within the boundary of the evils which awaited reformation.

Intent upon lesser things, but most peaceful and pleasant in their way, these good old gentlewomen much enjoyed their cloisters, the one opposite to ours especially. Here, on fine days, they might be seen chatting, or sauntering, or visiting each other in their quaint homes. No sign of fine weather was more sure than to see our opposite cloister populous; for just as in the ‘weather-houses’ of children, if the least cold or damp prevailed, their green doors were hermetically closed; if fine, these latter stood open, affording pretty glimpses of interiors: deep casement ledges filled with plants; snowy caps and bright silk gowns; and, if the belfry-clock had struck four, tea-tables and pleasant occupants. Considering that even the larger stipend is not ‘infinite riches,’ these old gentlewomen might teach a lesson in economy to many a wiser person. Almost all of them dress well; some support a daughter or grandchild; others lay by money; and almost all their homes have an air of well-doing and comfort. It is only a pity that a large institution of the kind was founded in such an out-of-the-way spot. At the time the hospital was built, the country around was to a great extent a huge morass, and the climate in winter must have been inclement in the extreme. In this respect it has not much to boast of even now; though drainage, enclosure, improved farming, canal cutting, and a recent railway have effected wonders. In the neighbourhood of the county town were lovely sites; and an institution of the kind raised on some green acclivity of the Severn, would have had by this time an island fame. As it is, its isolation brings many disadvantages, not only as respects the laying out of individual incomes, but that social intercourse, so beneficial to all, but especially to the aged.

The children are well fed, and kindly treated, and behave with great respect to the old ladies. Twice a year—at midsummer and at Christmas—the latter dine together, appearing in great state of blond caps and silk dresses. Every few months, Lord and Lady Bradford, accompanied occasionally by their daughters or other visitors, drive over, stay a few hours, and make a kindly call of inquiry on each old gentlewoman: this without ostentation or intrusiveness, but with that suavity and simple kindness of manner which belong in so remarkable a degree to the better part of our English aristocracy.

As autumn waned into winter, my time passed very happily in my antique room: I only kept my fire the brighter as the days grew colder; made myself a screen by hanging an old carpet on some chairs at my back; and kept the casement shut, to the evident wonder of my little red-breasted friend. But occasionally I admitted him, treated him with some crumbs, let him stay with me for hours when the weather grew very cold; whereupon he learned to perch himself upon the mantle-piece above me, watch my moving pen, and

chirp if I looked up at him. One thing comforted me with respect to Mr Robin: when deep snows came, he was not a starved-out householder, but lived with Mrs Robin in a huge wheat-stack I could see from my window, where he had always a well-stored larder.

By the time Christmas came, I had resolved to stay till spring, as my presence was not yet needed in town. So I bought a pair of ponderous leather-boots, with which to traverse the deep mud of the surrounding lanes and roads, and the morass-like places I occasionally encountered in my voyages of discovery, and settled myself down to make the best of my quaint home, and the austere winter which gathered around it. Christmas brought the systematic cleaning of the great building from end to end; and after this came the school holidays. Such rubbing and scrubbing as there was, few can conceive. The tessellated marble floor of the hall underwent entire purgation; its quaint stools, and forms were piled together in a huge heap on the lawn; the agent's rooms, the matron's rooms, the dormitories, the fine old kitchen, with its service of pewter-plates and dishes, the galleries, the cloisters, were all besieged by some six or seven little housemaids, in mabcoaps and checked bedgowns, such as our great-grandmothers wore. The cleaning of the pewter, which takes place only once a year, is the most important affair of all. It has to be boiled, scoured, and rubbed—making altogether an elaborate process. But the reward comes when set on its oaken dresser, with holly between, and it shines like silver. Yet beautiful as it looked, as it scintillated in the blaze of the great Christmas fires, it is wisely kept for show; and we can but rejoice that the improvements introduced by Wedgwood's genius and science, have superseded all this intolerable drudgery of our grandmothers, and given us platters at once cheap and easily cleansed. As for our cloister, it was like a place in a state of siege, with chairs, tables, carpets, and other wonders of the old ladies' homes. Happily for me, I was left at peace in the shadows of my little study.

Snow had begun to fall, and the holidays were come. One morning whilst I sat at work, the snow lying thick on the outside of the casement, and weighing down the great leafless rose-tree which shadowed it, such of the scholars as performed little offices of duty came one by one to courtsey their adieu. The little letter-carrier was the last of these visitants. She opened the door, came very gently in, closed it, and stood in its deep shadows. At all times lovely, she looked eminently so now in her quaint garb, and with her look of holiday happiness. A small bundle in a scarlet handkerchief rested on her arm; her warm gray duffle-cloak was wrapped close about her; her bonnet was piquantly tied on with a little shawl, to keep it from blowing off in the snow and wind; and she formed altogether a picture, in her childlike innocence and Hebe beauty, such as few could have looked upon without admiration.

Our Christmas was a quiet one; but the last day of the old year brought grander things. I have a bachelor relation, who passes six days of every week in a railway Babel in Liverpool, notifying the arrival of American cottons, or the departure of English goods. He had obtained a brief holiday, and would come to see us. I therefore put by work and all signs of it; and the night before, set about the preparation of a grand Christmas-pudding—chopping suet, stoning plums, and so on. The next day at noon, with deep snow lying round, came our quaint, though not old friend, his pockets and carpet-bag filled with divers things for our aged alms-woman, for this was our little festival to her. Then came an hour's chat by my study-fire; then dinner of an elaborate giblet-pie; then a pleasant afternoon and evening, till it became time to see about the final elaboration of the great pudding. But, lo! in the hurry of the day, the eggs had been forgotten, and our good domestic, search where she might, could get

none; for the morrow was New-year's Day, and everybody was going to have a pudding. Fortunately, I am not turned easily from a good purpose, either in regard to trifles, or in things of more moment; and I resolved, though the night was truly Siberian, to set forth on this search myself, as it would never do to send our bachelor back on his journey of seventy miles without tasting pudding; so wrapping myself up, he and I set forth, the brilliant moonlight converting the night into day, and shining with inexpressible beauty on the great waste of snow around. To village and farmhouse doors we went; our appearance in some cases creating quite a wonder; but nobody had any eggs to spare, for everybody was going to have a pudding. Yet the walk and what we saw, would have made up for much greater disappointment. Such pleasant warm homes; such pretty rustic festivals; such jugs of home-brewed ale; such crab-apples dancing on the top; such steaming puddings, and pies, and roasts; such gossip, such merry children; such cheerful old men and aged dames—these, with the deep snow outside, the wild, solitary country, the distant forge-fires roaring on and on, made a whole such as no pen can describe. In most cases we were hospitably asked in—in some to taste the cheer. At last, after wandering through the deep snow of a primitive little orchard, whose sunset tints and crystal rivulet I had in autumn-days stayed many times to see, we came to a small farmhouse, and were admitted into a kitchen, where a wood-fire roared up a chimney centuries old. A little, new-born baby, its newly risen mother, and the father and grandparents, were gathered round, and being invited to the fire, we admired the baby, when we not only got what we sought, but also a hot jug of spiced elderberry-wine, against the tasting of which no negative would be taken. This little episode over, and many grateful thanks given, we returned home, and I finally elaborated the great pudding as our aged alms-woman and quaint bachelor chatted beside the pleasant hearth. On the morrow, the goose proved splendid, the pudding superlative; the day was pleasant; the morrow also; and the next day, the quaint bachelor departed. It snowed incessantly all night; the next morning, a drift, three feet high against our door, fell forward into our room when it was opened. For full ten days, my walks were at an end; for four, we had to post; a drift, fourteen feet deep, lay on a declivity of the high road. It was a perfect Siberia in England; but everybody knows about that pitiless winter.

With the spring flowers, I had to take leave of my peaceful study and my constant robin. Partly from want of leisure, partly as a matter of taste, I had made but few acquaintances amongst the elderly gentlemen; nevertheless, a series of most pleasant drinkings closed my peaceful visitation. The dear motherly hearts were full of interest, goodness, and human kindness—virtues which sit so gracefully on the old. There was no farewell more pleasant than that of an aged lady whose room opened from the great gallery above my favourite cloister. A lady in the strictest sense; it had been my habit to visit her chiefly on Sabbath-evenings, when throwing a shawl around me, and taking our great lantern, I wound my way up the wide old staircase to her door. Then going in, there was her glowing hearth, her small round table near it, her spotless handkerchief, her books, her light, her room all neat and neatness, with pretty landscapes round its walls, the work of daughter-like accomplished nieces, and herself—the brightest picture in the room—in her neat apparel, and with sensible and comely face. What true things must culture and refinement be, when they thus cleave to us in the ebb of fortune and the decline of years! Another visit was to a cloister neighbour—one ninety years old—who, with her faculties yet bright about her, and as cheerful as a bird in spring, sits always by her hearth, saving

in summer-days, in an ancient costume of frill and kerchief; a sketch for Rembrandt, and as though ever ready for the beneficent summons of the Great Renovator. Nor did my little handmaids forget me; a deputation waited upon me with pincushions, needle-books, and markers enough to last a life. There was one from whom I parted with more regret than all—the presiding spirit of the place, whose friendship is the richest boon this sojourn afforded me.

Farewell noble charity!—may your hearths long be bright as when I saw them—your walls shelter the infirmities of age—and your genial beneficence soothe the memory of past sorrows!

#### A VISIT TO THE FRENCH EXCAVATIONS IN ASSYRIA.

We were lounging with our nurgilas after dinner in the Iwan or portico of the French consulate at Mosul, when one of the overseers of the excavations at Khorsabad came rushing into the courtyard, and with the most frantic gestures informed us that 'the chariot of Nimrod' had been discovered. As the Arabs always ascribe everything which bears the marks of antiquity to Nimrod, my French friends instantly set it down as a discovery of the chariot of Eashaddon, whose name had been deciphered upon some of their inscriptions; and we had soon arranged a party to start the next morning, and to combine a visit to the old Assyrian's coach-house with a gazelle-hunt. We, accordingly, assembled betimes; and after my companions had settled matters with a bottle of the villainous antiseeded raki of the country, to which they seemed quite to have accommodated themselves, and which they were never without for very long together, we managed to pick our way over the rough and unsteady bridge of boats ere the sun was well above the horizon. Anxious to make the most of the cool morning, we pricked sharply on for the first few miles. Our road, after crossing the river, wound between the two great mounds of Konyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, and thus led us through the centre of the ruined city which still bears the name of Ninevé. We passed between the remains of two gigantic towers which once guarded the gateway of the town, and crossing the treble line of fosses which still bear witness to the skill of the Assyrians in fortification, we entered upon the open country that stretches to the foot of the Armenian Mountains.

We could now make out the mounds of Khorsabad lying at the foot of the Jebel Malkloub, a considerable hill which here advances into the plain, and forms a sort of outpost to the chain behind. Its name, though very difficult to translate into English, means something like the 'overtaken' or 'discomposed mountain'; and certainly it is difficult to imagine rocks more discomposed than these have been. Huge blocks of stone appear to have been tossed about and piled one upon another, or are strewn in disorder down the mountain-side; while in some parts they form uncouth groups, much resembling those of the Chaos, and of the Valley of Héas in the Pyrenees. But our road lay over the plain, and we had not dowered far before the cry of 'Gazelles' was raised, and we saw a herd of these beautiful creatures bounding over the undulating ground on our right. Away went the Frenchmen, utterly regardless of the distance of the game. Away too, of course, went the dogs, but with very little chance of success, when so much law was allowed against them, for even the fleetest greyhounds find it a difficult matter to run down a gazelle without some advantage in the start or in the ground. Away went the cawasses as fast as their horses could carry them, and away went my dragoman, a great leap faster than he liked; and then, determining to

make the best of a bad bargain, and if I could not have a hunt, at least to have a good gallop, I loosened the reins, and my black Arab speedily brought me up with the rest. There was a deep water-course in our way, and we went at it nearly abreast. One of my companions reached the other side with the loss of his hat and both stirrups, and unfortunately it was he who had all the morning been loudest in his praises of his own horsemanship. The other—a cavalry officer too—was to be seen on the pommel of his saddle, and holding on, like grim death, to the mane. My dragoman was to be seen on the bank, and about half our followers were not to be seen at all—they had disappeared in the gully! The gazelles had taken the direction of Khorsabad, so that we lost no ground by pursuing them; and by the time they had run us and the dogs out of sight, we found ourselves near the ruined walls which surrounded the Assyrian city.

Dismounting at one of the larger mounds, which evidently marked the site of a gateway or bastion, and descending into the trenches, I was astonished to find before me a most perfect and magnificent archway. It was built only of sun-dried bricks; but from its size and proportions, it was quite worthy of forming the entrance to a magnificent city. It had been uncovered but a short time before, and little more than the arch had as yet been excavated; but in the pavement of the road which ran through it, were the ruts left by the chariot-wheels, worn as deeply into the stone as they are at Pompeii. It is curious, that in this country, which was once so famous for its chariots, and where, as we see from the Assyrian sculptures, other kinds of wheeled-carriages were in constant use, everything of the sort should now be utterly unknown. The reader will remember the graphic account given by Layard of the excitement produced in Mosul by the great wagon with which he moved the sculptures from Nimroud. It was probably the first that had been seen in the country for many centuries, and may possibly be the last, unless the visionary scheme of the Indian Railway should be realised, and a noisy, matter-of-fact steam-engine should come to disturb with its whistle the long rest of Semmacheirib or Nebuchadnezzar.

The discovery of this arch was the more remarkable, that, with the exception of a small vault found some little time before at Nimroud, no other structure on this principle had been uncovered in Assyria.

Remounting our horses, we rode along the line of fortifications to the street of mud-huts which now forms the village of Khorsabad. At the entrance to the village was a deep muddy ditch, over which we leaped our horses, and were cantering up to our night's quarters, when we heard a cry behind us, and turning round, saw all that was to be seen of my unfortunate dragoman; namely, part of a pair of legs projecting from the mire in which he had been soused head over ears. One of the cawasses soon got hold of his feet, and literally pulled him out of his unpleasant position by the legs.

On our arrival at the hut appropriated to the expedition, we found that the so-called chariot had been brought down from the mound to meet us; but 'Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus;' and the long and highly ornamented spokes, the body of bronze inlaid with ivory, and the pole, with its ram's head at one end, which we had so often seen in the sculptures, and which we now expected to see in reality, had dwindled down to four little wheels of solid copper, hardly as large as cheese-plates. A quantity of decayed wood was found with them, and the remains of the iron axles: but there was nothing to indicate the size or shape of the carriage to which they had belonged, though it was certainly neither a chariot nor a battering-ram, the wheels of which are the only ones that are represented in the bass-reliefs.

We did not long delay paying our respects to the mound that marks the site of Earsaddon's palace, and in which such interesting sculptures were discovered by a former French consul, M. Botta, ere the English excavations at Mosul and Nimroud had made much progress. The number of sculptured bulls found here is almost incredible; and as they were, generally speaking, in better preservation than those at first found by Layard, a pair of them were purchased by our government, and now form one of the chief attractions of the Assyrian collection in the British Museum. M. Botta's trenches had mostly fallen in, or been filled up by the earth washed down into them by the winter rains, so that little beyond the shape and arrangement of the rooms was to be made out; but I was hurried through this part, and carried off to the latest and most interesting discovery in the mound—what, I was assured by my French friends, had been the wine-cellar of the king of Assyria. We soon reached a part of the excavations where the trenches had literally been dug through piles of terra-cotta vases; and I was shewn, on some broken pieces, the traces of a glutinous substance, which were 'evidently the remains of dried-up wine.' In fact, they had carefully washed out one of the vases, and given the proceeds to one of their number to drink, with his eyes bandaged, and he had pronounced it to be a glass of the most excellent Malaga! Unfortunately, all the other authorities upon the subject of Assyrian antiquities seem agreed, that the so-called wine-cellar was a place of burial, and that the delicious Malaga must have been a decoction of some of the descendants of Nimrod!

A short time before, I had seen in the English newspapers a report sent home by the French Commission, of the discovery of handsome pillars and colonnades of considerable extent; and on inquiring for them, I was shewn a plaster-wall with beadings on it, somewhat resembling half-columns. It stood at the head of a very handsome staircase, which appeared to have formed the entrance to the private apartments of the palace. The only other object of interest was an arched culvert just being cleared out, but which seemed to begin and end nowhere. After looking at this, and watching one of the party as he vainly endeavoured to take a photograph of it in the dark, we descended again to our house in the village. I must, however, mention that our photographic friend had left one of his gutta-percha trays upon a sloping stone outside the trenches, exposed to the full heat of the sun; and that when he had finished his work, and returned to look for it, the only trace that remained of it was a half-dissolved mass at the bottom of the slab.

In the evening, we sallied forth with our guns in search of the snipe that abound in the wet rice-fields of Khorsabad. We had not gone very far before my companion stopped, and begged me to walk along cautiously, as we were in a particularly good place for game; and if we could only manage to see them on the ground, we might have a chance of bagging one or two for our larder. Of shooting flying, he seemed to have no idea; and he was very much disgusted at my killing the birds as they rose, as the report of the gun made those which remained on the ground, and which he might otherwise have shot at there, lie too close to be seen. We had, however, very fair sport, and we returned with a good bag of snipe and wild-fowl.

On the following morning, after another visit to the trenches, we mounted our horses and cantered back to Mosul in a couple of hours, reaching the hospitable house of our consul in time for a late breakfast. On the way, I shot a catarr, or pintailed grouse, from curiosity. The flesh of this bird is dry and coarse, but its plumage is very beautiful. It is met with in incredible numbers in the plains of Mesopotamia; and the flocks of them I saw there, first enabled me to realise the descriptions of the migrations of the American

pigeons, which are said to darken the sun in their passage.

It is very unfortunate that the spirit of jealousy between France and England, now apparently so happily extinguished at home, should have been fostered and inflamed in the East by the petty jealousies of those whom science and antiquarian research should rather have united. The Assyrian excavations have been a constant source of irritation between the subjects of either country who have been concerned in them, and their disputes are believed to have occasioned no little trouble to the ambassadors at Constantinople. It is, however, to be hoped, that now that the Union Jack and the Tricolor are waving in harmony in so many parts of the world, they may not be separated in the East, by those whom the same hope of discovery and spirit of investigation have brought together.

#### A HOME EMIGRATION.

On a fashionable-looking morning, ten years past, a gay group, consisting of three ladies and three gentlemen, came out of a cake-shop in the main street of a southern (Irish) spa-town, chatted awhile beyond the door-step, and then parted; the ladies turning up the gentlemen down street, as is the country phrase. At that moment a young man in mourning, with a frank, fine countenance, darkened by what looked to be unusual sternness, was walking rapidly up the street towards them.

'Good-mo'nin', Checkley.'

'How d'y'e do, Checkley?'

'What's in the wind, John, eh?' cried the three gentlemen at once.

'How d'y'e do, gentlemen?' rejoined the young man addressed, passing the speakers as if indisposed to further parley.

'That's a match,' said one.

'Who? Checkley and Jane Delmege?'

'Yes.'

'No, I say: an old fox is not trapped so easily. Report says all is not right over the water.'

'By Jove!' cried the first speaker, after looking back, 'she's distanced him already, or he's taken himself off. Her fortune wouldn't do, maybe.'

'It won't do, depend upon it, if it would—of which I know nothing,' was the rejoinder.

The ladies had made a little move preparatory to the pause to speak, and looked blankly at one another as Mr Checkley raised his hat and passed on—sharply rather than hurriedly, as if he lacked the inclination rather than the time to stay.

'What on earth ails him?' exclaimed the eldest of the three.

'I'm sure I don't know,' answered the second.

'Nor do I,' was expressed in the countenance of the youngest, but she did not speak. She watched the young man's progress until his moving round a corner into a street off the main one took him out of sight; and when, after a moment, as she and her companions turned in the same direction, she saw him go by her door without a glance towards the house, an expression of both pique and perplexity gathered round her parted lips and soft brown eyes. When left at home, she entered as if scarcely seeing whither she was going. She walked into a parlour, sat down on a sofa, and remained for some minutes pulling at the ends of her sash, absently, as if her thoughts had got into a creek-knot which she was endeavouring to disentangle. A knock at the hall-door startled her out of her reverie; she rose, and moved towards a large bow-window; as she reached it, the subject of her thoughts walked into the room.

'You are alone?' said he.

'Yes,' she replied, 'I am, Mr Checkley.'

Intent on his own thoughts, he did not seem to notice

the coldness of her manner. He took her unoffered hand, dropped it, and, turning to the window, looked thence for some minutes before he spoke again. Then he said slowly:

'I came to bid you good-by.' The lady's countenance changed, and changed again. She looked relieved rather than otherwise when he had added: 'I am going—to emigrate. Not to America,' he continued, following her eyes to a large map hung upon the wall; 'nor to Australia. I am going further from you, Jane. I am going to do what will divide us more widely, more finally. I am going to quit the position, and not the place which I was born in. After this week, you can no longer give me your acquaintance—I can no longer accept it. I came to see you once more, upon the footing of old times—happy times to me. I came to make a parting request to you—that you will hear me for a few minutes, and without reply. This morning, all I possessed was swept from me—at a blow. I was left but the bare means of maintaining my orphan brothers, by entering at once upon a servile employment. I have made up my mind to do so. But I had my heart too, to—I could not reconcile that to my debased position. I cannot meet you upon an equal footing; I would not meet you upon any other. Before I leave you for ever, I came to tell you, *in words*, that I love you; that I sought you with the hope of winning you; that I only waited to feel it would not be presumptuous in me to expect your preference. Remember that I loved you fondly and frankly, as long as I dare ask you to become my wife; I tell you so now solely as an avowal due to you, not for my own sake. When I entreat your silence, you cannot misconceive my motive. You could answer me now in one way only, and I do not need to be rejected. Give me your hand once more, for old times. You could not hold acquaintance with a carrier? No words? God bless you! Good-by, Jane—good-by.'

This strange monologue was spoken without pause, although deliberately. The speaker had quitted the house before the lady, whose breath he had taken away by the surprise, could have spoken, had he wished it. She was disappointed, bewildered, pained. She had been awakened, and found the treasure-trove of her dream-time gone. The mystery that had hung like a golden gossamer between two young lives and the world was withdrawn. That unspoken confidence had been explained away. That pleasant relation, so familiar, yet so distant, so fond, and yet so fearful, was to be no more.

*And he was to be a carrier!*

And what could she do? What could one do in whom the gentle instincts, tastes, and sympathies, loves, hates, and aspirations, of three county families were interwoven and bound up closely as the three strands of the broad auburn plait wound round that fair and puzzled head? What could Jane Blakeney Dawson Delmege say to a declaration from a carrier? Nothing. And she could not be sorry that confusion had been beforehand with reflection in preserving silence. For a long time she stood still where he had left her—no eyes lived over the way to watch her. Spring Lane was a one-sided, semi-rural street, stretching towards the country, like a fashionable forefinger extended by the town to the neighbouring rusticities. Its upper windows looked into the deer-park of the manor; the lower ones upon the blank dead-wall. At last she moved away, went up stairs, put away her gloves and bonnet with a sigh, as though something else was laid aside with them in the wardrobe. She walked into the drawing-room; opened the windows wider—she felt as if the room required more air; sat down with her hand under her head; and glancing along the soft green grass and shadowy trees, so well known to both herself and him, her mind ran over that strange interview: then further back, to other

conversations, other mornings, till a mist came over both. For a moment, she could not see quite clearly; but it passed away in the twinkling of an eye; and as Sir Harry's carriage rolled by to a call next door but one, she could distinguish every member of the party. She closed her meditation, by resolving to say nothing to her family of what had occurred—to let John Checkley's course disclose itself. It was enough that his heart was wrung, poor fellow!—it would ill become her to bare it to the world. Then came her mother's knock; and as a first step to her part, she retired out of the way of question as to whom she had met since breakfast. On coming down to dinner, she found that some passing town-topic had diverted all probability of embarrassing inquiry. It was not till the same hour next day that the facts of the change in John Checkley's prospects came coherently before her. He had 'outrun the constable' in the report of his own misfortunes.

'He should have kept matters quiet for a little,' said a guest at table. 'He might have bolstered up the property with some pretty girl's fortune.'

'That could but break his fall, and give him a new companion in it,' replied Mr Delmege. 'But that he *might* have done so, I have very little doubt.' Jane's cheeks burned; but her father avoided looking towards her side of the table. 'That he *might*, and did not, should increase his friends' esteem for him. Checkley is a sterling fellow—a thoroughbred gentleman, be his position what it may.'

'Well, I think he might have done better for himself, and for others too,' rejoined the guest. 'A fellow of decent family cannot sink alone. A man owes it to his connections to hold his head up, if he can at all. Checkley ought to have interest enough to get a commission.'

'"Live horse, and you'll get grass!"' quoted Mr Delmege, with an expressive shrug.

'Fact!' returned the guest, smiling. 'I only hope his brothers may be willing to do as much for him.'

Here the conversation dropped. The heroism of John Checkley's resolution—time, and place, and circumstance considered—was tacitly recognised by all present; but every one had a motive, through politeness or prudence, for not choosing to enlarge on it just then.

Not quite one year before, John Checkley entered on possession of a middle interest, old as Queen Elizabeth, in a large tract of land in 'good heart' and favourably located. It brought with it the burden, or, as he would rather say, the privilege, of providing for two brothers, twins, and many years younger than himself. As playthings and darlings to him and his bride-elect, he looked forward to rearing and training them, to settling them in professions, or dividing with them, in due season, a property trebled in value by his care and skill and the 'good time coming'—the millennium of the farming interest. He saw nothing to prevent his completing all his schemes, realising all his dreams. He planned and experimented, studied and worked; and through all he loved. Absorbed in the small pleasures and trials of his daily life, sun and wind, meeting and parting, took his time and thoughts from the one serious circumstance most likely to affect him. In the distance, like a rain-cloud far away, but so lying that a single change may bring it down, there was a danger he had scarcely looked to—a bond guaranteed by his father for a sum extravagantly beyond his means to meet. John Checkley, senior, had the satisfaction of rescuing the county treasurer'ship from the hands of a prudent, well-principled plebeian, and so went to rest with his fathers. His aristocratic friend, the treasurer, 'robbed Peter to pay Paul'—it was so he drank claret. He used the county funds for his own immediate purposes, fully bent on making his tenants pay up to the grand-jury; but, meantime, he died. The heir came into possession, but considered that his own debts

should take precedence of his father's; the rather that, they being yet uncontracted, there was no obligation whatsoever to discharge them. It was a mere extension of the common law of honour. He shut his ears and his pocket on the creditors; and down came the county upon poor John Checkley. In an hour, his all was seized—crops, stock, furniture—everything except two horses and two carts purchased by himself. It was, indeed, rather to foil the bailiffs, so far, than to serve 'the master,' that these were claimed and kept for him by his workmen; so worthless were they in comparison with what the law had laid fast hold on.

Then John Checkley looked around him. It was easy to estimate his resources. He had relatives; but through them nothing could be gained without delay, perhaps not more even with it; and he could not afford time for the trial. He put that chance out of sight. In fact, he possessed nothing but these carts and horses: he could count on no other reality for support of his orphan brothers. On these, then, he was to speculate.

When he had quitted the presence of Miss Delmege, he returned to his own home, only to yield it up to strangers. He gave up his accounts with his hands to a receiver, and then resolutely turned his back upon Mouilly, and so far as was possible, on all associated with it. He took lodgings for his brothers and himself, and by the week's end had disrated himself from the genteel company of a ten-miles-wide circuit around Fountainstown by means of advertisement, that 'John Checkley, carrier, solicited public custom for the conveyance of goods, &c.' By being his own 'guide,' he would himself have all the profit of his undertaking; and he had no desire to avoid that office. His pride was of that proudest sort—that when down, will second circumstance in sinking itself further; and, progress being the law of events, strikes the bottom to make sure of an uprise. From Fountainstown to the next seaport, twenty miles distant, carriage paid ten shillings the ton. He could accomplish the journey twice in six days, and thus average at the outset £2, 5s. per week—£117 a year. And when his horses were fed and stabled, there would still remain sufficient for a young man and two boys to live on.

Coals were the steadiest article of import; to these, after a trial, he confined himself; and 'John Checkley solicited the public of Fountainstown to try his coals.' Of his former associates, some dealt with him for their own convenience; others gave him their custom through good-nature; and others, again, patronised him through impertinence. The money of all went into the same purse, and that purse was filling; John Checkley was prospering beyond his hopes. Not a few of his old companions met him almost as familiarly as ever—when they saw him; for his frieze-coat and felt-hat could easily pass unobserved as his; and the distance from the footway to the middle of the street, where he walked after his cars, might as well be miles as inches to those who did not chance to look across. He had had, too, invitations to some parties—of bachelors; but steady and good-humoured refusals following each, they ceased. The feeling that dictated them was neither gratified nor offended: it died away quietly, like most good easy things.

The relation that he himself had prescribed existed unvaried between him and Miss Delmege. They avoided each other so cautiously, that accident had all the credit of keeping them from meeting. If reliance on her sympathy had had any part in his motives or expectations, he was disappointed; she had accepted in full his renunciation of their acquaintanceship, but she had gone no further; she had not fulfilled his bitter prediction, 'that she would marry into the next marching-regiment, to do away with all remembrance of her courtship with a carrier.' Two years from their parting interview passed by, and such a marriage, if

not any marriage, was seemingly as far as ever from her prospects.

At the close of that time, an accountantship in the Fountainstown Bank became vacant. The manager, a stranger in the town, who had taken a fancy to John Checkley's mode of doing his own business, offered him the place. The twins then conducted the home-business during bank-hours, still, by a little management, not omitting a fair share of school-duty; and the eldest brother's salary was added to the common stock. After six months more, there came another change. John Checkley quitted Fountainstown, for, report said, a situation of more ease and trust in England. One of the twins succeeded to the place in the bank. 'The interest in Mr. John Checkley's store, a large quantity of coals, a number of horses, cars, &c.,' were 'cried' and sold, and the proceeds lodged for the second of the twins; who earnestly desired to attain a profession, hereditary in the family. The lad himself departed with full light heart to enter on his new pursuit. The twin accountant soon followed in his eldest brother's steps to England, and a higher post; and the Checkleys were lost sight of in Fountainstown for a time; seldom even named, except that, at the club-meets, if the fox ran towards Mouilly, some passer-by conjectured that, when the debts were cleared off—yet a distant prospect—some member of the family would repossess the old place.

John Checkley returned as manager long before anybody looked to see him back. His thorough knowledge of the complicated relationships and connections of the neighbouring gentry, was of no small commercial value in troubled and changeful times: it secured him the place of his now superannuated friend. It happened to be at the same season, and nearly at the very hour, that saw him part with Jane Delmege some summers gone, that he now re-entered Fountainstown; but he felt this forenoon much finer than that well-remembered one, which had left a chill upon his recollections. His heart opened to the old places, and the old people too—the neighbours.

That Miss Delmege was still single, was a fact that made itself known to him, unasked, during the first hour's exercise of his new duties. Mr Delmege had engaged in railing; and, to spare the time of a confidential clerk, and avoid the risk of trusting other parties, Jane sometimes walked to the bank, to lodge or draw any considerable sum. Here her old lover encountered her. Hearing her name called out, he turned round, and found her standing before him. Her hand was extended with a cheque; but he could not do less, for old acquaintance' sake, than offer to take both together.

'You've returned here,' observed she, with some embarrassment of manner.

'Yes,' he refrained from adding, 'as manager.' She could perceive that fact—and continued: 'And I am not sorry to find myself once more at home.'

Some indifferent remarks followed reciprocal inquiries for Mr and Mrs Delmege, and the twins. His years of absence lay, bridge-like, between their past and present: it was ground on which both stood at ease.

'May I thank you to look at that,' said the lady at length, glancing at the cheque.—'I am rather in haste.'

'Certainly; excuse my detaining you so long,' replied the gentleman, as he took up the fluttering bit of paper. Then adding: 'One moment; pray pardon me; I am still new here,' he moved towards his own office, reaching, as he passed, the cheque to an accountant. Miss Delmege saw, or thought she saw, his countenance changing, meantime, to the official dubiousness of 'account overdrawn?' It was with a proud swell of the heart she felt she had come to claim money, not to ask credit. She could expect no tender remembrance of the past from the young manager, and she looked for none in transacting business with him. And



yet she misjudged somewhat the feelings and motives that she canvassed; they leaned over the counter far more than she supposed. Never had John Checkley been so little disposed to quarrel with her conduct as at the moment when she was questioning herself of its necessity, or even its dignity. He had condemned her weakness before he had had opportunity to estimate his own. It was with a thrill of the heart he remembered that his old avowal was to that hour unretreated and unrectified—that he was, in fact, her suitor still, if he desired to appear in that relation. It was this returning love that had swept across her path, and ebbed away with changing circumstances years before, which now said to itself: 'It might perhaps serve her better than in aiding her father's projects if'—Here a great letter D cut short suppositions. A fair balance in the book before him, shewed that the Delmege's in nowise needed friendly aid. They were yet well to do—remarkably well for these overwhelming times. The paying of the customary parting compliments was all needed at his hands just then; and he returned, feeling himself a little put back, though why he would have found it hard to say. While the teller and Miss Delmege counted and recounted the money, he filled up the time for himself with a vague and rather careless expression of 'having purposed to inquire for Mrs Delmege as soon as business would permit.' Whether it was, that through the obviously increased coldness of his manner, Miss Delmege saw something of what really had been passing through his mind, or that she was prompted by the habit of hospitality, she thought proper to reply, that mamma would be very happy to see him.

They parted: the lady to go home, and make a very observable miscount in her transfer of cash received; the gentleman to go through his books with a brain not altogether clear. Through debits and credits flitted many strange items. Hopes, fears, doubts, took place of pounds, shillings, and pence; ranging themselves down the double columns, mingling and changing, till at length the manager brought them to a check. 'Why not to-day?' said he, shutting up the book. 'It is not I who should be backward, if she is willing to recall old times; and if not, the sooner I know her mind the better for my own.' This settled, he was able to give all his attention, if not quite all his heart, to the interests of the worthy governor and directors to whom he was indebted for the means to press his own just then. This very thought was enough to make a hopeful lover a zealous, earnest man of business; and the new manager gained the top of the wheel in the rapid revolution of gentel opinion that day in Fountainstown. Long-headed vice-chairmen of poor-law boards, starched J. P.s, and affronted forty-fifth cousins affiliated with as kindred genius, or hailed as the triumphant and irrepressible aspiring of thorough breeding, what the manager set down to a simple, honest instinct, favouring circumstances, and perhaps one little incident that he would not return on to analyse. The county club talked of the height of his forehead; he in his inmost soul thanked Providence. When the clock struck three, he sprang, like a school-boy, from his seat, overawed the closing arrangements, and hurried away once more to the old house in Spring Lane.

The ladies were at home. Checkley began something to the younger of 'fears he might be even more occupied the next days,' but her mother's welcome and inquiries out short an explanation that was not much needed. Jane scarcely spoke. Mrs Delmege invited him to stay, without ceremony, for the day, believing that he was free from home engagements. He confirmed her suppositions; then paused, and looked at Jane. Jane looked out of the window; she remembered he was now manager. He, too, remembered the same fact, and it prompted acceptance of the invitation, even though she would not second it. He laid by his hat,

and with it the remnant of constraint that had hung round him previously. Conversation was resumed and kept up between him and the elder lady; the younger sat in the window, listening or thinking, as might be—Checkley wondered which. Yet when, on the entrance of a second guest to Mrs Delmege, an opportunity of ascertaining offered, he would not use it. Mr Delmege was expected home to dine; and the manager desired to make sure that, taking one thing with another, he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. He was not wholly sanguine of the result. For himself, he had attained a full sense of the 'nobility of labour'; and could look with ease—without envy or contempt—on those who had not had opportunity to make a like acquisition. He could make ample allowance for the sway of feelings that, save on one point only, could no longer give him trouble. His apprehensions of refusal were just strong enough to make acceptance *delightful*. Meantime, he made his passing companionship agreeable to Mrs Delmege and her friend; and meantime, too, Jane withdrew from the window, and joined their little group. Perhaps the recollections wafted thither, with the odour of the primroses and cowslips from over the park-wall, were not altogether pleasant.

Mr Delmege arrived in due time. His welcome to 'our new manager and old acquaintance, my dear,' was both hearty and discriminative—he was just the man to make his feelings felt. The manager was made to make himself at home. He might have forgotten there was such a thing as coal in creation, had he not been keeping it determinedly before his mind's eye all that live-long summer afternoon.

'Take your wine, Checkley. Here's your good health, and further promotion!' cried his host, when the ladies had passed away to the drawing-room.

As a most natural apropos to his acknowledgments, came an avowal of the young manager's 'entire satisfaction in his present place, if, only, the position he had some time held in Fountainstown, formed no bar to his pressing an old, unchanged attachment to Miss Delmege'—

'Not a bit of it,' answered her father, interrupting him. 'Am I not dabbling in trade myself now? A miller may shake hands with a collier any day. Jestings apart, my dear Checkley, that thorough-bred idleness we Irish gentry used to plique ourselves upon, is fast becoming obsolete—may all our woes go with it! If Jane be pleased, as I have very little doubt she will be, I know no one in whose hands I should hold her happiness more safe. I know, my dear fellow, and feel how handsomely you acted towards my family, at a time when Jane's little fortune would have been a matter of some moment to you.'

John Checkley sprang up stairs three steps at a time. The two elder ladies looked round in surprise to see a gentleman so soon in the drawing-room; Jane kept gazing straight before her, till, at a whisper of 'Will you allow me to speak one moment with you there?' she rose and walked with him to the window.

'Do you remember, Jane,' said he, 'the last time we stood here together?'

'It was not here—it was down stairs,' she replied with a blush and half smile.

'True: so it was indeed. That is a favourable omen. Will you reconsider now what I said to you then? On my side, all is the same. I took your hand then without hope or wish to keep it: there is mine now; will you take it?—'tis a hand with a heart in it.' 'I did not expect you would ever think of me again,' said Jane ingenuously.

'Do you suppose I ever ceased to think of you?'

'Not quite, perhaps. I did not deserve remembrance from you.'

'I am not sure of that,' said the young manager frankly. 'If you had made me at all less miserable then, I might be far less happy now.'

One month after, John Cheekley gave Jane Delmege a partner's right in the honours and emoluments of the 'Bank-house.' Across the river, in the distance, lies Monally, its old trees and gray walls fair in the sunshine of a pleasure yet to come.

### WHAT IS AN OVAL GUN?

STIMULATED by the war-trumpet which now resounds throughout Europe, we took up arms some time ago in our own fashion, presenting our readers with a short description of the various kinds of fire-arms employed up to that period in military service. We exhausted the list. No important firearm of any description remained to be particularised. Yet a little reflection on the relations between demand and supply might have awakened a suspicion that the list would soon be extended. In times like the present, when the military resources of nations in all that relates to engines of war are so nicely balanced, the discovery of a cannon able to project a missile a few yards further than any other, may involve the battering down of a fortress, the conquest of an enemy, the termination of a war. Mr Lancaster, the gunmaker of Regent Street, among others, has been at work. He has turned his attention to the improvement of large firearms, and, we believe, with success. At anyrate, the new class of gun and dispatch boats, which the shallowness of the Baltic demands, and which, mushroom-like, have sprung into existence with such marvellous rapidity, are armed, as newspaper reports tell us, with Lancaster's *oval* guns. *Oval* guns! One hardly comprehends the meaning of the term. The discovery of a new cannon of tremendous power just at the present time, when we have an enemy to chastise whom we do not wish to be so well informed as ourselves concerning our warlike resources, is naturally suggestive of secrecy. Perhaps, therefore, the term *oval gun* has been advisedly used, for the purpose of mystification? The newspaper reader suspects the fact. He determines to look out for the next report, and to learn further particulars from the context. Well, a few days elapse, and he finds it mentioned that Lancaster's *oval* guns are very well adapted for throwing *spherical case-shot*! This is a quietus—he relinquishes the study of newspaper contexts in despair. An *oval* gun for throwing *spherical case-shot*!

But let us see how we can help him. Having donned our fighting-gear at anyrate, we shall now try what we can do with the new Lancasterian *oval* gun. First, then, let us premise that the chief cause of irregularity in the flight of all projectiles, is the irregular disposition of the matter round their respective centres of gravity. Every person, in the least degree conversant with mechanical science, must be aware, that of all possible shapes that of a sphere presents the greatest chance of the centre of gravity coinciding exactly with the centre of the object. Nevertheless, if a thousand cannon-balls were set floating in mercury, not two out of the thousand, it is probable, would float alike; thus proving the unequal distribution of parts around the centre. Of course, a similar inequality of distribution exists also in smaller globular masses. Whether we have to do with a cannon-ball or a musket-ball, the conditions remain the same. However, in the case of small firearms, errors resulting from the cause above mentioned are obviated by rifling the barrel, and converting an ordinary musket into a rifle-gun. If rifling has succeeded so well in the case of small firearms; then why not rifle-cannon, it may be asked? Because simply it could not be done; or if done, the rifling produced with so much labour would be ineffective. The reason of this we shall see by and by; but in the meantime, let us take a glance at the construction of a rifle-gun.

If the finger be thrust into the muzzle of a common

musket or fowlingpiece, nothing will be discoverable but a smooth round bore, going straight down towards the breech. If a rifle—any ordinary rifle, that is to say—be thus examined, it will be found to have peculiarities of its own. The bore, instead of being smooth, as in the instance of the musket or fowling-piece, will be found indented with a variable number of little furrows or belts; and unless some little attention be devoted to the investigation, no peculiarity of these furrows and belts, technically called *lands*, will be discoverable. Further examination, however, will prove that they are arranged spirally, but with such elongation as to effect only one, or, it may be, one revolution and a half, in proceeding from the muzzle to the breech. Now it follows, that if a leaden ball be jammed into such a barrel as we have described, in such a manner as to receive an impress of the rifle-lands or ridges, then such ball can emerge from the barrel only by following the threads of the screw, turning rapidly on its axis during the period of discharge, and retaining the same rotatory motion during its atmospheric flight. Of this sort is the motion of a rifle-ball; and the reader will at once see, that the continuous rotatory motion practically compensates for any inequality of ponderable matter on any one lateral aspect of the projectile. Point by point, and with extreme rapidity, every lateral aspect of a rifle-ball in flight is brought into the same relation with the axis of flight. In this description we have assumed that a bullet emerging from a rifled-barrel must necessarily assume the rifled motion. Under one condition, however, it may not do so. If the charge of gunpowder be inordinately great, the ball may *strip*, to use the technical phrase; in other words, it may have its screw-thread rendered ineffective by the mere force of discharge. It appears, then, that the very principle of a rifle-gun necessitates the indentation of the projectile with the lands or grooves wherewith the barrel is furnished: and this brings us to the consideration of loading a rifle. Either the ball is rammed down from the mouth, or it is put in by some trap-door contrivance near the breech, where, sitting tightly, it is made to emerge by the sheer force of gunpowder. Rifles of the latter construction seem best on paper: in practice, however, they have been very sparingly adopted; mouth-loading having continued to be generally preferred. Notwithstanding this preference, they are ordinarily so difficult and so tedious to charge, that much attention has lately been devoted to the perfection of schemes for charging them with greater facility. The most celebrated, and at the same time the most successful of these, is the arrangement of Captain Minié, which, having been adopted by Mr Lancaster in a modified form, we are bound to describe.

The desideratum was, the construction of a projectile which, entering loosely into the barrel, should fit tightly during the act of discharge. M. Delvigne, if we mistake not, was the first to solve this problem. He furnished the breech-end of his rifles with such a little anvil, projecting in the middle, space being left for the charge of gunpowder all around. Against the anvil, the bullet was hammered with an iron ramrod, until, by expanding laterally, it pressed into the furrows of the barrel, and assumed the condition of a screw. M. Delvigne, however, only substituted one difficulty for another: the remedy was almost worse than the disease. If a soldier had to stand hammering with an iron ramrod, he might as well adopt the more ancient expedient of driving in the ball tightly at first. Moreover, the little anvil, or *tige*, was continually liable to bend and break, and barrels of this kind were difficult to clean. The *carabine à tige*, nevertheless, marked a new era in the history of rifle-guns, and prepared the way for the more practical measures of Captain Minié. We have spoken of the projectile employed by Delvigne as being

a bullet; it, however, was *not* a bullet, but a cone or conoid—a form of metal which not only presented greater facilities than a globular mass for lateral compression, but which, assuming its sharp end to go foremost, was far better adapted for flight through the air than a globular mass, even when not flattened. Now, it is not a little curious, in running through the history of rifle-guns, to find the adoption of sharp conical projectiles in place of bullets so long deferred. So long as projectiles had to be launched from non-rifled-barrels, the only chance of assuring accuracy of flight in the latter consisted in making them spherical; but rifling being once adopted, theory suggests the employment of elongated projectiles—those more nearly resembling the shape of an arrow. Advantages great and numerous flow from this. Not only is the weight of the projectile no longer rigidly limited by the diameter of the bore, but the projectile itself readily becomes adapted to the principles of Captain Minié now to be mentioned. The shape of a minié ball, if we may be permitted to continue that name, is conoidal, very much like a sugar-loaf in appearance. As regards material, it, like all other small-arm projectiles, is made of lead—a soft, easily expandable material. Now it is clear, that if a nail or plug of any kind were to be driven into the base of a leaden projectile of this kind, the leaden surface would expand, and this is just what the principle of Captain Minié accomplishes. Each minié cone—we will no longer term it minié ball—is hollow at the base, and into this hollow a small metallic thimble is loosely inserted. Of course, the thimble in question, from its very position, receives the first shock of inflamed gunpowder—a shock which acts just like a hammer-stroke, driving the thimble a considerable distance up into the hollow cavity, and, as a consequence of this, expanding the walls of the projectile. Such is the system of Captain Minié, which Mr Lancaster has adopted, minus the thimble, in his new small-arm rifle.

We now come to the particular in which Mr Lancaster's rifle-gun differs from all others. It is totally devoid of grooves or lands. To the touch, it is quite smooth, like any fowling-piece or musket; neither is the eye competent to detect at once any difference; but on minutely scrutinising the shape of the bore, it will be found to be very slightly oval. Perhaps the reader will anticipate the function which this oval is intended to fulfil; it does not go straight down through the barrel, but revolves in the descent exactly like rifle lands or grooves, and thus would necessarily impart a rotatory motion to any accurately fitting projectile. Such, indeed, is the intention. What, then, are the advantages possessed by an oval or smooth bored over an ordinary grooved rifle? They are numerous. In the first place, there is an end to stripping the projectile, no matter how high the charge: it *must* assume the screw-like rotation. Secondly, the conical projectile, duly expanded by inflamed gunpowder, accurately fills the rifle-barrel, no space intervening to permit the escape of gas. Thirdly, and what is more to the special point under consideration, the projectile is no longer necessarily required to be made of lead. The problem is no longer to cut screw indentations into a yielding surface, but to adapt an oval plug to an oval cavity. If lead be the material employed, the minié or expansive principle may be adopted with advantage, but equally compatible would it be to fashion the projectile at once of a form corresponding with the bore of the gun, in which case the material of such projectile may be iron. This is a very great point gained. As a rule, cannons must be supplied with iron balls; and iron balls are altogether unmanageable in connection with the principle of ordinary rifles. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that leaden balls were compatible with the necessities of large firearms, still their employment in connection

with ordnance rifled on old principles would be impossible. If designed to be charged by the mouth, the mechanical force requisite to drive home to their charge such balls would be enormous; and as regards the idea of breech-loading ordnance, it suggests difficulties greater than those attendant on breech-loading small firearms. What should prevent the construction of cannons bored on Lancaster's oval principle? Why should rifled cannons, thus constructed, be inferior in positive accuracy and relative length of flight to oval rifled small-arms? These are among the questions now on trial; and the military world—which means just now pretty nearly all Europe—await the decision with much interest.

### SONGS OF THE DRAMATISTS.

THE new volume of Mr Bell's Annotated Edition of the English Poets is devoted to the Songs of the Dramatists, from the earliest writer of regular comedy down to Sheridan. The idea of this selection is a happy one, and the volume supplies to a considerable extent what has been long felt as a desideratum in our literature. The general reader, however, will hardly recognise here, we suspect, the 'riches' described by the editor as existing in this branch of our lyrical poetry. A comparatively small number of dramatic songs are poetical, in the higher sense of the word; and the reason is, that they are not spontaneous—they are introduced for a particular purpose, to illustrate a circumstance or a character. The writers who have a wider margin before them, who sing what they feel or see when the spirit moves them, are generally more successful, notwithstanding the brilliant dramatic lyrics of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that might be cited on the other side. A selection of English lyric poetry which does not include the names of Carew, Withers, Herrick, Heywood, Herbert, Lovelace, and others, can give but a very imperfect idea of the general richness of the language in that style of composition.

Mr Bell's task, however, was confined to the drama; and he has executed it with great care, although in some few instances, towards the end of the volume, he appears to have sacrificed value to novelty—selecting specimens, not because they are the best, but because they are less known than the best. We cannot well see, however, what Sheridan has to do in the series. If no good songs could be found between the beginning and the close of the eighteenth century, it should have ended with Farquhar, instead of springing over a gap of about seventy years, in order to close with the brilliant author of the *School for Scandal*.

Strange as it may appear, the great advantage possessed by our earlier song-writers consists in the comparative want of polish, so far as the vehicle is concerned. They give the idea fresh, sudden, and direct as it comes, taking their chance as to the melody of the language in which it is delivered. With most of the more modern writers, on the contrary, melody is everything; force, passion, energy, must give way to it; and they elaborate in a stanza an image which their predecessors would have darted like an arrow in a single line. That this directness, however, is perfectly consistent with melody, is proved in individual instances, and in the case of Shakspeare throughout, who unites the energy of the old with the sweetness of the new school. It is likewise proved, among the moderns, in the case of Burns, whose force belongs more to the close of the sixteenth century than to his own time, while in musical cadence he is unmatched even by the most effeminate of still later writers. These instances serve to shew that the music exists in the soul of the true poet, and is not the result of elaboration. Ben Jonson studied harder than Shakspeare, and was a more accomplished scholar; but although some of his pieces are

very graceful, they want as a whole the bewitching melody of his great contemporary.

A misconception of this fact leads some of our living poets far astray. They strive to go back in a certain way to the directness of the old song; but finding that generally associated with roughness, they fancy roughness to be one of its necessary attributes. Even setting this mistake aside, they miss their point; for the arrow of the old poet quivered in the heart, while theirs only tickles the imagination. To draw tears, or excite smiles, they consider wide of the poet's task, the object of which they conceive to be the awakening of surprise or admiration. The sudden sentiment that makes your heart beat and your eyes overflow, is not poetical with them, because it presents no sensuous image to the mind. Their performances, when successful, are, in short, not so much flashes of genius as tricks of ingenuity. A sentiment—not an image—occurs to us at this moment which is worth a whole library of these dexterities. It occurs in a simple Scottish song by Hector McNeil, in which a young lassie, tempted by her suitor, calls to mind the various reasons why she must not listen to him, but still cling to her widowed mother:

She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,  
She's been my comfort a' my days—  
*My faither's death brought mony waes:*  
I canna lea' my mammy!

The suddenness of the line we have distinguished by italics, and its touching associations, are one of the great triumphs of poetry, let the sensuous school smile as disdainfully as it will.

The simple materials of the old song-writers are well illustrated in the first specimen given in the volume before us. It is from *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first regular comedy in our language, and certainly printed some time before 1551:—

#### THE WORK-GIRLS' SONG.

Pipe, merry Annot;  
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.  
Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;  
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;  
Let us see who will win the victory.

Pipe, merry Annot;  
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.  
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!  
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;  
Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

Pipe, merry Annot;  
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.  
Now Tibet; now Annot; now Margerie;  
Now whippet apace for the maystrie: \*  
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Pipe, merry Annot;  
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.  
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?  
I will not—I can not—no more can I;  
Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

As an extraordinary contrast to this, and in so short a time after it as 1584, we give a specimen from John Lyly, the inventor of the Euphuism, touching which Sir Percy Shafton lectures so zealously in the *Monastery*:—

#### CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

\* Mastery, superior skill.

Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how,  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

Passing over Shakespeare and his immediate predecessors, we come, in a quarter of a century after this, to Ben Jonson, from whom we are tempted to quote a single song, which, as Mr Bell observes, is a remarkable illustration of the art with which he constructed these compositions:—

#### THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all the adulteries of art:  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Here is an exquisite specimen from Beaumont and Fletcher, supposed to be the composition of the latter:—

#### A 'SAD SONG.'

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again.  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair, meara, mourn no more!

The following, from the same, is well known; but we give it as one of the most finished compositions of the kind in our language:—

#### MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy;  
Oh, sweetest melancholy!  
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sight that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound!  
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

The following short piece is from John Webster, touching whom the editor follows what we cannot help thinking the exaggeration of Lamb. 'To move a terror skillfully,' observes Lamb—'to touch a soul to the quick—to lay upon fear as much as it can bear—to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in

with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they "terrify babies with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum."

## A DIRGE.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Sleep o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
Call unto his funeral dole:  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

On this Lamb observes: "I never saw anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates."

The following is from the *Thracian Wonder*, by Webster and Rowley, and, one would suppose, must be the composition of the latter:—

## THE PURSUIT OF LOVE.

And thou gone in haste?  
I'll not forsake thee;  
Runnest thou ne'er so fast,  
I'll overtake thee:  
Over the dales, over the downs,  
Through the green meadows,  
From the fields, through the towns,  
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,  
To the low fountains,  
Up and down again  
From the high mountains;  
Echo then, shall again  
Tell her I follow,  
And the floods to the woods,  
Carry my holla, holla!  
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!

The two next will form an agreeable contrast. The *Death-bell* is by Heywood, and the *Bridal-song* by Ford:—

## THE DEATH-BELL.

Come, list and hark, the bell doth toll  
For some but now departing soul.  
And was not that some ominous fowl,  
The bat, the night-crow, or screech-owl?  
To these I hear the wild wolf howl,  
In this black night that seems to scowl.  
All these my black-book death enroll,  
For hark, still, still, the bell doth toll  
For some but now departing soul.

## BRIDAL-SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,  
Like soft hours never ceasing;  
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,  
Without jars, or tongues envying;  
Hearts by holy union wedded,  
More than theirs by custom bedded;  
Fruitful issues, life so graced,  
Not by age to be defaced;  
Budding as the year ensueth,  
Every spring another youth:  
All what thought can add beside,  
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!

We shall now present a specimen from Shirley, with whom 'terminates the roll of the great writers whose works form a distinct era in our dramatic literature. He was the last of a race of giants. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, he lived to witness the Restoration, and carried down to the time of Charles I. the moral and poetical elements of the age of Shakespeare. New modes and a new language set in with the Restoration; and the line that separates Shirley from his immediate successors, is as clearly defined and as broadly marked as if a century had elapsed between them.' The poet was a Protestant clergyman; he then fell off into Romanism; and, finally, became a writer for the stage. Being burned out by the fire of London, his wife and he suffered so much by the alarm and loss they had sustained, that they both died on the same day:—

## LOVE'S HUE-AND-CRY.

In Love's name you are charged hereby  
To make a speedy hue-and-cry,  
After a face who, t'other day,  
Came and stole my heart away;  
For your directions in brief,  
These are best marks to know the thief:  
Her hair a net of beams would prove,  
Strong enough to captive Jove,  
Playing the eagle; her clear brow  
Is a comely field of snow.  
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray  
As when it shines it needs no day.  
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;  
Lilies, married to the rose,  
Have made her cheek the nuptial-bed;  
Her lips betray their virgin red,  
As they only blushed for this,  
That they one another kiss.  
But observe, beside the rest,  
You shall know this felon best  
By her tongue; for if your ear  
Shall once a heavenly music hear,  
Such as neither gods nor men  
But from that voice shall hear again,  
That, that is she! Oh! take her t'ye,  
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

Whether Sir William Davenant was the son of Shakespeare or not, he certainly had no inheritance in his dramatic genius; and yet we question whether the following lively, leaping song, if found among the supposed paternal lyrics, would be considered the worst in the collection:—

## JEALOUSY.

This cursed jealousy, what is't?  
'Tis love that has lost itself in a mist;  
'Tis love being frightened out of his wits;  
'Tis love that has a fever got;  
Love that is violently hot,  
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.  
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:  
'Tis the god of love, 'tis the god of love, possessed  
with a devil.

'Tis rich corrupted wine of love,  
Which sharpest vinegar does prove;  
From all the sweet flowers which might honey make,  
It does a deadly poison bring:  
Strange serpent which itself doth sting!  
It never can sleep, and dreams still awake;  
It stuffs up the marriage-bed with thorns.  
It gores itself, it gores itself, with imagined horns.

Here we would conclude; but as Sheridan has been lugged into the volume, head and shoulders, we must give a *morceau* from him. It shall not be *Let the Toast Pass*, 'perhaps the most popular song in the

language,' but one nearly as good, although the idea is not original:—

#### LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE past few weeks have been especially fruitful in matters electrical, some of which possess more than ordinary interest, and are striking instances of advance in scientific research. One is Dr Watson's electric-light railway signal-lamp, which, as the inventor avers, can be seen at a distance of five miles through the densest fog. The ordinary lamps, as is well known, are comparatively useless in thick weather; and if the new light be as penetrating as is asserted, it may do signal service in preventing such collisions as those by which we have been startled of late on certain lines of railway.

The electro-magnetic weaving-machine, which we have more than once mentioned, is growing more and more into a practical reality. The inventor, Cavaliere Bonelli, has sold his patent to two eminent banking firms at Turin and Lyon: models are soon to be exhibited in Paris and London, and in the United States; and no doubt is entertained that the machine will effect a great change in the weaving art. The invention is indeed one of the most remarkable applications of electro-magnetism to industrial purposes we have yet heard of. Most persons will remember the Jacquard-loom in the Great Exhibition, and the large perforated cards, or cartoons, which had to be shifted with every movement of the shuttle to produce the pattern. In the electro-magnetic loom, instead of cards, numbers of small iron bars are employed, arranged in sets according to the pattern; and these being in connection with the magnets, move obedient to the will of the designer each time the shuttle leaves his hand. The movements are, of course, effected by a repeated making and breaking of the magnetic current, aided by an instrument similar in construction to a comb, which strikes the bars at the required moment, and throws them in or out of position according to the nature of the design. It is in the 'comb,' we believe, that the pattern is first set, after which its reproduction is a mere question of time; but it reappears in the woven material as accurately as a message printed at one end of a telegraph-wire is repeated in print at the other. From these particulars we see that the new apparatus offers considerable advantages to the silk-weaving trade, and there is this further in its favour, that it may be fitted to Jacquard-loom at present in use. Some of the initiated say that tapestries and textile designs, however exquisite, will be so readily reproduced by the aid of electro-magnetism, as to supply the most beautiful materials for dress and decoration to all classes of purchasers. We may add here, that a new weaving-machine, called

the 'apprêtuse,' is about to be tried in the cloth factories at Leeds. It combines the principle of the 'gig' and 'shearing-machine,' and at Rouen, and some other manufacturing towns on the continent, has been found superior to any machine yet introduced for the same purpose.

Next comes M. Becquerel's new method of treating mineral ores, the result of twenty years' study, which, in two words, is electro-chemical. Every one knows that in the separation of metal from the earthy matters with which it is combined, certain processes are gone through, involving the use of quicksilver or of fire, as in smelting, cupellation, &c., varying according to the nature of the metal operated on. For all these, M. Becquerel proposes to substitute an electro-chemical action, by which he dispenses with them entirely. Seeing that his experiments have been made on more than 10,000 kilogrammes of ores of silver, copper, and lead, from Mexico, Peru, the Altai Mountains, and other parts of the globe, there is no question as to the attention due to the results. We must content ourselves with a brief outline of the process. The ore is first treated in such a way that its constituents shall be soluble in a solution of common salt at the maximum of saturation. In the case of galena, the constituents are chloride of silver and sulphate of lead. When these are dissolved, the liquid is transferred to wooden vats or reservoirs, in which the decomposition of the metallic salts is effected by means of a galvanic-battery, the plates of which vary according to the nature of the metal to be thrown down—carbon in some instances being used for the negative. The battery being set in action, the operation, as a rule, is complete in twenty-four hours, but may be accelerated by the application of heat. Argentiferous lead gives up all its silver without the necessity for cupellation; and ores the most refractory, such as blende and gray copper, yield readily to this mode of treatment. The experiments have all been satisfactorily confirmed by M. St Clair, a refiner of Mexico, who in his report dwells strongly on the fact, that the exhaustion of quicksilver-mines, long dreaded by American miners, need no longer be feared, as quicksilver will no longer be required in their operations. Only in places where common salt is very dear, would the electro-chemical process be too expensive to be profitable.

M. Becquerel has published a book containing a full account of his method; and we commend it to the notice of miners in this country, where the price of salt is no difficulty in the way of experiment, and where any means by which fuel and labour may be saved claim serious consideration.

A 'liquid purifier' has been invented by Mr B. L. Phillips, which is understood to effect a great improvement in the manufacture of iron and other metals. It is introduced as a flux when the metal is in a state of fusion; and, according to the *Mining Journal*, the result as regards iron is an increase in the strength of the bar by at least 16 per cent. Copper and brass have been experimented upon with equal success; and the *Birmingham Journal* states, that the purifier has been proved to add greatly to the crystalline and cohesive properties of glass.

The next is an instance of the employment of electricity in furtherance of astronomical science. Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, is carrying on an important series of magnetic observations, during which he has found in the movements of the bar-magnet a means of detecting the appearance of the aurora. Wishing to extend his researches to other celestial phenomena, he suggests calling in the aid of the electric telegraph in the observation of shooting-stars. For instance: a meteor being seen at one observatory, information of the fact is to be instantaneously flashed to the next beyond, and so on, thus enabling two or



more observers to notice the same object; and then, by subsequent comparison and calculation, to discover whether they all saw it at the same instant, and in the same part of the sky. These and some other points being ascertained, it will be possible to clear up certain doubts that now confuse the question of shooting-stars. From some few experiments made between Rome and Naples, Father Secchi believes the present notions on the subject to stand in need of rectification.

M. Deville is pursuing his task of extracting aluminium from clay with the most marked success—his latest achievements having been laid before the Académie in sheets, ingots, and medals, all of the new metal. M. Castels has discovered a way of making artificial quinine, by a process not yet made public; but if the fact be as he states, a step is here gained in an important branch of chemistry which promises well for further discovery. Fresenius has done something towards preventing the incrustation of steam-boilers which is worth recording. Having observed that incrustation is due rather to sulphate than carbonate of lime, he throws soda into the water as a remedy, in the proportion of 78 of soda to 100 of the sulphate, and thus neutralises the latter. 'Take,' he says, 'a given quantity of water from the boiler, filtered if necessary, divide it into two portions, add to one a portion of soda, to the other a small quantity of lime-water. If the former remains clear while the latter becomes somewhat slightly turbid, the proportion of soda is correct; if the contrary, soda must be added; but if the lime-watered portion becomes very thick, then the soda must be diminished.' This experiment is simple enough, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be tried wherever incrustated boilers are complained of.

The continued ravages of the vine-disease, and consequent increase in the price of wine, has led a Parisian chemist, M. Hoffmann, to seek for some vegetable substance from which alcohol might be distilled suitable as a beverage. After sundry trials, he found what he wanted in a gramineous plant, the *Triticum repens*, or couch-grass, the roots of which are known to be sweet and nourishing, though regarded by agriculturists as a noxious weed. This grass, when properly treated, yields a 'colourless alcohol, of agreeable flavour, without any empyreumatic odour, and altogether analogous to that obtained from sugar.' Whether it be desirable to increase the production of alcohol may admit of question; but as great quantities are needed for manufacturing purposes, farmers and others might find it worth their while to collect couch-grass for distillation, instead of burning it.

Foucault is again making the rotation of the earth visible to the eye, and with an apparatus that exhibits the phenomenon more palpably to the ordinary observer than did his famous pendulum experiment, which was so much talked of two years ago. The contrivance now used resembles, in its main features, the beam and wheel to which we drew attention last April: the wheel being made to rotate rapidly, sets in motion a second wheel moving slowly in a different plane. Gradually, as the movement continues, the axis of the latter places itself precisely in a line with the true meridian of the place where the experiment is tried, as is clearly seen by the spectator looking through a telescope fixed at a short distance off on the same floor. Stability and quiet are required for the success of the experiment, and M. Foucault has been permitted to fix his apparatus in the Pantheon, where he demonstrates the rotation of the earth to numbers of admiring Parisians. There is more in this experiment than appears at first sight. It furnishes a means whereby the true meridian may be found in any part of the world, and thus the deviation of the magnetic meridian may be detected, the compass corrected, and

fact, it is said, that with this apparatus properly fitted, a ship might go to sea without a compass; but as yet the difficulty of neutralising the motion of a vessel on the waves presents an insurmountable obstacle. From another quarter we hear of a machine which, fitted under the bottom of a ship, indicates by a dial on deck the rate of sailing; and of a 'marine clock,' that tells the latitude and longitude while the vessel pursues her course.

The great oceanic survey is advancing from discussion into real practice: the governments of Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Prussia, complying with the recommendations of the 'maritime conference' held last year at Brussels, have prepared lists of their ships to be employed in the observations, and issued the necessary instructions to their captains. These, with the United States and British vessels which are already engaged in the work, will be able to make a good beginning in all latitudes, and is a task which pre-eminently requires the amplest co-operation.

While science is thus busy on the ocean, she is turning her attention to a rather delicate question on land. We do not yet know so much as we ought to know of the weight and mass of the earth, and the relation it bears in these particulars to the other planets. The question is one which has arisen again and again, in proportion with the growing sense that rigorous exactitude in scientific research is an indispensable condition; and attempts to solve it have been made in various ways—by swinging a pendulum in different latitudes, and by observations of the attraction of suspended balls. Some twenty-five years ago, certain eminent members of the Astronomical Society swung a pendulum at the top and bottom of the Dolcoath Mine, in Cornwall, but failed to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions—perhaps because of the flood which drove them from the lowest part of the mine before their second series of experiments was completed. Now, a new attempt is being made by the astronomer-royal, who, when he thinks a thing ought to be done, loses little time in setting about it. He has chosen the north for the scene of his experiments, and has set up his pendulums at the Horton Mine, at Shields, on the banks of the Tyne. The depth of the mine is 1200 feet; and as the pendulums are placed in electric communication with each other, we may hope that it will be found possible to detect differences of the earth's action upon them, at the surface and far below it. These differences being determined, will furnish data for calculating the effect of different strata, and shew what is to be allowed for geological structure, and what for density. Although these experiments may not solve the whole question, it is impossible not to wish them success, when we remember of what importance the answer will be to astronomical science.

A curious experiment has been made in France, apparently to shew that swallows can be made to do the work of carrier-pigeons; for in these days of telegraph-wires, any other object seems to be out of the question. Six swallows were carried to Vienna, where, a small slip of paper, bearing a written communication, having been tied under the breast of each, they were let loose to find their way back again. It was seven in the morning when they started: two reached Paris at one in the afternoon of the same day; a third, between two and three; and the last, at four; while two of the six never made their appearance at all. Leaving this fact to speak for itself, and be accepted for what it may seem worth, we go on to remark that a project is talked of for laying a submarine wire from Corfu, or Cephalonia, to some Dalmatian port. Another attempt is being made to carry a wire from Holyhead to Howth; and six of our principal dockyards are in direct telegraphic communication

attempt been made to send a signal through water without a wire; this time, at Portsmouth, where it was attended with partial success. The thing has often been tried: a few years ago, a couple of savans might have been seen sending their messages across those minor lakes known to Londoners as Hampstead ponds. It must not be reckoned among the impossibilities. An Aeronautical Society is on the *tapis*—to experiment on, and investigate the possibilities of aerial navigation. Not yet, we fancy, will Tennyson's vision of 'argosies with magic sails' gliding through the heavens be realised. In a freestone quarry at Airdrie, nearly forty feet below the surface, a fossil-tree has been found, with roots in some parts six feet thick. Some fossilised nuts were picked up in the same place, forming altogether a most interesting prize for geologists. Dr Livingstone, who, a year or two ago, made a remarkable exploration in Eastern Africa, has just been heard of at a place in Angola, 150 miles from the coast, to which he had travelled through the interior from the Cape of Good Hope. If this be true, the worthy missionary will have made one of the most successful journeys on record. Among the victims of cholera, we regret to see the name of Signor Melloni of Naples, so well known for his researches into the radiation of heat, and for the soundness and originality of his views. His death is a real loss to science.

Captain Galton's report of railways, just published, shews the total length of finished railway in the United Kingdom in 1853 to have been 7686 miles, leaving more than 3000 miles still to be made. Nearly 6000 miles of the amount are in England. The total receipts in the same year were L.18,035,879; and the number of passengers 102,286,660—being 18,000,000 more than in 1852. It is worthy of remark, that while the first and second class receipts shew a decrease, those from third-class passengers present a considerable increase. Perhaps it is for this reason that the third-class carriages on the Great Western Railway are now improved into most comfortable and convenient vehicles.

The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 have sent a circular to the authorities of the free museums throughout the kingdom, offering 'to present to them collections of illustrative samples, amounting to some hundreds of specimens, and consisting chiefly of raw produce, taken from the trade collection.' To which may be added the fact, that thirty-five certificates for proficiency have been granted by the Government Department of Science and Art to as many students. Is not this a sign that the schools are progressing?

Captain Penny's whaling-expedition to Davis's Strait, which we mentioned at the time of its sailing, has proved completely successful. It was undertaken with a view to see whether a resident establishment would not prove more profitable than the ordinary mode of fishing, and the two vessels which sailed in July last year, wintered at Kumsooka; and now the captain has come home with one of his ships, and the other is following—both full of oil, valued at L.8000. There are deposits of plumbago and other minerals near the settlement, and it is possible that in time these may come to be worked in conjunction with the fishery, though it is but an inhospitable region for colonists.

The Commissioners of the Irish Fisheries, in their Report for 1853, give some particulars respecting the artificial production of salmon, which we have much pleasure in repeating here, as helping on a work the success of which will add so largely to the food resources of the nation. Having considered that the persons who rear the young salmon in the spawning-beds, should not lose the reward for their trouble on the migration of the fry to the salt water, the commissioners suggested the formation of a reservoir on

the margin of the sea at Kingstown, which appears to have been effected, for they say: 'This may be termed a sea-pond, 200 feet long by about 50 feet wide, and 6 feet deep at low-water. A rise of 6 or 7 feet occurs at every tide, flowing in through a grating placed across the entrance to confine the fish within. We took fry from the fresh waters of the Liffey and Bray rivers, at the proper age and migratory state, and have transferred them to this pond, where they can now be seen daily. They are watched by many persons anxious for the result of this experiment, and appear to be thriving well, and have increased considerably in size.

'Very small fish pass in through the grating from the harbour, and the young salmon are seen feeding upon them. If,' continue the commissioners—and we gladly support their suggestion—'if this experiment should succeed in demonstrating that salmon may be thus successfully kept under control, until they attain to a size rendering them valuable in an edible point of view, innumerable enclosures may be made around the coast, varying in extent according to circumstances; and by these means, the artificial production of salmon may become of vast importance.

#### THE SULTAN.

We were ushered up the grand staircase of the palace, towards the large reception-room where sovereignty was embodied in *propria persona*. This apartment is one of ample dimensions, and its numerous windows look out on the winding Baghaz. It is plainly yet neatly furnished: like Reschid Pacha's room, it is covered with a light matting, and divans form the prominent buttresses of the floor walls. Handsome mirrors, from ceiling to floor; wonderful clocks; a few chairs of ordinary stamp; two or three mosaic tables; and two large globes on stands, complete the rapid inventory. At one end of the room, and the centre of all eyes, on the 'centre of the universe,' sat the sultan on a divan, which was raised by a platform. His shoulders were covered with the cloak he generally wears, clasped around the neck with diamonds. He was looking better than usual, though his general appearance is not one strongly marked. He is a man of moderate stature—probably five feet six inches—and delicate frame, having a slight drooping and recession of the chin, accompanied by a laxity of the muscles of the mouth, denoting that want of firmness which is a point of his character. His hair is black, and his eyes small and languid. With these personal disadvantages, heightened in walking by the *bandy-leg* movement, he has the redeeming trait of a natural goodness of heart, which, if cultivated and unrestrained, would lead to a great amelioration of his people. True, he has often shown this fact at different times and in different actions, and he possesses a strong inclination to deeds of charity, kindness, and liberality, which is diminished, if not counteracted by a selfish and intriguing ministry.—*Correspondent of the New York Times.*

#### STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

A committee appointed by the common-council of this city, has visited Cincinnati, at their own expense, for the purpose of seeing the efficiency of the fire department of that city. In order to shew the New Yorkers what the firemen of that city could do, an alarm of fire was given, and in seven minutes thereafter every engine was on the ground ready for work. Among these were the two steam fire-engines, which were throwing streams of water in minutes after the torch was applied to kindle the fire under their boilers. Both engines threw eight streams through three-quarter inch nozzles a distance of 120 feet. They were tested in every possible way, and the committee, we understand, are well pleased with what they witnessed.—*American Paper.*

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE CARPET-BAG.

PEOPLE may talk as they will about steam-travelling, gaslighting, and the telegraph: in my opinion, the greatest discovery of the age—or application of discovery—is the Carpet-bag. Your new facilities in travelling, your substitution of machinery for horseflesh, and for canvas acted upon at its own pleasure by the fantastic wind, your increase of the speed of locomotion from ten to fifty miles an hour—all these are very well so far as they go: but without the Carpet-bag I question whether we should not have been better without them. Trunks and portmanteaus belong of nature to the old system; they are part and parcel of the slow-coach regime, and don't understand being in a modern hurry. In some fortunate instances they may do as you would have them—and so may a drove of pigs; but in both cases it is at the expense of a constant fever on the part of the owner, and no end of screaming and bawling and running frantically here and there. Look at the scene that ensues on the arrival of a railway-train—say by gaslight. It is by no means into freedom and comfort a majority of the passengers emerge from the carriages. They throw about them an alarmed look, and commence hurrying some one way, some another, occasionally meeting, like so many locomotives in collision, till at length all rush consentaneously, or are carried by the stream, towards the luggage-van. It is not of themselves they are thinking, but of their portmanteaus. The most delicate unprotected female stands up for her property, and elbows and bawls with the best of them. What glaring eyes are thrown towards the opening of the cavern, as it disgorges trunk after trunk, box after box, and tumbles them upon the ground as if they belonged to nobody in particular, but were to be scrambled for by all! What sinking hearts follow the unloading as it goes on almost to the end without disclosing that brown leather portmanteau which its owner was so unhappy as to intrust to the integrity of the Great Trunk-line Railway Company! Meantime the wiser of the travellers have gone quietly off, edging themselves clear of the frantic mass, and making energetically for the egress like men intent upon their supper. There is one who turns his head to look with mingled compassion and amusement at the tumult. The moment the train stopped, he picked up his baggage from under the seat, and strode away with it. He has his fortune in his own possession. He has no feeling of doubt or anxiety on his mind. Stand out of the way there, you fellow!—he doesn't want your assistance: he is not ashamed of his Carpet-bag.

The very word Carpet-bag is intensely English: so

plain, straightforward, sensible, descriptive, practical. Your Frenchman sickens you with the affectation of his *sac de nuit*; and your German is little better with his circumscribed *mantelsack*, as if a Carpet-bag was not unlimited in its uses. Your Spaniard calls it *manga*; your Italian, *valigia*; your Swede, *kappsäck*; your Dane, *badsack*—all more or less objectionable terms, and none approaching the sturdy simplicity of Carpet-bag.

Why did I not take a Carpet-bag on my first trip to the continent? Because it was my first trip: because I was a raw islander, ignorant of the road and of the world. My sufferings on that occasion were inconceivable; and, in fact, I have ever since then had superstitious feelings connected with a portmanteau, which make me look at it with a kind of vague terror. Such was not the case at first, for mine was a very handsome one, of the largest size, and spick-and-span new. This newness was of itself a mistake—a grievous mistake. Old portmanteaus have always some distinguishing feature, some modification in tear and wear by which you can tell one from another; but when they first come into the world they are as like as two peas, even to the lock and key. I found this to my cost at the outset. There was a good deal of crowding and hurrying at the French douane; but my handsome new portmanteau secured its owner some official respect, and the officer readily took the key I proffered, and opened it. I did not quite recognise my things, however, as they were turned over one by one; and busied myself for a time with conjectures as to whether my worthy aunt might not have intended these elegant shawl-kerchiefs for a surprise, and that beautifully fine underclothing as the practical termination of an argument we had had as to the necessity of such effeminacies. But other things followed, to the presence of which no ingenuity could reconcile me; and at last I broke into sudden perspiration as the truth flashed upon me, that I was employed in administering the effects of some other gentleman! And there the gentleman was by my side, turning a perplexed look from me to the portmanteau, and from the portmanteau to me, till our eyes met, when he at once read guilt in my face.

'I find this isn't mine after all,' said I sheepishly.

'I daresay it ain't! Oh, I shouldn't wonder! Perhaps you would like to tumble a few more of my things, would you?' I quailed for a moment before his severe look; but the thought of my own portmanteau, which was certainly not in the room, roused me, and with a hasty explanation, I plunged through the crowd, leaving behind me, I fear, a very indifferent character. The end of this adventure was, that my baggage, in about an hour after, made its appearance

in the douane, but without any explanation of the delay; and the other gentleman having by that time disappeared, I was detained in the town all night, that I might get a new key made for my portmanteau.

But this was only the beginning of the troubles entailed upon me by the portmanteau. Notwithstanding all my care, it seemed to vanish occasionally before my very eyes. It was more than once the subject of correspondence between the bureau of one town and that of another fifty miles off. Oh, the sensation of arriving in a strange place without so much as a change of linen—with the suspicion rising up every now and then like a spirit that you had not seen your portmanteau stowed, but like a fool had taken the fact for granted—and with a presentiment gnawing at your heart that you were never to set eyes on it again!

It is not my intention to give a history of this unfortunate journey, in which I acted throughout as the courier of my portmanteau—only without wages. I cannot help recalling, however, an awkward and absurd position in which it placed me on the road from Paris to Strasbourg. Literally on the road. I had arrived within some thirty miles of the latter city, when I found that I had been carried by the diligence a considerable distance beyond a village, the name of which I now forget, where I had intended to remain that day, for the purpose of viewing some ruins in the neighbourhood. I at once called a halt; dismounted with my portmanteau; and without any suspicion that I had acted imprudently, stood listening to the rumbling of the wheels of the huge vehicle as it pursued its course, and gradually disappeared in the distance. I say I stood listening. Very well. The sound was by and by at an end, and I could hear nothing but the notes of a lark overhead, and the buzz of innumerable insects on the wing. The road on either hand was as straight as an arrow, and perfectly level as far as the eye could see. There was not a tree in the whole expanse of country; and as for hedges, you may travel whole days in France without coming to anything of the kind. The country is laid out before you like a carpet, variegated only by the shades of the different kinds of grain. Now here was I by the roadside, looking and listening, with a July sun beating full on my head at the hottest time of the day; and the portmanteau—I could not even sit down on it, for it soon became so hot that it scorched me to touch it! To expect a country cart to pass at that broiling time of the day was out of the question; to shoulder the portmanteau was a feat for which I was unequal, even in a moderate temperature; and to go on without it towards the village, never once occurring to my imagination. There is the curious thing—a thing worth looking into by philosophy—the portmanteau has a mystical attraction for its master, or more correctly speaking, its slave, which he cannot conquer even when in danger of being broiled alive. He can no more liberate himself from his portmanteau than an elephant can from his trunk. For my part, I suffered so much, that when the earth did at length cool, and the peasants were going about again on their avocations, I was unable to move, and was fain to be transported, as well as my portmanteau, in one of their carts to the village.

I shall mention only one more little adventure, for I long to get back to the Carpet-bag. It occurred on the banks of the Loire, where the genuine country-life is very pleasant. I had a strong predilection for this sort of thing. I was always drawn away in imagination by the sounds of the rustic fiddle, and would fain have joined the cortège of village lads and lasses when bound for the neighbouring green. On one occasion the temptation was irresistible, and I shall presently explain why. I suddenly told the conductor, just as we were setting off again after changing horses, that I had determined to part from the diligence here, and

requested him to leave my portmanteau for me at the inn at Blois, where I expected to arrive the next day or the one after. He assured me that all would be right, and giving him a gratuity—for the fare was already paid—I rushed round the corner of the village hostelry, and following a pretty footpath at full speed, soon came up with the party that had attracted me. This was a sort of dancing-procession I had frequently seen on the stage in England, and sometimes caught a glimpse of in France when rumbling along in the diligence; but I saw it now for the first time in all the poetry of rural life. Imagine fifteen couples of young men and women skipping along, hand in hand, gaily dressed, and both sexes decked with bright-coloured ribbons, chiefly pink. Imagine the troop led by a young fellow with a fiddle, fiddling away while he skipped, and the rear brought up by three young girls, not the less merry, and not the less beautiful, that they had come too late for partners. Imagine the locality along which they tripped to be a belt of green country in the middle of the variegated carpet of grain, and swelling here and there into such rounded eminences as are assigned to the moonlight revels of the fairies. Such was the picture that floated before me—and very often floats still; descending upon streets and squares, and ball-rooms and picnics, silencing the crash of hands and orchestra, to fill my ears with the tones of that solitary fiddle, and exorcising plumes and diamonds, veils and bonnets, to bring before me instead that rustic group, those fair and gay young girls—and her, the fairest and gayest of them all!

It was this circumstance, you shall understand, of there being female supernumeraries in the party which had determined my motions. In all former cases that had come under my observation, the sexes were equally balanced, and I had no business to interfere; but here I was not only at liberty to gratify my inclinations, but called upon to do so by considerations of common humanity. When I came up with the rear of the dancing-procession, I fell into the jig step as well as I was able, and pulled off my hat to the supernumeraries. The three, without stopping, courtesied as only French women can courtesy; and two edged themselves sideways as if surrendering to me the third. This one hesitated for a moment, looking sweetly and kindly at her companions; but there was no alternative. It was a serious thing that Annette was the prettiest girl in the village, and the rest put her forward as a matter of course: so, dancing up to me with a blush and a smile, and the most graceful bend in the world, the young girl put her hand into mine, and away we skipped. Away we skipped on the smooth green turf, between the fairy mounds, across the glancing rivulet, through the belt of young lime-trees—whither? I neither know nor care. All I can say is, that when we stopped, I was greeted by the rest as if I had been one of themselves come so late that they had given up expecting me. They would have thought it rudeness to treat me like a stranger. They pardoned my dress; the ridiculous fineness of my linen; the absurdity of my round hat; and they refrained from smiling at the formality of my jig step, and the general insularity of my air. The girls gathered round me, and pinned a knot of ribbons on my shoulder; Annette fastened another upon my waistcoat, just over my heart; and when she had given an admiring glance at the effect, she looked up in my face—gracious heavens, what eyes!

Now this, you understand, was a wedding-party; and weddings are not over in that part of the country for several days. How could I help that? I stayed to the end, as in duty bound; and then—let me see—what became of the rest of the time? My mind is a little confused on the subject; I, in fact, have no precise idea of how the days slipped away; but at any rate it was in the forenoon of the eighth I walked into the courtyard of the inn at Blois, dejected, jaded, covered

with dust, and bathed in perspiration. As I made my way wearily towards a door which seemed to lead to the café, I observed something leaning against a lamp-post in the middle of the yard—something that gave me a qualm of discomfort, for it was a portmanteau, a good deal of the appearance of my own calamity, but a little browner. This one, however, had an *affiche* stuck upon it; and I crossed over to see what was the matter, being just, to say the truth, in the mood to learn that there were people in this vexatious world as miserable as myself. The advertisement, however, was very brief, although significant enough; it merely set forth that the said portmanteau was to be sold by auction that day at two o'clock, *à pay expenses*.

'Ah,' thought I, 'some foundered traveller! he has not had wherewith to pay his bill, and they are selling him up, poor fellow! I wonder whether I know him—where is the address?' and turning up the portmanteau, I read my own name on the brass-plate!

'To pay expenses!' they could not make out more than a single franc for their trouble in keeping that wretched portmanteau. But why blame them? Were they not as much the victims of fatality as myself? I came just in time, some people will say: I deny the fact—I wished bitterly that I had been two hours later! But my mind was now made up; a desperate step occurred to me in the very midst of my fracas with the host; and when I sat down exhausted, the resolution grew rigid as my limbs stiffened. Nantes was the last point of that zigzag journey, and on my arrival there, I carried the plan into effect. There is a street in Nantes which transports you into the very middle of the middle ages. The tall houses are built in projecting stories, till they almost meet at the top, and the avenue thus resembles, both in its gloom and contour, a lofty cavern. The shops in this street are almost wholly clothiers'; but in one of them I obtained what I sought—a Carpet-bag. To this I transferred from the portmanteau every article of real value or necessity; and then, with a sigh of relief and a smile of triumph, I sat down and contemplated what I have called, in imitation of a lady-novelist—who applies the word to a man's wife—my calamity. It was no longer new; it was brown and tarnished; and instead of being sleek and comfortable-looking, great hungry-looking hollows betrayed here and there the void within. I could not help giving a savage chuckle as I gazed.

I took wonderfully to the Carpet-bag: I must own, in fact, that there was at first something eccentric in my attachment to it. I opened it in the diligence on the slightest occasion, or none at all, and frequently carried it in with me to the roadside-inns when there was no necessity for so doing. My fellow-travellers called me 'the man with the Carpet-bag;' and I took it as a compliment.

You think that at this rate I should not be long of seeing the last of the portmanteau; and I own that was at first my own idea. Nay, since I am in the confessional at any rate, I will say that by degrees there gathered upon my mind a morbid desire to get rid of it! But as I would not be thought absolutely frantic, I must add that this was not till the contents had not only ceased to be of value, but were composed of things so worn and dirty, that I was ashamed to give them away, and still more ashamed to acknowledge them as my property. The portmanteau, however, that had been hitherto so solicitous to escape, now stuck fast; and instead of there being on foot a general conspiracy to rob me of it, the whole world seemed to be anxious to act as its guardian! This is a fact, unaccountable as it may seem. Once, when it had actually disappeared for two days, it came back to me with a polite letter from a functionary, pluming himself upon his happy fortune in being the means of restoring it, and concluding with the assurance of his most profound consideration. It is true, all these turns of

fortune cost money. An innkeeper once sent a man and horse with it express thirty-five miles, and the expense came to as much as it would have fetched at the auction at Blois, although then its contents were of a very different character. As I came nearer and nearer the coast where I was to embark, I became more and more feverish as I reflected on the persecution I was subjected to; and, besides, the awful condition of the few things it contained made it impossible for me to think of seeing it opened at the English custom-house.

I was at length at Calais; the steamer was to sail early in the morning; the portmanteau lay before me. It was by this time intensely shabby, owing to the wear and tear of the journey, to its own peculiar adventures, and to something else which I mention with a little hesitation. After all, however, my patience had been sorely tried; and perhaps few readers will be surprised to hear, that on several occasions recently, when shut up with it in my bedroom for the night, I had relieved my exasperated feelings by giving it a severe kicking. I now came to a final determination that I should not embark with it, or that it should not embark with me, *coute qui coute*; and on this understanding with myself I went to bed.

The next morning I paid my bill, and got clear off. I was on board. The vessel was unmoored, and we steamed out to sea.

On the evening of the day on which I reached home, while endeavouring to satisfy the curiosity and alarm of my worthy aunt as to what had become of the portmanteau, the following letter was put into my hands:—

'My dear fellow—You may remember when we met at Dijon, giving me an account of the difficulty you had in keeping hold of your precious portmanteau; and you may therefore guess how much I was surprised and amused to find it, bearing your name and address, in the bedroom they gave me at Calais, where I arrived just after your departure! It occurs to me, that you may have been cleaned out on your journey, as most people are, and that you left it as a guarantee with the landlord. I found him a close fellow, however: he said nothing but that he had a "claim;" and as this was only L.7, 15s. 6d. English money, I of course paid it, to save you the trouble of remitting, and shall have the pleasure of restoring your property by this time to-morrow evening.'

He kept his word. I handed him the money grimly, and cut the fellow dead from that hour. As for the portmanteau, I got the servant to sell it to an old clothes-man, who paid for it with a bad half-crown.

## THE FLOWERS AND EXOTICS AT SYDENHAM.

It so happens that, while public attention has pointedly and repeatedly been drawn towards the new Crystal Palace in respect to its architectural and sculptural beauties, very little notice has yet been taken in newspapers and journals of the botanical collection—the flowers, and trees, and shrubs. One reason for this is, that the Fine Arts Courts are seen in their completed state, while the Botanical Department is yet in process of arrangement; while another reason is, that the plants, so far as the interior of the building is concerned, are accessories to other departments, and are not collected in any one spot; they are trimmings, fringes, fillings-up, adornments, finishing-off the beauties of the Palace, without putting forth any pretensions to be regarded as beauties themselves. Yet this modest subordination of position ought not to cause them to be placed in the background in respect to public favour. They are really a grand element in the

vast scheme of the Sydenham Exhibition; and, moreover, they grow, in size as well as in number, and next year will see wonders in this department. So little is publicly known about the plants at the Crystal Palace, except that which is gathered during a momentary admiring glance, as the visitor strolls through the building, that we think a few explanatory details may not be misplaced.

In the first place, then, the celebrated botanical collection of Messrs Loddiges at Hackney was the basis of this Crystal Palace collection. It was a fortunate coincidence that, at the very time when the Sydenham project was under consideration, Messrs Loddiges had resolved to retire from business, and to sell off the whole of their unequalled collection—unequalled so far as private nurserymen are concerned. Nay, the very sale-catalogue was being drawn up, when Sir Joseph Paxton, by authority of the Crystal Palace Directors, stepped in and bought the entire collection by private contract, giving one round sum for the whole of the plants. The plants have remained at Hackney until room was prepared for them at Sydenham; they have been conveyed by wagons and carts on the ordinary road from one place to the other; and a most formidable undertaking this has been, considering the distance, the many thousands of plants, and the large size of numbers of them. Scarcely a day has elapsed, for many months, on which these plant-loads have not been seen wending their way from north to south.

The collection at Messrs Loddiges' was in every way remarkable. It was about ninety years ago that Conrad Loddiges began to form it, and it gradually became one of the most celebrated in Europe. The general custom of nurserymen has been to cultivate and sell such pretty plants as readily find admirers and purchasers—such as auriculas, dahlias, tulips, geraniums, and so forth, without troubling themselves about any plants which entail much difficulty in the collecting; but there are a few firms actuated by a higher spirit, approaching botany as a science to be loved, and spending liberal sums in procuring rare and beautiful plants from every part of the world. Of 'such stuff' were Messrs Loddiges made. Travellers and botanical adventurers were offered handsome terms for any new or striking plants they might bring home; and hence arose by degrees a magnificent collection. The collection was not especially gay in colours; for brilliant petals are only one among the attractions for which botanical specimens are admired; and Loddiges' place was not one for mere flower-worshippers. There was an *orchidaceous house*—a long building, in which a hot and humid atmosphere fostered hundreds of the strange and fantastic orchids, each ticketed with its descriptive label. There was a *palm-stove*, containing many extraordinary palms and ferns, among which was one giant, whereof we shall have to say more presently. There were *conservatories*, containing a few of the rarer plants requiring stove temperature—such as the cinnamon-laurel, the clove-tree, the coffee-tree, the India-rubber tree, the mango-tree, the nutmeg-tree, the pepper-plant, the cocoa-tree, the tea-plant, the tamarind-plant, and so forth. There were *greenhouses*, containing aloe-trees, camphor-trees, orange and lemon trees, olive-trees, the indigo-plant, magnolias, lobelias, fuchsias, &c. There was a *camellia-house*, crowded with specimens of this beautiful flower. There was a *tropical conservatory*, containing those portions of the collection which required the highest temperature. In short, there were all the appliances for a very choice and extensive collection of plants from all parts of the earth. Those of our readers who have at hand the Second Series of the

Journal, will find a tolerably full account of Loddiges' nursery as it was eight years ago.

This, then, was the parent collection, whence that at Sydenham has sprung. A large portion of plants have been conveyed from the one place to the other; but there are still many to come. The collection comprises numerous specimens remarkable either for their size or for some other characteristics. There is, for instance, the *Areca catechu*, whence the betel is obtained; there is the *Artocarpus integrifolia*, which, though a small tree here, rises to sixty feet in its own native land; there is the *Piper nigrum*, the black pepper-tree; the date-tree, and others yielding spices; the strange and fatal poison-tree of Java, the *Calamus radicans*, which rises to a height of 200 feet in the Asiatic home; the famous umbrella-tree, with its broad-spreading leafy palm; the cabbage-palm; the *Elettia Ganensis*, now of an extraordinary value to us as the source of palm-oil, which is pressed out from the pulpy part of the fruit; the *Phanix farnagifera*, yielding a kind of sugar; the *Latania Borbonica*, the monarch of Loddiges', which must have a paragraph to itself presently; the *Theobroma cacao*, whence cocoa and chocolate are obtained; the low trees of South America, *W. binn*, from its milky juice which it yields; the *Balanus*, the gum which yields balsam of Capivi; the *Cordia*, which is remarkable for its rope-like structure; the golden-leaved *Chrysophylla macrophylla*, which in Sierra Leone attains a height of 160 feet; the *Borbonia* tree, the magnificent tree which yields the Brazil nut; the mahogany-tree. Indeed, dwarfish as most of the plants necessarily are in comparison with the size which the species would attain in their own native homes, they present, besides beauty of appearance, abundant materials for instruction in respect to the ornamental and medicinal uses to which they are applied.

The Loddiges' collection, then, was the basis whence Sir Joseph Paxton proceeded to form the Sydenham collection. But, empowered by the company, he has likewise made large purchases elsewhere. He has obtained, from one quarter or another, as many as 8000 camellias, and 10,000 geraniums, fuchsias, and calceolarias. There are no fewer than 600 trees in the Alhambra alone, forming elegant parterres round the marble fountain in the Court of the Lions. One very interesting purchase has been made—a collection of seventy-two orange-trees and twenty-four pomegranate-trees, brought from the Chateau de Neully after the death of the late King Louis-Philippe. The remarkable shape and large size of the orange-trees, and the brilliant green of the leaf, render them very ornamental and ornamental objects; while the pomegranate-trees carry us in imagination to Eastern climes, with all sorts of beautiful princesses ate of their fruit in enchanted castles and fairy palaces.

Besides purchases, the Sydenham collection has been enriched with many botanical gifts, and will doubtless be enriched with many more, for there is abundant liberality of the kind among wealthy persons of taste in this country. They will give, if their gifts are likely to be appreciated and taken care of, as we have had proof in the noble presents of books to the British Museum, and of pictures to the National Gallery, despite of our lamentable want of good rooms in which

\* *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, Second Series, No. 14, p. 10. There is one remark made in that article which had something semi-prophetic in its character:—'Under the fostering influence of botanical societies, scientific collections are forming in many places; it has even become a fashionable pursuit for the rich and great, and there are already many splendid private collections of orchids and other natural families of plants. It may be rash even to expect the formation of a national conservatory at a distant epoch, which would form a noble and instructive centre of science, and one as useful and instructive as a school.' There is something curious in the words which we have italicized, knowing, as we now know, that the Loddiges' collection is embodied in the yet larger Sydenham collection.



to place the pictures. Her Majesty has given two specimens of the *Araucaria arborescens*; and about a dozen other plants. The Duchess of Gloucester has given a collection of white camellias. There have been presented a fine American aloe by the Misses-Ranall of Blackheath; an *Araucaria arborescens*, by Mr Lloyd of Wickham; an American aloe, by Miss Millington of Greenwich; a *Ficus macrophylla* from Australia, by the Botanical Society; an *arancaria*, by Earl Powis; a splendid Australian flowering-plant, by Mr Fairlie of Liverpool; a small collection of plants, by Earl Mansfield, from Cap Wood; a magnificent aloe, which had been brought when young from the Palaces of the Caesars at Rome, by Mrs Jenkyns of Wells Deansy; a variegated aloe, by Miss Blaxwell of Camberwell; two *arancarias* by Mr Wells of Red Leaf; a striped aloe, by Lieutenant-Colonel Tweedie of Bromley; a *Diacoma draco*, by Mr Keene of Croydon; two American aloes, by Mr Lettis of Dulwich; a noble *arancaria*, by Messrs Veitch of Exeter; a collection of aquatic plants, by the Duke of Devonshire; and a large number of other gifts, which, though the company very properly record them, need not be catalogued here.

The arrangement of so fine a collection has necessarily occupied much and weighty attention. It was at one time intended to arrange all the plants within the building geographically, in some determinate order, according to the countries to which the respective species belong. But difficulties have presented themselves. Although there are ten architectural courts to illustrate ten different epochs of art, it by no means followed, that the company possessed, in equal ratios, plants belonging to all the various countries represented by those courts; and it might very likely be, that the botany of some countries, if unrelieved by specimens from other places, would look meagre and poverty-stricken in respect to colour or size, and would not aid in carrying out the picturesqueness which has been so much studied in the general arrangement of the fine arts departments. It was decided, therefore, to adopt a systematic arrangement in connection with the ethnological specimens, and also in one important part of the work or grounds; but to arrange everything else in such forms of beauty as would contribute to the general effect of the Palace, considered as a whole—to make the plants and flowers a graceful decoration to the building itself, and to the courts and halls which occupy so large a portion of its area.

The Ethnological groups, the Nations, are really instructive for their botany as well as for their characteristics of human tribes. There are a few of them at the northern end of the building, but the main portion is at the southern end. Here we have the Australian, the Tasmanian, the Papuan, the Tahitian, the Negro, the Bojesman, the Hottentot, the Bornean, the Sumatran, the American Indian, the Esquimaux—all are given with the scrupulous regard to feature and form which Dr Latham is well fitted to insure; and such simple adjuncts are provided as may assist in illustrating the dress, and weapons, and usages of the people. Then, in each bed or parterre which contains a group, Sir Joseph Paxton has brought his botanical knowledge to bear, by planting trees and shrubs obtained from or indigenous to the country inhabited by that group. When the plants are more fully labelled than they yet are—and we recommend the utmost possible liberality in this respect, as a matter that will be sensibly appreciated by the mass of general visitors—these nations will be very instructive. Let us have our laugh at the brown skins, the thick lips, the rings in the noses, the shank legs, the squatting postures: a laugh will do no harm; but we can do something besides laugh, if we will—we can learn a little concerning the botany of tropical climes.

These national groups, we have said, offer facilities for a systematic arrangement of the plants; but in

other parts of the building, the picturesque has been studied rather than the systematic, without, however, an entire neglect of the latter. For many months has the process of arrangement been carried on by a whole army of gardeners, under Sir Joseph Paxton as commander-in-chief, and Mr Eyles, as one of his two head-generals. Trees and shrubs of considerable size, mostly in boxes, are ranged along both sides of the nave at appropriate intervals, forming a beautiful vista as seen from either end. Then, in front of all the eighteen or twenty courts, Fine Art and Industrial, beds of beautiful flowers are arranged, with winding-paths between them, to afford access to the courts—an arrangement singularly novel and refreshing to the eye. A third repository is found in some of the courts themselves, where, as in the Alhambra, plants and flowers can be introduced in harmony with the general style and purport of the court. Another source of arrangement is afforded by the two marble basins—one marble in present, and the other marble in future: the elegant vases and circular recesses around these basins are filled with exquisite flowers; while, when the hydraulic arrangements shall have been completed, the basins themselves will be filled with aquatic plants, including the widely renowned *Victoria regia*. Wherever there are any large spaces between or beyond the courts, these have been filled with plants, sometimes mounted upon or grouped around mounds of root-work. Lastly, suspended from a great height, are upwards of 300 wire flower-baskets, of elegant contour, which furnish a very striking addition to the grandly beautiful appearance of the nave. Each basket is, internally, a kind of wire hemisphere three or four feet in diameter; and this is enclosed within an outer basket of graceful form and florid decoration—florid, so far as wire-work can be. Each basket is well packed with moss round the interior; rich mould is placed within the moss, and flowers are planted in the mould. The baskets are hung up at regular intervals along both sides of the nave by wire-ropes, which can be raised or lowered; and an ingenious plan is adopted for watering the flowers in the baskets. Flowers with bright colours and drooping tendrils are purposely selected; and nothing can be more pleasing than the appearance thus presented.

A visitor, leisurely strolling along through the building, will meet with many plants which attract attention. At one place is the 'Elephant's Foot,' or *testudinaria*, one of the oldest of all odd plants. It looks like a block of wood, brown and hard, and furrowed over in a strange manner; it has just two delicate little branches at the top, but else it looks like a huge lifeless lump; it grows on rocks and barren places. There are multitudes of palms and ferns, which deserve our notice, for the grandeur of their leafy summits. There is the Caffre bread-tree, with its strange shell-like exterior and pulpy interior. There are the tiny oaks in front of the Nineveh Court, grown from acorns brought from Nineveh itself. There are the Egyptian palms near the Egyptian colossi and sphinxes—palms which, like some other things at the present day, have suffered through the war in the East; for they were detained so long at Malta while the *Himalaya* was conveying troops to Turkey, that they have not yet recovered from the ill effects of their journey. There are the pomegranate-trees, fittingly placed near the Alhambra, and looking beautiful with their small, delicate leaves. There is a goodly number of the orange-trees, which will hold up yet more grandly when they are dressed in their new boxes or cases. There are creepers which, next year, will have crept up to the second tier of girders—some forty feet from the ground.

We have spoken once of the *Latania Borbonica*, the tallest, and bulkiest, and heaviest plant in the building: it was Loddiges' most choice palm, and has always been

highly valued. It is about five-and-thirty feet in height; and at Hackney it had not room to grow, for its top was flattened against the glass roof of the palm-house. Here, however, at Sydenham, it has everybody's permission to grow as tall as it likes. The stem is brown and smooth, covered with a yellowish cuticle in the lower part, and with a peculiar hairy-like envelope higher up; and it has a beautiful plume of fan-like leaves at the summit. There is an interesting bit of history connected with this palm. It was brought originally from the Mauritius, and was once in the collection of the Empress Josephine at Fontainebleau; it was purchased thence by Mr Evans of Stepney, and at his decease, in 1814, it came into the possession of Messrs Loddiges. At that time it was only five feet in height; but in forty years it grew sevenfold. The tree itself weighs upwards of a ton, and, when packed in a box of solid earth, eight feet square, the ponderous mass weighed no less than fifteen tons. When, therefore, the time came for removing the tree from Hackney to Sydenham, great preparations had to be made. Messrs Younghusband, who have removed the materials of the old Crystal Palace from Hyde Park to Sydenham, and most of the plants from Hackney to Sydenham, were intrusted with this duty also. A very strong carriage was made, weighing seven tons, and having enormously broad wheels; and on this the tree was placed, strongly incased in timber, with iron bracings, and shored up on either side. Thus arranged, on one fine day towards the end of July, Messrs Younghusband harnessed about thirty horses to the carriage, and drew the *Latania Borbonica* in triumph through the streets of London. The fan-like leaves sometimes swept against the three-story windows of the houses, and we may be pretty sure the boys of London had a rich treat in following the wagon.

The plants at Sydenham, as every one is aware, are not confined to the interior of the building. There is a park, which, when completed, will be as instructive to the botanical student as attractive to general visitors for its fountains. And here we will venture to give a few words of advice to visitors, by way of parenthesis. In fine weather, enter the Palace from the railway by way of the Park. Do not feel compelled to trudge along the hundreds of feet of glazed corridor, gallery, passage, and wing, and to ascend the formidable flights of stairs, and to pass through so much of the Refreshment Department before entering the building. There is no occasion for this. There is an entrance into the Park immediately adjoining the railway station, and you get into a scene of beauty at once. You have the yet unfinished, but even now striking Rose Temple immediately before you; you have fine gravel-walks winding between grassy plots and beds filled with lovely flowers; you have noble terraces on the left, on the balustrades of which are statues, vases filled with flowers, and some of Louis-Philippe's orange-trees; and lastly, you have the finest of all possible views of the Crystal Palace itself; for from no point does the grandeur of its garden front become so perceptible as the south-east, within a short distance of the railway station. Of course, in unfavourable weather, it is a good thing to have a covered passage-way from the station to the Palace; but at all other times the Park route is to be preferred; you are pleased at the outset, and enter the building determined to be pleased with that which is to come.

The Park, so far as plants are concerned, will present very different appearances in different parts. The upper terrace, close to the building, has little besides flowers placed in vases. The lower terrace forms part of the Italian garden, which is laid out with beds of graceful shape, filled with choice shrubs and flowers. Below this is the English garden, presenting, both in its general arrangement and in its plants, an analogy to the pleasure-ground or garden of an old

English mansion. Many of the trees which formerly occupied this spot have been retained, as forming suitable ornaments for such a garden. There is one cherry-tree which perhaps may, in future years, be pointed out as a memorial; for Sir Joseph Paxton sat under that tree while he sketched the vast idea of the Crystal Palace and its Park.

We have said that one of the two modes by which a systematic arrangement of plants will be adopted, will be put in force in the Park. Under the care of Mr Milner, who is second in command out of doors, as Mr Eyles is within, this park-system will gradually be carried out in a somewhat remarkable way. There is to be an Arboretum—a classified arrangement of trees and shrubs. This Arboretum is to assume the form of a broad, well-made gravel-path, bordered on either side with the classified plants. The path will not be straight and monotonous: it will begin near the railway station; it will wind about in graceful curves; it will follow in part the borders of the tidal lake, and carry the visitor within easy reach of the geological and fossil specimens; and it will bend east and north of the great fountains, until it comes to an end near the north wing of the Palace. Throughout the whole length of this path, the trees, and shrubs, and hardy plants will be arranged according to the system of Jussieu. There will be abundance of labels or inscriptions, to denote genera and species, and so forth. Speaking in general terms, and without reference to minute correctness, the Park will ultimately be bounded by the Palace and its wings on the west, and by the Arboretum on the east—the two meeting on the north and the south.

It is obvious at a glance, that many months must elapse before such an Arboretum can be completed; but it is no more than just towards those concerned, to know that plans are in progress for improving system as well as beauty to the arrangement of the large and fine collection of plants belonging to the company. There is a rugged hilly spot on the south margin of the Park, where is now being formed a collection of ferns, built up on a mass of rock-work, or rather root-work, in rather a singular way; but this will form no component part of the Arboretum.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA

### RAILWAYS, TELEGRAPHS, AND OTHER THINGS

THE railways, now an extraordinary feature of the United States, are rapidly developing the latent resources of the country, and effecting such changes on the general aspect of affairs, that in a few years hence an inconceivable progress will have been attained. There are some things so peculiar about the American railway-system, and so desirable to be made known in England, that I propose to offer a few explanations on the subject, the result of personal inquiry and of information derived from official reports.

Railways for the transport of stone and coal came into operation in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in 1826 and 1827, and increased in number for general traffic up to 1848, when 6000 miles of railway were completed throughout the States. Since that stage in their history, they have considerably increased, and been pushed to great distances towards the interior. In October 1858, the length of railways in actual operation in the United States was 14,494 miles, nearly one-half of which was in the New England States and in the state of New York. The number of railways in these states, and also in Pennsylvania, surprises every traveller from Europe. They are seen radiating in several directions from every city, interlacing and

crossing and sending out branches, so as to bring every seat of population of any importance into ready communication with the chief marts of commerce. In Massachusetts alone, in the early part of 1853, there were about 1200 miles of railway—a large number for a state with one-third of the population of Scotland. At the same period, New York had 2123 miles; Pennsylvania, 1244 miles; and Ohio, which is by comparison a newly settled state, 1885 miles. Large extensions have now been made in all; and the entire railway-system of the United States at the present moment may be said to comprehend nearly 18,000 miles, with several thousand miles in course of construction. It is anticipated that, previous to the year 1860, there will be completed within the limits of the United States at least 35,000 miles of railway.

The principle pursued in organising this marvellous system of transport, has been, in the first place, to rest satisfied with single lines until the resources of a district were so far opened up, and capital thereby created, as to warrant the construction of double tracks. Only a few have as yet attained the dignity of double lines. I have no recollection of seeing more than one railway which had reached this degree of maturity—that down the banks of the Hudson to New York—and even it is only double at particular places. It will be understood, therefore, that American railways are almost all only single tracks, and do not admit of trains passing each other, except at appointed stations. Sometimes a train has to stop for an hour till the arrival of the one in the opposite direction; but this, as with other inconveniences, is felt to be of inferior moment in comparison with having no railway at all; and keeping in remembrance the wretched state of the ordinary roads, or rather tracks in mud, not worthy of the name of roads, I am not in the least surprised at the patience shown by Americans in waiting for trains at mid-way stations. In general, however, there is not much detestation on this account; it being ordinarily contrived that meals may be taken at the places where such unavoidable delays occur.

Contented at the outset with single lines, the projectors of railways are also satisfied with other simple and economic arrangements. Where bridges or viaducts are required, they are usually constructed of logs of wood, both for the upright supports and cross-bearers, applied in a rough state from the adze, without polish or painting. In some instances, there are long viaduct connections of this kind across lakes and inlets of the sea; and so little are they above the surface, that the trains seem as if running on the water. I seldom saw any ledges to these viaducts; and nothing could have saved the trains had they slipped from the track. In the more populous and advanced districts, we occasionally see viaducts across rivers, constructed at a considerable cost of stone and iron. There is a handsome bridge of this kind near Philadelphia, and another of stupendous proportions on the New York and Dunkirk line of railway.

The rails ordinarily employed are of the T shape, common in England, whence they are largely imported; and the gauge is, with some exceptions, our own width of 4 feet 8½ inches. The universal practice is to lay them in an unexceptionable manner on transverse wooden sleepers, of which there seems to be no scarcity anywhere, for they are generally placed not more than a foot apart; this abundance of sleepers apparently compensating for a want of proper ballasting or packing with gravel. Little trouble is taken to dress the surface, to drain the sides, or to fence the lines. Where the railways intersect cultivated fields, or patches of a superior kind of pasture-land, the lines are enclosed with the usual zigzag rails; but in many places there are no fences of any kind, and the lines can be crossed by foot-passengers without challenge. Sometimes,

owing to the want of fences, cattle stray upon the lines, and are killed; although, to avert such catastrophes, the locomotives are provided with a shelving-fender in front, called a cow-catcher, which is intended to clear the tracks of any large object that may be in the way. At various places, the railways proceed for miles through thick forests of tall trees, and there the prospect from the windows of the cars is wild and solemn. Lofty pines, intermingled with birch and maple, rise like a wall on each side. Here and there, occur small clearings, in which huge trunks and boughs are strewn about, rotting into mould, or gathered together in heaps to be burned. Sometimes the outermost trees have been partly torn up by the roots by the last gale of wind, and recline on those behind them, or impend in dangerous proximity to the line, as if nodding in anger at the passing trains—monarchs of the wood, whose reign in these ancient solitudes has been strangely intruded upon by the rushing enginery of modern transport. Probably, there is a law to enjoin the cutting down of trees within a proper distance of the line; but if there be, it is not always strictly regarded. From the neglect of such precautions, trees that are blown down occasionally fall across the tracks, causing accidents or stoppages. On coming from Cleveland towards Buffalo, through a forest which skirts Lake Erie, I learned that, two days previously, a fallen tree had retarded the train for several hours, and caused considerable inconvenience to the passengers.

Economy is likewise practised in the construction of station-houses. The more important termini, at the principal cities, consist of handsome suites of offices, for the sale of tickets, waiting-rooms, and other purposes, but on a scale very inferior in point of grandeur to what we see at Euston Square—the very outlay on the pillared entrance to that establishment being enough to make a railway of moderate extent on the American pattern. At Philadelphia and Washington, the termini are more than usually elegant. Those of New York are commonplace, and confased in their arrangements: nor do they require to be of an imposing character; for in the last-mentioned city, the cars enter and depart in detachments, drawn by horses. The method of constructing the cars with steps accessible from the ground, renders high platforms unnecessary; and such slight elevations as are placed for the accommodation of passengers, being made of wood, like a raised flooring, there is, in this particular also, a saving of outlay. In the waiting-apartments, there is likewise nothing very fine; and the only distinction is a separate reception-room, and in many places a separate wicket for the sale of tickets, exclusively for ladies. At many stations on the western lines, I observed no waiting-rooms of any kind, if we exclude from that category the space outside the bar of the ticket-seller. At Richmond, in Virginia, I was set down in the middle of the public street, and saw no trace of a station-house, further than a small office where tickets were obtained.

So far, it will be perceived that an American railway is got up on an exceedingly cheap plan; and, placed in comparison with the magnificently constructed lines of England, it might be pronounced a rude and shabby affair. As regards initiatory expenses, something instructive can be said. In most of the states, each railway company requires to have a special statute or charter, which is procured at an insignificant cost; all that is necessary being to shew that the proposed company is provided with means to carry out its undertaking. In several states, including New York and Ohio, no special charter is now needed for a railway. A general railway law prescribes the rules to be followed by all corporate concerns; and within the provisions named, any railway company, if it has the means, may commence operations. There is thus, in reality, no impediment to the covering the whole

country, with railways; and, this freedom is imparted on the solid ground, that each company best knows its own interests, and that nobody will be so foolish as to throw away money in making a railway; any more than in setting up a store, or building a factory, where it is not wanted. This free-and-easy system may be attended with evils; but some will perhaps think it preferable, to the expensive and generally futile contests about railway bills in Parliament.

Thus relieved of many expenses which weigh heavily on our system, and diminish profits, the American railway companies have the further advantage of getting land for nothing, or at very insignificant prices. In the western, or unimproved, parts of the country, land for railways is sometimes given by townships, counties, or the state authorities, in order to encourage capitalists; and I heard even of instances in which the public contributed not only the land, but the earth-works—so much alive are the people to the advantage of having a district opened up by such communication. In the older settled states, land is less easily procured, and may have cost in many places as much as £110 to £20 an acre; the highest of these prices, however, being not more than a twentieth of what is paid for some of the most wretched land in Great Britain.

The only expenses worth speaking of in the construction of American railways, are those incurred for labour and for iron rails. Wood for sleepers can, in many places, be had for the cost of cutting and preparing. To the great open prairies, wood as well as rails must, of course, be brought from distant quarters; but the expense of carriage is balanced by the comparatively light cost of earthworks. In these prairies, a railway may be carried 500 miles in a straight line on nearly a dead-level—the line stretching onward through grass and flowers without the slightest obstruction, and appearing to the eye like a zone girdling the earth. In these level regions, the cost for railways, including every outlay, is stated to be about 20,000 dollars per mile; but the general average cost over the whole States, as I see by an official document, is 84,807 dollars, or about £6866 per mile. No doubt, this is a small sum compared with the average cost of our great lines, swollen by the rapacity of landowners, by parliamentary expenses, and extravagances of various kinds. But as single lines, of an economical kind, are now being constructed in Scotland for little more than £4000 per mile, I am inclined to think that, but for the protective duties imposed on foreign rails (and perhaps, also, a little quiet jobbing), the cost of lines in the United States, all things considered, would be materially less than it is.

An English railway, as is well known, is secluded from end to end within palings and gateways, the whole forming an enclosure from which passengers are not allowed to make their exit without delivering up their tickets. Things are entirely different in the United States. The side-palings, as above mentioned, are at best only fences of particular fields; and near the stations no gates are employed to detain passengers. Every kind of mechanism for seclusion is rendered unnecessary, by the plans for selling and receiving back tickets. Within all the principal termini, there are offices where tickets may be procured, and there are likewise, in every city of importance, general railway agency-offices, resembling shops, where tickets for a series of railways, *en suite*, may be purchased. There seems to be considerable competition among the agents who keep these establishments, in order to induce passengers to go by particular lines. Their shops are known by flaming placards hung out at the doors, and vast quantities of handbills are distributed, recommending of certain routes as the cheapest and speediest. It would be impossible to give an idea of the profusion with which such alluring advertisements are scattered

among travellers, and in the streets; they are differently shown abroad; on the grounds of being, nothing singular to see a lad enter with a mass of yellow or pink-coloured bills, and throw them about on the tables, chairs, and floor of the hall, to be picked up and read according to pleasure.

Whether purchased from agents, or at the stations, the tickets do not carry any date further than the year in which they are issued. The practice is to sell all the tickets required in the route, although omitting the lines of several companies. In England, there is a more convenient plan of issuing a single through-ticket, which carries the passenger forward to the end of his journey. I am not aware that this is adopted anywhere in America. So far as my experience goes, the passenger is furnished with several tickets for the line of railway on his route. Comparatively few persons, however, put themselves to the trouble of waiting to buy tickets at the stations; but upon immediately enter the cars, and take their seats even at the last moment, leaving the business of settlement to be adjusted with the conductor. Let me say a word respecting this functionary.

An American conductor is a nondescript being, half clerk, half guard, with a dash of the gentleman. He is generally well dressed; sometimes wears a beard, and when off duty, he passes for a respectable personage at any of the hotels, and may be seen lounging about in the best company with a fashionable wife. No one would be surprised to find that he is a colonel in the militia, for 'good whips' in the old coaching days are known to have boasted that distinction. At all events, the conductor would need to be a person of some integrity, for the check upon his transactions is infinitesimally small. One thing is remarkable about him—you do not get a sight of him till the train is in motion, and when it stops, he disappears. I can account for this mysterious feature in his character, only by supposing, that as soon as he touches terra firma, he removes from the front of his hat the word blazoned in brass, which indicates his office; and so all at once becomes an ordinary human being. The suddenness of his appearance when the train gets under way is very marvellous. Hardly have the wheels made a revolution, when the door at one end of the car is opened, and the conductor, like a wandering spirit, begins his rounds. Walking down the middle, with a row of seats on each side, and each seat holding two persons, he holds out his hand right and left as he proceeds, allowing no one to escape his vigilance. All he says is 'Ticket!' and he utters the word in a dry, catious tone; as if it would cost something to be cheerful. If you have already bought a ticket, you render it up to this abrupt demand, and a check-ticket is given in exchange. Should you have followed the ordinary practice, and have no ticket to produce, the conductor selects the ticket you require from a small tin box he carries under his arm, and you pay him the cost of it, increased in price to the extent of five cents, as a penalty for having had to buy it in the cars—such fine being exigible, according to a printed notification on the walls of the station-houses.

Having finished off in the car in which you are seated, the conductor opens the door at the further end, steps from the platform across a gulf of two feet, to the platform of the next car; and so goes through the whole train, till he reaches the van devoted to the baggage, where he has a kind of den for counting his money, and cogitating over his affairs. But as there is no rest for the wicked, so there is no repose for a conductor. Just before coming up to a station, he makes his appearance, and takes a deliberate survey of his customers, receiving checks from those who are about to depart. When the train is in motion again, the same ceremony is gone through—rather troublesome, it must be owned; but the conductor has a faculty for remembering who has checks for a mile

and with for a short journey, and ceases to say: 'Ticket please: more than two or three times to anybody.' When it grows dark, the conductor does not trust to the lamp which lights up each car; he carries a lantern with a strong reflector, which enables him to scrutinise the equivocal bank-notes that may be tendered in payment. To enable him to perform this operation satisfactorily, the lantern is made with a tin hoop beneath, and through this ring the arm is thrust, so as to leave both hands disengaged. The checks, which are distributed and collected by the conductor in the manner just explained, consist of narrow pieces of pasteboard about three inches long, and are of some use to travellers. On one side there is a list of the various stopping-places, with the intermediate distances in miles; and thus, on consulting them, we are able to ascertain our progress. Information in this form is very desirable; for as there is a great deficiency of railway-officers at the stations, and as the conductor is usually out of the way when you want to ask a question, you are very much left to such knowledge as the checks and the American Handbook are able to furnish.

Wanting the precision, and it may be, the comfort of the English railway-system, the routine of procedure in America is in one respect superior. I allude to the arrangements connected with baggage. Every train possesses a luggage-van (called a crate), and within an opening in its side is found a baggage-master, who takes charge of every person's luggage without any additional fee. The way this is done deserves notice. On going up to the baggage-master with a portmanteau, he, on learning your destination, attaches a brass-plate on which a number is struck; the plate being hung to a leather strap which he loops through the handle of the portmanteau. At the same time, he gives you a duplicate brass-plate, on producing which at the end of your journey, your portmanteau is rendered up. At all the principal termini, you are spared the trouble of green-looking after your luggage. Just before arrival, the baggage-master leaves his van, and walking through the cars, asks every person if he would like his baggage delivered, and where. Thankful to be relieved of what is at best an annoyance, you give up your duplicate brass-ticket, the number of which is immediately entered in a book, with the name of the hotel you are going to; and, behold! in half an hour or less after arrival, there lies your luggage on the floor of your bedroom. This trouble is requited by a small fee, which is paid by the clerk of the hotel, and entered in your account. There is a very extensive process of baggage-delivery of this kind in New York and other large cities. I should, however, recommend travellers in the States to carry with them only a hand-valise, or carpet-bag, which they would be allowed to take with them into the cars.

Economical as the trains are in general construction, and with little cost, as I should think, for attendants, the expense of running them must also bear but lightly on the revenue. The common rate of speed is from twenty to thirty miles per hour. Two passenger-trains, each way per diem, is an ordinary allowance; and from the general levelness of the country, the cost of haulage cannot be excessive. English locomotives consume coke, manufactured for the purpose; but American engines are much less nice in this respect—they 'fire up' with billets of wood, procured at a trifling cost, and stored in large stacks along the road, ready for use. From this rough fuel, when ignited, sparks rise in large quantities; but to prevent their egress, a capacious grating is placed over the chimney, and we do not hear of any damage being done by them. For the most part, the engines are powerful, and seem fit for any kind of work.

The most peculiar thing of all about these railways is the passenger-carriage—always called a 'car' by the

Americans. The object which in exterior appearance most nearly resembles an American railway-car, is one of those houses on wheels which accompanies travelling shows and menageries; the only difference being that the car is double the length. The car is in reality, nothing more than a long wooden box, painted yellow, with a roundish shaped roof; a door at each end; and a row of windows at each side. Outside the door, is a small platform, provided with a flight of steps on each side, and which reaches to within a foot of the ground. The platform is guarded by an outer railing, except in the middle, opposite the door; and by means of this egress, the conductor is enabled to cross from platform to platform along the whole train. Passengers, if they please, may also perform this feat while the train is in motion; but it is not unattended with danger, and there is a placard within the cars cautioning persons from standing on the platform.

Cars differ somewhat in their interior organisation. Some have a small apartment at one end for ladies, or nurses with children. More commonly, they consist of a long unbroken sweep, with two rows of seats, and a pathway of eighteen inches between. Fully seated, a car should hold thirty persons on each side, or a total of sixty; but allowing space for a stove, the number is generally fifty-six or fifty-eight; and fully equipped and ornamented, such a car costs 2200 dollars, or £440. Considering the narrowness of the railway-track, I often wondered how these cars could accommodate four persons in the breadth, independently of the pathway between the seats. Space is obtained only by making the cars overhang the track, to a much greater extent than we are accustomed to in England. Mounted on two swivel-trucks, one before and another behind, each with four wheels, the car, long as it is, turns round a corner with the ease of a gentleman's carriage; by which contrivance, in surveying for a railway, it is not thought necessary to make long sweeping curves.

Running, as has been mentioned, right through cities and across highways, with no other protection to the public than the caution to 'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings,' it is matter for surprise that so few accidents, comparatively speaking, take place. Perhaps something is due to the circumstance, that the conductor can at all times communicate with the engine-driver by means of a cord, which is confined like a bell-wire along the ceiling of each car, and arranged at the starting of the trains. Such accidents as occur arise chiefly from carelessness; and it was my impression, from what fell under my notice, that there is much recklessness in the management, and a general indifference to regularity or safety.

Candidly considered, the American railway-system has many imperfections. Its rude arrangements, including the plan of making no distinction in the classes of travellers, would never pass muster in Europe. Nevertheless, it is well adapted to the wants of the great new country in which it has been naturalised, and we may expect that it will in time undergo every desirable improvement. Already the most gigantic efforts have been made to unite the chief cities on the Atlantic with the Valley of the Mississippi and the vast regions westward and northward from it. From Portland in Maine, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, lines now proceed direct to the interior, where they are united to other lines, either finished or about to be so; by which a traveller may reach the principal cities in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin. Joined to the lines now constructed, and forming in Canada, the north will be thoroughly laid open for settlement; and connected with a line proceeding southwards from Illinois, traffic will be opened up on the one hand with Mobile and New Orleans, and on the other, with the regions bordering on Lakes Huron and Superior. The next steps are to reach Oregon and California; and the manner in which such

extensions are to be executed now engages earnest consideration. The most urgently called for of these lines is that to California, by a pass through the Rocky Mountains; and when this is effected, it will be possible to reach San Francisco in four days from New York, and by the additional means of steam-vessels, to go round the world in three months. Traversing from the borders of the Mississippi to San Francisco, a country 1600 miles in breadth, the line cannot be undertaken without liberal aid from government. We may venture to hope this will not be refused; for on no more noble object could the overplus public funds be employed, than in uniting by railway the Atlantic with the Pacific, and so pouring across America the copious stream of European and Asiatic commerce.

From the great, though still imperfect, railway organisation of the States, we obtain but an inadequate idea of the indomitable energy of the people, and the mighty field over which they direct their enterprise. Their canal and river navigation, extending over more than 10,000 miles, is in itself a wonder; and in this, as in all other affairs, private enterprise greatly excels the operations of the government. In truth, the government, with a multiplicity of interests to conciliate, and naturally weak in its authority, is left completely behind in the race of public improvement. The fact of there being, in 1852, mail-routes to the aggregate length of 214,284 miles, and post-offices to the number of 20,901, is outshone by the statistics of the express-system for forwarding parcels, money, &c. Conducted by private individuals and companies, and originating only about twelve years ago, the various express-houses are the goods and money carriers of the Union, and have now agencies in every part of the States and Canada; one company alone employing 1500 men, and its dispatches travelling not less than 25,000 miles per diem.

The system of intercommunication is completed by the operations of the telegraph companies. In the States, three kinds of telegraphs are employed—those of Morse, House, and Bain; the difference between them being mainly the method of indication. That which came chiefly under my notice, was the plan of printing the messages on a narrow slip of paper. Unitedly, the various telegraphic-systems pervade the entire region between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and from Nova Scotia and Canada to New Orleans. The number of miles of telegraph in the States is now about 20,000, and in Canada, and other British possessions, from 2000 to 8000. The wires are carried along the sides of the railways, across fields and rivers, through forests, and in cities they may be seen crossing the streets and the tops of the houses. From New York, two lines proceed south to New Orleans: one by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Charleston, making a length of 1966 miles; the other runs from Cleveland, on Lake Ontario, by Cincinnati and Nashville, being a length of 1200 miles. Messages connected with markets, the rise and fall of stocks, news from Europe, and other matters of public news, are staple communications; but so small a price is charged, that there is also a large amount of miscellaneous correspondence. A message of ten words, for example, may be sent from Washington to St Louis—a distance of 989 miles—for 1 dollar 20 cents. Under 200 miles, the charge is about a cent per word. It is stated on good authority, that on some lines as many as 700 messages are sent in one day. So rapid is the transit, that the news brought to New York by a European steamer, at eight o'clock A.M., has been telegraphed, by way of Cincinnati, to New Orleans, and the effects there produced on the market returned to New York by eleven o'clock—being a circuit of nearly 4000 miles in three hours.

The amount of telegraphic business is largely increased by the number of dispatches for the press.

An association of the seven principal morning papers in New York, during the year ending 1st November 1852, dispensed, unitedly or as individuals, 64,000 dollars for dispatches and special and exclusive messages—large sums to be paid for news by papers which are sold for a penny each. Such an expenditure could not, indeed, be incurred but for the greatness of the circulation of these papers—the daily issue of some of them being upwards of 100,000 copies. The mention of such a fact as this, affords in itself a testimony to the spirit of intelligent inquiry which sustains the press of the United States. It is only, indeed, after being a little time in that country, that we gain a proper idea of the extent to which the business of newspaper publication may be carried, when liberated from monopoly, and left entirely to public enterprise. I should not expect to be credited, did I not speak from official authority,\* when I say that on the 1st of June 1850, there were in the United States 350 daily newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 750,000 copies; as many as 2000 weeklies, circulating in the aggregate 2,875,000 copies; and that altogether, including semi-weekly, tri-weekly, monthly, &c., there were 2500 prints, with a total aggregate circulation of 5,000,000. The number of newspapers printed during the year which then expired, amounted to 422,600,000 copies—a fact which throws more light on the freedom of thought in the States than any other I could advance.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER AT SEA.

WITHIN the last few years, we have heard numerous reports relative to the whereabouts of our indispensable friend the schoolmaster. We can scarcely take up a newspaper or literary journal without being in some way reminded of this worthy. Sometimes he is stated to be 'at home;' more frequently, he is confidently asserted to be 'abroad;' very often, and not without urgent cause, he is advertised as 'wanted.' In spite of the obscurity in which his movements have hitherto been involved, we think a clue has at last been found by which he may be traced. There is sufficient evidence extant to prove that he was once on shipboard; for an anecdote is recorded of him, that being during the voyage somewhat uncomfortably affected by the rolling motion of the vessel, and his scholastic attainments having instructed him in the fact that 'Britannia rules the waves,' he emitted a very natural groan, accompanied by the wish that she had 'ruled them straighter!' Now, never having known him to make his appearance when summoned from that day to this, and there being no authentic accounts of his having perished in the storm, we have good grounds for believing 'that he is at this moment undeniably and completely 'at sea.'

Proofs of this somewhat startling assertion lie around us on every hand. Here is one, picked up at random from the columns of a daily paper:—'Caution to Grocers and Coffee-dealers.—Mr George So-and-so of Isleworth, has been prosecuted by order of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and paid a penalty of L.10 for having sold a mixture of chicory and coffee without the requisite label being attached to the package.—By order, EDWARD SCATTERGOOD, *Superior, Brentford*, May 18, 1854.' Instead of this notice being headed 'Caution to Grocers,' it might with propriety have been styled 'Encouragement to the Fraudulent.' A man who is visited with the severe penalty of the law, in the form of a bonus of L.10, for mixing his

\* Abstract of Seventh Census. Washington: 1853.



goods without a licence, will hardly 'suffer a recovery' of his honesty to interfere with his finances. O Edward Scattergood! where was thy schoolmaster? Most assuredly, 'at sea!'

We had scarcely got over this, when, turning to the obituary notices, we were startled by an announcement to the following effect:—'The deceased continued to walk to church for the last thirty years without intermission.' This, however, although a somewhat singular instance of the power of the human muscles, strikes us only with astonishment: it does not impress us with so overwhelming a sense of uneasiness at the schoolmaster's unavoidable absence as does another notice, supplied from a similar source. Here we have it, word for word, omitting the full names out of respect for the parties:—'On the 11th instant, at — Terrace, Chelsea, aged 78, Mrs C. F., late of St P —, B —, widow of the late Major J. F —. This distinguished officer was at the taking of Seringapatam.' And where, when this gallant lady was in the 'imminent deadly breach,' where wert thou, O most reckless of schoolmasters? Still, and ever—'at sea.'

Here follows another, of still later date, equally with the last-mentioned instance testifying to the frequently asserted mental and other capacities of the so-called weaker sex: 'On the 17th instant, in Thurlow Square, late of B —, W —, F —, widow of the late Captain D —, R.N., and, throughout the late war, Superintendent of the Board of Ordnance, in the 24th year of her age.'

We were ourselves, some years ago, present during divine service in the church of East Barnet, when it was gravely announced by the clerk, that 'On the Sunday next following, the service would commence at three o'clock, and continue till further notice.' At the intimation of a service to be thus indefinitely prolonged, it was impossible to refrain from indulging a hope that the clerk might be enabled to rouse himself sufficiently to give due dismissal to the slumbering congregation.

Very recently, it was authoritatively reported that the officers conveyed in the *Himalaya* steam-ship to the scene of the present war, had 'presented to the captain and purser a piece of plate.' On reading this, we were, like our friend the schoolmaster, completely adrift. At first sight, it appeared clear that a single piece of plate had been presented to two several persons—persons having no relationship to each other whatever; and the uncomfortable idea was at once suggested, that the gift must inevitably lead to a mental, if not to a physical struggle; either a generous contest must arise as to who should ultimately appropriate and bear away the solitary prize, or, on the other hand, a deadly feud would be the consequence of the too equal claim to the possession of the envied property. Or failing both these difficult modes of adjustment—friendly and belligerent—it might happen that, after the manner of Solomon's celebrated decision, each claimant would be obliged to content himself with his own individual share of the spoil, to the great detriment of the object of contention, and the obliteration of the flattering inscription, in which consisted its chief value as an honourable testimonial! However, on glancing down the column in which this somewhat vague, but, withal, gratifying notice, made its appearance, we were enlightened by reading transcripts of the letters penned by the several parties alluded to, each acknowledging in appropriate terms a piece of plate presented to himself individually. We laid down the newspaper, much relieved in mind.

Again, in some intelligence from the scene of war in Asia, we have the account of 'a complete defeat obtained' by a Russian general 'over a body of the enemy.' In this, we have presented to the mind the curious picture of a valorous leader of armies

struggling manfully for defeat, and at last obtaining it, fighting hand to hand over the corpse of his antagonist!

Advertisements of unscholastic character abound, from that of the private instructor, who, intending to impart the elements at least of that knowledge he professes, signifies his want of 'two pupils, to be treated as one of the family,' to that of the inventor of a washing-machine, who holds out the tempting bait of 'Every man his own washer-woman.' An alarming notification, addressed to a poor emigrant, occurs in an Australian paper: 'If James Ledgrove, who is now at the Diggings, will apply at Mrs Willis's Cemetery, Melbourne, he will find his wife and family, who are most anxiously waiting his arrival.' Here a simple comma after the lady's name would have been a Godsend; as it is, the words strike home with as strange and grave a meaning as those of Mephistophiles on his introduction to Martha: 'Your lord is dead and sends his compliments.'

With some persons, even the educated, syntax is set at naught in the most amusing manner; sentences being arranged, or rather *dis*arranged, much after the manner of a poor cripple by whom we were once accosted with: 'Please bestow a half-penny—had the misfortune to lose my leg—hope you'll never want it.' In quarters and among people where the name of the schoolmaster is unknown, word-and-phrase blunders are of course innumerable, and fall occasionally from the lips of the illiterate with sometimes a witty, sometimes a comic significance. A sailor was exhibiting to the visitors at Dover a group of the beautiful *Actinia*; and being asked what they were, plumply asserted these curious animal-flowers to be 'sea-enemies!' As Jack continued to describe how these sea-anemones were occasionally found adhering to the sides of ships, and 'doing no good there,' his blunder had at all events the merit of being an apt one. Our landsman is less quick. On one occasion, having been so devoid of proper caution as to intrust to a country carrier a pair of boots, which we desired should be taken to the boot-maker for the purpose of being soled, we for some time heard no more of our venture. Beginning at length to suspect that there must be some 'flaw in the indictment,' we made a point of ourselves calling at Crispin's shop. There, sure enough, lay our untouched properties, with which the mystified genius of the last confessed he did not know what to do, since the carrier had insisted that he was to *sell* them! Again, travelling home from Bromley, London-ward, by coach, we strove to impress upon the memory of the coachman that we particularly desired to be set down at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. Seeing our anxiety on the point, a fellow-traveller gravely informed us, for our satisfaction, that Coachy would be quite sure to stop at that place, for it was 'his destiny!' In the language of one good old soul, with whom it was at one time our fortune to lodge, such blunders took all possible amusing forms and shapes. It was not enough that she permitted her husband to cough 'successfully' for three hours, and then journeyed to procure him medicine all the way to—'Doctor's Commons;' by which I was left to the vague surmise that she must have meant Apothecaries' Hall: she did worse; for though she admitted some small kindnesses on our part, such as having 'learned' her to read, and having opened the front-door with our own hands, when from weariness she had 'laid' down, she yet had the conscience to mix the 'grievances,' instead of the ingredients, in our pudding, and to put, besides the pincushion, an extinguisher on my 'twilight!'

Yes, assuredly, the schoolmaster was 'wanted' in the primitive village of M—. Had our residence in that remote locality been of very protracted duration, we feel sure that we should have learned so to confuse the grammatical relations of things, so as never after to

have strung three words together without a blunder. The very recollection of that place produces in our minds such a conglomeration of ideas, that we hesitate to proceed further with the subject, lest we, too, should be caught tripping, and suddenly find ourselves where our friend the schoolmaster is, was, and, we fear, ever will be—at sea.

# STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

Who has not wept over the *Song of the Shirt*? Who has not sympathised with the tenets of the garment?

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once with a double thread.  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

until the very names, 'needle-work' and 'needle-women,' became associated with poor half-starved creatures, doomed by their employers to sit in foul atmospheres, chained to their seam by the constantly-plied needle and thread, like galley-slaves to the oar? And yet this continual ringing the changes on

Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,

is not such a scarecrow to all—is not always so fatal in its consequences; and, though it may be the exception which proves the rule, in an instance we are about to mention, this stitch! stitch! stitch! was preferred—nay, as enthusiastically followed as any branch of high art—as absorbingly as a passion for music, or a love of painting.

Annie Linton was the best sewer in Mrs. Roy's school; and the mistress declared, on inspecting the first shirt she made for her father, that the Duke of Buccleuch himself might wear it! This was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the neatest and the cleanest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for 'Something to sew.'

'I wish Annie would take to her book,' said Mrs. Linton to her husband. But it was quite clear that Annie never would take to her book; she had little reading and less spelling; and yet she could 'make' (with cotton) all the letters of the alphabet, as if she was a very miracle of learning.

'Something to sew!' eagerly demanded Annie.

'Will any mowing come of this sewing?' asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

'Those who do not sew shall not reap,' said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him in fear of being too late for school.

Three weeks after: 'Annie's learning to be a scholar,' said Mrs. Linton; 'no more demands for sewing.' That afternoon Annie came bounding into the house from school, sat upon her father's knee, opened her work-bag, which hung over her arm, and putting a screwed-up paper into his hand, said: 'There's the mowing.'

Her father undid the paper, and found four half-crowns. 'Annie,' questioned her father, 'where did this come from?'

'From the sewing,' answered Annie, laughing delightedly at his surprise, as she escaped from his knee, and ran out of the room, to delay a little longer the solution of the riddle.

'Wife,' said John Linton, 'it is impossible that Annie could earn all this by the sort of child's play girls call work; and whom did she earn it from? I'm afraid there's something wrong.' And, to tell the truth, Annie Linton was practising a little disguise; nor had she given her father all the money she had earned. The sum originally was twelve shillings. This was all designed for her father alone; but a prior claim had come in the way. It was cold winter weather, and the children of the school brought the

forms, in a sort of square, round Mrs. Roy's door. Annie, who was a favourite of the mistress, always occupied a warm corner close to the stove. On the day in question, Mrs. Roy happened to be out of the room.

'I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold,' said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very back-worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

'Jessie, thus invited, came a little nearer to the fire.'

'You should put on a woollen frock like mine, and warm yourself well at your mother's fire before you come to school these winter days,' said Annie, mentioning the poverty-struck appearance of the girl.

'Mother says,' replied Jessie, 'that she'd rather be without a fire than my schooling, and she can't pay for both.'

'Has your mother no fire at home this cold weather?' asked Annie in amazement.

'No,' said Jessie. 'I wish I dared bring her with me here—it's warmer than at home.' And I know mother is ill, though she won't tell me.

'Sit there,' said Annie, placing Jessie in her seat, and don't go on of school without me.'

That afternoon the two girls went home, and Jessie found her mother lying in bed.

'Have you plenty to eat, if you're not fit?' asked Annie.

This is the first day mother has been fixed to send me to school without any breakfast, said Jessie, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of the confession.

'Here,' said Annie after a slight pause, unwinding the paper in which were deposited her first earnings: 'I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me; but—and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand—that is to buy you something to eat; and a shilling and a half your mother can sew as well as I can,' said Annie with painful vanity; 'I can tell her how to get plenty of things to pay for both.'

No wonder Annie's riches increased; the first vestment was a good one. Nevertheless, the coming of it from her parents she knew to be wrong; and that they would disapprove; and she added to her half-prayer at night, after the usual ending of God bless father and mother—and forgive me for keeping what that I helped Jessie Wilson, could the Good Angel carry up a paper prayer to Heaven.

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Linton very soon discovered that Mr. Beamwell, of the 'Ready-made Lion House,' was the grand source of Annie's wealth. He said there was no one who could work faster, and that he would give her eightpence each for the finest description of shirt-making. This was no great payment for Annie's exquisite stitching—and, thirty years ago, it would have brought her three-and-sixpence a shirt. But Annie is of the present, not of the past; and as she could complete a shirt a day, her daily flying swifts than a weaver's shuttle, she earned six shillings a week.

'Good wife,' said Mr. Linton, 'we are not so poor but that we can maintain our daughter till she's twenty, and by that time, at the present rate of her earnings, she will have a little fortune in the bank.' But this little fortune amassed but slowly, for Annie seldom had six shillings to put by at the end of the week—there was other 'Jessie Wilsons' who required food and fire.

Had Annie been a poet, she would assuredly have written, not the song, but a song of the shirt; for when she was questioned as to the dull monotony of her work: 'Dull? Delightful?' said Annie in mimicry of her calling. 'Why, with this rare linen and double thread, my stitches seem like stringing beads along the wristbands and collar! What a grand effect of the shirt might not Annie have written!'

Annie's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a

teachery, to all the nearnesses of Mr. Seasmell's establishment, where she was now forewoman; besides being a cheerful, kind-hearted little creature, beloved by everybody, it was a compliment, Mr. Seasmell said, she well deserved—her admirable superintendence of the department allotted her having increased his business tenfold.

Some time after, there was a greater day of rejoicing in the firm of Seasmell & Co. The father had taken his son as a partner, and the son took a partner for life—a indefatigable little seamstress, Annie Linton. There never was a blither bridal! Annie—herself having risen from the ranks—had a present for every workwoman. Indeed it was a day of presents, for on that very morning, and in time to be worn at the wedding, a shawl arrived for Annie all the way from India—an Indian shawl that a duchess would have envied. Upon it was placed a paper, on which was written: 'Wear this for the sake of one who is new rich and happy; but who never can forget the service you rendered to the poor school-girl—JESSIE WILSON.'

'Annie,' said young Seasmell after the marriage, 'I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first wedding. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson; I was a boy then, but I said to myself: "If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton; not because she's so pretty"—here Annie blushed most becomingly—"not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted."

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

JUST at the time when we might fairly have expected that no incident would occur to disturb the state of tranquillity into which the literary world had fallen, a decision was given in the House of Lords which caused the utmost excitement in many circles. The decision, in which Lord St. Aldrich was the arbiter in the case of *Jeffreys* versus *Boosey*, by which the judgment of the Court of Exchequer was set aside, and the principle established, that no alien can hold copyright in this country. The moment this long-vaunted question was got at rest, publishers began to reprint American works with a rapidity that showed how closely the proceedings in the House of Lords had been watched. Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., who had just published Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, found, in a few hours, that Messrs. Routledge were already preparing an edition of that work for sixteen pence; and before the week was out, two shilling editions, and one at sixpence, were issued. Messrs. Low, in self-defence, have been compelled to publish a cheap edition also, which meets with general favour. Prescott's works, for which Mr. Bentley has paid large sums, have been reprinted by Messrs. Routledge, and are issued at about one-tenth of their original price. Mr. Bentley has, therefore, brought out the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, 'handsomely bound and printed,' for four shillings; and announces that it will be followed by all the other works of the same author at a similar rate. Unfortunately, Mr. Bentley had just made an agreement to pay Mr. Everett L. 6000 for a history, in six volumes, of Philip the Second of Spain, and two volumes were in the press. The agreement must now be looked upon as useless. How this decision of the House of Lords has been received in America, we have not heard; but several Americans with whom we have conversed upon the subject, are much gratified with it, and appear to think it likely to lead to a satisfactory copy-right treaty between the two countries. One of these Americans was a lady, who came to England expressly for the purpose of publishing a scientific work.

Of course, her journey is now rendered useless. Happily, a treaty exists between this country and France, so that French books are not affected by the new interpretation of the law. It is satisfactory to learn, too, that a treaty of a similar kind has just been signed between this country and Belgium.

Mr. Patmore's charge against Campbell, alluded to last month, has been satisfactorily disproved by Mr. Payne Collier and Mr. Cyrus Redding. The latter gentleman actually saw Campbell at work upon the manuscript of the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*—that manuscript which Mr. Patmore alleges Campbell only put his name to; and additional testimony, equally conclusive, has been adduced. Mr. Patmore has been roughly handled elsewhere. The *Times* especially discharged an article at him, such as the leading journal sometimes startles literary breakfast-tables with; and in which he was not very elegantly compared to a *chiffonnier*, and described as a 'literary dustman.'

A letter from Frederika Bremer, suggesting the establishment of a Peace Alliance of the Women of all Nations, has recently appeared in the same paper, only, of course, to be pooh-poohed as 'impracticable,' 'Utopian,' and so forth. Rogers the poet is very ill, and scarcely any hopes are entertained of his recovery. A rumour to the same effect has so frequently been in circulation before, and has so frequently proved to be incorrect, that we should have paid little attention to it, but for a statement made by Mr. Planché at the meeting of the Archaeological Association, held the other day at Chepstow, that his friend, Dr. Roberts, was attending the poet, who, it was feared, was on his death-bed. Death elsewhere has been thinning the ranks of literature. Thomas Crofton Croker, the author of *Fairy Legends of Ireland*, *Legends of the Lakes*, and other works, has just died at the age of fifty-seven. He was an Irishman by birth; held for many years an appointment in the Admiralty, obtained for him by Mr. John Wilson Croker, to whom, however, he was not related; and had for the last four years retired from active life upon a pension of £580 per annum. Thomas Crofton Croker was intimate with Sir Walter Scott, who describes him in his *Diary* as of 'easy, prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore.' Southey's second wife, Caroline, principally known as the author of *Chapters on Churchyards*, originally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* about twenty years ago, is also numbered with the dead. A large number of Southey's unpublished letters—twelve hundred, it is said—and other manuscripts, have been placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Warton—the husband of Southey's daughter Edith—and are preparing for publication. Many interesting facts respecting the poet, which it was impossible for his previous biographer, Mr. Outhbert Southey, to have known, but which, according to Mrs. Southey, he ought to have known, will thus be brought to light. A volume of much interest may be expected.

The manuscripts of the poet Gray have recently been sold by auction. Of course the most valuable item in the collection was the world-famous *Elegy*. It was bought for £181, by a contributor to *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, Mr. Robert Charles Wrightson, who seemed greatly pleased with his bargain. The alterations made in the manuscript were very numerous, and shew with what persevering industry the verses were polished before finally passing out of the author's hands. Does not this suggest a lesson, which it would be well for some of the facile versifiers of the present day to study?

Two distinguished men, of very opposite principles—Lord John Russell and Cardinal Wiseman—have recently been aiding the educational movement, now engaging so much attention. Lord John Russell—caught rusticated on the banks of Windermere—very kindly consented to attend the inauguration of a new school just built there, and made a very excellent little speech. Cardinal Wiseman, engaged by the Society of

Arts to lecture at their Educational Exhibition, at St. Martin's Hall, took for his theme 'the home education of the poor,' and descended upon it in a manner that appeared to give great satisfaction to an audience that filled the room two hours before the commencement of the lecture. The drift of his argument was, however, to shew that a state-censorship of our cheap literature would be desirable—an opinion not very likely, we should imagine, to find much favour in a country which takes special pride in the freedom of its press.

English publishers are frequently accused of illiberality; but the same charge certainly cannot be made against their brethren of France. George Sand has just been paid 130,000 francs, by the proprietors of *La Presse*, for the real memoirs of her life, which are shortly to appear in that paper; and with the money so acquired, she intends, it is said, to commence a new weekly 'Agricultural, Literary, and Artistic Journal,' changing her adopted name to Jean Raisin. The prospects of journalism evidently are improving in France. French literature, too, is promised a fresh addition to its stores, M. Thiers being engaged at Caunteret upon a history of Italy and the fine arts in the sixteenth century, which, despite an affection of the larynx from which he is suffering, is progressing rapidly.

Generally speaking, the reading of a working-man is considerably influenced by the price of the book or journal; but in a free library, where there is liberty of choice without regard to the comparative pecuniary value of the publications, his taste is allowed to come into play. The statistics, therefore, of the Marylebone Free Library in Gloucester Place, New Road, London, now circulated by the secretary, are of much interest; and we are happy to say they present various points for congratulation. A table is given of the borrowings for the last six months, of which we shall mention the more salient items. Among the cheap magazines, the *London Journal* gives token of the popularity it has enjoyed throughout this class of readers for some time past: it was borrowed 918 times. Next to it stands *Chambers's Journal*—475 times; the few other miscellanies of the sort that are mentioned appearing to be almost disregarded. The *Illustrated London News*, combining the character of a newspaper and a picture-book, has 698 patrons. Among serials of a different kind, Knight's *Half-hours with the Best Authors* stand at 170 times; and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and *Chambers's Repository of Tracts*, respectively at 153 and 145 times. Macaulay's *History of England*—178 times—stands at the head of the list of books of information. The *Life of Bonaparte* follows, 150; Southey's *Nelson*, 150; Thiers's *French Revolution*, 147; *Naval and Military Sketch-book*, 144; Grote's *Greece*, 137; and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, 136. Shakespeare stands of right at the head of the poets, 152 times; and Byron next, 98 times. In fiction, the *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe* maintain the pas, as they probably always will—the former 561 times, and the latter 318 times. Scott is not so popular as more recent writers, shewing the universality of the taste which in our day prefers the novel of manners to the romance; but of the works of Scott, the Marylebone readers prefer the most finished and masterly—Ivanhoe, 125. Of Dickens's works, they prefer *Bleak House*, 291; and next to that, *Oliver Twist*, 225; and the *Pickwick Club*, 206. *Valentine Vox*, a story, the amusement of which consists in tricks of ventriloquism, has 242 customers; while the greatest number Thackeray musters, in *Pendennis*, is 156; Bulwer Lytton, in *Paul Clifford*, 140; and Lever, in *Jack Hinton*, 128. It is proper to remember, in reading these titles, that the library is perhaps not very large; and that other popular authors would probably have commended themselves to the taste of the Marylebone artisans if the works had been within their reach.

To these items of news and gossip we have only to add, that Mr Tom Taylor has been appointed secretary to the new Board of Health, at a salary of £1,000 a year; that Mr Lever is about to bring out a new serial, entitled *Martin of Cro Martin*; that Mr Thackeray's *Newcomes* have reached the end of the first volume; that a life of Lisle Bowles, the poet, is in preparation; and that a number of the publicans of London, displeased with the *Morning Advertiser* for its advocacy of the new Public-house Closing Bill, have it in contemplation to start a new daily paper in opposition to their present organ. It is a curious fact, that of the 70,000 copies of the London papers issued daily, 40,000 circulate in taverns. Evidently, therefore, the publicans are not without power to carry out their intentions. Of works recently published, Miss Mitford's *Dramatic Works*\* may perhaps claim first notice. The most interesting feature of these volumes, is the preface which accompanies them. It is written with charming geniality and freshness, and enables us to obtain several glimpses of the author's early dramatic experiences—her disappointments and her successes. Few autobiographical sketches are more free from affectation, vanity, and straining after effect. Miss Mitford's gossip is the gossip of an educated and sensible woman—sparkling and animated, it runs merrily along, with no heavy commonplaces to impede its progress, or to cast their shadow of dulness over its path. The picture she incidentally introduces of that gloomy night, a theatre by daylight, is singularly graphic. It is a perfect transcript of the scene, as impressed upon the mind of one who witnesses it for the first time. We may almost fancy, as we read, that every separate feature she describes is before us, and that we can hear the din that is constantly going on around—the noises from every part, above, below, around, and in every key; bawling, shouting, screaming; heavy weights rolling here, and falling there; bells ringing, one could not tell why; and the ubiquitous call-boy everywhere! Of the dramas themselves, all, with one exception, have been before the public previously. Written with considerable vigour, and containing some highly effective scenes and incidents, thoroughly imbued with the dramatic spirit, they worthily occupy a distinguished place in literature, and entitle their author to be regarded as one of the most successful of our female dramatists.

Mr James Augustus St John's latest production, *The Nemesis of Power*, is one which, although small of size, fairly asserts its claim to be specially mentioned. The work, as its title implies, is of a political nature. To enter upon a discussion of the views he entertains—and which many will call one-sided—would, of course, be inappropriate in the present article. The author is an ardent lover of liberty, and his great theory is—that all revolutions result from abuse of power, and that, consequently, all revolutions are justifiable. Appeals are made to history, and instances cited of liberty oppression and despotic misrule in support of his opinion. Although many readers will no doubt object to Mr St John's conclusions, few will fail to give him credit for thorough earnestness of purpose, a deep sympathy with suffering, and a most intimate knowledge of his subject. To the general reader, the work will recommend itself by the vast amount of information compressed into its pages, the graphic pictures with which it abounds, and a felicity of expression, which is one of the characteristics of the author's style. To the student it will be valuable, as a treatise containing the results of philosophical reflection and great study, which cannot fail to suggest inquiry and to stimulate thought.

\* *The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford*, 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

† *The Nemesis of Power: Causes and Forms of Revolution*. By James Augustus St John. London: Chapman and Hall.

## THE STUDIO.

It seems to be a fixed condition with all government works in this country, that they must proceed with the utmost possible slowness. Any approach to business-like alacrity or dispatch, appears to be regarded as undignified and improper. We have an illustration of this in the new Houses of Parliament, which year after year have been in course of erection, but which are still very far from being finished. It is satisfactory to find, however, that the internal decorations are proceeding with tolerable rapidity; and that although much remains to be done, measures have recently been taken which will hasten the progress of the work. Many new commissions to artists and sculptors have just been given. Mr Gibson has been charged with the execution of a statue of the Queen, supported by figures of Justice and Clemency, for the Prince's chamber, which is also to be decorated with bass-reliefs by Mr William Sheel. Mr J. R. Herbert has been commissioned to prepare a series of fresco designs for the Peers' Robing-room. Mr Ward and Mr Cope are to undertake the decoration of the Peers' Corridor. Mr MacIise is to paint a fresco in the Conference Hall, the design being from his picture of the 'Marriage of Strongbow and Eva,' exhibited at the Academy this season. Of the twelve statues of eminent statesmen, proposed by the committee in their Report for 1845, three are completed, and five others are to be immediately commenced. The frescoes in Her Majesty's Robing-room, illustrating the story of King Arthur, and undertaken by Mr Dyce, are proceeding rapidly—Mr Dyce now being able to devote almost his whole time to them. Four are finished; the rest are in a forward state; and of the eighteen statues of barons and prelates intended for the House of Lords, eleven have been safely placed in their respective niches. Altogether, the progress made and making, although not what might be desired, perhaps is far from unsatisfactory. An increase of the annual grant, the insufficiency of which is said by the commissioners to have sometimes retarded operations, would perhaps have a stimulating influence.

Much scandal has recently been caused by the refusal of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to admit the statue of Campbell the poet into that edifice, without payment of the modest fee of £200! The statue was paid for by public subscription, and has for some time been completed. There are, however, no funds remaining to defray the charge demanded, and the statue remains, therefore, in private hands. Much surprise, to call it by no stronger name, has been felt that the Dean and Chapter did not, under the circumstances, waive their accustomed claim. The defence set up by Lord Aberdeen, that there are no funds for the repair and maintenance of the Abbey except those derived from burial and monumental fees, has entirely fallen to the ground; for it appears that a fund, consisting of one-fifteenth of the corporate revenues, is annually set aside for the purpose; and any plea of poverty with an income which, after defraying all expenses, leaves £25,959, 8s. 7d. for the payment of the dean and eight canons—nine individuals in all—is altogether ridiculous. The system of turning our cathedrals and abbeys into twopenny-shows, has long been a reproach to the country. This last evidence of the 'itching palm' will not tend towards the removal of the stigma. Certainly if any proof were needed that the high dignitaries who have the control of these places are but men, selfish, grasping, and money-loving, like the rest of the world, they themselves lose no opportunity of affording it.

A missile, in the shape of a pamphlet, has been thrown by Mr Ruskin at the Crystal Palace, without, however, doing any perceptible injury to that glittering edifice. Mr Ruskin's wrath has been aroused by a

remark of Mr Laing, that the Palace might be regarded as the commencement of a new order of architecture. This Mr Ruskin cannot allow to pass unanswered. He declares that the building is a mere gigantic hothouse, a huge glass-shed, covering fourteen acres of ground. The aerial lightness and fairylike elegance of the building, Mr Ruskin cannot see: those who can, have had 'their senses dazzled by a few panes of glass.' From what philologist Mr Ruskin has obtained permission to use the adjective 'few' for the purpose to which he has here applied it, he does not say. In a farce, such a term might be allowable; but in a serious argument, it is obviously improper. Perhaps the despondency under which Mr Ruskin laboured when he wrote his pamphlet—despondency of which he 'could neither repress the importunity nor forbear the utterance'—may account for this slip of the pen. However, he is not wholly disconsolate: a gleam of satisfaction visits him when he reflects that 'we may cover the German Ocean with frigates, and bridge the Bristol Channel with iron, and roof the county of Middlesex with crystal, and yet not possess one Milton or Michael Angelo.' In this profound and original thought Mr Ruskin appears to find much consolation. It is to be hoped that he may be humanely left to the sole and undisputed enjoyment of it.

I must dismiss the remaining items of art news and gossip in a single paragraph. Mr Bell has been commissioned by Colonel Adair to execute a marble heroic statue of Armed Science for the mess-room at Woolwich. Mr Noble's statue of the Queen is shortly to be erected in the Peel Park, Manchester. Mr John Evan Thomas is to execute a statue of the late Duke of Wellington—another Wellington statue!—for the town of Brecon. A colossal statue of the late Duke of Gordon is to be erected on the top of the monument at Lady Hill, in Morayshire. Mr Samuel Nixon, the sculptor, is dead. His best known works are William IV., at the approach to London Bridge, and the Seasons, at Goldsmiths' Hall. He was in his fifty-first year. Mr Lealie has resigned the office of Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, and has been succeeded by Mr Hart. The resignation and appointment both seem to be matter for regret. Lastly, the *Art Journal* has entered its protest against the colossal statue to Shakspeare, alluded to last month.

## GREEK MEETING GREEK.

Our readers may have heard the story of the Yankee shoemaker who purchased of a pedlar half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be the best of maple, and who found them on inspection to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be 'taken in and done for' after that fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedlar on his next trip for—oats! The Celestials, whose imitative faculties have always been notorious, have improved their recent opportunities of intercourse with the Yankee barbarians by learning a lesson or two out of their book, and are vindicating their capacity by beating the originals. This is seen in a portion of the return-cargo of the ship *Eagle*, which recently arrived from San Francisco. In what particular disguise the component parts were sent out we cannot learn; but the shape in which they have come back shews that the Chinamen are quite shrewd enough to prosper by the side of the 'quintest Yankee in the land of their adoption. We have before us a specimen of gunpowder tea, said to be a fair sample of sixty tons, which arrived from San Francisco, in the ship *Eagle*, to 'order.' There is not the least smell or taste of tea about it, but in appearance it is the most complete imitation we ever saw. It is probably made of thin paper rolled in mud; but in weight, colour, peculiar shape of the leaf, and everything else but *flavour*, it cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Even the little bits of broken stones seen in good samples of gun-

powder tea are imitated to the life—apparently all from the same material. Once mixed with genuine tea, the adulteration could hardly be discovered; and it may be well for dealers in this vicinity to keep a look-out as to the disposal of this invoice. Meanwhile, the San Francisco operators, who have thus returned us oats for our fine shoe-pegs, can have their diploma.—*Journal of Commerce (American).*

### A TRAVELLER'S APOSTROPHE TO AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS ALABIC WATTS.

I never dreamt of beauty, but behold  
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon mine eye.  
I never mused on valour, but the old  
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry  
Filled my expanding soul with ecstacy.  
And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown  
The Muses give, with exultation high,  
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,  
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

JOSEPH RITCHIE.

I HAVE wandered like an Ishmael to nations east and west;  
I have seen of the world's wonders its brightest and its best;  
I have ploughed the broad Atlantic Columbus ploughed of yore;  
I have seen the giant forests stand as they stood ere Time grew hoar;  
I have scaled the Cordillera, where their summits pierce the sky,  
And poured my homage in the sound, half syllable, half sigh;  
I have skimmed the land-locked waters, like inland seas that flow;  
I have watched the meteor shadows, as they come and as they go;  
I have paced the boundless prairies, where the savage wandered free  
Ere man had chained his fellow-man, and shouted Liberty!  
I have wandered like an Ishmael from distant shore to shore;  
I have crossed the stern sierra, held sacred by the Moor;  
I have crouched beside the Lapland bear, but one remove from night;  
I have stood beside the Persian as he worships sun and light;  
I have seen the land of Egypt spread before me as a dream;  
And the broad Nile have I breasted, that owns no tribute stream;  
Where the Arab plants his quivering spear, have I been a bidden guest;  
And where the mighty Pharaohs sleep, have I laid me down to rest.  
I have watched the giant Pyramids—Time's landmarks—stand apart,  
And I own their mighty influences, but could they fill the heart?

I have wandered like an Ishmael to nations far and wide—  
Jerusalem a widow seen, Sophia as a bride;  
I have traced the Land of Canaan, where the patriarch footsteps trod;  
I have climbed the Holy Mountain, where Moses talked with God;  
I have seen the Holy Sepulchre, and to its verge have crept;  
And on the Mount of Olives have I hid my face and wept.  
With a remnant of God's people have I worshipped at his shrine,  
And owned the hand that succoured me to be the hand Divine.  
When I heard my own land's language, how did my spirit burn!  
Like an Ishmael I've wandered forth, like a prodigal return!

O England! queen of nations, thou cradle of the free!  
Sure the cup of many blessings has been lavished all on thee!

My pilgrim-staff and scallop-shell for ever be laid by,  
Let me muse but on thine own green hills, and commune with thy sky.

Men may taunt thee with thy climate, as a weeping vapour hung

O'er the beauty of thy landscape; they may chide thy rugged tongue:

From the joy arctic circle to the fervid torrid zone,  
Where dwell the sons and daughters as favoured as thine own?

How like a nursing mother does thy placid beauty seem!  
Men marvel at the cataract—they drink but of the stream.

The best of all that's beautiful within thy shores I see.  
My native land, receive thy child, and spare a grave for me!

### CLOAK OF THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLAND.

Before this cloak came into possession of Kamehameha I, its fabrication had been going on through the reign of eight preceding monarchs. Its length is 4 feet, and it has a spread of 11½ feet at the bottom. Its groundwork is a coarse netting, and to this the delicate feathers are attached with a skill and grace worthy of the most civilised art. The feathers forming the border are reverted; the whole presenting a bright yellow colour, resembling a mantle of gold. The birds from which these splendid feathers were taken had but two feathers of the kind, and they were located one under each wing. It is a very rare species (*Melithreptes Pacifica*), peculiar only to the higher regions of Hawaii, and is caught with great care and much toil. Five of these feathers were valued at one dollar and a half. It is computed that at least fifteen of dollars have been expended on the manufacture of this gorgeous fabric. The garment itself would be a fitting portion of the regalia of any European monarch. Had it in the scarcity of the article of which it is composed, the immense amount of time and trouble employed in procuring it, it would be impossible for despotism to furnish a more magnificent or costly garment for its profane votaries.—*Sandwich Island Notes.*

### THE OLD COCK.

The principal inn at the head of Windermere had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbour (Richard Watson, bishop of Llandaff), substituted the *Bishop* as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently been the host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord, with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so by way of remedy, he put up in large red letters, under the name of the bishop, 'THIS IS THE OLD COCK!'—*Country Reminiscences.*

### NOT ASHAMED OF THEIR TRADES.

Hon. W. W. Pepper, one of the Circuit Judges of Tennessee, was formerly a blacksmith; and for the fun of it lately made with his own hands an iron fire-shovel, which he presented to the governor, Hon. Andrew Johnson. On return, Governor Johnson, who was formerly a tailor, and made with his own hands a coat, and presented it to the judge. The correspondence which passed is published in the Tennessee papers.—*Country Gentlemen (Albany).*

In next Number will appear the First Chapter of *MARTIN'S Story of Adventure and Vicissitude*, by BARRY ST JOHN, Author of *Purple Tints of Paris*, *Three Years' Residence in a London Family*, &c. To be continued in Weekly Chapters till completed.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3, White's Court, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. McGLASSMAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Art.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 40.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1864.

PRICE 1½d.

## MARETIMO.

BY BAYLE ST JOHN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE LEE-SHORE.

Light baffling winds had kept the French schooner *Marc Antoine*, bound from Marseille to Patras, hovering many days near the eastern coast of the island of Sardinia. Once or twice a favourable breeze had indeed taken her gently across part of the expanse of water that separated her from Sicily; and land to the south-east had been signaled from the mast-head; but calms had succeeded, and currents had wafted her back again; so that, early in the month of May 182—, there lay the *Marc Antoine*, swinging gently to and fro, still in sight of Cape Tavolara—her sails now swelling out, now clinging to the masts as she rolled.

The crew were sleeping about the deck in the sun; the man at the wheel nodded; the captain was stretched on his back on a carpet, looking intently up at the sky, as if he expected to discover something there; the only passenger leaned over the bulwarks, watching the transparent waters, where swarms of small fish lazily glided; whilst every now and then a great fellow, on the look-out for prey, would dart amongst them, and disappear like shadows. No one seemed to repine at the loss of time—so bright was the sun, so placid the water, so balmy the air, so dimly beautiful that long line of hilly coast, with the great cape standing boldly out like a citadel in front, the base of its thousand feet of wall ever spurning back the foam which, even in the calmest days, dashes against it.

The passenger was an Englishman, Walter Masterton by name. Though young, he had passed the age when the smallest delays excite petulant impatience. Experience had made him too wise to spend the present hour in fretting, because it did not bring all the enjoyment he had anticipated. Yearning for the morrow made him not unhappy; but, on the contrary, a cheerful confidence in the future—in the time which *must* come whether we watch for it or not—was evident in his whole demeanour. No doubt, he had reason to be satisfied with himself. Tall and vigorously formed, with bright-blue eyes and curly chestnut hair, he had often been made aware that ladies considered him handsome. The good-natured but slightly satirical smile on his lip, seemed to express consciousness of worth, but may have had its origin, partly in robust health, partly in the tranquillity of mind produced by the possession of comfortable worldly means.

Walter Masterton was of a good family, being the second son of a baronet. A considerable legacy from

one of his uncles, had early enabled him to indulge in a wandering propensity that seemed to form part of his nature; and at the period when we introduce him to our readers, he had already visited most of the countries in Europe, and spoke with more or less facility half-a-dozen languages. He was the very type of the roving English gentleman, who is at home in all capitals, knows and avoids 'the best hotels,' and has lost, by long intercourse with the world, all those roughnesses and irregularities which are supposed by foreigners to form the essence of our national character. Frenchmen told him unhesitatingly—meaning to be very complimentary—that he had nothing British about him; Italians declared that he was too polished for a German; and the ladies seemed generally agreed that he must be somebody in disguise. He was now on his way to Greece, where he had serious thoughts of employing his superabundant energy by joining the insurrection then in progress. What he really sought in his travels he might have found it perhaps difficult to explain. Sometimes he said it was knowledge; but he took no notes; visited few churches; and when he condescended to enter a picture-gallery, looked rather at the spectators than at the works of art. Sometimes he professed to be seeking opportunities of doing good—of redressing wrongs, like Don Quixote—and had indeed got into several squabbles with the police of well-governed countries, by lending his passport to the first fugitive who chose to ask it. When he talked of travelling in search of health, his appearance at once belied him; and so, occasionally, when he happened to be in a confidential mood, softening his voice—hypocritically many thought—he would pretend to be in search of forgetfulness. Forgetfulness! look at that white smooth forehead round which the chestnut curls are playing; at that pair of calm eyes; at that almost perpetual smile. Few could believe the statement; for we are accustomed to conceive those whose hearts have been devastated by passion as distorted, or at any rate sickly in countenance—Childe Harold must have hollow cheeks and haggard looks. Yet appearances, as our school-copies tell us, are sometimes deceitful. That glittering plain of waters seems to be created only to sleep on eternally, drinking in the sunbeams that are showered upon it, or doubling the already innumerable stars; yet wrecked fleets lie beneath: in an hour, too, the storm may come—the hurricane and the thundering wave.

'Monsieur le Capitaine,' said Walter, turning round after long idle contemplation of the doings in Fish-land—'methinks we shall lie here till we become fit subjects for another ballad by Coleridge. But you don't know Coleridge?'

'I shall be most happy,' replied the captain, drawing and looking indefinite, as if he had scarcely come down from the sky—'most delighted to make his acquaintance on your introduction.'

Upon this, Walter, in very idleness, began to spout the *Ancient Mariner* in solemn preaching tones. The captain, who understood not a word, seemed interested; even the sailors, who had been lying on their faces, as if looking through the deck into the hold, turned round, rose on their elbows, and listened. This ebullition was quite an incident; nothing so out of the way had happened for some time. Walter went on gloriously; and by degrees quite forgot himself in admiration of what he was reciting; but suddenly he felt that he was no longer the observed of all observers. There was some other point of attraction. He stopped: nobody was listening to him—every one was at the side of the vessel looking towards the north.

Though not of much nautical experience, Walter soon understood what was the matter. The sky, which had previously been intensely blue all around, had assumed a threatening appearance in the direction to which all eyes were now turned. First, a haze had risen like a phantom above the horizon, thin, and almost imperceptible; but it rapidly thickened into a cloud that seemed stationary for a time, and then began to advance along the waters, making them gloomy as it came. Presently the tackle shook—producing a sound very much resembling that of ill-joined windows in a by-street when a carriage rattles through; and then the vessel itself creaked and groaned, as if rousing for action. Walter, though he had seemed so resigned to see the *Marc Antoine* lying lazily there, 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' was full of glee. Motion suited him better: he now felt impatient to be careering over the foaming billows. But what are those lubberly Frenchmen about? Instead of letting loose more canvas, they are taking in every inch; two men are employed in securing the boats by fresh ropes; everything movable is made fast; the sailors' blouses begin to flutter; their long hair, wet with spray, dashes in their eyes; eager, almost fierce orders fly from the captain's mouth; on rushes the haze; the coast disappears; the sea whitens; there is a pitch and a roll; the squall has clasped the schooner in its embrace, and is hurrying her, under bare poles, towards the south.

The violence of these squalls is usually not lasting; and in less than a quarter of an hour the schooner had her jib out, and presently afterwards, both main-sail and square-sail. Walter was delighted. The *Marc Antoine*, with only a stiff breeze on her quarter, was now enabled to pursue her course steadily, making nearly ten knots an hour, every knot an approach to the goal of her voyage. But the wind gradually increased again; and by sunset, it blew a terrific gale. They did not see the sun go down, for they were shrouded in mist; but they felt night coming on by the gradual deepening of the gloom. At length, all was darkness around; and the schooner, with only just sufficient canvas set to keep her steady, went bounding along over the seething waters, into which she seemed at times about to bury her bows, that, anon, were lifted high into the air. Walter rather enjoyed the motion than otherwise; and as long as he could keep his footing, paced the deck wrapped in his cloak, watching the waves, which appeared to rise every now and then like dim white phantoms, to look over the sides of the vessel. So much, when his eyes became accustomed, could he distinguish; but beyond, around, above, all was darkness. The seamen were constantly engaged moving to and fro on the slushed deck, silently obeying the brief orders of the captain. To the latter, Walter wished to speak, but found no encouragement: he was even gruffly repulsed. There are those that become gentle in times of danger—perhaps the most truly brave—but others become rough and surly.

After some time, accordingly, Walter went below and tried to sleep—no easy matter. The sea was running mountains high, and sometimes made a clean breach over the deck; whole tons of water seemed to come thundering down. Suddenly, Walter was startled by a tremendous detonation and a crash, as if a rock had been hurled on board. Reaching the ladder as well as he could—the vessel pitching and rolling dreadfully all the time—he rushed up, and found that a tremendous sea had stove in one of the boats, at the same time that the main-sail, though closely reefed, had been carried away. The snapping of the tackle was like the voice of a cannon. Everything was in confusion; the broken ropes dashed to and fro like huge whips; the men were in disorder; the vessel tossed about for a time without guidance. Shortly after, they attempted to lie to, and a sort of dull whisper went about of the dangers of a lee-shore; but they were soon forced to scud again.

Thus night wore away; and when morning came, and the view over the cream-coloured billows gradually widened, the storm seemed rather to increase than to abate. The vessel had laboured a good deal during the night; and Walter was not a little disconcerted to find that some of the men had been at work for several hours at the pumps. He now ventured again to address the captain.

'Do you know where we are?' he inquired.

'In a tempest off the coast of Sicily,' was the gruff reply.

'Then we may at last hope for some shelter. If we are in our right course, we shall soon get under lee of the land.'

'Ay, say, we may hope what we please, and, for that matter, fear too. *Chacun à son goût*. We are going where the wind takes us—it may be straight on the rock of *Maretimeo*.'

'But surely you have still sufficient command of your vessel to be able to lie to?'

An English commander would have been less communicative. The Frenchman, though as brave a fellow as ever lived, could not conceal the truth. He had just sent three more men to the pumps; they had sprung a dangerous leak; there were several feet of water in the hold.

'However,' he added, endeavouring to appease his own alarm as well as Walter's—'on a pinch we can leave the pumps, and wear her, if anything alarming appears. We shan't sink yet. How many yards ahead do you think we could distinguish a rock some thousand feet in height?'

'Half a mile, perhaps.'

'Not a quarter; and there are breakers on the north-west side of *Maretimeo*.'

Walter now understood the full extent of the danger. The greater part of the crew were necessarily employed in pumping out the water, and the remainder were insufficient to perform any manœuvre that might suddenly be rendered necessary. He felt like a man who should be drifting towards the Falls of Niagara without anything within reach that he might grasp to stay his course; and looked anxiously ahead, calculating rather how long the suspense was to endure, than with any hope that the threatened danger could be averted. Suddenly, he thought he saw the mist become more and more dense above the bowsprit: a huge form seemed struggling to break through it.

'Is that a cloud?' cried he, touching the captain's arm.

'No, no,' was the answer; 'that is *Maretimeo*.'

The captain instantly ordered the helm to be brought hard a-weather. The crew came rushing on deck, and scrambled in rather a disorderly manner to their posts; but several of them seemed to have been drinking. Some mistake in the manœuvre was made: a heavy sea broke over them, and washed the man at the wheel

right away, so that he was never seen more. The *Marc Antoine* drifted. In another moment, her keel struck with tremendous force; the masts went by the board, and she lay quite on her beam-ends, the sea breaking over her like a cataract. By the violence of the shock, Walter was hurled into the waves, almost stunned; being a good swimmer, however, he soon recovered himself, and managed to get hold of a spar, and gazed around to see if there was any hope in struggling back towards the vessel. He just saw it leaning right over, with several men clinging to the shrouds—a complete hopeless wreck. Immediately afterwards, a mountain of foaming water seemed to climb upon it with a triumphant roar—a huge white dome, that hung there, as it were, for a moment, and then broke away on every side in gushing streams, finding no further opposition; for the *Marc Antoine* had gone to pieces beneath the weight, and nothing remained of her but planks and barrels and spars.

Walter thought he saw at a little distance a boat, crowded with men, tossed up once on the summit of a tremendous wave; but of this he was not sure. The captain swam for a moment near at hand, and then disappeared. Fragments of the wreck were all around, swinging to and fro on the surface of the billows. Walter clung to his spar with the energy of despair.

Luckily, he had been cast from the vessel inside a line of rocks, that to some extent broke the force of the waves. The strongest swimmer could scarcely have kept afloat more than a few minutes in the open sea. That was a terrible hurricane, long remembered in Sicily. The whole northern coast of the island was strewn with wrecks; and several vessels, that came from the horizon like a flight of birds, were seen to go down by those who crowded the housetops of Trapani. Well, then, may Walter for a moment have given himself up for lost, although, as we have said, comparatively out of the influence of the raging sea. The water tumbled heavily toward the shore, which he could distinguish rising—a tremendous black mass, terminating in mist and cloud overhead—at no great distance. Unfortunately, the waves broke before reaching the land, so that there was evidently another line of rocks intervening. Indeed, in many places the water ran in and dashed up the sides of the precipice to an immense height, like white feathers—falling back in a cloud of spray. Walter, partly swimming, partly carried by the spar, gradually approached the iron-bound coast—with little hope, however, of ultimately escaping the fate which had probably overtaken all or most of his companions. It seemed impossible that he should avoid being dashed to pieces against the sunken rocks. No landing-place was apparent; no sign that the island was in any way accessible.

When Walter was carried close up to the breakers, he let go the spar, and having recommended his soul to God, made a desperate attempt to rise over them. The first time, his knees struck against the rocks, and he was nearly disabled; but the second, taking advantage of a larger swell than usual, he got across, and found that beyond was comparatively shallow water, when the wave had receded. He paused, breathless, for a moment, and then running forward, reached a ledge of rock at the base of the precipice, where he could at any rate sit down and rest. It is true that the water still reached him, and sometimes dashed in his face, but not with sufficient strength to make him lose his hold. He could now look round, and ascertain what were the chances of his ultimate escape.

By this time, the weather had a little brightened, and Walter could perceive the raging sea covered with fragments of the wreck; but there was no trace of any of the crew, except a pair of shoes that were floating near at hand. He thought that he alone had been saved—if saved he could as yet consider himself to be. There were no visible means of access to the island; and he

was even unaware of its being inhabited. To all appearance, it was a mere isolated mountain—a perpendicular pile of rock. Here and there, however, were breaks; but, from his position, Walter could see no sign of vegetation—nothing but precipices rising on all hands, as if to support one edge of a vast black cloud that stretched like a canopy over the sea.

From the time that seemed to have elapsed since Walter had come that morning upon the deck of the ill-fated *Marc Antoine*, he judged that it must be now nearly noon. The sun was, of course, not visible, but still the light seemed to come from behind the rock. At any rate, out at sea there was less shade than in the hollow curve within which Walter had been cast. There were, then, seven or eight hours more of day to elapse, and it was within that time that aid must come to be effectual, for it appeared impossible that any person, however hardy, could pass a night in such a situation. Walter's first care, when he had somewhat recovered his presence of mind, was to try and ascertain whether it was possible by any means to clamber towards the interior of the island. The rock immediately above him was, however, quite precipitous; not even a goat could have ascended it. He thought it possible that to the right or to the left a practicable passage might be found. But he soon ascertained that there was deep water on both sides; and the waves broke so furiously against the extreme points of the little inlet in which he had found shelter, that in such weather it would have been madness for him to attempt to swim round. He sat down, therefore, with his back to the rock, and calmly calculated what were the chances of his escape. Having fully appreciated the difficulties and the dangers by which he was surrounded, he undertook, in the next place, a self-examination. He found that, with the exception of a few slight injuries, which he had scarcely noticed until now, he still retained his full physical powers. It is true, he was somewhat exhausted from want of food, having tasted nothing since the previous day; but he remembered not only that others, when forced by circumstances, had found capacities of endurance within themselves which they had not previously expected, but that he himself, in his wild pedestrian tours through the sierras of Spain and the glaciers of the Alps, had manfully borne up against tremendous privations. He had been trained, too, to a hard life from his earliest infancy, ever delighting in those rough field-sports by means of which the upper classes of this country maintain their physical superiority. He brought himself to believe, therefore, that even if the contest for life were prolonged to the next day, he should be found physically equal to it. What he feared at the outset was, that a tendency to despond, which had early come over him, might obtain the mastery. During the first few moments, indeed, that he had rested in comparative safety, the idea had suggested itself that he was only preserving himself for greater suffering, and that it would be best at once to give up the unequal struggle with the elements. All men who have been placed in similar situations have, perhaps, experienced this momentary want of confidence. There are latent powers in the human frame and in the human mind, which are only called forth on special occasions, and the existence of which we never suspect until then. In this sense, if in no other, adversity is a good master. We never know all we are capable of until the hour of trial; and so it was with Walter. A short time of reflection convinced him of the cowardice of yielding up his hope and his life, because he had been suddenly placed in the midst of imminent perils. He had yet much to live for. If it was true that he had suffered one of those disappointments which disgust the weak and the degenerate—the spoiled children of fortune—there was still a wide horizon for him. He had powers of affection that had never yet been employed, and he felt, too, that he had a mission in this

world to accomplish in common with his other fellow-creatures, which it was not permitted him lightly to abandon.

These ideas did not suggest themselves to him in a very definite shape; they whirled hastily through his mind, and formed, together with the instinct of self-preservation, motives sufficiently strong to induce him to resolve, that as long as life was within him he would not give way to base despair. Many others would perhaps have been less courageous, for it was evident that, unless the storm soon abated, and the direction of the wind changed, only some assistance, which it was not likely could be at hand, would avail. In many other parts of the world, there might have been hope or fear in the ebbing or the flowing of the tide; but these variations occur not in the Mediterranean: there the sea perpetually maintains the same level, except when it is piled by long-continued winds against the same coast.

The day passed slowly by, and no change for the better or for the worse took place—still the wind roared, and still the waves tumbled heavily against the rocks. After some hours, however, the clouds that had seemed to hang in solid masses over the sea, broke up, and went drifting, or rather hurrying, away overhead. Small patches of sunlight fell upon the tumultuous waters. Walter was in hopes that the hurricane would soon be over, but, to all appearance, it continued to rage with the same fury as before. However, increased light brought increased cheerfulness to his mind; his confidence became greater. He tried to remember what he had heard of these famous islands of the *Ægæes*, of which history speaks so much, and modern geography so little, and persuaded himself that he had somewhere read of this little archipelago being inhabited by a race of fishermen, who practised the good old virtues of hospitality, and were ever ready to receive and comfort the shipwrecked stranger.

The waters were still hissing and dashing at his feet, and, further out, in masses many tons in weight, still came thundering upon the ledge of rock. A thousand inarticulate sounds buzzed in Walter's ears. The monotony of danger, and perhaps, too, want of nourishment, made him at last giddy and faint. In spite of all his courage, he found that his thoughts began to wander; and every now and then it required a fresh mental exertion to enable him to keep his position on the rock. Suddenly, he thought he heard a sound different from the voice of the elements; he started—he awoke to complete consciousness. He listened; he gazed to the right, to the left, overhead. It came again. Evidently, there was some human being near at hand—perhaps one of the crew—some fellow-sufferer hidden by a projecting point of rock, who was shouting for help—shouting to the roaring sea, which seemed to redouble its clamour to drown this puny outcry. Walter felt strengthened by the idea that there was some fellow-creature, perhaps even more helpless than he, near at hand; and half his misery seemed to be removed from him. The voice again made itself heard, this time a little nearer; but it was not the voice of complaint. It spoke in cheerful accents. The words, 'Take courage!' in Italian, were at length plainly to be distinguished. Though almost blinded with the water and with fatigue, Walter now made out, almost exactly above where he was clinging, the head of a man advanced over the precipice. He gave a cheerful 'halloo!' to shew that he had heard the signal. The stranger again called aloud, but it was impossible to make out what he said; however, it was evident that he was cheering the shipwrecked man. Presently he disappeared, but Walter now felt confident that aid was near at hand. He remained gazing at the place from which the promise of deliverance had come, till his eyes grew dizzy and his heart faint. After an interval that seemed an hour, though it was, in reality,

much shorter, several heads were seen peering over the precipice, and at last he made out that the people were taking measures to rescue him from his dangerous position. Presently, by the assistance of a rope, a man came clambering down the face of the rock, fixing his feet carefully in small holes, or on projecting pieces almost imperceptible from below. It may easily be imagined that Walter watched his progress with intense anxiety. Now and then, he loosened a fragment, and slipped; but down he still came, and presently reached the ledge of rock, and paused, breathless, to rest.

Walter, forgetting for the time his own situation, could not help looking with some surprise at the person who seemed, as it were, to have come down from heaven to his assistance. He had expected to behold a hearty and jovial fisherman, who would probably accept, with equal good-humour, his thanks and a reward; but there stood before him, slightly leaning against the rock to regain breath, a noble-looking person, dressed in garments which, though ruffled by exertion, were evidently those of a man of rank and refinement. His features, though animated by exertion at first, soon relaxed into an expression of tender melancholy. Not a word was spoken by either; but these two men, who had never met before, being brought face to face under such strange circumstances, seemed to feel their hearts leap irresistibly one towards the other; and ere they thought of further efforts for safety, they fell into each other's arms, and embraced. The cold nature of the Englishman melted to the ductility of the south; and Walter, who had borne up so bravely until then, overcome by gratitude and sympathy, wept silently—that strong man wept, when he felt life and hope, which seemed to have abandoned him, come rushing back, like a flood, through his whole being; and the stranger's eyes were filled with tears also.

The two men soon recovered their calmness, and Walter, looking with affectionate gratitude at his newfound friend, said in Italian: 'And what are we now to do?' The stranger smiled, and asked him if he retained sufficient strength to climb the precipice by help of the rope. It was necessary, at any rate, to try, although the Englishman was much exhausted by fatigue and want of food. He assisted, however, in fastening the rope round his body, and raised himself for this last exertion. Presently afterwards, at a given signal, the men above began to haul slowly up. The distance was not great; but Walter received several bruises, for he was unable to keep out from the rock by his feet, and now and then seemed to lose consciousness. When he reached the edge of the precipice, several hands were stretched out to receive him, his eyes swam, and he could only vaguely distinguish the forms of some people, who seemed to be dressed as soldiers. At a later time, he often thought of the strange sensations of that day. Whilst he was on the ledge of rock, except in a few moments of discouragement, everything around was perfectly distinct; but he scarcely thought of the past or of the future. His mind was almost completely occupied by the minute but keen sensations of the moment. He was engaged in a contest for dear life—a contest with chance, and the elements; and there was time neither for reminiscence nor anticipation. When he felt that he was quite safe, external things seemed to float around him—to become dim and uncertain; the men who stood near were like shadows, the mountains like clouds; the sea that stretched far away, still tumbling tumultuously, looked like a vast expanse of smoke; and the sun, which by this time was nearly setting, glowed strangely red and large, as it sank amidst a bank of vapour. The only distinct feeling that accompanied these confused impressions, was anxiety for the safety of the stranger by whom he had been rescued. This kept him for some time from utterly giving way.

but when he saw the serious handsome face which had become so indelibly fixed in his memory again appear, he greeted it with a smile of recognition—felt the world, as it were, wafted swiftly away from him, and lost all consciousness.

On coming to himself, Walter gazed around anxiously in search of the one person, whose appearance and demeanour, as much perhaps as the great service he had rendered him, had made so deep an impression on his mind. But he saw only half-a-dozen men, dressed as common soldiers, who were apparently waiting for his recovery, without any great feeling of interest.

'Where is he?' said he in an eager tone.

They did not or would not understand to whom he alluded, and instead of answering his question, in true southern style asked another. 'Can you walk?' cried they.

He repeated his demand once or twice, fancying that his foreign accent prevented them from taking his meaning; and at last one of them, who seemed to be of superior rank to the rest, said rather gruffly: 'He has gone away, and you have no further need of him.'

At this moment, the roll of a drum was heard echoing through the mountains; and the soldiers, all rising at once, intimated that the sun having set, they must immediately return to their quarters. Walter understood, from their manner, that they wished to avoid all further conversation about the mysterious-looking personage to whom he owed so great an obligation, and naturally felt his curiosity increase. This was not the time, however, for satisfying it; and getting up with the assistance of two of the men—for he felt strangely weak—he accompanied the party up a steep defile that led, apparently, into the interior of the island, his mind still busily occupied with conjectures concerning his unknown preserver.

#### OUR GREAT WORKSHOP.

ONE of the most wonderful things in modern society is the manner in which employments spontaneously divide and classify themselves, making a gradual approach towards the maintenance of an equitable balance; it is true that this balance is never fully attained, but the approximation towards it is, nevertheless, remarkable. We may present the matter in this light. Say that there are 20,000,000 human beings in our own country—although, in reality, England and Wales are below this number; but England and Wales, with Scotland—that is, Great Britain—above it. How many persons are required to supply this number with clothing—how many with food—how many with dwellings? Who can answer such a question? Who can even make any approach toward an answer, reasoning by deduction from any principles? We can imagine a despot trying to order all things according to his own notions of right and wrong, and determining how many tailors and shoemakers, butchers and bakers, there ought to be; and we know that, in past times, our own legislature tried to effect something of the kind; but modern times have shewn very clearly how powerless kings and governments are in determining such matters.

Society settles all this by a kind of belief in a law of continuity. If twenty families, living in — Street—we may fill up the blank how we please—consumed 100 quarters of wheat last week, the baker infers that they will be willing and able to pay for and to eat 100 quarters next week, unless some special circumstances seem to indicate a change. The law of continuity, of like results proceeding from like causes, is unconsciously acknowledged by all men; and this is really the groundwork on which men act in supplying their shops and warehouses. The baker, in determining how many sacks of flour he will bake into bread next week, looks at his sale for last week; judges whether

any disturbing causes are at work; and then decides how much flour it will be prudent to bake next week. So it is with all the bakers in all the towns: they do not trouble themselves with any calculation as to the quantity of bread required for 20,000,000 persons; each man is influenced in his guessings for next week by his experience of last week, resting on the law of continuity—though he may not know it by so fine a name as this—as a link between the two. So it is in respect to all trades and professions of every kind. To 10,000 carpenters, how many tailors? Neither carpenters nor tailors could answer such a question by any process of reasoning concerning the nature of the two trades; but the men, as individuals, settle it in their own way; they have to bear low wages and much suffering, if either class be more numerous than society requires; and it is by low wages, more readily than by anything else, that they find out when this excess of numbers has arisen. How best to proceed, when such a discovery has been made, is one of the most difficult questions of the day; but on that we do not touch here.

Although governments cannot command the proportions between different trades, it may yet be in the highest degree important and valuable to know in what way trades spontaneously proportion themselves. Such a desire has often been felt in England; but it is only by the Census Commissioners that anything valuable in this respect can be ascertained. A rough attempt in this direction was made by Gregory King, for the year 1688, from such data as he thought he could rely upon. His classification of the community was curious. He divided all the families of England and Wales into twenty-six groups—namely, temporal lords; spiritual lords; baronets; knights; esquires; gentlemen; persons in greater offices and places; persons in lesser offices and places; eminent merchants and traders by sea; lesser merchants and traders by sea; persons in the law; eminent clergymen; lesser clergymen; freeholders of the better sort; freeholders of the lesser sort; farmers; persons in liberal arts and sciences; shopkeepers and tradesmen; artisans and handicrafts; naval officers; military officers; common seamen; common soldiers; labouring-people and out-servants; cottagers and paupers; gipsies, beggars, thieves, &c. We need not stop to point out the extremely artificial character of such a mode of classification, with its 'better sort' and 'lesser sort,' or the dependence of the whole on feudal or at least heraldic bases; and as to numbers, we will simply say, that the highest four items are—cottagers and paupers, labouring-people and out-servants, farmers, and freeholders of the lesser sort; an order of precedence which might lead one to ask, where are the artisans and handicrafts?

It was fifty years ago, when the legislature first tried to ascertain a few particulars of this nature through the medium of the census. In the census of 1801, a column was left for the occupations of the people; but the returns were unsatisfactory, in consequence of the impossibility of determining whether females of the family, children, and servants, were to be classed as of no occupation, or of the occupation of the adult males of the family. In 1811, therefore, it was determined to abandon all detail respecting individuals, and to notice families only; and these families were grouped in three classes—those chiefly employed in and maintained by agriculture; those chiefly employed in or maintained by trade, manufactures, or handicraft; and those not belonging to either of these two classes. A similar system was adopted in 1821. In 1831, however, as there were still doubts as to what is to be deemed a family, it was determined to ascertain the occupation of all males of twenty years and upwards. The limit of twenty years of age was chosen for two reasons: because a man is usually settled in his vocation at that time; and because that age almost exactly divides the

whole male community into two equal parts, offering conveniences for checking and comparison. In order to render the census practicable, a form, containing a list of one hundred different trades and handicrafts, being those most commonly carried on, was furnished to the overseers in each parish or place; this form was to be filled up with the number of males of twenty years of age and upwards, opposite the separate columns of trades. This was so far good; but the overseers were authorised to add to the list such additional trades as were not included in the printed form; and there was thus an absence of uniformity in describing these extra trades, as well as doubts concerning the discretion which the overseers had shewn in their choice. In 1841, therefore, an endeavour was made to approach still nearer to correctness. Instead of entering one hundred occupations on a blank form, each man's own description of his own occupation was to be entered opposite his name. The result of this was exceedingly curious; for each man felt at liberty to name, if he so pleased, the merest technical limitation to which his handicraft was confined. Thus in Lancashire, there were no fewer than 1225 distinct heads of employment in the cotton manufacture alone—that is, 1225 technical names for different employments connected with this particular manufacture. To set formally forth all the minute subdivisions thus given in by the enumerators, would have been practically useless, though curious; and the commissioners contented themselves with setting down a group of trades, expressive of cotton manufacture. In 1831, the separate occupations in Great Britain tabulated had been 598; in 1841, the number was 877. Of this 877, no less than 422 were employments connected with commerce and trade; while 319 were connected with manufacture.

Such being the nature of the information obtained, and the mode of obtaining it, the census of 1851 was looked forward to with much interest, as a means of eliciting yet more trustworthy and valuable details.

The Registrar-general has lately put forth two bulky volumes, as part of the record of his labours connected with the census of 1851. These two volumes, containing more than 1400 pages of close print, relate chiefly to the ages, civic condition, occupations, and birthplace of the people; together with the numbers and ages of the blind, deaf and dumb, paupers, prisoners, and lunatics. There had been before published voluminous tables respecting the numbers, education, religion, &c., of the people, so that the entire work will become of vast national importance. Our purpose here is only to notice the occupations of the people, in respect to the light thrown upon that subject by the census of 1851.

The Registrar-general, Mr Graham, with his coadjutors Mr Farr and Mr Mann, were the commissioners for managing this as well as other details of the census. They say: 'It was considered important to extend the inquiry so as to shew, as nearly as was practicable, the number of men, women, and children, in every trade or profession; and to obviate some of the difficulties which had interfered with the previous inquiries, short instructions on important points were printed upon every householder's schedule; and instructions still more elaborate were distributed among the enumerators and registrars. The result has been a great improvement in the quality of the information under this head, although it is still imperfect.' The commissioners point out how inevitable it was that anomalies would appear in the designations which individuals apply to themselves—the same name being applied to different occupations; or different names being applied to the same occupation; or many of the designations being vague, and of doubtful interpretation. It was determined, after a careful observation and analysis of the voluminous returns, to select 332 occupations of males, which appear to be pretty generally followed in various parts of the country; and to

publish the numbers and ages of the males employed in any of these 332 occupations, in every one of the counties and registration districts, and in most of the large cities and towns. There was a residuum of occupations left, which it was resolved to present in a more summary form, with less minuteness of detail. The list of 332 occupations was thus repeated so many times in the districts, counties, and towns, that the tables necessarily assumed their present bulky form.

The commissioners point out the fact, that in an early stage of society, the three chief trades are those of hunters, shepherds, and agriculturists, according as men lived by the produce of the chase, on the produce of their flocks, or the produce of tilled land; but that as society advances, and wants increase, the division of employments increases, and the need of classification augments as much as its difficulty. To give the eye something more to rest upon than wearying and repulsive tables, the commissioners requested Mr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer, to prepare a map of Great Britain, which should give a general notion of the distribution of occupations over the whole kingdom. The census-returns were the basis on which Mr Petermann proceeded; and he sought, by peculiar engraved marks and different colours, to render the meaning intelligible. The map, which is about two feet high by one in width, is tinted in general green, to indicate the diffusion of an agricultural population; and Mr Petermann has conceived a great variety of quaint, ingenious, and suggestive devices, which are scattered in profusion over the map, to represent the distribution of handicrafts, mines, and manufactures of various kinds. The symbols convey all such information as the following—that 'ships are made at Woolwich: in London, silk is manufactured; watches are constructed; ale and porter are brewed; pottery, and engines and machines, are made in a large way; gardens surround it for the supply of vegetables: on both sides of the Thames, paper is manufactured.' Straw-plait, lace, and shoes, employ the people in the South Midland counties; the silk manufacture extends to Bucks, to Suffolk, to Norfolk—particularly around Norwich—to Coventry, Nottingham, and Macclesfield, with the districts surrounding the towns. Silk now employs hands in Manchester and Bradford; gloves abound about Yeovil, Barnstaple, Worcester, and Woodstock. Thus the seats of the principal manufactures can be traced on the map; the miners and the manufacturers of the principal metals; quarriers; the people spinning and weaving wool, silk, cotton, and flax; the manufacturers or makers of hats, stockings, gloves, shoes, watches and clocks, guns, engines, machines, tools, ships, chemicals, soap, combs, skins, leather, ale, toys, straw-plait, ropes, nets, thread, paper, glass, jewellery, locks, buttons, wire, nails, anchors, boilers, files, cutlery, needles and pins.\*

No conditions were attached to the Census Act of 1851, to enable the commissioners to determine the number of shops and factories in different branches of trade; but it has been found possible to distinguish masters from men, and to ascertain how many acres of land are held by farmers, and how many men are employed by them. The returns are yet only roughly approximate; but they form a basis on which much useful information will be founded in future enumerations. It appears that 129,000 masters, on the census day in 1851, employed 727,468 men, or 5·6 men to each master. There were no fewer than 228 masters who employed more than 350 men each. A table is given of about 300 trades, with twenty-one blanks opposite each name for twenty-one numbers of men, to assist in denoting the numbers employed by the respective masters.

\* It may be very well for paper-merchants in London to designate themselves paper-manufacturers; but there is very little, if any, paper actually made in the metropolis.



This table is well worth close study on the part of those who would estimate our industrial position. Engineers and machinists, cotton manufacturers, woollen manufacturers, silk manufacturers, worsted manufacturers, are those of whom the greatest number employ large bodies of men. The cotton manufacturers, as may be supposed, take the lead: there are no less than 118 of them who have more than 850 persons each in their employ—not merely an average, but *each one* has more than this number—certainly an astonishing fact. Of the tradesmen who returned themselves as masters employing two persons each, there were 2572 shoemakers, 1949 carpenters, 1565 blacksmiths, 1522 tailors, 1059 bakers—these were the highest numbers. If we go to the lowest limit of mastership, employing only one person, we find the order of precedence slightly altered—namely, 8444 shoemakers, 2470 blacksmiths, 2830 tailors, 2319 carpenters, 1692 bakers: in this, as in the former list, these five trades are larger than any others, in respect to the number of masters who employ only one or two persons. Without enumerating intermediate trades, it may be useful to bear in mind, that the five trades which are most distinguished for the large average number of persons employed in each factory or workshop, are manufacturers of cottons, woollens, worsteds, silks, and machines; while those at the other end of the scale are shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, and bakers.

In respect to farmers, there were 225,318 persons who returned themselves as occupying land, and employing 665,851 labourers and servants—just about three persons employed on an average by each farmer or land-occupier. The returns were frequently vague in this respect; and the commissioners regard the result as only approximate. In respect to the farms, however, as distinguished from the farmers, the information is in many respects interesting. It is found that in England and Wales the average size of farms—225,318 in number—is 111 acres; almost exactly equal to the *hide* of land among the Anglo-Saxons. These occupy two-thirds of the entire area, leaving one-third for hills, moors, marshes, barrens, and water. About 170 farmers employ more than 60 persons each. Nearly 800 farms exceed 1000 acres each, and 90 of these exceed 2000 acres each.

In respect to the occupations of the people generally, the commissioners have had abundant difficulty. The same man is a member of parliament, a magistrate, a landowner; under which heading shall he be placed? So of the innkeeper and farmer, the fisherman and the farm-labourer, the maltster and the brewer. It was therefore decided to place a man under that one of his occupations which seemed to be the most important.

When the decision had been arrived at concerning which of two or more occupations should be selected as belonging to each individual, and when the total number of occupations to be tabulated had been settled, the commissioners sought for some system of classification. They first separated all occupations into two great groups—1st, Those who work; and, 2d, Those who professedly have no definite occupation. The first group is divided into fourteen classes, which we may briefly designate without going into details:—1st, The Queen; the Royal family; the Lords and Commons; the civil servants of the crown; the officers of local government. 2d, The army, officers and men; the navy, officers and men; marines, half-pay officers and pensioners. 3d, The clergy and pastors; lawyers and judges of all kinds; physicians and medical men generally. 4th, The learned in art, science, and literature; including authors, editors, artists, sculptors, architects, men of science, teachers, and governesses. 5th, Wives and widows (not otherwise designated); children, educated at home and educated at school. 6th, Boarding and lodging house keepers; domestic

servants; makers of dress. 7th, Persons who buy, sell, let, or lend money on houses or goods—such as agents, brokers, factors, bankers, clerks, sellers, and auctioneers. 8th, Persons employed in conveyance by road, railway, sea, river, or canal. 9th, Farmers, graziers, shepherds, gardeners, agricultural labourers. 10th, Drovers, farriers, grooms, fishermen, and others employed about animals. 11th, Persons engaged in art and mechanic productions (a very large class, which seems to us not well chosen, for it includes sub-classes too widely divergent in character; authors, and painters, and architects, are placed in Class 4; while publishers, and engravers, and carvers, are placed in Class 11: why is this? and why are carpenters and bricklayers placed in the same class as actors and musicians?) 12th, Persons working and dealing in animal substances—such as bone, horn, ivory, whalebone, skin, feathers, hair, fur, wool, silk. 13th, Persons working and dealing in vegetable substances—such as vegetable food, cotton, flax, timber, gums, &c. 14th, Persons working and dealing in minerals—such as coal, ores, metals, salt, glass, earthenware, &c. The second group, comprising those who professedly have no definite occupation, is soon got over. It has three classes: 1st, Persons of rank or property who are not returned under any office or occupation; 2d, Labourers, whose branch of labour is undefined; 3d, Persons supported by the community, and of no specified occupation, including vagrants, prisoners, and persons supported by mere charity.

Thus the Queen's subjects in Great Britain are divided into 17 classes, subdivided into 91 sub-classes; and these are further subdivided into 882 separate occupations. These are for males; but the females are also classified. Some of these find places in all the 17 classes above named; but the total number of distinct occupations or social positions set down for females is limited to 198, of which the first and foremost is 'Queen.'

In any analysis of the whole of the occupations of the people, with a view to determine their relative importance, much of course depends on the judgment with which the classification has been made. Taking the commissioners' classification, however, as it stands, we find that there are 108 occupations, in each of which there are more than 10,000 persons. The two great items are—1,460,896 farm-servants and field-servants, and labourers of all kinds; and 1,088,791 domestic servants. The cotton-workers of all kinds are just about 500,000; while the labourers (undefined), the farmers and graziers, the boot and shoe makers, the milliners and dressmakers, and the coal-miners, range between 400,000 and 200,000. There appear to be just about 2,000,000 persons, or nearly one-tenth of the entire population of Great Britain, employed in working on dress, or on materials for dress. If we deduct from the farmers, graziers, gardeners, and agricultural labourers, a small percentage for the raising of produce *other* than food, it appears to us that there are also about 2,000,000 persons employed in growing, and making, and selling food. As the table from whence these items are taken contains no occupations in which the number of persons is less than 10,000, there is an addition to make on this score; and the result seems to be this—*one-tenth of our entire number are employed upon dress, and one-tenth upon food*. Of course, much of our cotton goods, iron, machinery, coal, &c., go to supply other countries; and numerous persons in other countries are employed in growing our tea, coffee, sugar, silk, &c.; therefore the exact number of persons required to supply dress and food to 21,000,000 persons is not clearly determined; but still the approximation here made is extremely valuable. A family, in the ordinary English acceptation of the term, consists on an average of just about five persons; and this gives us another general statement—the

persons employed upon food and dress equal the number of families, equivalent to one person in every family being so employed.

The almost interminable series of tables put forth by the commissioners, would bewilder any but the most determined statist; but the reader will see, from the few familiar details here given, how deeply interesting are the results deducible from these tables respecting the distribution of employments among the mass of the people.

### GOING A-SOLDIERING; OR THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

WHAT a system of change is the sublimary scene in which it is our lot to dwell! Ups and downs; ebbings and flowings; dissolution and reproduction; reversions and inversions; sudden storms and unlooked-for calms; tackings backwards and jumpings forwards; round-about circumbendibus arriving at the same starting-point at last: such are the kaleidoscopic characteristics of that heterogeneous jumble men call the world. Byron might well ask: 'Where's Brummel?—Dished. Where's Long Pole Wellesley?—Diddled.' For ten years, as a period for time to work in—ten years are not an age, but an eternity of mutability—give me only two years' change to descant on; it is more than enough to suggest a theme. Grant me this, and I proceed to ask where is the French hostile descent upon England, about which heathen newspapers raged so furiously? And, instead of this fearful bugbear, what do we now see!

One thing, however, changes not—and that is the foolish credulity of men, and their equally foolish incredulity and suspicion. The ghost of invasion still weighs like a nightmare on a few weak minds. People so stupid that they deserve to be shot, as a Frenchman said of them the other day, mutter dark hints that the ultimate object of the troops, whether now assembling at or departed from Boulogne, must be to turn hereafter against their allies! Nor is it quite impossible that journals may be found to take up the theme. They may perhaps try to get up an English shout of *Perfidie France* as a counter-cry to the French howl of *Perfidie Albion*, now happily as good as forgotten. Such nonsense would not deserve a thought, were it not capable of working mischief. To discuss it is needless, just at present. At no period of history has greater unanimity and good feeling prevailed between the rival nations.

External changes strike us most. On the road from Calais to Boulogne, there is a remarkable point of view, at which I always stop to gaze. It is at the top of the hill, just before you descend to the village of Wimille. Not to weary you with landscape painting—before you are round-swelling downy-looking hills, containing in their lap a deep and rich valley; on the horizon stands the unfinished cathedral of Boulogne, and also the column originally built to commemorate Bonaparte's conquest of England; to the right, the sea flows round an insular and solid but dismantled fort, which grimly rests on its foundation of rock; whilst a line of grassy sand-hills bounds the coast. In general, the eye of an ordinary observer cannot repose upon a more tranquil bit, than the corner of the picture which is composed by the blue English Channel, the harmless fort, and the swelling hillocks of close-fed pasture. The other day, I halted as usual to enjoy the scene; but, lo! what a

metamorphosis was there! Had the hill been hitherto a bleaching-ground? Or had all the linen in the department of Pas-de-Calais been hung out there to dry, for the benefit of sea-air and sunshine? The green slopes whereon I had taken many a quiet contemplative stroll, now sparkled with regular patches of white, fluttering in the breeze like a field of standing-room, over which the summer wind is sweeping. Multitudes of thin-bodied 'emmits, with red legs (on which they stood upright), and with red top-knots, were moving to and fro amidst what were evidently their dwelling-places, built of white sackcloth. I hastily rushed down the hill, threaded the green little valley of Wimereux, and a glance told me that the long-talked-of Camp of Boulogne had at last been inaugurated. Soldiers appeared in every direction, in great diversities of costume, and engaged in all sorts of occupations—from washing out a pair of stockings in their shirt-sleeves in a tiny streamlet, to taking their full-dress parades with abroad.

Can the reader imagine the change that is made by the establishment of a camp in the neighbourhood of a secluded sea-side village? 'Mine inn' is no longer the same establishment, except that I still receive a hearty welcome. The saloon we tenanted last summer, with so little, sometimes too little, disturbance, is closed to us; for valorous and mighty men have engaged it as their mess-room and restaurant. The slow and slatternly, yet good-tempered girl, who used to wipe everything with her apron, is replaced by a dapper, mustachioed waiter, who mounts the stairs two or three steps at a time; dances Vestris's gavat from room to room; and cuts a caper every time he draws out. But Julie is slow and slatternly no longer. Love, inspired by an upright object measuring not less than five feet ten in perpendicular height, has imparted brightness to her looks, cleanliness to her face, smartness to her dress, and nimble vivacity to every movement. If his head would but save her heels, what a treasure of a waitress she would turn out now! But the host absorbs all the spiritualising influence which ought to reach as far as the brain, and poor Julie remains as thoughtless as ever, never dreaming that when she brings you a knife, she may just as well fetch a fork to bear it company; nor supposing that either bottles of wine and corkscrews, or tallow-candles and snuffers and extinguishers, have the slightest possible relationship to each other. Madame, now half-winded out of her life, and overwhelmed with the thoughts of the fortune she is to make, no longer presumes to do the cooking herself. In the little hot kitchen, there is installed, in state, a white-capped, white-coated, white-aproned chef—a professed man-cook, with his soul in his art, and the genius to fall into ecstasies when you tell him the secret of making shrimp-sauce à l'Anglaise. My chamber is gone; an engineer has run away with it, converting it into bedroom, dining-room, and stable. However, for us there shall be room, though twenty people should be turned away: so at last we are hospitably accommodated with a snug little lodging aloft in the garrets. What fine air! What a delightful view! By stretching my neck, I can peep beautifully through the trap-door sky-light in the roof, which is appropriately styled a *tabatière*, or snuff-box window, commanding a panoramic prospect of the camp. Would a traveller wish for more? The other window has a slight defect—namely, the absence of a square of glass. The wind rushes fiercely through it; never mind that—I'll stick the crown of my French hat into it till to-morrow, when it may have a chance of being mended perhaps.

But a camp is the place for expedients on a small

as well as on a grand scale. In France, after a good dinner like this, we have a perfect right to call for toothpicks. We do so, and Julie retires with wondering eyes. She is quite sure there are no such things as those in the house. A slight bustle is heard in the yard; then the loud and angry cries of geese. A few minutes afterwards, up comes Julie, flourishing in her hand three or four virgin quills warm from the pinion, wherewith to fashion toothpicks for ourselves. And how am I to shave to-morrow morning? Once, at Inverary, during an assize-week, I actually beheld an independent self-confident Scotch laird sit up on his shake-down on the dining-room floor of the inn, and prepare his face to appear before my Lord Judge without the aid of water, soap, or looking-glass. A few dry scrapes with the razor sufficed. Not having yet arrived at Caledonian magisterial boldness, a mirror I must have. So at last madame lends me her work-box, the lid of which is lined inside with looking-glass; and I promise to smooth the surface of my chin with scrupulous respect for the pins, needles, tapes, and thread enclosed. How stupid to go a-camping without a pocket-reflector, even if you have to carry it in the crown of your hat! The soldier who has done his day's turn of cooking, thereby making himself as black as an Ethiopian serenade, brightens up his countenance and smooths his hair at last, by gazing complacently at a round little toy the size of a crown-piece, which lies hid in the hollow of his swarthy left hand.

It is shameful, however, for sensible men to complain of making shift while dwelling in a brick-built house, with glazed windows and a tiled roof. A quarter of a year's tenancy of a snug little tent would help to bring them to their senses. The tents here are shaped very like square paper-bags, opened at the mouth wide enough to stand on end with the bottom uppermost. In each of the sides a wide slit is cut, which, being lifted up and supported by sticks, forms two doors, before and behind, to be opened or shut according to wind and weather. At each of the ends is a smaller opening, made by lifting a square of canvas, which rudely represent a couple of windows. In sultry weather, all these apertures are raised, and gaping ready to receive the breeze from whatever corner it may blow; for when a tent is hot at all, it is usually very very hot indeed. If it is cold, with wind and rain, everything is fastened tight with buckle and strap; and if the wet begins to penetrate, the inmates have to amuse themselves, now and then, with beating the walls of their castle with a stick inside, to prevent the drip from falling within. The frontdoor of the tent is usually labelled with a ticket, bearing its number. Without such numbers, it would be impossible to write a guide-book to a town of tents. Upon the whole, those who have tried it, say that a tent is not a particularly uncomfortable home when once you get used to it.

Suppose you are a common soldier here; you go to bed, say at half-past nine. Suppose you have fourteen or sixteen tent-fellows; each side of the tent is furnished with a capital bed of straw, with a green-turf foot-board. You undress to your shirt and drawers. You are possessed of a sack, which serves you as a chest of drawers and a storehouse by day, and also as a pair of sheets by night. Into that you creep as deep as you can. You have a blanket, with which you envelop the upper part of your person, and you sleep soundly—supposing you have not to get up and mount guard in the night—till five in the morning, when you are awakened by beat of drum and call of horn. You then jump up, and betake yourself to your special avocation. Perhaps you are born to be, by and by, a distinguished drummer at the end of eighteen months' hard practice. In that case, you take yourself off in company with twenty or thirty other pupils of the drumming-class, and stand on some hillock, or strut in some hollow,

beating rataplan till the very drum-sticks ache, and the sheepskin itself cries out for mercy. Perhaps your talents are devoted to the bugle; you then start away with other birds of the same note and feather, and blow and blow, till the wonder is that the horn does not unwind itself and poke out straight, under the force of your potent breath. Or you take your wheel-barrow, and wheel clay, to form the cabins you are building fast; or you shoulder your mattock, to make the road which is now being opened at the top of yon cliff; or you throng with a few hundred others to the beach, to gather and pile every likely-looking stone; or you are a promising *chasseur*, or rifleman, and go down to the beach to fire at a target, that you may make sure of your Cossack a thousand yards off; or you take your place in the awkward squad, and at word of command throw your legs and wings about in a way that would make the drill-sergeant believe you were going to commit suicide by dismemberment, like a brittle star-fish, were he not long since hardened against your antics; or you have cultivated the virtues of sobriety, neatness, and attention to orders, to so successful an extent, as to be walked off suddenly *au violon*, under arrest, to the *salle de police* in close confinement; or to-day it is your turn to cook, and you don your white night-cap—or what ought to be white—your duck-trousers and jacket, and make yourself look as pitiable an object as a galley-slave sentenced to hard labour for life. But whatever you do, and whoever you are, severe internal pangs arise, the consequence of the bracing sea-side air, which go on with ever-increasing intensity till breakfast at ten puts an end to them.

After breakfast, much the same as before, with the exception that on Sundays and Thursdays we have admirable military and other music from the combined bands of two regiments. Glorious to hear *God Save the Queen*, *Partant pour la Syrie*, and *Rule Britannia*, played off in the midst of a French camp, one after the other as a single piece, and almost in a single breath! A slight change this from the imputed and suspected—for I thoroughly believe they were no more—intentions only sixteen short months ago. I invoke thee, gentle southern breeze! waft *God Save the Queen* and *Rule Britannia* as a melodious peace-offering across the Channel, as I heard them nobly played yesterday, to still the troubled spirit of distrust, and to bind the overanxious heart in the charmed cords of harmony.

Camp-cooking is famous fun. First, there is the kitchen to make, something like a ditch cut in the side of a hill, covered with a few boards, to keep the wind from blowing the fires out and away. Inside, however, is the true camp-cooking stove, with innumerable fireplaces, and a turf-built chimney to every fireplace. Not that a great variety of dishes are prepared: one only, soup, is the Hobson's choice of the French private, corporal, and sergeant. *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat*—'Soup makes the soldier,' is a proverb almost as old as Gallic seats of arms. Each fireplace is nothing but a narrow gutter, with edgings of turf, containing a line of burning wood. The kidney-shaped soup-kettles standing closely over it, and touching each other, cause the air to roar along the fire and up the chimney, so as to keep the pot boiling the whole afternoon. Delightful privilege of the soldier-cooks, to watch the progress of the blended stew! To taste the broth, try the tenderness of the cabbage, take a pull at the beef to see whether it is ragged enough, and prick at the carrots, leeks, and turnips. Simmering, or, as our dear old cook used to call it, 'simpering' all day long, is the secret to make a perfect soup. It is half-past four, and the stew is done; then comes the distribution. After reduction by the aid of fire, division and vulgar fractions follow through the ministration of spoons, ladles, knives, and fingers. On the grass stands a bevy of round tin-pots, each with its lid hanging to it by means of a chain, and stamped with the number corresponding to the individual mouth

which falls to its proper lot to feed. The perspiring cooks, with a loose blanket thrown over their shoulders, to save them from the chill of the sharp sea-air, do their best to carve with fairness. Into every pot goes a bit of cabbage, a bit of leek, a bit of turnip, a bit of carrot, and a bit of beef. Slices of bread, stuck here and there, complete the solid contents of the vessel. Next comes the liquid to water the whole; steaming ladlefuls till each pot is full. Then clap the lids on, to keep all hot, and to make sure that the numbers are right that every man may have his dole. '*Sacré nom!*'—don't swear, friend cook—'*Sacré nom de cochon!* I won't, but here's two thousand and seventy-four, and there's two thousand and seventy-six; where's two thousand and seventy-five?' Up comes two thousand and seventy-five's owner, in bodily and wrathful presence, and vows that when it is his turn to cook, he'll remember the fellow who mislaid his pot.

Turn we from these trivial troubles. Walk round the camp, and leave the malcontents to fight it out between them. Only think of an upstart oyster-shop, with the imposing sign of 'The Cancale Rock,' built of sail-cloth, and invitingly furnished with benches of plank. But nearly the whole circumference of the outskirts of the camp is sprinkled with small tradesmen, male and female, who vend food for the mind as well as for the body. In one corner is a sort of vegetable market, strewn with the ingredients of the aforesaid soup; and since in camps nothing ought to be wasted, observe that the cooks make use of the refuse cabbage-leaves to polish the inside of their sauce-pans with. It is an improvement on the ancient wrinkle of rubbing your plate with a slice of shallot. There is no want of either necessities or creature-comforts, if you have but the sous to purchase them with. That strapping woman, who is squatted on the grass, with an open umbrella to serve as her shop, has a medley of sausages, bottled beer, cheese, red-herrings, penny-rolls, and lumps of bacon to sell. The man with only one arm, who is stretched on the turf a little further on, offers almanacs, song-books, paper for cigarettes, soap, brushes, lucifer-matches, needles and pins, buttons, tape and thread, buckles, and a hundred other useful things, to his customers. Almost every cottage has painted on its freshly whitewashed walls a black profile portrait of a bottle and glass, or a coffee-biggins and cup, as a surer appeal to the eyes of the military than an inscription even in Roman capitals would be.

We dine, like everybody else, at five. After digestion, we take an evening stroll. The soldiers, having no wine to sit over, have already commenced the amusements of their *soirées*. Some are gone to take a pipe and a walk; others have formed a ring round a couple of wrestlers, who begin their struggle by slapping each other's faces, and making mouths as if they were grinning for a wager. Roars of laughter arise from another knot. The performer who is entertaining them is a humorous hero, who runs on all-fours, caricaturing the voice and motions of a terrier-dog, scratches with his fore-paws to unearth an imaginary rat or rabbit, and convulses his audience by the witty style in which he sniffs at the hole he has made in the bank; till at last the actor and his public all rush away to join a jumping-match from the brow of a hillock into the soft bed of sand which lies in its hollow.

But time flies. The sun sets. '*Rat, tat, tat,*' and '*tantara-tiry!*' Drum and bugle give hints of sleep. All is quiet. The patrol goes round, to give warning to stragglers. None are absent outside the camp, except the few provided with a written permission to make merry beyond the usual hour. Nought is seen stirring, except the sentinels pacing before their turf-built straw-thatched sentry-boxes; and we finish the day to begin the next to the music of the drum and bugle pupils.

What will be the next change of the kaleidoscope?

Will the Russian fleet escape Napier's wrath, and enter the Straits of Dover to ravage Kent? Will the French, instead of making a hostile invasion, come over the water to help us, like true brothers-in-arms? Or shall the Tricolor and the Union Jack wave side by side triumphantly at St Petersburg, while French and English soldiers eat soup together beneath their shadow? Whatever comes of it, let one thing happen. No longer let it be the reproach of Christendom, that

*The Channel* interposed  
Makes enemies of nations, which had else,  
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

## SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

WHOEVER has wandered much over the world, and have been deeply smitten by the gorgeous splendour varied in every climate, which attend the birth and extinction of day. To have beheld these phenomena in one latitude only, is almost like reading one page of a great epic, in which beauties lie scattered as thick as stars in the galaxy. It affords delight to the imagination to watch the sun rise in the cold north, behind banks of vapour, which he converts, while ascending, into a variegated creation of purple, amethyst, green, and gold. But the chilliness of the atmosphere affects in some degree the nerves of vision. The well-springs of pleasure gush forth but imperfectly beneath the cold sky; and instead of standing still, or reclining to gaze at the Titanian artist as he paints the heavens with his burning pencil of light, you are satisfied to catch a few glances, and pass on. In the south, whether on mountain or in valley, on the vast plains of the desert or on the interminable ocean, it is altogether different. Plunged in balmy ether, with every fibre in your frame thrilling gently to its touch, you look with undisturbed rapture at the glowing orient, as it puts on before you its many-coloured veil. You find yourself in the warm rich tiring-room of nature, where she displays all her gorgeous vestments, and seems to be trying them, one after another, in order rapidly to fix upon that in which she will choose to appear for the rest of the day.

Whole volumes might be written on the infinitely varied circumstances which accompany the rising of the sun; indeed, all the poetry of the world is thickly sprinkled with descriptions of the dawn. Poets, also, with different, though perhaps equal resources, have sought to give permanence to the ever-fluctuating aspects of the morning; and landscape-painters, imitating by colours instead of words, have, so to speak, endeavoured to seize upon one phase of the heaven, and reflect it in all its brightness from their canvas. But when all has been done, when genius and art and language have exhausted their mighty treasury, you will feel, if you go forth beneath the opening eyelids of the morning, a freshness, a beauty, a grandeur, a rapture, an inspiration, transcending infinitely the delights and pleasures excited by the mimic creations of man.

We once knew a man who spent the greater part of his life in haunting the margin of the sea, picking up shells, and listening to the wild music of the waves. He knew not precisely what he was in search of, but fancied he was engaged in studying the science of conchology. What he found, however, may in part at least be stated, though not described. Often, in bright tropical lands, he went out upon the ocean-rim before the dawn, and there sat on the warm-ribbed sand

watching for the appearance of Aurora. No Sabean ever gazed upon the stars with more holy rapture than did he upon the rising dawn as she came in gray mantle over the waves, tinging them gradually, as she passed, with pellucid amber and saffron, and crimson and purple, till the golden disk flamed forth through the portals of the east, converting the ocean into one infinite expanse of rose-coloured billows. Then the wanderer's heart appeared to dilate beneath the inspiration of physical nature, while his soul teemed with the births of poetry. He had carried along with him, not in material volumes, but graven deep on the golden leaves of memory, all the poets have sung on the beauties of morning, from the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle, down to the newest and most fashionable sonneteer. But glorious as their pictures are, he thought them pale and poor when brought forth at dawn on the cliffs of the Red Sea, or on the slopes of Pelion, or amid the arenaceous solitudes of the Upper Nile.

But our pen wanders: we demand it back, not to chronicle our own fancies, but to set down at our bidding some of those gorgeous and cheering words which the children of the Muses have bequeathed to us as an everlasting inheritance. In search of these, we must not turn to the byways of literature, and indulge in all such reading as was never read. On the contrary, we must journey along the common highways and beaten paths. Our business lies not with strangers, with startling masks or outlandish visages, but with old familiar faces, which have smiled upon us and blessed us from infancy. Let them come in, therefore, in God's name! They are none the less welcome because we have gazed upon them a thousand times before. Shakespeare, who loved to steep his imagination in the hues of nature, abounds with exquisite lines, which prove him to have drunk in with delight the beauties of the morning, though he has nowhere indulged in an elaborate description of them.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes.

Shakespeare's associations with morning were often grotesque and fantastical. Not content with what appears in nature, he had recourse to the vast structure of superstition, and linked the most hideous fancies with the gorgeous and fragrant beam of morning. Thus, in *Midsummer's Night Dream*, Puck, in colloquy with Oberon, observes:—

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon.

Oberon, interrupting him, replies:—

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

Friar Lawrence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, describes briefly the opening morning:—

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels:  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this oser-cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

Afterwards, in the last dialogue between Juliet and Romeo, the faithful bride mistakes or confuses the indications of morning, in order to retain her lover, who could only provide for his safety by flying with the light:—

Juliet. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love—what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Spenser abounds in allusions—we wish they were more than allusions—to the phenomena of the dawn. His mind, full of exquisite taste and sensibility, seems to have drawn a peculiar inspiration from the morning, to which, in the *Fairy Queen*, he is never weary of recurring. His half-spiritual wandering knights, in the midst of enchantments, brazen towers, fairy goddesses, dens, wild beasts, and endless forests, cast upward now and then their valorous eyes to the sky, where they may perhaps be suspected of mistaking Aurora for their mistress. In the feats, adventures, and narratives, we cannot profess to take much interest. His heroes are little better than shadows, his incidents extravagant, and his morals extremely doubtful—we mean the morals he designs to teach by his strange allegories; but in descriptions of all kinds he so greatly excels, that even the author of *Amadis de Gaul* must yield precedence to him. Generally, however, when he comes to speak of sunrise, his muse affects an almost oracular brevity. When entering upon the adventure of Paridell, who acts the part of Paris towards Hellenore:

The morrow next, so soon as Phœbus' lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heaven amovéd quite.

And again:

And now the day out of the ocean main  
Began to peep above this earthly mass,  
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass.

Afterwards he interweaves a description of one of his heroines with a glance at sunrise:

In the midst of them a goodly maid,  
Even in the lap of womanhood, there sat,  
The which was all in lily white arrayed,  
With silver streams amongst the linen strayed,  
Like to the morn, when first her shining face  
Hath to the glowing world itself bewrayed.  
That dame was fairest Amoret in place,  
Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtue's grace.

The morrow next appeared with purple hair,  
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,  
And bringing light unto the heavens fair.

Cowley, in the midst of his quaintness and extravagance, of which he was fonder than of his own reputation, has some fine short passages on dawn and sunrise.

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,  
And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,  
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,  
Like other maids, would walk at break of day.  
Aurora blushed to see a sight unknown,  
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Phœbus, expected by the approaching night,  
Blushed, and for shame closed in his bashful light.

She appeared,  
And breathed fresh hontes on the smiling trees,  
Which owe more of their gallantry to her  
Than to the musky kisses of the winds.  
Be sure 'tis she—thus doth the sun break forth  
From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

It is by no means our intention, however, to shew on this occasion any respect for chronology. The poets from whom we have borrowed the above passages happen to stand close at our elbow, so we took them up, and accepted the first good things they offered us. No doubt they contain much more that would be quite to the purpose. But we are inconstant and capricious, and without any particular reason, make at once a long transition to Mrs Hemans :

The morn came singing  
Through the green forests of the Apennines,  
With all her joyous birds, their free flight winging,  
And steps and voices out : amongst the vines  
Now light of richer hue  
Than the morn sheds, came flashing mist and dew ;  
The pines grew red with morning, fresh winds played,  
Bright-coloured birds, with splendour crossed the  
shade,  
Fitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke  
From reed, and spray, and leaf ; the rising strings  
Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke  
Into young life and joy all happy things.

Crossing the Atlantic, let us hear what Longfellow has to say about the morning. We question much whether his be the true inspiration of the savannas and eternal forests of the New World, which will yet touch with light and life a thousand new-born lyres. But what he says is often quaint, full of a gentle melancholy, and pleasant to be read by the winter's fireside.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales ;  
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed in light,  
They gathered midway round the wooded height,  
And in their fading glory shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown.  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance ;  
And rocking on the cliff, was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft ;  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
When upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

In that quaint odd poem called the *Building of the Ship*, Longfellow has another description of sunrise, which he interweaves adroitly with his very simple story. One of the charms of this writer arises out of the fact that he is an American : his imagery is not a mere reflex of that which is found in the poets of the Old World, but awakens new associations, and brings before the mind forests, and lakes and rivers, and trees and birds, of which no mention is made by the bards of Europe. There is, consequently, a freshness in many of his descriptions, akin to the freshness of the American woods, which extremely delights us. His genius, however, is not sufficiently bold to make use of all the riches which his fortunate position places, as it were, at his feet. He writes elegantly and sweetly, but yet with a certain amount of timidity, which checks the full swing of our emotions, and makes us feel that we are often on the very brink of a delight which we are not permitted, after all, to enjoy. Still Longfellow is a most pleasing writer, and will always be admired

for the truth and homely delicacy of his pictures. For example :—

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single day ;  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.

Afterwards, the poet skilfully connects the dawn of morning with the beginning of love. Speaking of a young naval architect, he says :

As he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride.  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea-air.

Returning to the Old World of poets, we take up the newly published magnificent edition of John Keats, which a lover of the Muses may take with him into the cool bowers of summer, and enjoy best there. In our own case, we are fain to content ourselves with the warm chimney corner, where, with our feet on the polished fender, we endeavour to fancy ourselves in some of the odoriferous vales of Arcadia.

The rosy veils  
Mantling the east, by Aithra's peering hand  
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fanned  
Into sweet air, and sober morning came  
Meekly through billows.

And again :—

Now morning from her orient chamber came,  
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,  
Crowning its lawn crest with amber flame,  
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill,  
Which pure from mossy beds did down distill,  
And after parting beds of simple flowers,  
By many shadows, a little lake did fill,  
Which round its marge reflected waven bowers,  
And in its middle space a sky that never hours.

Sunset is a comparatively familiar sight ; yet it is not every day that here, in the less fortunate parts of the temperate zone, we can behold it to advantage. During many months of the year, we move about muffled up to the chin in cloaks or greenish and think more of hiding our noses in the fur, than of exhilarating our fancies by gazing at the vapoury tabernacle which rises in gorgeous colours upon the western horizon. Nature with us is not lavish of her beauties. Our habitual atmosphere is an atmosphere of fog, or haze, or clouds. Sometimes, on the sea-shore, or amid the mountains, we obtain casual glimpses which may enable us to form some idea of what real sunsets are far south beyond the Alps, or on the other side of the Mediterranean, where Africa reveals to a favoured few the gorgeous magic of her skies. A Danish naturalist, nurtured amid Scandinavian mists, amused himself with the fancy, that the stars and constellations, on a cold frosty night, are as brilliant in the arctic circle as within the tropics. But this was mere self-delusion. The whole host of heaven seems shrivelled and shrunken, and very much in want of shelter, as they march through the chilly solitudes of a hyperborean night. In tropical skies, their liquid splendour dilates visibly before the eye, till they glow and glitter almost like so many planets. It is the same with sunset. All the vapour that exists on the horizon is interpenetrated and inflamed with light up to the very zenith ; and according as it is dense or rare, diffused or accumulated, it is converted into



every variety of colour by the sun's vital beams, which spread and glow, and ripple the clouds, and turn them into seas and islands, mountains and moors, forests and chasms, water-falls and supernal arches and domes, and towers and minarets rising piled above each other to the starry crest of the empyrean. With elements such as these, poetry delights to build up her airy creations. Of old, it was amid the wastes of the sky, glowing with infinite grandeur, that the bards sought and found their Hippocrene. They sat on the slopes of Pindus or of Pelion, of Cythæron, Parnes, or Etna, till the rays of the burning west, kindling up crag and forest, appeared to convert the aerial summits above and around them into celestial dwelling-places. Then it was that real inspiration flowed from the circumambient heaven into their souls. The lyres and harps on which they played were not material instruments manufactured by mortal hands, but a mighty mixture of harp and lyre fabricated by Olympian gods, and sounding for ever about them in the ethereal heights of the universe. Content with enjoying, the older poets seldom sought to describe, though gushes of golden light sometimes poured into their verses. What they sought to embody was the inner-universe of thought—sentiment, and emotion. In later times, their successors have endeavoured to rival nature herself in the gorgefulness of their pictures; but if we desire to borrow what they have written, we find it so interwoven with other things, that, when detached, it seems imperfect, abrupt, fragmentary. Shakspeare, though full of brilliant imagery, scarcely supplies a single passage sufficiently long and complete to be quoted; and Spenser's pictures are little better than miniatures. Milton first exhibited the strength which could dare to wrestle with nature on these fields of glory. His morning and evening landscapes, glowing with bright colours, and fresh with the dews of Eden, are among the most beautiful in the dominions of the Muses.

Shelley, in descriptions of sunset, has no superior. His language, when he undertakes to delineate the rapid changes and brilliant colours of the sky, exhibits a glow, a richness, and a splendour only inferior to the phenomena which he endeavours to paint by words. Exhibiting in other respects bad taste and incapacity to regulate his own ideas, he here displays uncommon felicity both in conception and language. His words, as they fall into their places, form, as it were, the richest patterns on the mind, and arrange before the imagination pictures of almost unexampled splendour. He was probably not an early riser; and therefore, when he speaks of the cool dawn and the glowing sunrise, he draws more from fancy than from nature, and his landscapes are rather modifications of sunset than reproductions of nature's aspect at the glowing advent of the Titan. Let us, however, accept the beauty and sublimity he offers us. Picturesque poetry in all her treasury has nothing finer:—

If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
And thou hast lingered there  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the burnished wave—  
Thou must have marked the lines  
Of purple gold; that motionless  
Hung o'er the sinking sphere.  
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds  
Edged with intolerable radiance,  
Towering like rocks of jet,  
Crowned with a diamond wreath;  
And yet there is a moment  
When the sun's highest point  
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
When those far clouds of feathery gold  
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
Like islands on a dark-blue sea.

One more passage, and we take our leave of Shelley:

We stood,  
Looking upon the evening, and the flood  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Paved with the image of the sky; the hoar  
And airy Alps towards the north appeared  
Through mist a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared  
Between the east and west, and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue,  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent,  
Among the many folded hills; they were  
Those famous Euganean Hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles;  
And then, as if the earth and sea and heaven  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent.

In Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad* there is found a very fine passage, describing the coming on of evening in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Storms, which, as the work is no longer popular, may be new to many of our readers. Camoens was in many respects an imitator of the ancients, and, like them, turns but seldom aside from his martial narrative to paint the beauties of earth or sky. But he is here seized with a passion for the picturesque, and with bold and rapid strokes dashes off a very striking landscape:—

Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,  
The red-browed sun withdraws his beaming rays;  
Safe in the bay, the crew forget their cares,  
And perfect rest their wearied strength repairs.  
Calm twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,  
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.  
The moon full-orbed, forsakes her watery cave,  
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;  
The snowy splendours of her modest ray  
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering play;  
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arched brow  
Unnumbered stars, enclosed in saure, glow—  
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,  
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn.  
The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,  
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam,  
The mast's tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,  
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep;  
The watchman's carol echoed from the prows  
Above, at times awakes the still repose.

To continue our picture of the dying day, we shall borrow from Lord Byron a few magnificent stanzas, which would almost appear to have been written on purpose for our use. He is not so gorgeous as Shelley, or so wild and fanciful as Keats or Coleridge; but he has a chastened grandeur, a moral beauty, a pathos interwoven with his pictures of nature, which raise them above comparison with the delineations of any of his contemporaries. His verses appear to flow freely from a classic source, with inimitable force and ease, and the grand swing of the Spenserian stanza in those we select increases the effect:—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
Of glory streams along the alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be  
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,  
Where the day joins the past eternity;  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætan hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it  
 glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

We shall conclude with a gorgeous description of an  
 Indian city at sunset, by Mrs Hemans:—

Royal in splendour went down the day,  
 On the plain where an Indian city lay,  
 With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,  
 Red, as if fused in the burning sky,  
 And its deep groves pierced by the rays, which made  
 A bright stream's way through each long arcade,  
 Till the pillared vaults of the Banian stood  
 Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood,  
 And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,  
 As a tree midst the genii gardens old,  
 And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,  
 And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.  
 Many a white pagoda's gleam  
 Slit lovely round upon lake and stream,  
 Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,  
 As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours  
 Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed  
 Its glory forth on their crystal bed.  
 Many a graceful Hindoo maid,  
 With the water-vase from the silvery shade,  
 Came gliding light as the desert roe,  
 Down marble steps to the tanks below,  
 And a cool sweet splashing was ever heard  
 As the molten glass of the wave was stirred;  
 And a murmur thrilling the scented air,  
 Told where the Brahmin bowed in prayer.

We were scarcely aware, till we made the trial, of  
 how much sunsets predominate over sunrises in poetry.  
 The gentlemen who are of imagination all compact  
 even when lingering among warm Ausonian bowers,  
 appear to prefer their own pillows to those of Aurora.  
 If they would rise early, they would find a stronger  
 inspiration in the cool breath of the morning, when  
 the bees are abroad, when the cowslips nod with dew,  
 when the violets fling their perfume into the breeze,  
 when the copses are alive with music, and when all the  
 sounds abroad upon the earth might have been heard  
 in Eden. Pope, speaking for his whole tribe, says:—

To grottoes and to groves we run,  
 To ease and silence every Muse's sun.

But the ease and silence of the morning are almost as  
 great as those of midnight forests, and the inspiration  
 they give is rich and pure. Who has not felt the rising  
 of the spirits, the buoyancy of the frame, the thrill,  
 the ecstasy caused by breathing the elastic and balmy  
 air? Next to this delight is that inhaled from the  
 poet's page who has watched the day-springs from on  
 high breaking in all their splendours on the universe.  
 To commune with a poet's soul by brook or fountain,  
 or on the silent margin of the sea at such an hour, is  
 almost equal to the pleasure of giving airy nothings 'a

local habitation and a name.' Let our readers try;  
 and if they do not agree with us, we will consent  
 henceforward to renounce all skill in augury.

### THE BLIND AND THE DEAF.

It is a common remark, that the blind are less solitary  
 than the deaf. It seems a strange conclusion to arrive  
 at—certainly not very flattering to human nature—  
 companionship with the one being merely a little more  
 troublesome and exacting than with the other. But so  
 it is; and so obvious, that we not unfrequently hear  
 persons say—so dependent are we on our fellow-  
 creatures—that, of the two afflictions, they would  
 choose blindness.

I remember Andrew McDonald, who played reed  
 and strathspeys so merrily at the dancing-school in  
 the north, in the little town of Tain. He was blind; he  
 had lost his sight from small-pox in early youth; but  
 he was never alone. It was not that his violin could  
 'discourse most eloquent music;' he himself could  
 discourse, and well; but the charm which conjured so  
 many around him was—he loved most to listen. He  
 craved information about things that he could not see,  
 or read of; and we are all so fond of hearing ourselves  
 speak, especially when we are appreciated by our  
 audience, that Andrew had no lack of company. He  
 seemed singularly independent of his blindness; for  
 if guided once through the most intricate streets,  
 he would find his way alone ever afterwards. He  
 walked cautiously and slowly, however, feeling his  
 way with his stick—not like the poor men of the Blind  
 Asylum in Edinburgh, who, when they have not  
 their usual burden, go on, to the danger of themselves  
 and others, scarcely stopping for any obstacle, and  
 occasionally knocking down those who stand in their  
 way.

A gentleman from England, who happened to be  
 present at one of the dancing-school balls, questioned  
 Andrew as to his blindness, and told him of an oculist in  
 London who had done wonderful things, and would be  
 very likely to restore his sight. From that moment,  
 Andrew began to save for the journey, which, about two  
 years afterwards—a long period of hope, the happiest,  
 perhaps, of his life—he commenced, and what is more,  
 accomplished, all the way from Tain to London, and  
 from London to Tain, there and back alone! Alas! the  
 journey back was the darker of the two; hope had  
 lighted the way to London, where the oculist could do  
 nothing but shut out the one ray which had beamed him  
 so far from his home. Poor Andrew returned a sadder  
 man. To regain his sight, had been the latest spark  
 of hope he had cherished all his life, which the English  
 gentleman had fanned into a blaze, but which was now  
 extinguished for ever! His friends, however, gathered  
 round him, and, as far as possible, compensated for his  
 great disappointment. A subscription was entered  
 into among his humble companions, to reimburse him  
 for the expenses of his journey; but though this had  
 been both expensive and difficult, it afforded Andrew  
 some pleasure to recount his adventures, and relate  
 how he had, to the amazement of every one, found  
 his way about by himself, in that far-off and wonderful  
 place—London.

In the same town of Tain, and in the house where  
 I happened to reside, there was, at the time, an old  
 deaf gentleman. It was a melancholy thing to see him,  
 seated in his great arm-chair, beside the fire, alone in  
 the midst of his family; looking eagerly at the young  
 people, as if he fain would know what they were talking  
 about, inquiring, perhaps; then, unnoticed, drooping  
 his head in contemplation of his bereavement, which  
 shut him out from social converse, but which was  
 regarded by his family as a light affliction, and excited  
 little sympathy. He was so exceedingly grateful to  
 me, when I occasionally took my knitting and sat

beside him, endeavouring, through the medium of his silver trumpet, to converse, that the tears would come into the old man's eyes, as he pressed my hand and thanked me for my attention.

'My children and my grandchildren,' he would say, 'look impatient, and consider me troublesome when I ask a question. Little Harry used to think it a toy to prattle to his grandfather through this silver tube; but now the child, like the rest, avoids me, or replies with a petulant abruptness, as if it was a restraint to be detained by me.'

I could not help pitying the old gentleman, and grieved to think of the blank my absence would shortly occasion. He said he was learning to check his eagerness to ask questions, for those about him sometimes told him that he was getting very curious, and that the conversation was not important enough to bear repetition: this might be very true, but as their discourse was for the most part trifling, according to this rule the poor man might sit from morning till night, without exchanging an idea or a word with any one. It certainly was a little fatiguing and troublesome to converse with the deaf old gentleman, but his delight and gratitude were an ample return. O that the young would have more consideration for the aged; and those who are blessed in the enjoyment of all their faculties, would minister more to those who labour under the terrible privation of any!

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little to admire besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bedrooms. They were tall, thin, and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently, wondering whether we 'were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins.' On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her. 'Depend upon it, she is dumb,' whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bedroom; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said: 'There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone-blind.'

'Poor man!' I exclaimed. 'But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?'

'It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman,' said the husband; 'she can't hear you—she's quite deaf.'

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness.

Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### PUBLICITY.

PEOPLE would need to be careful of their conduct now, for every day we see the most private matters flash out into the full blaze of newspaper publicity. One day, a little carelessness in performing a surgical experiment on a pauper, brings an unfortunate practitioner before the judgment of the nation. Another day, a set of officers in barracks, indulging from idleness and high spirits in a number of rough practical jokes, or erring from the line of propriety, blush, or have occasion to do so, at finding all the particulars in the newspapers. A boy at a public school, armed (strange to say) with an authority which should be the master's, inflicts a cruel and vindictive punishment on a fellow—writes to his father in great indignation that anything so trivial should be noticed even at the school—but, a week or two after, has to write under the condemnation poured out upon him in a leader of the *Times*, by which his delinquency becomes known in every part of the globe. A public official dabbles in stocks, thinking that losing is the worst that can happen—but, lo! the whole of his transactions are exposed in parliament! A blundering gentleman pays his addresses to a lady—changes his mind, or is drawn off by his relations—and by and by every silly sentence he ever, in the fondness of his heart, spoke or wrote to her, is put into five hundred journals in one week, and made the theme of universal merriment. The most quiet arrangement which a gentleman can make for the indulgence of a passion noted for the sad scrapes into which it brings its victims—who can tell but it may be matter of fame before a twelvemonth goes about? It would appear that, in all such cases, not the faintest conception of a possible exposure ever occurred to the unfortunate parties. Yet exposure has come. How stunning must it be to them when they find their inmost secrets turned out to the gaze of the whole world!

It must often be that the parties exposed are no worse than hundreds of others who remain concealed, for very generally it is not the degree of misconduct, but some unlucky accident, which leads to the exposure. But such is the course of things in the world generally. The thing to be considered, is the risk which attends every departure from the line of strict propriety, of being 'shewn up' by the press in some way that can neither be mitigated nor avenged. What a coercion towards 'respectability' is here! Yes—and to something else. Can we wonder that there is so much of seeming, of merely external decorum, of that system of shams which Mr Carlyle is always denouncing, when the smallest aberrations, if committed unguardedly, are so apt to become matter of general publicity?

### LOCAL EXERTIONS FOR SANITARY IMPROVEMENT.

In the north of London is a parochial district (Regent Square Church), which has within the last year or two made some remarkably successful exertions for sanitary improvement, merely by means of a local association under the presidency of the incumbent—probably, like most such things, an expression of the active zeal of one or two persons. We learn from its Report, dated last May, that the number of dwellings in the district is

1100, being about a 280th part of the entire metropolis. The inspector, appointed only in last November, had made 1453 personal inspections, chiefly in 172 of the houses, and already the reforms effected were surprisingly great. There were 168 cesspools in the course of removal and filling up; 170 foul house-drains cleaned; 271 sinks trapped, or about to be so; 168 glazed earthenware pans and siphons fixed, or about being fixed; 168 closets supplied with water, or under notices requiring the same; besides other improvements of a similar nature. It was found that 1344 square yards of surface of noxious matter had been obliterated, and 5100 lineal feet of house-drains renewed and cleansed out. The whole expense was *fifty pounds*, the money being raised by subscription. We think this altogether a most gratifying evidence of what can be done by simple means and individual exertions for the banishment of unhealthful agencies in a large city. It is to be hoped that the example will be followed.

#### VARIETY OF THE BLACKBERRY.

The New-Rochelle blackberry is evidently quite different from the common wild varieties, and also different from any that have been cultivated. It is much larger, more uniform in size, and more prolific than other varieties; it has less seeds, a good flavour, and is a good keeper. It is also thought to be better adapted to poor soils. On this point we cannot speak as positively from our own observation. One thing seems certain, that it has not depreciated by cultivation during eight or ten years. As to its size, it will surprise most persons who see it for the first time. At Norwalk, we saw several stalks bearing five to eight quarts each. We tried some that had been gathered over forty hours, and found the flavour quite good. A quart of them numbered 111 berries. We picked a quart from vines which had received no manure for two years past, and from which the largest had just been selected for the Newhaven Horticultural Society, and found that seventy-two of them filled a quart measure. The vines [stems or canes] grow quite large—many of them over an inch in diameter, and the fruit hangs in thick clusters—in size more like very large greengage plums than like the ordinary blackberry. The flavour is not apparently diminished by its large size, and the few seeds are not its least recommendation. We think this berry a valuable acquisition to our domestic fruits, and worthy of a place in every garden. We have watched this blackberry in several localities for some time past, and are thus particular in describing it, in order to answer the numerous inquiries we are continually receiving in regard to it.—*American Agriculturist*.

#### DRAPERY FOR THE LADIES.

*Red Drapery.* Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions, without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequence of contrast of tone.—*Green Drapery.* A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.—*Yellow Drapery.* Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.—*Violet Draperies.* Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions.

It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion, it makes green.—*Violet*, then, is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.—*Blue Drapery.* Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.—*Orange Drapery.* Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.—*White Drapery.* Drapery of a lustreless white, such as casing muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone.—*Black Drapery.* Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the venation or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.—*Chenevix's Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours.*

#### NERVOUSNESS OF THE DOG.

The nervous system in this creature is largely developed, and, exerting an influence over all its actions, gives character to the beast. The brain of the dog is seldom in repose; for even when asleep, the twitching of the legs, and the suppressed sounds which it emits, inform us that it is dreaming. No animal is more actuated by the power of imagination. Who is there that has not seen the dog mistake objects during the dusk of the evening? Delirium usually precedes its death, and nervous excitability is the common accompaniment of most of its disorders. To diseases of a cerebral or spinal character it is more liable than any other domesticated animal. Its very bark is symptomatic of its temperament, and its mode of attack energetically declares the excitability of its nature. The most fearful of all the diseases to which it is exposed (rabies) is essentially of a nervous character, and there are few of its disorders which do not terminate with symptoms indicative of cerebral disturbance. This tendency to cerebral affection will, if properly considered, suggest those careful and appropriate acts which the dog in affliction may require, and which it would be impossible for any author fully to describe. Gentleness should at all times be practised; but to be truly gentle, the reader must understand it is impossible to be firm. Hesitation, to an irritable being, is, or may become, positive torture.—*Magdon's Dogs.*

#### MEMOIRS OF THE PRESS.

A collection of errors of the press of the *Illustrated* type would be amongst the curiosities of literature. English records several curious specimens. In the loyal *Quarterly* of former days, it appeared that his Majesty George IV. had a fit of the goat at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the Immortality of the Soul, and also the Lies of the Poets, which would be a very comprehensive publication. The victory of *Living and Lies* is indeed most dangerous—a single lie more or less making a lie of a life, or a life of a lie. *Clasp* too, is liable to the same mischance, the dropping of the liquid making it all gory. What is treason, asked a wit, but reason to a t? which is an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine a historical character impeached for reason, or reasonable practices. Misprints are no doubt reducible to laws; and this is certain, that they always fall upon the tenderest part of an author's writing, and where there is a vital meaning to be destroyed.—*The Examiner*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bridge Street, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 59 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

Price 1d.

## MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER AND I.

To say merely that 'it rained,' does not usually describe the state of the weather. There may have been wind at the same time, and the rain may have been a compliment splashed against your face or window; or it may have been bitterly cold, and the rain may have counted only as an additional discomfort. But on the day I have before my memory, it rained and did nothing else. There was neither cold nor warmth enough to divert your feelings; there was no breath of air to disturb the perpendicularity of the drops; and no prospect of country you could see through them. Down came the heavy globules in mathematical lines; splash went the water against the level road; round went the wheels of the vehicle with a monotonous rumble; and away howled we over the wet, steaming, endless plains of the Netherlands.

There was only one passenger with me in the coupée, and he was worse than nobody by several chalks. Solitude would have been endurable; but to be shut up in compulsory companionship with a man whose language you cannot speak, and who cannot speak yours, is dreadful. I saw the fellow was a Frenchman the moment I set eyes on him, and the cool easy impudence with which he said '*Pardon!*' when he knocked my hat from the seat on coming in, confirmed the fact. My knowledge of French had been acquired at school, and went only as far as reading; and I could not yet refrain from an insular blush when I was obliged to try to wreak my thought upon expression. This individual, however, roused me. I looked upon him somehow as an unauthorised intruder; and it was with a reckless air I made a remark to him in his own language about the weather—just to shew him that I could speak French if I chose, and didn't care a snap of my fingers whether it was good or bad. I think I said '*Quelle pluie!*' I encountered his eyes, however, at the moment, and a quiet smile, as he muttered '*Mauvais temps!*' demolished me. I had fallen, doubtless, into some unhappy cacology; and we both looked out of the window at the rain—I to conceal my confusion, and he, of course, to conceal a sneer, with all the distressing politeness of his countrymen.

A situation of this kind is the more embarrassing that one feels obliged to say something. Here was a man, a well-dressed, respectable, nay rather a gentlemanly person, with intelligent eyes that seemed to understand me; and to sit alone with him, hour after hour, all day and all night, without opening my lips, was impossible. He felt this himself—I was sure he did; for whenever I made an attempt, he listened earnestly, as if anxious to make out what I would be

at, without troubling me to repeat, and then replied in few words, as if unwilling to exhibit any colloquial superiority. I at last began to like the fellow, and to be more and more sorry and ashamed that I was unable to converse with him. Sometimes he took the initiative himself; and when I could not exactly catch his meaning, always kindly and laboriously repeated what he had said, occasionally varying the expression to make it more clear.

Down came the rain in the meantime, with its steady, determined, mathematical motion—'quick as lightning, but never in a hurry,' as the drill-sergeant says—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rumble, rumble, rumble: it was enough to make one mad. The Frenchman gave a heavy sigh, and I echoed it; he got up a half-melancholy, half-comical smile, which I reflected; he shook his head; so did I. 'Slow work this!' I would have said, only it would have been absurd in French; and he looked as if he would fain have given me the idiom, if I could but have understood it. At length the vehicle stopped to take in a passenger. Here was a chance. The new-comer was a plump, portly, handsome dame, who insinuated herself between my friend and me, and then expanded till, what with her and the cushions, we felt uncommonly comfortable. But she was a German; and when she had recovered breath, she looked first in the face of one, then of the other, and with an alarming sound of ugh—agh—ogh, delivered in the interrogative key, appeared to be endeavouring to fish out of us whether we could do anything in that line. The Frenchman said, '*Je suis fâché;*' and '*N'entends pas,*' and I shook my head in despair; negatives that only excited the risible faculties of madame, who went on clearing her throat of its German in the midst of explosions of laughter, that made our contiguous sides and the cushions undulate in harmony. I verily think she considered herself fortunately placed in having two listeners with no speaker but herself, for she rattled away without intermission, interlarding her speech, in compliment to the Frenchman, with scraps of his own language, so horribly bad that even I was amused. We stood it for some time as decently as possible; but at last I could not help giving my male companion the wink, and saying in an under-tone: '*Quelle Française!*' Both of us proved too many for his politeness: off he set with a roar, in which I joined from sympathy; and so we went on all three, talking French and German, without listening to either, and laughing ready to die.

A more interesting episode, however, speedily occurred, for the coach stopped to a late dinner. Meals were a grand invention for that kind of travelling, although they have now gone the way of all horseflesh.

To snatch at a morsel as we do now, and devour it like an ogre, is not to dine; any more than to scald the mucous membrane all the way down is to get cheered with the cup that not inebriates. The recollection of that dinner is enough to disgust one with steam and its headlong haste, and make us inquire whether it is really the grand business of human beings to contrive so as to be nowhere at all at any given time. The bill of fare included scores of dishes, in soup, fish, meat, poultry, game, pastry, and confections; all with names that made them ten times more luxurious, yet, I must own, so unintelligible, that choice was out of the question. I thought of shutting my eyes, and taking something at random; but a qualm came over me as I reflected on the stories I had heard of the continental cuisine including frogs, snails, and the ox's liver called vulgarly in England cat's meat. I looked at my Frenchman; but he was looking at me. He would not have begun before me for the world; and when, in hungry impatience, I grasped at something, that turned out to be overdone boiled beef under the name of bouilli, so far from staring at me with the contempt I perhaps deserved, he helped himself largely to the humble fare. Eating, they say, wants only a beginning. My next venture was upon biftek au naturel, then upon côtelettes de mouton, and then upon the gigot, which always comes last. The Frenchman, though looking with the eye of a connoisseur upon the tempting dishes around him, was true to his social principles, and followed rigidly the tastes, extraordinary as he might think them, of his fellow-traveller—so that, in the midst of all sorts of delicacies, we made a magnificent meal upon boiled beef and beef-steaks, mutton chops and leg of mutton.

After all, it was very satisfactory. We felt ourselves expanding, like the German lady—who had now vanished, for she resided at the place; and we looked at each other with increasing kindness and good-humour. Suddenly the Frenchman filled his tumbler half full of wine, and held it out. '*A votre santé!*' cried he, and in an instant I was ready for him, and brought my glass against his with, I regret to say, a fatal collision, for it smashed it in pieces and spilt the wine. I was bitterly ashamed of my awkwardness. It was the first time I had practised this fashion, which they call *tringuer*, and should have been more cautious; but the conduct of my companion was very admirable. He actually seemed to take it all upon himself, begging my pardon in the humblest manner for the outrage I had committed, in demolishing a man's glass, who had merely invited me in a friendly way to take wine with him. The worst of it was, the waiters and the other guests were excessively impudent; not that they said anything—they never do on such occasions; but they looked at each other, and then bit their lips, and grinned horribly to repress a smile. As for the hostess, who had been looking at us a good deal, she covered her face with her handkerchief and precipitately left the bar. Both the Frenchman and I were much annoyed, and looked jealously from face to face to watch for an occasion of hostilities; but by degrees the thing was forgotten, and a capital glass of brandy-and-water made us all right. I thought, by the way, that my companion would have taken the alcohol neat, for I had known his countrymen express great disgust at our weak warm mixture: but he was a trump throughout, and no mistake.

Our attempts at conversation while we were at table were very few, for I did not like to expose my slight acquaintance with the language before a mixed company; but when we were fairly resealed in the coupée, after a plentiful dinner and a reasonable allowance of wine and brandy, we went at it again with a will. On such occasions, one has a full, comfortable, jolly feeling, which overthrows the barriers of reserve; and for my own part I talked away as if I was a Frenchman born;

only a good deal out in the grammar, and idiom, and meaning of words. My companion was equally communicative, and although he took great pains with my ignorance, but little more intelligible; and so we kept hammering at one another during a great part of the night with less success than our perseverance deserved.

Even after I fell asleep, the same thing was continued for hours in my dreams. I thought I was speaking against the Frenchman for a wager of a tumbler of wine; when the contest was over, we each claimed to be the winner; and while struggling for the prize, the glass smashed in our hands, and the liquid descended over the whole earth in great, round, perpendicular drops. Whereupon I awoke. It was the sound of the rain that was in my ears, mingled with other noises—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rumble, rumble, rumble. Presently the coach stopped: we had arrived at the town where I was to lose my companion.

He was no more than in time for the vehicle by which he was to turn off into another route; and when I stood to see him mount, holding my umbrella over his head, it was with real emotion I bade him farewell. I could not help thinking at the moment what a pleasant time we might have passed, and what a permanent friendship we might have formed, had we only understood one another's language well enough to converse freely. I thought no more of my ps and qs in French speaking, but wringing him by the hand, bade him adieu in my own language.

'Good-by,' said I; 'God bless you!'

'What!' cried he, in the same tongue, 'are you an Englishman?'

'To be sure! and you! O Jupiter—Jovis—Jovis—Jupiter—Jove!'

'Montez, monsieur, montez!' shouted the coachman.

'What a terrible mistake! But you speak the language so admirably!'

'I!—I never tried it till a few days ago, while you seemed an old experienced Frenchman—quite a!'

'Montez, montez! Sacré!—nous sommes parti! Ye—e!'

We bundled him in while the vehicle was actually in motion, and I saw no more of my travelling companion.

## THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

LIMITED as had been my excursion and opportunities of observation, the broad fact was sufficiently impressed on my mind, that the people of England know but little of America, while that little is disfigured by certain prejudices and misapprehensions. Travellers have, for the most part, dealt so unkindly by the Americans, that I was unprepared for much that came in my way of a nature that can be spoken of only with respect. Their energetic industry, perseverance, and enterprise; the tastefulness of their dwellings, and (with one unfortunate exception) the cleanliness and good government of their cities; their patriotism and independence of sentiment; their temperance; their respect for women; their systems of popular education; their free and untaxed press; their spontaneous yet ample support of the ordinances of religion.\*

\* In 1850, there were in the United States 35,011 churches, with an aggregate accommodation for 13,240,896 persons; and the total value of church property was \$6,416,639 dollars. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian, were the most numerous bodies. As regards education: in 1850, nearly 400,000 of young persons were receiving instruction in the various educational institutions of the country, or at the rate of 1 in every 7 free persons; the teachers numbered more than 115,000; and the colleges and schools nearly 100,000—their support being chiefly from legally imposed rates.



as well as of every variety of beneficiary institution—all seemed to me to merit commendation, and to overbalance greatly such imperfections as have been fastened upon and exaggerated in the descriptions presented by tourists.

Undeniably, the personal manners of the Americans do not, in general, come up to the standard established in England. In ordinary circumstances, we miss some of the more polite observances of Europe; but the blank does not represent an unmitigated loss. We are not encumbered with the formalities of an inexorable etiquette; nor do we see that stiffness of manner in the general intercourse between class and class, which is stamped on English society. The hauteur of rank is totally unknown, nor would it be tolerated. In the absence of hereditary honours, opulence and refinement create distinctions; but these are simply respected, not worshipped. We all know, of course, that ordinary politeness, or graciousness of manner, is a different thing from servility; and there can be little doubt that, as America grows older, and competition becomes more intense, a proper perception of this not unimportant truth will be more widely spread and acted on.

If the less-cultivated Americans be as yet faulty in this respect, their shortcomings are obviously traceable to the great breadth of field over which they exercise a command. Happy in not being cribbed and confined within a town, or even a spacious district, they can choose their locality over more than thirty states; and if one place does not come up to expectations, they can resort to another. Neither do they feel themselves indissolubly tied to any particular profession. I was frequently assured that no man in the States is damaged by a change from one line of industry to another. Every trade is open to everybody; and as, from the general diffusion of education, every one is prepared to do his duty creditably, he is presumed to be able to turn his hand to almost anything. Hence, the restlessness of the American character. Attachment to locality is scarcely known; and shifting from place to place, a thousand miles at a stretch, with a view to bettering the condition, seems to be an ordinary occurrence. There is, in fact, an immense internal migration. New England is continually throwing off swarms towards the newly opened territories and states in the far West; the latest manifestation of this kind being the movement of a colony of settlers from Massachusetts to the newly organised state of Nebraska.

The abundance of all material comforts, may perhaps be mentioned as a cause of the occasionally rude, independent bearing which falls under notice. No such indication of fulness exists in England. Straited in circumstances, and burdened with taxation, but with a conventional necessity for keeping up appearances, a large proportion of our middle classes require to be exceedingly frugal in the consumption of articles of domestic use. A person accustomed to shifts of this nature, is astonished at the profusion at table in all quarters of America. There is, at least, no stinting as to food. It was often pressed on my notice, that the hired labourers in the fields are provided with better fare than falls to the lot of thousands of the 'genteel' classes in England.

In no part of America did I see any beggars or ragged vagrants; and except in New York, the condition of which is exceedingly anomalous, I did not observe any drunkenness—there having been, as I understood, a great reform in this particular. I should say that, independently of the 'Maine Law,' public opinion on the subject of drinking-usages is considerably in advance of that of England. My belief, however, is, that owing to peculiarities of climate, there is less desire to partake of stimulants, and less immunity from the consequences of an excessive use of them, than in the humid atmosphere of northern Europe.

Other things struck me favourably. I observed that all classes were well dressed. My attention was called to the fact, that when operatives had finished the labours of the day, they generally changed their garments, and were as neatly attired as those in higher stations. It was also observable that mechanics, in good employment, occupy better houses, pay higher rents, and dress their wives and families better, than is usual in England or Scotland; that they, in short, aim at living in greater respectability; and in doing so, necessarily avoid such indulgences as would improperly absorb their means. It was agreeable to note, that the English language is everywhere spoken well. I heard no *patois*, no local dialect. The tone of speech was uniform, though more nasal in some parts of New England than in other places.

In forming an opinion of a country, much depends on the point from which it is viewed. The point of view for America, as it appears to me, is America itself. To look at it with English eyes and English expectations, is surely unwise. Hopeless would it be for any one fresh from the Old Country to look for magnificent gentlemen's seats, fine lawns, beautiful hedgerows, admirable roads, superb carriages, old-settled usages and institutions, and that artificiality of manner which in England has required a thousand years to mature. We must take America as it is, and make the best of it. It is a new, and, as yet, not fully settled country; and, all things considered, has done wonders during its short progress. No one can forget that, except in the case of Virginia, and one or two other places, it has been peopled by the more humble, or, at all events, struggling classes of European society. The aristocracy of England have shrunk from it. Instead of acting as leaders, and becoming the heroes of a new world, they have left the high honour of founding communities throughout America to groups of miscellaneous individuals, who at least possessed the spirit to cross the Atlantic in quest of fortune, rather than sink into pauperism at home.

The proper aspect, therefore, in which to view America, is that of a field for the reception of emigrants. It was thus I beheld it; and from all that came under my notice, I am bound to recommend it as a new home to all whose hearts and hands are disposed to labour, and who, for the sake of future prospects, as regards themselves and families, are willing to make a present sacrifice. To all classes of married manual labourers, the United States and Canada offer a peculiarly attractive field; not so much so, however, from the higher rates of remuneration, as the many opportunities for advantageously making investments, and by that means greatly improving their circumstances. This, indeed, is the only point worth pressing on notice. In England, the operative having scarcely any means of disposing of small savings to advantage—the interest of the savings-bank forming no adequate temptation—he rarely economises, but recklessly spends all his earnings, of whatever amount, on present indulgences. It is vain, I fear, to try to convince him of this folly. Practically, he is without hope; and, un instructed, he does not reflect on consequences. In America, on the contrary, everything contributes to excite his higher emotions. The sentiment of hope is stimulated in an extraordinary degree. In the more newly settled cities and townships, so many bargains may be had of small portions of land, which may probably, in a year or two hence, be sold for many times the original cost, that there is the greatest possible reason for economising and becoming capitalists. The saved twenty dollars of to-day may, by a judicious investment, be shortly a hundred, nay, a thousand, dollars; so that, with a reasonable degree of prudence, a person in humble circumstances rises by rapid and sure strides to fortune.

I feel assured that this tends to explain the superior

character of the American workman. In coming down Lake St Clair in a steamer, there was on board a Canadian settler, who had some years ago left Scotland, and was now in the enjoyment of a pleasant and thriving farm on the banks of the lake. On conversing with him respecting his affairs, he told me that all the time he was in the Old Country, he never felt any inducement to save; for it was a dreary thing to look forward to the accumulation of a shilling or two a week, with no prospect of trading on the amount, and only at the end of his days having a few pounds in the savings-bank. 'But here,' said he, 'with a saving of two dollars we can buy an acre of land, and may, perhaps, sell it again afterwards for ten dollars; and this kind of thing makes us all very careful.' Did not this man's explanation solve the problem which now engages the attention of writers on social economy? Did it not go far towards elucidating the cause of so much of our intemperance—the absence of hope? The native American, however, possesses advantages over the immigrant. With intelligence sharpened by education, he is better able to take advantage of all available means of improvement in his condition; the press rouses him with its daily stimulus; the law interposes no impediment of taxes and embarrassing forms on the transfer of property; the constitution offers him the prospect of rising to a position of public confidence; no overshadowing influence weighs on his spirits; he is socially and politically free; his whole feelings, from boyhood, have been those of a responsible and self-reliant being, who has had much to gain by the exercise of discretion.

If I may use the expression, there is a *spontaneity* in well-doing in America. In the circumstances just referred to, men conduct themselves properly, because it is natural for them to do so; and from the aspect of the American operative-classes, I am disposed to think they would feel affronted in being made objects of special solicitude by those in a more affluent condition. To speak plainly, why should one class of persons in a community require constantly to have the thinking done for them by another class? I am afraid, that wherever such appears necessary, as in England, there is something socially defective. The whole tendency of institutional arrangements in America, as has been shewn, is to evoke feelings of self-reliance. A contrary tendency still prevails to a large extent in Great Britain, where, from causes which it is unnecessary to recapitulate, the humbler classes require to be ministered to and thought for, as if they were children. We must contrive means for amusing them, and keeping them out of mischief; call meetings to get up reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, and temperance coffee-houses for them; offer prizes to those among them who will keep the neatest houses and gardens; and in so many ways busy ourselves about them, that at length it would seem as if it were the duty of one half the community to think for the other. The spectacle of well-educated, thoughtful, independent America, enabled me to see through the fallacy of first disabling a man from thinking and acting for himself, and then trying to fortify him by a system of well-meant, but really enervating patronage. It is something to have to say of the United States, that the mechanics and rural labourers of that country do not require to be patronised.

The persons in America who seemed to me to merit compassion most, were not the poor, for of these there are not many, except in a few large cities: those who are to be pitied, are the rich. Obtaining wealth by a course of successful industry, it would appear as if there were no other means of spending it than in rearing splendid mansions, and furnishing them in a style of Oriental luxury, and thereafter living in gorgeous magnificence, like the prince-merchants of Genoa in the past times of Italian glory. So far as

the actual founders of fortunes are concerned, there is, perhaps, little to discommend in all this; but it was disagreeably pressed on my notice, that the sons of these millionaires, born to do nothing but to live on their father's earnings, were much to be pitied. In New York, they were seen lounging about idly in the parlours and bar-rooms of the hotels, worn out with dissipation, and the nightly victims of gambling-houses, of which there are a number in Broadway on a scale of matchless splendour. Among the vices they have lately thought fit to introduce, is the practice, now obsolete in England, of encouraging professional pugilism, the exercise of which occasionally leads to serious affrays. In Great Britain, as we all know, a considerable part of the fortunes realised in trade is expended in the purchase of land, and in effecting rural improvements of various kinds; the country, by such means, becoming a useful engine of depletion to the town; but in America, land conveys no honour, and is not bought except as a temporary investment, or as a source of livelihood. Wealthy men, therefore, would have nothing to look for in rural life beyond the pleasure of a villa; so far as I could learn, they do not even go that length, but consume their means, for the most part, in the more seductive but not very refining enjoyments of the city. With few exceptions, therefore, families of any note do not continue in affluence more than one or two generations. An 'old family' in America, must ever be a kind of miracle. The principle which seems to be laid down is, that family distinction is adverse to democratic institutions; and that, consequently, each generation ought to be left to shift for itself—a philosophic rule, no doubt, but which, like many other good maxims, is not without practical difficulties.

Leaving the wealthier classes of New York to discover, if they can, what is the use of money after they have made it, it is more to my purpose to call attention to the advantages which America presents as an outlet for the redundant and partially impoverished classes of the United Kingdom. When I reflect on the condition of the rural labourers in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland—the poorness of their living; their generally wretched dwellings; the little pains taken to afford them, an education calculated to excite their better feelings; their blank prospects as to old age; and when I consider that, within a short distance, there is a country inviting their settlement, where they can scarcely fail to attain a position of comfort and respectability, I am surprised that the 'exodus,' great as it is, is not many times greater—in fact, the astonishing thing, as it appears to me, is, how under present circumstances say it all remain.\*

Perhaps part of the reluctance to remove to America is due to fears on the score of health. Peculiar in some respects, the climate of those northern and middle regions to which emigrants usually direct their course, need not, however, be the subject of apprehension. The most remarkable peculiarity of the air, as has been already hinted, is its dryness. The prevailing westerly winds, coming over thousands of miles of land, lose their moisture before reaching the more settled regions in the east, and are felt to be thin and desiccating. Except in swampy districts, damp in any form is unknown, moisture being almost immediately absorbed. Newly plastered houses are dry enough to be inhabited a day or two after being finished. Clothes put out to

\* On the day on which this was written, I saw, seated on the ground by the side of a road in Scotland, a party of ploughmen and female field-workers taking their mid-day refreshment which consisted solely of coarse bannocks of pease-meal, milk drawn from a bottle, and morsels of meagre cheese. Could I avoid drawing a comparison between this hard lot, and that of the well-paid and well-provisioned labourers in North America, Canada, and the United States? Digitized by Google

dry, need to hang but a short time. In writing, I observed that the ink dried in half the time it would have required to do so in England. That such properties in the atmosphere have an injurious effect on the constitution, is more than probable; at least, I observed that the people generally were less florid in complexion, and less robust, than the English. At the same time, it was my conviction, especially as regards females, that much more injury is done to health in Canada and the States by the overheating of apartments with stoves, than by the aridity of the atmosphere. From statistical inquiry, it does not, however, appear that life is to any appreciable degree less valuable in the northern and middle parts of the States than it is in England—the damage which may be done by the dryness of the air and the extremes of temperature being, as it were, balanced by the unwholesome influences of our atmospheric humidity. Settlers in Canada, with whom I conversed on the subject, gave the preference to the American climate, on account not only of its pleasantly exhilarating properties, but of its equable character. It is proper to say, that there may be some danger in proceeding to America during the extreme heats of summer; and I would, on this account, recommend travellers not to quit England before August, from which time till December the weather is temperate and agreeable. Crossing the Atlantic in spring, during the prevalence of icebergs, is particularly to be avoided.

Fears have been sometimes entertained, that the constant influx of a large and generally uninstructed class of foreigners, more particularly Irish, must have a tendency to disorganise the institutional arrangements of the States, and even lower the tone of society. Great, however, as is the flood of immigrants, not of the most enlightened kind, it does not appear that they exercise any deteriorating influences, or are in any respect troublesome, except in New York and other large seats of population. Scattering themselves over the country, they are, for the most part, lost in the general community, and soon acquire the sentiments of self-respect common to the American character. The change is remarkable in the case of the Irish. Attaching themselves to such employments as, without risk, bring in small sums of ready money, they are found to be a saving and most useful class of people, with tastes and aspirations considerably different from those they formerly possessed. Altering so far, they may almost be said to be more Americanised than the Americans; for they signalise themselves by saying hard things of the Old Country, and if not the most inveterate, are, at least, the most noisy of its enemies. In the second generation, however—thanks to the universal system of education—the Irishman has disappeared. Associating in and out of school with the shrewd native youth—laughed, if not instructed, out of prejudices—the children of Irish descent have generally lost the distinctive marks of their origin.

It is a curious proof of the permanency usually given to any idea, true or false, by popular literature, that well-informed persons in this country are still occasionally heard scoffing at Pennsylvania on account of her repudiated bonds. We all remember the effect of the half-whimsical complaints of the Rev. Sidney Smith on this subject. We join in the laugh, sneer at the Pennsylvanians; and so it goes on. All the time, it is an absolute fiction that this state ever repudiated her debts. She did, indeed, at a moment of singular pecuniary difficulty, affecting the whole nation, suspend payment of the interest of her bonds. The country having been so far drained of money, that barter had to be resorted to, it was simply impossible for the state to pay the interest on these debts; but the debts were always acknowledged, and as soon as possible payment of the interest was resumed. No one ever lost a penny by Pennsylvania. There are, indeed, I believe, some states in the west and south which did for a time

repudiate; and even the most temporary exemplification of such a system must be deplored, for the effect it could not but have in shaking the general faith in American state probity. It is at the same time true, that great as is the traffic between England and America,\* we hear no complaints against the uprightness of the merchants of the latter country. It appears from official inquiry, that, independently of debts suspended by the defaulting states, the amount lent by foreigners on bonds and other securities to America is, at the lowest calculation, £40,000,000; and the interest on this debt is, so far as I am aware, always duly paid.

A question constantly arises, in looking at the political fabric of the United States: 'Will it last—does it not contain within itself the germs of dissolution?' In offering a few observations in reply, it will be necessary to touch upon what is admitted to be the most unpleasant social feature of this remarkable country.

When the American colonists renounced their allegiance to George III., and assumed an attitude of independence, it was confidently predicted that their nationality, unsupported by monarchical and aristocratic institutions, could not possibly endure beyond the first outburst of enthusiasm. The experience of eighty years has failed to realise these prognostications; and it may be said that the principle of self-reliance has never been so successfully tested as in the history of the United States. Left to themselves, and favoured by breadth of territory, the progress of the American people has for many years been no ordinary phenomenon.

At the Declaration of Independence, the number of states was thirteen, with a population of about 3,000,000—a wonderfully small number, to have defied and beat off the British monarchy. In 1800, when several new states had been added to the confederacy, the population was little more than 6,000,000. During the next fifty years, there was a great advance. In 1850, when the number of states had increased to thirty-one, along with several territories not organised into states, the population had reached 23,191,918. At this point, it was 3,000,000 ahead of that of the island of Great Britain; and as at this ratio it doubles every twenty-five years, we might infer that towards the conclusion of the present century, the United States will possess a population of not far from 100,000,000.

Such are the prospects entertained by the Americans themselves, with perhaps too slight a regard for a seriously disturbing element in their calculations. The present population, as above stated, are not all whites—exercising the privileges and animated with the sentiments of freemen. In the number, are comprehended 3,204,345 slaves; and 438,643 persons of colour nominally free, but occupying a socially degraded position. The presence of such an immense mass of population, alien in blood and aspect, in the midst of the commonwealth, is an awkward, and, I fear, a dangerous, feature in the condition of the United States, which cannot be passed over in any impartial estimate of the prospective growth and dignity of the country.

At the Revolution, there was, comparatively speaking, but a handful of negro slaves in the several states, introduced from Africa during the colonial administration; and it was probably expected by Washington and others, that in time the number would diminish, and that, finally, it would disappear. The reverse, however, has been the result. In the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, slavery, wherever it existed, has been legally abolished, leaving generally a residuum of free negroes; but in

\* In the year ending June 30, 1853, the imports into the United States from Great Britain and Ireland were valued at 90,628,339 dollars, and the exports to 115,669,975 dollars.

the other older states, slavery is still in force, besides being ingrafted in various new states, which have been acquired by conquest or purchase; so that, as an institution with large vested interests, it is stronger and more lifelike than ever. According to the census of 1850, it existed in fifteen out of thirty-one states; in one of them, however—New Jersey—it was in the form of an expiring apprenticeship.

For a number of years, as is well known, there has been much angry discussion on the subject between the northern and southern states; and at times the contention has been so great, as to lead to mutual threats of a dismemberment of the Union. A stranger has no little difficulty in understanding how much of this war of words is real, and how much is merely an explosion of *bunkum*. In 1820, there occurred a kind of truce between the belligerents, called the Missouri Compromise; by which, in virtue of an act of Congress, all the territories north of latitude 36° 30' were guaranteed free institutions. By means of subsequent compromises, fugitive slaves were legally reclaimable in the free states; and there the matter rested, till the recent passage of the act constituting the state of Nebraska, by which the newly incorporated inhabitants, though north of the line of demarcation, are left the choice of their own institutions—at liberty, if they please, to introduce slavery. The commotion in the north, consequent on this transaction, has been considerable; and according to a portion of the press, in tracing the progress of events, 'Slavery is at length triumphant; Freedom subservient'—a sufficiently sorrowful confession to make respecting a country which prides itself on its achievements in the cause of civil liberty.

I repeat, it is difficult to understand what is the genuine public feeling on this entangled question; for with all the demonstrations in favour of freedom in the north, there does not appear in that quarter to be any practical relaxation of the usages which condemn persons of African descent to an inferior social status. There seems, in short, to be a fixed notion throughout the whole of the states, whether slave or free, that the coloured is by nature a subordinate race; and that, in no circumstances, can it be considered equal to the white. Apart from commercial views, this opinion lies at the root of American slavery; and the question would need to be argued less on political and philanthropic than on physiological grounds. Previous to my departure from Richmond, in Virginia, I had an accidental conversation with a gentleman, a resident in that city, on the subject of slavery. This person gave it as his sincere opinion, founded on close observation, and a number of physiological facts, that negroes were an inferior species or variety of human beings, destined, or at least eminently suited, to be servants to the white and more noble race; that, considering their faculties, they were happier in a state of slavery than in freedom, or when left to their own expedients for subsistence; and that their sale and transfer was, from these premises, legitimate and proper. Such opinions are, perhaps, extreme; but, on the whole, I believe they pretty fairly represent the views of the south on the subject of slavery,\* which is considered to be not merely a conventional, but an absolutely natural institution, sanctioned by the precept and example of ministers of the Gospel, and derived from the most remote usages of antiquity.

It may have been merely a coincidence, but it is remarkable, that all with whom I conversed in the States on the distinctions of race, tended to the opinion, that the negro was in many respects an inferior being, and his existence in America an

anomaly. The want of mental energy and forethought, the love of finery and of trifling amusements, distaste of persevering industry and bodily labour, as well as overpowering animal propensities, were urged as general characteristics of the coloured population; and it was alleged, that when consigned to their own resources, they do not successfully compete with the white Anglo-Americans, or with the immigrant Irish; the fact being added, that in slavery they increase at the same ratio as the whites, while in freedom, and affected with the vices of society, the ratio of increase falls short by one-third. Much of this was new to me; and I was not a little surprised to find, when speaking a kind word for at least a very unfortunate, if not brilliant race, that the people of the northern states, though repudiating slavery, did not think more favourably of the negro character than those further south. Throughout Massachusetts, and other New England States, likewise in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, &c., there is a rigorous separation of the white and black races. In every city, there are white and black schools, and white and black churches. No dark-skinned child is suffered to attend a school for white children. In Boston, celebrated for its piety and philanthropy, all the coloured children require to go to one school, however inconveniently situated it may be for some of them. This school was instituted in 1812, and the following is the existing ordinance respecting it:—'The coloured population in the city not being sufficiently numerous to require more than one school, it has been thought proper to provide in this the means of instruction in all the branches of learning, which are taught in the several schools for white children.\*' In New York, there are nine public schools exclusively for coloured children, besides a coloured orphan asylum. In the city of Providence, Rhode Island, it is ordained that 'there shall be three public schools maintained exclusively for the instruction of coloured children, the grades thereof to be determined from time to time by the school committee.' In Philadelphia, there is a similar organisation of district schools for coloured children.

As an explanation of these distinctions, I was informed that white would not sit beside coloured children; and further, that coloured children, after a certain age, did not correspondingly advance in learning—their intellect being apparently incapable of being cultured beyond a particular point. From whatever cause, it was clear that a reluctance to associate with persons of negro descent was universally inculcated in infancy, and strengthened with age. The result is a singular social phenomenon. We see, in effect, two nations—one white and another black—growing up together within the same political circle, but never mingling on a principle of equality.

The people of England, who see a negro only as a wandering curiosity, are not at all aware of the repugnance generally entertained towards persons of colour in the United States: it appeared to me to amount to an absolute monomania. As for an alliance with one of the race, no matter how faint the shade of colour, it would inevitably lead to a loss of caste, as faint to social position and family ties as any that occurs in the Brahminical system. Lately, a remarkable illustration of this occurred at New Orleans. It was a law case, involving the question of purity of blood. The plaintiff, George Pandelly, a gentleman in a respectable station, sued Victor Wiltz for slander. Wiltz had said that Pandelly had a taint of negro blood; inasmuch as one of his ancestresses was a mulatto of 'African combination.' In describing the case to the court, the counsel for the plaintiff was so overcome by the enormity of the offence, that he shed tears! He produced several aged witnesses to prove that the

\* See *Types of Mankind*; by J. C. Nott and Geo. R. Gliddon. 1 vol., 4to. Trübner & Co., London; and Lippincott, Philadelphia. 1854.

\* *Rules of the School Committee of the City of Boston, 1833, p. 25.*

ancestress, mentioned by Wiltz as a mulatto, was the great-great-grandmother of the plaintiff, and was not a mulatto of negro origin, but a woman who had derived her colour from Indian blood! Satisfied with the evidence on this important point, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, but no damages; which was considered satisfactory—the sole object of Mr Pandelly having been to establish the purity of his descent.

All the efforts, in my opinion, which may be made with a view to influencing the south in favour of emancipation, are valueless so long as there exists a determined resolution throughout northern society to consider the coloured race, in all its varieties of shade, as beneath the dignity of human nature, and in no respect worthy to be associated with, countenanced, honoured, or so much as spoken to on terms of equality. Excluded, by such inflexible and carefully nourished prejudices, from entertaining the slightest prospect of ever rising beyond the humblest position; condemned to infamy from birth; not tolerated in the railway-cars which are devoted to the use of the whites; turned away from any of the ordinary hotels, no matter what be their character, means, or style of dress; in a word, treated from first to last as *Paria*s—how can we expect that objects of so much contumely are to improve in their faculties or feelings, or to possess, in any degree, the virtue of self-respect? The wonder, indeed, is, that they conduct themselves so well as they do, or that they assume anything like the dress or manners of civilised persons.

Glad to have had an opportunity of calling attention to many cheering and commendable features in the social system of the Americans, I consider it not less my duty to say, that in their general conduct towards the coloured race, a wrong is done which cannot be alluded to except in terms of the deepest sorrow and reproach. I cannot think without shame of the pious and polished New Englanders adding to their offences on this score, the guilt of hypocrisy. Affecting to weep over the sufferings of imaginary dark-skinned heroes and heroines; denouncing in well-studied platform oratory the horrid sin of reducing human beings to the abject condition of chattels; bitterly scornful of southern planters for hard-hearted selfishness and depravity; fanatical on the subject of abolition; wholly frantic at the spectacle of fugitive slaves seized and carried back to their owners—these very persons are daily surrounded by manumitted slaves, or their educated descendants, yet shrink from them as if the touch were pollution, and look as if they would expire at the bare idea of inviting one of them to their house or table. Until all this is changed, the northern Abolitionists place themselves in a false position, and do damage to the cause they espouse. If they think that negroes are *Mex*, let them give the world an evidence of their sincerity, by moving the reversal of all those social and political arrangements which now in the free states exclude persons of colour, not only from the common courtesies of life, but from the privileges and honours of citizens. I say, until this is done, the uproar about abolition is a delusion and a snare. As things remain, the owners of slaves are furnished with the excuse that emancipation, besides being attended with no practical benefit, would be an act of cruelty to their dependents; for that the education given to free persons of colour only aggravates the severity of their condition—makes them feel a sense of degradation, from which, as slaves in a state of ignorance, they are happily exempted. The great question, then, is, What is to be done with the slaves if they are set at liberty? Are they to grow up a powerful alien people within the commonwealth, dangerous in their numbers, but doubly dangerous in their consciousness of wrongs, and in the passions which may incite them to acts of vengeance?

Serious as is this question, there is one, perhaps, still more serious. Are the slaves to go on increasing in a geometrical ratio—6,000,000 in 1875, 12,000,000 in 1900; and so on through an infinitude of years? Sympathising so far with the Americans in the dilemma in which circumstances have placed them, I cannot say they have acted with discretion in seeing this portentous evil widen in its sphere, and swell to such vast dimensions, as at length to go beyond the reach of all ordinary measures of correction. Nay, at this moment the canker is extending its ramifications over the boundless territories of the West; and it is to be feared that, in a few years hence, the northern and middle free states will be but a speck in comparison with the slave region. This is a thing which concerns not the Americans alone, but the whole civilised world. The highest intellects of Europe are looking with breathless wonder at the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race, impelled by their instincts, and led by the hand of God over the vast continent of America.\* They talk of the not distant time when there will be a nation counted by hundreds of millions, speaking the English tongue, and governed by the institutes of freemen. But always, in the midst of their glowing anticipations, there arises a terrific spectre—human slavery—reminding them that it was this which blighted the old civilisations, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and why not America! Already in Virginia, naturally rich and beautiful, there is a growing impoverishment, notwithstanding that large sums are realised by the individuals who rear human stock for the southern plantations. In the partially deteriorated state of that fine old English domain, and its apparent incapability of keeping pace with the more prosperous communities of the north, it may be said to approximate to the physical and moral condition which disfigured Italy in the second century. Is history to be an endless series of repetitions?

What the Americans may do to counteract the danger which threatens them, I cannot take it upon me to say. With a growing belief that slavery is injurious to the industrial and moral progress of a state, the institution may, in no great length of time, disappear from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, because these states enjoy a temperate climate, and are a fitting field for the settlement of enterprising immigrants. Its expulsion from the intertropical regions in the south, is matter for less sanguine hope. The demand for American cotton in the markets of Europe, increasing year by year, too surely strengthens the institution in the southern states, and surrounds the subject with difficulties, not to be treated lightly or sentimentally, but with the profound consideration of practical statesmanship. That things can remain as they are, as regards the relationship between the South and the North, is by no means probable. The interests and feelings of both are becoming mutually opposite and hostile; and it should occasion little surprise to learn that the South, smarting under alleged losses and indignities, took the initiative of breaking up the Union, and setting up for itself as an independent power. In such a conjuncture, the North, reduced to a second-rate sovereignty, could scarcely be expected to retain a hold over the West, which would either form a third group of independent states, or seek for federation with the South. And so, in so far as political unity is concerned, falls the mighty fabric raised by Washington, and of whose destiny such high anticipations have been entertained! In Canada—free from the taint and the contentions consequent on slavery, and enjoying a high degree of liberty—I found it to be a common belief, that the

\* M. de Tocqueville speaks of the progressive settlement of the Anglo-Saxons, as 'driven by the hand of God' across the western wilderness, at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum.

union of the States could not possibly long hold together; and that the North, in the event of a rupture, would sue for a federation with the British American provinces, as a natural ally. That these provinces—united, populous, and prosperous—will, some day, attain the dignity of an independent nation, few can doubt; but it is evident, that annexation to the States in present circumstances would be neither agreeable nor expedient, and will not be thought of.\*

While lamenting the unsatisfactory condition, present and prospective, of the coloured population, it is gratifying to consider the energetic measures that have been adopted by the African Colonisation Society to transplant, with their own consent, free negroes from America to Liberia. Viewing these endeavours as at all events a means of encouraging emancipation, checking the slave-trade, and at the same time of introducing Christianity and civilised usages into Africa, they appear to have been deserving of more encouragement than they have had the good-fortune to receive. Successful only in a moderate degree, the operations of this society are not likely to make a deep impression on the numbers of the coloured population; and the question of their disposal still remains unsettled.

With a conviction that much harm has been done by exasperating reproaches from this side of the Atlantic on the subject of slavery, I have done little more than glance at the institution, or the dangers which, through its agency, menace the integrity of the Union. I have, likewise, refrained from any lengthened comment on the constant discord arising from the violence of faction, and have barely alluded to the extreme hazards into which the nation, under the impulse of popular clamour, is, from time to time, hurried by reckless legislation.

Trustful that the American confederation is not destined to be dismembered through the unhappy conflicts which now agitate the community—trustful that the question of slavery is to be settled in a manner more peaceful than is figured in the speech of Mr Howe—and having great faith in the power and acute intelligence of the American people to carry them through every difficulty (all their political squabbles notwithstanding), provided they will only take time to look ahead, and avoid the perils that beset their course, I bid them and their country a respectful farewell.

At noon of the 14th of December, I went on board the steamer *Europa* at New York, and in a few hours the shores of America sunk beneath the waves of the Atlantic. In thus quitting the New World, I felt how imperfect had been my acquaintanceship with it. But I was pleased to think that I had realised a long-cherished wish, and was now able to speak, though with diffidence, of the great country to which so many inquiring minds are at present eagerly directed.

\* On this point, I may be permitted to draw attention to the following emphatic passages in a speech in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, delivered in May last by the Hon. Joseph Howe, provincial secretary:—"Sir, I believe annexation would be unwise for other reasons. I believe the United States are large enough already. In a few years, the population of that country must reach 100,000,000; they have as much work to do now as they can do well; and I believe before many years, if their union is preserved, they will have more work to do than any legislature can despatch after their modes in 365 days. . . . There is another question which must be settled before you or I, sir, or any Nova Scotian, will be a party to annexation. Sir, I believe the question of slavery must be settled sooner or later by bloodshed. I do not believe it can ever be settled in any other way. That question shadows the institutions, and poisons the springs of public and social life among our neighbours. It saps all principles, overrides all obligations. Why, sir, I did believe, until very lately, that no constable, armed with a law which violated the law of God, could capture a slave in any of the northern states; but the Fugitive Slave Law has been enforced even in Puritan New England, where tea could not be sold or stamps collected."

After a voyage unmarked by any particular incident, I arrived in Liverpool on the evening of the 20th of December.

END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS.

## THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS.

THE other day, while walking through the streets of Seaport, the letters V. R. with an enormous royal crown between them, repeatedly attracted our notice. These well-known symbols headed an announcement, that Her Majesty's ship the *Affigator*, Captain John Pointblank, required a number of able-bodied and ordinary seamen and landsmen to complete her complement; and that eligible young men, from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, should lose no time in applying at the Rendezvous, Neptune Tavern, Harbour Point. Musing over this, we recalled to mind the very characteristic style in which Admiral Sir Charles Napier placarded Portsmouth when he was appointed captain of the *Powerful* in 1839, prior to that ship sailing to join the Mediterranean squadron, speedily to be employed in the Syrian war. The following was 'Old Charley's' invitation to the Blue-jackets at Portsmouth: 'Wanted, active seamen for the *Powerful*—Captain Napier. The *Powerful* is a fine ship, and in the event of a war, will be able to take her own part. That was all he said; and the result was, that he speedily got as fine a crew as ever manned a liner. Napier showed that he knew what he was about when he issued his brief, simple, manly, seamanlike announcement. Some captains put forth flaming placards, offering incredible inducements to men to enter; and what is the consequence? Landsmen, boys, and a riffraff of ordinary seamen, may thereby be induced to offer themselves in greater numbers than are required; but when the real first-rate man-o'-war's-man; on the look-out for a ship for a fresh cruise, has spelled through the placard, he contemptuously rolls his quid, and passes on with an emphatic expression of disgust. He knows his own value, and also knows by experience what the service is; therefore any cajolery or exaggeration renders him indignant and suspicious of the character of the officer who unwisely resorts to it. In a word, good seamen like to be treated as intelligent men: place confidence in them, and they will place confidence in you; and so vice versa. No class is quicker to resent anything like deception.

Seaport is not a regular naval station, but the *Affigator*, being 100 or 200 men short of her complement, has been sent down here to pick them up previous to sailing for her station in the Pacific. Thinking over this matter, we saunter unconsciously in the direction of Harbour Point, and perceive the ship herself—a dashing first-class frigate—lying at anchor a couple of miles off in the road, a few slatternly-looking merchantmen at anchor near her, serving as admirable sails to set her off. She certainly is a crack ship to all appearance; and as she lies, head to the stream, the evening sun gleams along her rows of graining keels, whilst her lofty masts and symmetrical spars are fully relieved against the sky. We see a cutter put off from her side—at first a mere speck on the water, but as we can see the oars dipping with the regular machinery. Rapidly it skims over the intervening expanse, and we see the gold band round the cup of the midshipman in the stern-sheets, glittering in the slanting sunbeams, and soon we can discern his features. A score or two more strokes, and the cutter

\* Although the above concludes the work of which it forms a part, the writer will not lose sight of the subject, but presents occasionally, under the title of *American Jottings*, notices of some of the more remarkable phenomena in American life and progress as may be interesting both to the intending emigrant and the general reader.



sweep alongside the pier, the men peak their oars, and the bowman makes a grab with his boat-hook at the nearest pile. Fine stalwart fellows are the cutter's crew! How neatly they are dressed; and how well they look in their simple uniform! Their low-crowned, broad-brimmed varnished hats, and their blue check shirt-collars edged with white, turned broadly back over their shoulders, leaving their bronzed necks bare and free of all restraint; offer a suggestive and very favourable contrast to the headgear of that soldier who stands near us gazing at them, half-choked as he is by his black leather stock as stiff as sheet-iron! No wonder that one of them looks up at him, and grinningly mutters something about a boiled lobster. Meanwhile, the middy says a few words to the cockswain, and lightly jumps on the landing, whence he ascends the pier, and walks to the Rendezvous. Let us follow him.

The Rendezvous is a glaringly-painted and somewhat flashy-looking tavern, situated within a few yards of the pier. A huge sign-board over the doorway exhibits to our admiring gaze old Neptune, seated, trident in hand, in a chariot, drawn by conventional dolphins over an intensely blue sea, with mermaids disporting around him, all in classical style. From the window immediately over this sign, a Union Jack is suspended from a staff, and flaps over the heads of a noisy group of seamen, landmen, women, and children. One poor woman is weeping bitterly, because, as we learn, her husband, a sailor, has volunteered; and is already safe aboard the *Alligator*, sorely against the wish and will of his disconsolate spouse—a neatly-dressed and interesting-looking young woman. A strapping man-o'-war's man, with immense bushy red whiskers meeting under his chin, is doing his best to console her, in a speech replete with excellent salt-water philosophy, and we come up in time to hear the eloquent peroration.

'And to clench the argument,' says he, 'this is what I say and uphold—the Queen's service is out o' sight the best of all services now-a-days, and the only one as a feller of spirit will put up with. Now, marm, no offence, but you doesn't seem to know the rights of the case when you take on so about your husband Bill joining us. A beggarly marchantman isn't to be named the same day with a man-o'-war. In the marchant service, they grinds the very marrow out of your bones; they feeds you badly, and berths you in a place worse than a dog-kennel; and when you're used up and worn out, they casts you aside like a broken stick, and, mind ye, not one farthing of pension, nor provision or reward for past service of any sort. But when you serve the Queen's Majesty—God bless her!—you gets the best of food and plenty of it; you're well clothed, well berthed, and made out-of-hand comfortable. They treats you as a man, and only you do a man's duty, and there's nothing, no nothing to complain of. If so be as you get maimed; there's Greenwich under your lee, or leastways a pension for wounds; and when you have served your time with good character, you get your pension sartain sure for life.'

'But what is to become of me while he is away?' persisted the wife.

'Why, Bill lobs you a ticket for his pay, to be sure, and you gets your lowance reg'lar from the agent; and then there's prize-money to be picked up, and besides reg'lar pay, there's good-conduct-money. D'ye see this gold stripe on my arm? Well, I'm an able seaman, and that stripe means two shillings and sevenpence per month extra pay for good conduct—that's what it means. I expect soon to get another stripe, and that will give me twice as much; and a man with three stripes gets treble as much, or four pounds eleven shillings and threepence a year extra. They gives you another guess-sort of stripes in the marchant service, I reckon! and here he looks meaningly at one or two merchant sailors standing by, who say not a

word, neither do we, for we know that all he has said is the truth.

'Is that little boy yours?' continues the tar, alluding to a stout boy five or six years of age clinging to the woman's gown.

'He is; and whatever is to become of him, now his father has gone and deserted us to'—

'Hold hard, marm, if you please,' somewhat angrily exclaims the man-o'-war's-man; 'what you call desartion, is just the best and wisest thing Bill could have done; and as to that boy of yours, why, now his father's one of us, that boy can be educated and made a man of at Greenwich Hospital Schools, free gratis for nothing. There now—it's the real ship-shape truth I am saying. Moreover, marm, when Bill comes back from this cruise of ours, when the ship's paid off, if he makes up his mind to stay in the navy—and he'll be a fool if he doesn't—he will get six weeks' leave of absence to see you; and mind ye, his full-pay will be going on all that time without stoppage! Oh, never tell me about the marchant service, give me the Queen's! And your husband, marm—I saw him afore he went aboard; he's a smart-looking chap, and they are sure to make a main-topman of him; he will rise, never fear, and come home a first-class petty officer, like enough. And as to this young tar, patting the boy's head with one huge rough paw, and giving him a shilling with the other, 'I hope that by the time his father has done with active service, and is moored alongside you in some snug berth for life, he will be serving his Queen and country in turn, and honestly 'arning a pension to make his own old age comfortable. It's truth I've said throughout; and if anybody here present can gainsay it, let him speak. Now, marm, you said you wanted to send a message to Bill aboard the *Alligator*; and as our cutter is lying here, if you will come with me, we will speak with Tom Keel, the cockswain, and rely on it he'll deliver it, and any little thing you want to send to your husband; and I'll talk to Bill, and stand by him myself as a friend when I get aboard again. Ho! cheer up, and never be down-hearted—yo-ho!' Half-saying, half-singing the last sentence, the kind-hearted and sympathising fellow leads the mother and child down towards the cutter, and we elbow our way through the crowd, and enter the Rendezvous, much interested and pleased with the little episode we have witnessed at the doorway.

Near the bar, we pass a struggling group, composed of three or four young fellows, whose sweethearts and sisters are vehemently imploring them not to join the ship-of-war, lest dismal and unheard-of sufferings and calamities should be their lot. Entering a large, low back-room, we find a miscellaneous assemblage of young seamen and landmen drinking, smoking, and confusedly talking. Only one man-o'-war's-man is present, and he is a short, square-built, old, petty officer, as we judge by the crown and anchor embroidered on the sleeve of his jacket. We learn that all the company are desirous to enter the frigate, and are now waiting their turns to be summoned to the room overhead, where one of the lieutenants of the *Alligator* judges of the eligibility of each volunteer; and if the latter is a seaman, puts a few professional questions to him, to form an idea of what he would be fit for on board. Recently, at a Scotch rendezvous, one worthy, who professed to be a seaman, confidently informed the astounded officer in answer to a question, that the mizzen-top-sail is hoisted on the maintopgallant-mast! Unless a ship is in most urgent want of hands, a considerable percentage of the patriotic youths and men who offer their valuable services to their grateful country are rejected by the examining-officer for one reason or other; and those whom he thinks eligible, next undergo a physical examination by the doctor, who in turn is sure to pronounce not a few unfit for service. Knowing this, we look around, and mentally

calculate how many of those present seem to be of the stuff to make men-o'-war-men. A few evidently are sailors; and although we should hardly take them for A.B.'s, yet they will very probably be accepted: but the rest seem emphatically a queer lot at first sight. Four or five have the aspect of dissipated runaway apprentices; an equal number are stout, ragged, dirty youths, of eighteen to twenty, who do not appear to have followed any particular calling hitherto; one very fat young fellow we hear addressed as 'butcher,' and a glance at his greasy dress and raw-beefy appearance, convinces us that such has been his actual calling; a couple of pale sickly men near him must certainly be weavers; near them is a hulking savage-looking 'navvy,' and a very fine handsome young shipwright, as we know he is by his general aspect, and his blue frock and tarry moleskin trousers, with a rule peeping from the pocket; and two stolid ploughmen, in white smock-frocks and high-lows, sit gaping open-mouthed between a broken-nosed, bandy-legged young tailor, and a dissipated blacksmith. Now, putting ourselves in the place of the examining officer, we think the stout youths will do for the after-guard and mizzen-top; the ploughmen and the navvy are rather too old and stiff-jointed ever to make active topmen, but they are big double-fisted fellows, and will make capital 'holders;' the blacksmith might prove an acquisition, if a good workman, to the armourer's crew; the butcher, if there is a vacancy for him, would be useful in his own line; the shipwright would join the carpenter's crew; but the tailor and the weavers we would decline altogether. Officer and doctor conjointly will perhaps reject one-half of the volunteers we see; but as a general rule, it is really astonishing what the discipline of a man-o'-war can effect with the most unpromising subjects. Everybody knows that a year's severe drill at barracks converts a stupid country bumpkin into a serviceable soldier, and in a lesser degree the same improvement of raw material results in a man-o'-war. True it is, that to make a prime seaman, the younger a boy enters the profession the better; and countrymen and mechanics of twenty to twenty-five years will become only very ordinary seamen at the best. Many of them, in fact, will be rated as landsmen, and do landsmen's duties, however long they may remain in the navy.

Meanwhile, our old petty officer has just freshened his nip, and after taking a long pull at the tankard, raises his voice and thumps the table to obtain a hearing, for he is prepared to favour the loyal and spirited auditory with a brief exposition of his view of the new career they are ambitious to embrace. In fact, the old Salt may be called a sort of naval recruiting-sergeant, with this material difference, that we know he will not grossly lie and deceive: he will not, for instance, gull that clown with the hope of some day becoming an epauletted post-captain; nor will he flatter the young seamen by reminding them that Captain Cook served long years before the mast in a collier brig, as they themselves have hitherto done. Hear him! 'Now, my hearties, some o' ye know what life afloat is—in the merchant service, that is—but most o' ye don't know the jib-boom from the poop-lantern. Well, every man jack o' ye will meet with his desarts and find his level once ye get aboard. A man's a man in the Queen's service; he must do his duty, and his officers will do their duty by him. Perhaps some o' ye may be a bit scared about man-o'-war discipline; but I'll tell ye what, without strict discipline a man-o'-war would be just a floating—— Ye know what I mean. Now, in the *Alligator*——'

'Any mice aboard the *Alligator*?' saucily interrupts one of the dissipated-looking youths.

'Ay, and cats to catch 'em!' grimly retorts the old tar, perfectly comprehending the drift of the question. 'Tell ye what, young feller; I've sarved man and boy

in the navy all my life, and never has my back been scratched with a cat's claws, and no man's ever is who does his duty as he ought; but, mind what ye are about, my lad, when ye get aboard—though I don't think they'll take such a hard bargain; but if they do, mind ye steer small, and clap a round turn on your jaw-tackle, and never shove your ear in as ye did just now, or else ye'll soon foot the gratings at the gang-way, and have slops sarved out to ye man-o'-war fashion!'

At this rebuke, the gang of dissipated youths look uncomfortably at one another, and one or two begin to chew vigorously a piece of pigtail—though they know it will make them qualmish—by way of shewing that they intend to become sailors, in spite of all the cats in the navy, we suppose. Then the old man-o'-war's-man discourses much in the same style as we heard his shipmate do at the doorway of the *Rendevous*, and fails not to express his conviction that they will have a much better chance of picking up prize-money from 'them beggarly tallow-eating Bushans' on the Pacific and South American station, than if they were ordered to the Black Sea or Baltic, where he sagaciously opines there will be only 'monkey's allowance—more kicks than coppers.' He fails not to tell the merchant sailors present, that they will find the main-deck of the *Alligator* a Queen's drawing-room in comparison with the dark, damp, dirty, dismal dog-holes of forecables in merchant ships; and that at meal-times they will not be squatted, like a parcel of Fojjes, round a dirty mess-tub, containing a lump of 'old bones' tough and tasteless as a bull's hide, accompanied by biscuits all alive with weevils; but that they will sit at neat mess-tables, and eat prime beef and pork from clean plates, in a civilised fashion; and to sum up, he emphatically declares that they will 'live like fighting-cocks.' Next, he discusses the solid advantages of entering the navy, under the new regulations, for ten years' continuous service, whereby a seaman not only receives higher pay, but may get a pension of sixpence a day for life when discharged at the end of the term; or eightpence a day for fifteen years' service; or about a shilling a day after twenty years' continuous service: leading seamen and petty officers getting much more. And so he overhauls the coil of the matter, very much to his own satisfaction and to ours, and we trust, also to that of the enlightened and patriotic company, loyal men and spirited and enterprising youths included. But it is now high time to go, for several of the young merchant seamen have been summoned to the room above, for examination into their qualifications; and the tipsy blacksmith is getting obstreperous; and one of the ploughmen, excited by unaccustomed libations, is challenging the butcher to wrestle; and three of the dissipated youths have turned mortally sick through chewing tobacco, in order to shew they were of the stuff to make sailors; and the gruff old petty officer is indulging in some very characteristic sarcasms, and mysterious innuendoes, and prophetic denunciations, which we understand much better than any of the young gentlemen to whom they are especially addressed.

Ere quitting the precincts of the *Rendevous*, we learn, on inquiry, that hitherto hardly any prime seamen have been entered on the books of the *Alligator*; but that a few ordinaries, and plenty of landsmen of all

\* This is no exaggeration, as the following scale of provisions daily allowed at the present time to every person serving in the navy amply proves:—Blacuit, 1 pound, or soft bread, 1½ pounds; spirits, ½ gill; fresh meat, 1 pound; vegetables, ½ pound; sugar, 1½ ounces; chocolate, 1 ounce; tea, ½ ounce. And when necessary, in lieu of fresh meat and vegetables, salt pork, 1 pound; peas, ½ pint, every alternate day: salt-beef, 1 pound; flour, 9 ounces; suet, 3 ounces; currants or raisins, 14 ounces, every alternate day. And weekly, oatmeal, ½ pint; mustard, ½ ounce, every alternate day; vinegar, ½ pint per man. All are well cooked, and served punctually to the minute; and if a man is ill, and cannot eat his allowance, the value of it is set down to his credit!

sorts, offer themselves. When the frigate fires her evening-gun, the lieutenant will put off in the cutter, taking with him the pick of the men he has entered that day; and if we look in during the evening, we shall find some 'liberty men' from the frigate, together with volunteers and a select party of friends of both sexes, holding a jovial carouse. Cordially wishing they may enjoy it, we steer our own private course, complacently humming:

In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it—  
Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to roam,  
Is of all other lives—I'll be bound to uphold it—  
The best life in the world—*next to staying at home!*

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE ISLAND OF MARETIMO.

WE left Walter proceeding with his soldier-companions from the spot where he had been rescued from his perilous position towards another part of the island. In about a quarter of an hour, the sea came again in sight. Beyond it, at the distance of some miles, rose a lofty mountain, the summit of which was still slightly tinged with gold by the rays of the sun, although all the rest of the landscape was clothed in the shadows of evening. This was the island of Favignana; and beyond, in the dim distance, stretched the hilly coasts of Sicily.

Walter, however, gave but a casual glance at the beautiful scene before him, for he was too weak to care much for anything save repose. They were moving along a path cut in the face of an enormous precipice, and could just see, far below, scattered along the beach—the long outline of which was marked in the dim twilight by a broad belt of foam—some small huts and cottages, with here and there a boat drawn up upon the shingle; but this was not their destination. Turning round a point of the rock, they came in sight of a kind of fortified house, with a lofty flag-staff, one or two towers, and windows that looked like loopholes—altogether, in fact, a place of gloomy and unpromising appearance. Upon a small esplanade in front, a sentinel paced to and fro. The light on that elevated spot was still sufficient to enable all these things to be distinguished. The party was challenged as it approached. A man advanced and gave the password; a drawbridge was let down; a moat was crossed; and soon the footsteps of the party echoed beneath a vaulted passage, lighted by a lamp swinging from the centre. Walter felt very much as if he was entering a prison; and, indeed, from the surly manner of his companions, was inclined to think for a moment that he had fallen into the hands of some lawless chieftain. His geographical recollections were not at that time very clear, and there was something so mysterious in the appearance and disappearance of the person by whom he had been saved, that he felt rather disposed to entertain the thought that he was some poetical pirate—an Italian Conrad, who had not yet been celebrated in rhyme. These ideas, however, were soon put to flight, for he was now introduced into a handsome apartment, elegantly furnished, where a tall, dry, military-looking man, addressed by one of the soldiers as the commandant, rose to receive him. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am glad that my people have been the means of saving you from a very perilous position, and regret that the state of my health prevented my being at least a witness to your escape.'

Walter was too feeble to understand that this was a mere Italian subterfuge—an excuse for idleness and indifference—and endeavoured to murmur thanks as he sank into a chair. Then the thought uppermost in his mind found vent.

'But who was that noble person?' said he.

The commandant affected not to notice this question, but very properly suggested that now was the time for taking some refreshment. His manner, though hard, was courteous; and Walter gladly accepted the invitation. Indeed, the sight of a roast fowl, and two or three ragouts, with a large jug of Falernian, effectually weaned him for a time from all sentimental ideas of gratitude. He felt that he owed a duty to his corporeal nature, and set to work with surprising energy and good-will. The commandant lolled in his easy-chair, making cigarettes, and looking at him half benevolently, and half in mere astonishment. He had never seen a man eat at that rate before. At length he took out his watch, and looking at it, said with a certain pedantic affectation of humour: 'My dear young friend, you have been eating without intermission for half an hour, and I have a book on these shelves'—pointing to some two dozen volumes that formed his library—'which states that fearful dangers are run by indulgence in appetite under such circumstances.'

Walter thought this advice came rather late; but was not sorry. He had eaten his fill, and felt no terrible symptoms. On the contrary, he found his vigour and presence of mind rapidly returning, and for the first time properly understood into what society he had fallen. It was evident that his host was commander of the garrison of that little island, which formed part of the dominions of the kingdom of the two Sicilies; and it was also evident, that the stranger by whose means he had been delivered, held no situation of authority there. He had been completely put aside—was apparently forgotten; and Walter felt that it would require some diplomacy to obtain an account of him.

After a little while, the commandant, seeing that his guest appeared to have quite recovered his strength, asked him the details of his shipwreck, and shewed a curiosity to know who he was. Walter told his story as briefly as possible, and concluded by asking under whose hospitable roof he happened to be. The commandant was evidently delighted to have to talk of himself, and said that his name was *Girolamo di Giorgio*; that he had been for many years chief in authority on that little island; that he reigned over a population of about one hundred souls; that he had no amusements, save shooting amidst the rocks, or boating when he chose to risk going through the surf; that when very idle, he sometimes read; and, in fact, talked away for about an hour of these small matters, as only men secluded from the world and shut up in the notion of their own importance can talk. Walter nodded several times, but was kept awake by the hope that an opportunity would occur of obtaining some information about the stranger. The commandant, however, spoke of everything else, but seemed carefully to avoid that subject, so that our Englishman was compelled at length abruptly to put the question which had so long hung upon his lips.

There was a man in the room who seemed to notice too attentively what was going on, and paused in his service to listen. The commandant's face became grave. 'That person,' said he after a pause, 'has no name. We call him the Prisoner.'

'Then this is a prison as well as a fortress?'

The commandant looked uneasy under this questioning; but perhaps in order to avoid giving the explanation required, talked generally of the Neapolitan

state-prisons on the islands of the *Ægates*. He was surprised that Walter did not know all about them. Their reputation, he said, was European. On the morrow he would have the pleasure of pointing out to his guest, on the lofty summit of *Favignana*, a tower where dwelt many who would willingly change places with his charge. This was a slip of the tongue, for it brought round the conversation to the point he was endeavouring to avoid. The man, however, had by this time left the room, driven away by a frown and a sign; and the commandant, giving way to his natural garrulity, said: 'Sir Englishman, although I am what the disaffected call a jailer, I am not a very hard one, as you will have guessed from the fact that the Prisoner was at large to save you. But as I cannot have the pleasure'—here he bowed—'of keeping you here all your life, and shall have the honour, weather permitting, of sending you away to-morrow, I must make an appeal to your discretion. Do not mention in any place in Sicily that you have seen the Prisoner at large. Endeavour to forget his existence; a careless word may beget disagreeable consequences.'

Walter began to compliment his host on the kindness which was evinced by what he supposed to be an infraction of superior orders.

'Do not imagine,' said the commandant rather hastily, 'that I have run the risk of dismissal by granting to the prisoner any privileges not strictly consonant with orders from head-quarters. My request to you has another motive. If he were known to be at large—as he has a good many friends, young, rash, and lawless—some of them might attempt a rescue, which would of course fail, but might lead to loss of life. Even soldiers object to shooting people, except when absolutely necessary. My men, however, have positive orders to fire into any strange boat that may approach these shores; so that it is in the interest of humanity that I shall have to ask, if not exact, a promise from you that you will not mention publicly what you have seen.'

Walter recognised in the voice of the commandant that mildly despotic tone which is characteristic of foreign military men when placed in positions of authority; and felt that it would be both necessary and kind, for the Prisoner's sake, to give the promise required. When he had done so, the commandant took occasion to compliment the English on their well-known adherence to truth; and, perhaps encouraging himself in a natural loquacity by this belief, began to talk of the Prisoner, at the imminent risk of letting out far more than he intended.

'He comes of a good Sicilian family,' said he. 'I suppose you had no leisure to do more than shake yourself like a dog when you got out of the water—excuse the joke—we hermits are privileged; and a laugh is always allowable. You did not notice, of course, how squalid and serious he looks—quite like a Franciscan friar without the tonsure. Well, now, two or three years ago, he was quite a dandy; a gay, merry fellow, that walked on the Marina—ahem! you know the Marina is the sea-parade. He strutted it like any peacock, cane in hand, with white gloves, among the ladies who were taking their evening walk—whispering to some, smiling at others—as if he thought that life was nothing but an opera-scene. Cospetto! I remember him very well, with his chin close shaven, and his moustache turned up to his eyes, and his hair curled and perfumed; a well-grown Cupid, upon my honour! We have worked a great change in him. 'Tis wonderful how a single year's seclusion tames down the wildest spirits. We made quite a child of the patriot Busconi in that time. He became pious, and died in the most edifying manner. This young man is more serious and sedate now than ever was his father.'

'Then he is an orphan?' exclaimed Walter unguardedly.

A dark expression passed over the commandant's face. It might have been that he was irritated with his own imprudence in thus partially revealing the secrets of the prison-house; but Walter, perhaps because his mind was in a peculiar state of excitement, thought that some deeper feeling was at work beneath that cold, hard countenance, that mask of official caution and polite egotism. He had sufficiently studied life to know that some men pass through tragedies, and even act in crime, without receiving any imprint therefrom in their manners and demeanour: the storms of conscience throw a gloom over the countenance. There are those who contrive to bury the past in forgetfulness, whenever external circumstances do not recall it. Walter watched with curiosity what seemed to him the symptoms of an internal struggle—the repression of a painful, perhaps a self-accusing thought. But the frown and the nervous twitching of the lips soon passed away; and the commandant resumed the appearance of a mere indifferent gossip. It was probable, however, that his mind had travelled to a great distance, for he seemed to forget the question that had disturbed him.

'I am omitting the duties of hospitality,' said he, 'and am talking nonsense here, whilst you must be dying of sleep.'

Walter, who felt wonderfully invigorated by his supper, and hoped to hear more of the person whose story so much interested him, assured the worthy commandant that he could listen to such instructive conversation all night. Your solitary official is marvelously open to flattery. Signor Girolamo di Giorgio sank back into his easy-chair, rolled up a fresh cigarette, and went on talking; but to Walter's great chagrin, seemed to change the subject altogether.

'This is a quiet life I lead here,' said he; 'but it was not always so. Fifteen years ago, I had the honour of being *aid-de-camp* to the governor of Messina. Heigho! that was a pleasant time. Better than being emperor of a dismal rock.'

'And why did you choose so dull a situation in exchange for one so gay?' inquired Walter, who now really began to feel sleepy, but who thought it necessary to shew a little curiosity about the story of his host.

'I don't tell this to everybody,' said the commandant, beginning with the same phrase and the same tone he had adopted ever since his exile to that place. 'In speaking to any chance visitor who shewed the least inclination to listen; but as the incident is quite romantic, it may interest you. I am sorry to find—and you are at liberty to repeat this everywhere—and the worthy man was indeed very anxious that his condition should be known and appreciated in the proper quarter—I admit that I am here as a kind of punishment for a fault I once committed. It was about sixteen years ago, during the occupation of the island of Sicily by your countrymen, that Il Marchese Belmonte, the governor of Messina, lost his wife, whom everybody imagined he loved dearly, and who left him one child, a daughter, named Angela, then about ten years old. He mourned awhile; until, indeed, he beheld a lady of somewhat inferior rank, but brilliant in beauty and accomplishments. She fascinated him. It was said his affection was returned; but a good deal of mystery enveloped this transaction. The lady had many other admirers—one, a friend of mine, a boon-companion, who loved her ardently, hoping that whose life would have been changed into paradise by her smiles—he had access to her, and once thought his passion was returned. He might have thought so; for the Lady Speranza loved to coquette, to make hopes around her, and gather admirers at her feet. That is an accursed race of women; but she was beautiful, and adored, nevertheless. My friend was deceived, we may suppose, and confided to me his hopes and projects. We agreed together what was to be done

The world knew nothing of all this. Every one talked of the widower who had forgotten so soon; of the lady who was to make him happy. It was carnival-time. The city was full of masks and music. One evening a strange rumour circulated. A pirate—a corsair—a smuggler—some said one, some said another—had committed an outrage on the Villa Salmone, where the Lady Speranza lived. The whole population crowded down to the port, where an English man-of-war schooner was preparing to go in pursuit. It soon got out of harbour, and went full sail down the coast, disappearing in the direction of Catania. Night came on; and next morning the schooner was again lying quietly at its moorings. All sorts of contradictory stories went about; but I knew the truth to my cost. I was on board that supposed pirate vessel—being deceived—for I think it was true that the lady loved the governor. We were closely chased, and in endeavouring to escape, ran on the rocks near Syracuse, just as you did this morning, only it was fine weather. I escaped to be taken prisoner; but my friend and the lady perished, as did several of the men who could not swim.

‘And it was on this account,’ inquired Walter, smiling in spite of himself at the bluntness of all this self-accusation, which could not be without an object, ‘that you were promoted to be the commandant of Maretimo?’

Signor Girolamo did not quite comprehend the irony; and went on to say that the governor, who was not an unjust man, on receiving his apologies and explanations, punished him only by exile to his present post. He swore, however, never to forget the base ingratitude of the man who had carried off and caused the death of Speranza; and that since he could have no further revenge upon him, would pursue him in his posterity; for he was a widower, and had left a son.

At this point of his narrative, the commandant paused. The idea in his mind, which he endeavoured carefully to conceal, was, that if he could persuade Walter to sound his praises in Sicily, for the hospitable reception he had afforded to him, ‘an illustrious Englishman,’ he might be admitted to some indulgence. Men of his stamp, who remain courtiers even in disgrace, are always ready to build their hopes on such foundations. In his eagerness to interest Walter, he said more than he usually thought expedient to Italian visitors.

‘My friend,’ said he, ‘whom I have not named, was the father of the Prisoner now under my charge.’

‘And is the son punished for the father’s crime?’ exclaimed Walter indignantly.

‘O no,’ was the hasty reply; ‘for we, too, have laws, Signor Inglese.’

The commandant seemed vexed to observe that his own complaints excited only civil interest, whilst everything that had reference to the Prisoner was eagerly received. It was on this account, perhaps, that he now intimated, partly by polite suggestions of the necessity of rest to the shipwrecked man, partly by one or two unequivocal yawns, that early hours were the rule on the island of Maretimo.

Walter was shewn to a room prepared for him by a man, the same before mentioned, who had acted as servant; and who seemed half a jailer, half a soldier. Indeed, it was rather a cell than a room; and on his observing so jocularly, he was told that there being no extra bed in the commandant’s peculiar apartments, they were obliged to put him into a chamber adapted to the residence of ‘one of the king’s enemies.’

‘We consult the comfort, however, even of the wicked,’ said the man with a sleek hypocritical look, as he moved the candle rather unnecessarily round the room, which was of extremely small dimensions, and allowed Walter to see that it was at anyrate clean and neat. A bedstead, with a picture of the Virgin and a crucifix at the head, a single chair, and a kind of table,

that might have been called a stool, formed the entire furniture.

‘I hope all your prisoners are as well off,’ observed Walter, still with an affectation of carelessness and jocularly.

‘We have but one besides yourself,’ replied the man, attempting to speak in the same spirit, and allowing a pale smile to flit across his features.

‘And where does my fellow-sufferer lodge?’ inquired the Englishman, preparing to undress.

The question, being too direct, obtained no answer save a grunt. The man put down the light on a table, wished Walter good-night, and went away, stealthily locking the door behind him. It was quite evident that every precaution was taken that seemed necessary to prevent the new-comer from holding any communication with the Prisoner.

The window of Walter’s room looked out over the moat upon the esplanade, where by the light of the moon, which occasionally threw its rays down between the clouds that were still hurrying across the sky, the solitary sentinel could be seen pacing to and fro. Far below, the sea, covered with what seemed to be snowy flakes—the crests of breaking waves—stretched away toward distant Favignana, on whose white rocky peaks the white light occasionally fell, making them look like a spectral fortress poised far up in the air. A hoarse roaring came from the beach below, where the waters were dashing; and the wind howled in fitful gusts round the towers of the prison, which it seemed at times to struggle with and attempt to carry away. There were no other sights or sounds; and Walter, feeling fatigue come over him, soon turned to his couch, and scarcely touched the pillow ere he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was again at sea, with wild waves tossing around, the tackle clattering, the ship creaking, and the captain’s voice shouting louder than the tempest.

When the man who had conducted Walter to his chamber had carefully locked him in, he went along a passage that led further into the interior of the prison-fortress, performing his nightly duty of trying all the doors, examining the windows, and seeing, in fact, that everything was well secured. Had any one been there to observe him, it would have been evident that he performed all these actions mechanically, and that his mind was occupied with unusual activity upon some subject deeply interesting to himself. He came to a well-fastened door, close by which was a stone seat. Here he sat down, and remained for a long time buried in thought. For more than twenty years had Carlo Mosca been employed in that place; and during the whole of that period he had never been suffered to leave the island. To all intents and purposes he was a prisoner, whose only consolation was that he could exercise petty tyranny over other prisoners. Many a time had his fidelity been tried. Magnificent promises had been made him by poor wretches shut up within these walls. But perhaps he had always doubted their ability of performance. At anyrate, Mosca had steadily refused to connive at any attempts at escape, though he listened to all offers, weighed well their terms, and sometimes unnecessarily excited hope. Yet he never resigned himself to the idea of remaining through long life in that dismal place. He had, as we all have, a certain dream of felicity in his mind—a sort of earthly paradise, to which he aspired more eagerly every year, in proportion as time hardened him and lessened his powers of enjoyment. At first, he would have been content with a little cottage, situated in some snug fold of the Apennines, within sight of Sienna, the place of his birth, from which he had been compelled to escape, when yet a lad, for some Italian crime—probably an unlucky blow with a knife. Here, with a pleasant wife, and an uninterrupted succession of children, he would mentally spend his time when released by night from

his jailer's duties; but even in this unreal state of existence, the innate desire of man to add little to little, to round off his possessions, to rise in the world, to aim at the infinite, manifested itself; and when Walter visited so unwillingly the island of Maretimo, Mosca had arrived at a state of mind in which he would have sold his services and betrayed his trust only to some imprisoned prince, who could promise wealth and honours as the price of liberty.

Still Mosca was disposed, as of yore, without relaxing an iota of his vigilance, to examine every offer; and he had often sat with the Prisoner, at whose door he had now paused, and listened to the promises which hope or imagination suggested, if he would only manage to convey a single letter to the mainland, as they called Sicily in that little island. He had even once accepted a sealed missive, and had kept it in his possession for months; but he had at last destroyed it, saying 'he dared not.' The fact was, he could see no prospect of reward, save some paltry sum of money, not the worth of the place he might sacrifice; and how, then, should he have an opportunity of selling himself to good advantage at a future period?

To look at him, with his chin in his hand, and his elbows on his raised knees, one would scarcely have believed in the extravagance of his desires. He was a pale, sickly, almost decrepit being, with a white night-cap on his head—very like a convalescent walking the garden of an hospital, and raising perfect unbelief in every spectator that he can ever return to real active life again. Mosca knew all about his personal appearance; but he imagined—and men like him in all walks of life always imagine—that once the bright gold for which he yearned in his possession, he could start again up into health and strength, perhaps back into youth—who knows? Those twenty years might prove but a long halt, not to be counted in the journey of life.

Mosca was thinking, calculating and comparing probabilities. He had not studied prisoners for nothing. He felt convinced that his charge—though influenced at first by disinterested humanity—had looked with hope on the young stranger whose life he had saved. He had not been present; and had learned of the incident only what he had gathered from the random observations of the soldiers. But he was quite sure that the Prisoner was awake, as he was—his mind occupied with similar thoughts. No idea of pity, however, came to him. He merely said to himself: 'This stranger is an Englishman. All Englishmen are rich. He feels an interest in his preserver. He may be generous. Is it worth while?'

After long agitating these questions in his mind, Carlo Mosca grew cold upon the matter. It seemed absurd to suppose that the Englishman—who might have lost all his fortune in the wreck—would be able to satisfy his ambitious desires. However, it would be as well to feel the ground a little, no matter what false hopes he excited. So he at length rose, cautiously opened the door of what was called the cell, but which was in reality a comfortable apartment; and was not surprised to see the Prisoner sitting at a table, with writing materials before him untouched, buried in profound thought.

His first words were: 'Have you carefully closed the window?' From which it might have been inferred that Mosca allowed the Prisoner to use a light only in secret. This, however, was not the case; for it was the policy of the commandant, and indeed is that of most Italian prisons, to allow those in immediate attendance on the inmates to seem to grant them some indulgences, in order to gain their confidence, and arrive at their secrets. Mosca, in this way, learned much of the private thoughts of those who came in succession under his care; but he never revealed anything. For from the first hour of his presence in that prison, he

had contemplated only one way of leaving it—namely, flight with some person sufficiently powerful and wealthy to reward him by a life of comfort.

The Prisoner, who was even paler than usual, fixed his large eyes on Mosca's countenance, endeavouring to discover the reason of his presence at that hour. Many a time, in the early period of his confinement, had he confided his hopes and projects to this man, and endeavoured, as we have said, to tempt him. Not perfectly understanding his character, he had mistaken the willingness he shewed to converse, and even to discuss the details of his escape, for good-natured sympathy. If he had ceased to discourse on such projects, it was because he believed that Mosca had the will but not the power to assist him; and now seeing the man come stealthily in, he could not help feeling hope begin to bubble up in his mind, like a desert spring that has long been choked by the sands.

'Do you bring me news of the stranger?' he said at length, having vainly waited for the other to speak.

Mosca sat down on a bench, and began to talk vaguely, to all appearance; but the Prisoner contrived to gather what he wanted to know—that the person he had preserved was an Englishman; that he was probably wealthy, and of distinguished rank; that he had been hospitably received by the commandant; and that he was now sleeping within the walls of the fortress.

'My friend,' said the Prisoner, rising and taking Mosca's cold hand, 'this is the hour for which we have long waited. That Englishman has become my friend. Our souls have communed without words. I must see him, and speak with him, however; and he will assist me to reward you.'

Even the sordid-minded jailer could not help feeling momentary respect for the strength of conviction which this speech shewed in human goodness and gratitude; but second thoughts suggested to him, that those who are in much want of kindness, and have no other dependence, believe in its existence from very despair. He smiled satirically and said: 'The Englishman is ready to thank you, but he is sleeping soundly, I am sure, and calculating how much economy will repair the breach which this wreck has made in his fortunes.'

The Prisoner was accustomed to hear Mosca express these cynical views of human nature, and was in some degree affected. He renewed his entreaties to be allowed speech with Walter. He knew, he said, that after dark no one visited the part of the castle placed under Mosca's surveillance. No danger of discovery could exist. He had no idea of escape, which would, indeed, be ridiculous. All he wanted was an hour's conversation, and 'good, kind Mosca would not refuse him that.'

Misfortune teaches man dissimulation. The quality was needed in this case, because now, for the first time, the Prisoner understood that Mosca was not his friend; that he might be a spy, or, at any rate, that he could be stimulated only by hope of a reward. He spoke a good deal, watching eagerly for a sign of emotion; but the jailer's mind was away in the country of his hopes, still calculating how much probable happiness would counterbalance the risk he should have to run. At length Mosca determined to grant the interview, but not with any serious belief that his ambition could by that means be satisfied.

Thus it was it happened that, after having slept only a few hours, Walter was awakened by a bright light being brought near his eyelids. He struggled with himself for some time ere he could recover complete consciousness, so heavy was the fatigue that weighed him down; but at length he succeeded in opening his eyes. The man with the sorrowful countenance, whom he had so longed to see again, even at a distance, was sitting by his bedside watching him. Two hands were outstretched simultaneously, and the



electric current of sympathy ran to and fro for some time without one word being uttered. Though their acquaintance had been so brief, they were already attached together by powerful bonds—by gratitude and compassion on one side, and on the other by hope, and that almost parental feeling which takes us towards those whose lives we have been the means of saving.

'We shall be allowed only a short time,' said the Prisoner, beginning the conversation; 'so that I shall at once explain my object in disturbing the rest of which you stand so much in need'—

'You are unfortunate,' interrupted Walter; 'and I may be of assistance to you. So far we understand each other. Let me hear your story; but be assured beforehand, that whatever I can do for you is already done in intention.'

The Prisoner, who understood the necessity of wasting no time in verbal professions, thanked him with a grateful smile, and began his narrative. It was his intention at first merely to state the heads, reserving detail for a better opportunity; but who can blame him, after a long period of confinement, during which all his dearest thoughts had been suppressed, if, now that he found a willing ear and a sympathising heart, he expatiated much on his past fortunes, and laid bare his wounds, that they might be healed by the tender touch of friendship? Walter listened with deep interest; for the incidents related, though common enough in substance all the world over, and quite characteristic of Italy, were sufficiently surprising to captivate his attention, even if they had been told under far less romantic circumstances.

#### OUR SIDE AND THE RUSSIAN SIDE.

We could, if we liked, write a long chapter about the means by which the government of Russia seeks to acquaint itself with what is doing in this country. We could give the name of that sedate-looking old man in black, who from time to time makes his appearance at meetings of our learned societies, always asking questions, and making notes in the most innocent way in the world, as though every one did not know him to be a spy, gathering information for his imperial master. We have seen young Muscovites sent over here to be apprenticed to some of our makers of machinery, not stout and robust as befits the wielders of sledge-hammers, but thin soft-handed youths, who had a habit of bribing the foreman to let them carry away working-drawings to study at their lodgings. We could tell of a Russian consul who used to attend Chartist meetings, dressed as a working-man in jacket and trousers of fustian, and who sent such intelligence to St Petersburg as alarmed the Grand Duke Michael, and made him defer his visit to London. We could do all this, and shew what curious under-currents there are in diplomacy, were it not that for the present a few remarks on trade must serve our purpose.

Some people have felt very uneasy because of the commercial losses in which, as they think, the present war is to involve us. A glance at both sides of the question, however, may assure them of tranquillity in this particular. We can easily select a few items for examination, from an account brought before the Statistical Society by Mr J. T. Danson, at one of their late meetings, and thus perhaps gratify a little natural curiosity.

We are apt to judge of a man in proportion to the number of acres he owns, or the amount of his balance at his banker's. What, then, shall we think of the czar, whose European dominions comprise 2,050,000 square miles? A large territory this; but that of the United States and our own in British North America is larger, each being about 2,500,000 square miles; so,

if mere extent of surface be a source of power, it is not all in the hands of the most unscrupulous. As regards population, the advantage is the other way. England—by which we mean the United Kingdom—and France put together, muster 65,000,000 of inhabitants; Russia has 67,000,000, including Poles and all the heterogeneous races over whom she exercises authority in Europe. This vast population is accessible at three points only—the Black, the White, and the Baltic Seas; the bulk live in the remote interior, beyond the reach of shot and shell, but not out of reach of the ukase which calls the peasantry into the army. These are mostly serfs, belonging to the emperor and the great landed proprietors; and reckoning their value at only half that of a Carolina 'nigger'—from 500 to 600 dollars—the drafting away of forty or fifty at a time must be no very agreeable event for their noble owners, who have to endure the loss as best they may. It is round Moscow—in that which was Russia 200 years ago—the population is most dense, being there from 56 to 121 to the square mile. Westmoreland, the least populous county in England, has 74 to the square mile; Lancashire, 944; and Middlesex, 5590.

Let us look now at the items of trade. We, here, with our population of 29,000,000, exported in 1858 more than L.98,000,000 worth of goods—about 70s. per head; France, with her 36,000,000 of inhabitants, sends away goods to the value of L.60,000,000 annually—about 83s. per head; while the exports of Russia amount to L.14,000,000 only—a poor 4s. 2d. per head! This sum, it must be remembered, represents raw produce almost exclusively, but what England and France send away is chiefly manufactures. The exports of the United States, with 23,000,000 inhabitants, amount to more than double those of Russia.

In 1847, Russia sent us L.7,863,681 worth of her produce; and what we sent her in return came to about half that amount, of which sum a little over a million would represent the value of the goods manufactured. According to the returns for 1853, it is L.1,228,404. Salt figures largely in our exports to Russia: in 1851, she took from us more than 2,000,000 bushels; and there is little doubt that it was British made salt with which so many of the prizes captured in the Baltic were laden. Salt is a precious commodity in the wide dreary regions of the czar; and its value is largely increased before it reaches the hut of the peasant. Coffee, too, sugar, spices, and our colonial produce, are needed for the populations of the towns and the tables of the nobles. Of sugar alone, we sent to Russia in 1847 more than L.1,300,000 worth. The distribution of the imports is not the same as in England and some other countries, where the poorest shares according to his means; for it is said that in Russia the nobles consume what is imported, while the peasants produce what is exported.

The tonnage of vessels trading in the imperial ports in 1848, was more than 8 British to 1 Russian, while of Russian ships entering British ports, the proportion is about 1 in 50; and where all the rest of the world buys to the value of L.100 from us, Russia takes 46s. worth.

As regards our dependence on Russia, from 1840 to 1853 we got 14 per cent. of all our imported grain from that country, of which 8 per cent. was from ports on the Black Sea. From 1840 to 1847, 72 per cent. of our whole supply of hemp came from Russia; but since then only 62 per cent., while our gross import of the article has nearly doubled, thus shewing that other sources have opened. Of flax and tallow, also, we now get more from other countries than from Russia; but we must still depend on her to a great extent for our brooms and brushes, seeing that she sends us nearly 2,500,000 pounds of bristles in a year, and the supply from other quarters is not yet adequate to the demand. Every year, however, multiplies the

number of pigs in Ohio and other American states, and soon there will be no lack of bristles. In fifty-three years, we have paid to Russia for flax and hemp alone more than L.116,000,000 sterling: thus she will lose more by the quarrel than we, and pay pretty dear for imperial ambition. Looking at the war from whatever point of view, we may say with the humorist, 'We shall survive it.'

It will be curious and interesting to watch the changes that grow out of a state of hostilities. The trade resources of other countries will doubtless expand to meet the new demand on them, and on the restoration of peace, Russia may find herself shut out of the market. In the meantime, we see a great overland trade from St Petersburg, and other places, to Memel and the other Prussian ports on the Baltic. Great caravans of loaded wagons are continually passing and repassing along the roads; and so well is the system organised, that for this year at least the Russian merchants will get rid of their goods. But this cannot go on very long. Prussia will not be permitted to fatten on the European war; and after the reduction of the Crimea, active military operations will be changed into a blockade. The condition of affairs is certainly a new one to the present generation: War and Peace are both at work. Forts are being knocked down, and prisoners taken, and at the same time the busy trader still keeps up his gainful relations; and the post-office, without a single interruption, still carries our letters to St Petersburg. There are some two or three thousand English in that city, living in perfect composure so long as Cronstadt intimidates the fleets. What they will do afterwards, remains to be seen; at all events, they are not unwilling to enjoy themselves at present, if we may judge from a large case of novels and other light literature we saw shipped a few days ago for St Petersburg.

#### HINT TO BURGLARS.

A few nights ago, as one of our most distinguished authors, M. de Balzac, was lying awake in bed, he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. 'Why do you laugh, sir?' asked the thief. 'I am laughing, my good fellow,' said M. de Balzac, 'to think what pains you are taking, and what a risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day.'—*Paris Paper.*

#### CLIQUEURS OF PARIS.

The chief of the *cliqueurs* is often allowed a voice in the preparation of a piece. He suggests the suppression of a long speech, or points out a position which he considers dangerous. One day it appeared to the chief of the *cliqueurs* of the Opera, that Dérivis sang a certain song too slowly, and he intimated this opinion to the singer. 'Go to the devil!' Dérivis replied; 'do you think I don't know more about it than you?' 'Well, well,' said the chief presently to his band, 'not a hand to-night for Monsieur Dérivis.' Frédéric, who has had his laugh at everybody, laughed at his own expense at the last performance of *Robert Macaire*. At the moment when the curtain was falling, he advanced to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, said: 'I beg your pardon, gentlemen, haven't you seen Monsieur Auguste?' Astonishment silenced the house. 'Let me tell you why I inquire for Monsieur Auguste,' continued Frédéric; 'I paid him a hundred francs this morning for a first-class recall to-night. If he be not here now, he has robbed me. Therefore, friends, help me out of my difficulty.' Instantly, amid shouts of laughter, the *cliqueurs* called out, 'Frédéric! Frédéric!' The curtain, which had fallen after Frédéric's speech, was drawn up again. The actor advanced seriously to make his acknowledgments, and retired amidst the applause of the entire audience.—*Paris in Little.*

#### EUDOXIA.

O SWEETEST my sister, my sister that sits in the sun,  
Her lap full of jewels, and roses in showers on her hair;  
Soft smiling, and counting her riches up, slow, one by one,  
Cool-browed, shaking dew from her garlands, these  
garlands so fair  
Many gasp, climb, snatch, struggle, and die for—her  
everyday wear!  
O beauteous my sister, turn downwards those mild eyes of  
thine!  
They stab with their smiling, they blister and scorch  
where they shine.

Young sister, who never yet sat for an hour in the cold,  
Whose cool cheek scarce feels half the roses that throng  
to caress,  
Whose loose hands hold lightly these jewels and silver and  
gold,  
Think—think thou of those who for ever—for ever—  
press  
In perils and watchings, and hunger and nakedness,  
While thou sit'st serene in God's sunlight which He made to  
shine;  
Take heed. These have lifted their burden—now this  
thou up thine.

Live meek, as becoms one whose cup to the brim is  
crowned,  
While others drop empty in dry dust—What, what  
canst thou know  
Of the wild human tide that rolls seething eternally round  
The isle where thou sit'st fair and calm like a statue of  
snow,  
Anear which the beautiful angels continually go—  
Keep pitiful! Whose eyes once turned from the angels to  
shine  
Upon publicans, sinners? O sister, 'twill not pollute thine!

Who, even-eyed, looks on His children, the black and the  
fair,  
The loved and the unloved, the tempted, the untempted—  
marks all,  
And metes—not as man metes. If thou wilt weak hands  
hand dare  
To take up His balance and say where His justice shall  
fall—  
Far better be Magdalen dead at the door of thy hall,  
Dead, sinning, and leving, and contrite, and pardoned, to  
shine  
Midst God's saints in His heaven, than thou, angel-sister of  
mine.

Nay, whitest thorn-blossom—white lily, more pure than the  
snows—  
White dove, flying skyward with not an earth-stain on  
her wing,  
I know thou wilt sit in Love's palace for ever, with brow  
Bright-crowned, as one who sits calm by the throne of  
king,  
All-worshipped, scarce envied, so meekly the people  
robes cling;  
Oh, when in the King of kings palace we two meet, this  
sign  
Will witness—Thou, God, lovest equal!—Farewell, sister  
mine.

#### 'THREE ERAS OF OCEAN STRAM-NAVIGATION.'

In this article, in No. 37, the *Golden Age* is stated to have sailed  
'direct for Chagres.' It is hardly necessary to say that this must  
should be 'Panama,' the mails being forwarded across the isthmus  
to Chagres. An anonymous correspondent asserts that there  
are no French vessels plying between Havre and America, the  
*Humboldt* and the *Franklin*—which have been recently wrecked  
having sailed under the American flag.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Lane,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 389 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 80 Upper Beakville Street, DUBLIN,  
all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## AN ILLUSTRIOUS LONDON ROOM.

WERE a provincial friend or foreigner to visit us, and ask to be shewn, amongst other London sights, the Museum of Metropolitan Antiquities, we should prepare a surprise for him as great as anything in the antiquities themselves. Preserving silence on this point, and proceeding City-ward, we should reach, a little way beyond the fine old church of St Helen's, in Bishopsgate Street, a narrower street winding out of sight. At the further end of this, and looking pleasantly on the trees of the only garden now left in the City, we should arrive at an unpretending residence, give in our cards, or letter of introduction, enter, ascend a staircase, and be ushered into one of a small suite of rooms at the rear of the house. Here, in glass-cases, on tables, shelves, in nests of drawers, and on the floor, we should see no inconsiderable portion of such Roman and Middle Age antiquities as have been dug up in various parts of London during the past few years. There are collections elsewhere—as in the British Museum, the museums of the Society of Antiquaries, the Guild Hall Library, the East India House, and Goldsmiths' Hall; and there are also a few private cabinets, as the excellent one of Joseph Gwilt, Esq., F.R.S., in Union Street Borough; but this—a private collection also—stands, it may be said, unrivalled, from the great value and rarity of many of the objects, and the indefatigable labour, scholarship, and amount of pecuniary sacrifice involved in its aggregation. It is the property of C. Roach Smith, the eminent archaeologist, who, vigilantly following on the track of the excavators of the main City sewers, and those whose duty it was to deepen the bed of the Thames when New London Bridge was built, rescued what is best in this collection from destruction or dispersion. His lately published catalogue, beautifully illustrated, has led us to make this attempt towards a popular sketch of what is contained in this small but illustrious room. Our friend, a foreigner, is undoubtedly surprised; but the truth is, nevertheless, before him; it is not in any national collection he could see what he has asked us to shew, and what he sees here.

Four small statuettes in bronze, all of them taken from the bed of the Thames, are amongst the choicest treasures of a large glass-case to the left as we enter, and those divisions are proportionately devoted to Roman and Middle Age antiquities. Each statuette is more or less mutilated, as it is supposed, by the early Christians; and had probably been taken, therefore, from temples and houses where they crowned the respective altars. One, a figure of Apollo, dredged up near London Bridge, is fine in anatomical proportion, and has so much

general beauty of form and countenance, as to place it amongst the master-pieces of ancient art. A statuette of Mercury, equally fine, was dredged up from the same spot; and the fragment of a figure—supposed of Jupiter—was found in the same locality, while the bed of the river was being deepened for steam-vessels. The right leg of the latter was picked up afterwards, on the banks of the Thames, at Barnes, in Surrey, the gravel excavated having been taken thither to mend the towing-path. Such are some of the chances of antiquarian vigilance! Larger bronzes in this collection, as in most others, are but few; the value of the metal, as an object for plunder, having made their preservation, even fractional, comparatively rare. The chief are a colossal head, the hand of a colossal statue finely modelled, and some vessels resembling basins. But minor articles in bronze are numberless. There are diminutive objects, supposed to be toys; small figures of a dog, a goat—the latter plated with silver—a peacock, and an eagle's head terminating the handle of a knife. One object, of much beauty, is the head of a wolf or dog, found in a mass of conglomerate in the bed of the Thames near London Bridge: it was a steel-yard weight, and when found, the chain by which it was suspended to the beam still remained in the loop between the ears; but it was broken off, and lost, before the head came into Mr Roach Smith's possession. An article so beautified, and yet for a purpose so common as this, proves only what an essentially true thing was art amongst the Roman people; their polytheism favoured it in principle; and this alliance of expression and taste with utility, is evidence of its popular diffusion. Another object, of a still higher class of art, and likewise from the Thames, is the small but very elegant handle of a vase; the upper extremities which embraced the rim, represent the heads of birds, the eyes being of silver.

It has been held by many able men, and not without strong evidence in favour of the opinion, that the Romans had a bridge across the Thames somewhere near the site of what was afterwards Old London Bridge; and the discovery of so many valuable relics on this precise spot exceedingly favours the supposition. Such things from public and domestic altars, in the elegant retirement of Roman villas, or houses protected by the walls of a garrison, were far less likely to be cast from ferry-boats or anchored galleys, than dropped or thrown in by passengers across a bridge—in some cases accidentally; in others, during the flush of barbarian conquest. The erection of a bridge even across so difficult a tidal stream as the Thames—at that time wider and more nearly resembling an arm of the sea, where London now stands, than at present—could

offer only surmountable obstacles to skilled and practised architects like the legionaries, who, under Trajan, built a bridge across the mightier Danube, and whose conquest of this country was followed by so many works of immense public utility; none of which were greater, than their embankment of this very river on either side—on the south side, from Lambeth downwards; and on the north, from Wapping to miles away along the Essex marshes, where remnants of it may still be seen preserving thousands of acres of fen-land from the inundation of the sea. Equally valuable was this earthwork along the shore of what was afterwards Lambeth, Southwark, and Bermondsey. Though vastly injured by the Danes and Saxons during their incursions upon London, still portions were carefully preserved throughout the Middle Ages; the lordly abbots of Bermondsey Abbey, the bishops of Winchester, the monks of St Mary's Overies, paying toll towards its reparation. Thus the modern proposition to embank the Thames and drain its marshes, will, if carried into effect, accomplish no more than the Romans did some seventeen hundred years ago; and whose works, were they in existence, would at this moment preserve Bermondsey and the low-lying portions of Southwark and Lambeth from the cholera, which is hourly sweeping off its fated victims. Another circumstance contributed, amongst many others, to make the bed of the Thames a depository of these evidences of Roman art and culture. This was the debouchment of so many little streams on its northern bank; the Fleet river and the Wallbrook being the nearest to Roman London, and the most important. The latter washed, or rather formed, the fosse of the western walls of the garrison; and the former, then a little river of extraordinary sylvan beauty, wound its way amidst Roman villas and houses, that occupied sites near St Pancras, and more particularly Clerkenwell, and which were still more thickly scattered in the valley that received the little bourn or rill destined to give its name to Holborn. From its swift current, the Fleet must have carried many such remains into the Thames, whilst it retained more in the deposits of its own bed, where, from time to time, statuary, household utensils, pottery, and coins have been found of great value.

Earrings, rings, amulets, bracelets, hair-pins, fibulæ, and buckles, vary the contents of the rich compartments before us; and many have an added interest from their extraordinary state of preservation. Some of the hair-pins, particularly those of bronze, have ornamented heads—as of birds and medallioned faces; others have, in addition, an eye towards the lower extremity, probably for the insertion of a ribbon or fillet, to aid in securing the hair—the Roman ladies wearing it gathered behind into one or more massive braids, through which these ornamented pins were thrust. The ordinary pins for fastening the dress seem to have been of bone, though there are some of bronze. We have also before us several specimens of Roman combs, in bone and wood. None are perfect; but one, in boxwood, has still many of the teeth entire; and another of bone, toothed on both sides, might still serve its original purpose.

But the two most interesting departments of the collection, apart from the pottery, are the utensils and sandals. The latter are not only very rare, but in an extraordinary state of preservation, owing to their skilful treatment when first dredged from a depth of several feet in the bed of the Thames, and the boggy ground at Lothbury and its neighbourhood, or, more strictly speaking, the ancient bed of the Wallbrook. Previously such articles in leather, when dug from the earth, where moisture and exclusion from the air had combined to preserve them, had been left to dry unregarded,

till they collapsed, shrivelled up, became brittle, and perished: from this reason, articles in leather, whether Roman or mediæval, are extremely rare. But Mr Roach Smith, bringing great general knowledge to bear upon the questions of antiquarian research and preservation, had the leather saturated with oil as soon as it was dug up, and it thus retains not only its elasticity, but much of its original polish. These whose privilege it may be to be admitted into an inner sanctum, may see masses of mediæval leather undergoing this interesting process. These Roman sandals have been chiefly those of women and children; and all appear to have been worn. Several of the specimens are elaborately worked, and seem in every instance to have incased the foot very much in the fashion of a modern shoe—an adaptation probably made to meet the moist and more rigorous climate of Britain, as the sandals figured on the ancient statues and pottery are little more than mere soles fastened on with leather fillets. From the specimens before us, we gain a clear idea as to how these Roman shoes were made. There was no sewing in them, except at the toe and heel; for the sole, which consisted of four layers of leather, was fastened together by nails clenched in the inside, whilst the top was formed by one of these layers made larger than the rest, and which being bent over, was cut into various elegant patterns.

Amongst the domestic utensils and implements, are portions of hand-mills or querns; stone mortars; the iron handle of a pail or bucket; an epistomium, or cut for water, of most tasteful design; bells; locks and keys; handles, in bronze, of small boxes or caskets; wheatshears; scissors; forceps; knives; tweezers; a butcher's steel; spatulas, for spreading ointments or plasters; modelling tools; spoons; stili; fish-hooks; needles; a pair of scales; weights; and other things of equal interest and utility. The bells are all small, but elegant in design. One is still sonorous, and rings in our ear just as it probably did from the toilet of some Roman lady to summon her slaves; it is made of bronze, of a round figure, and was found in the ruins of a Roman house in London. Other of these *tininnabula*, or little bells, are four-sided instead of circular. The locks and keys are in great variety, and mostly made of bronze. They are much in shape like the Chubb and Bramah locks of the present day; and display ingenuity and mechanical skill in their construction so great, as to lead the late Mr Morden to remark, when he paid a visit to this illustrious little Room, that the principle of his patent keys had been evidently well understood by the Romans. He had, in fact, simply recovered what had long ago been known and forgotten. The scissors, forceps, and tweezers, are much like those in modern use. A pair of tweezers in one of the compartments before us are so much so, that but for the little tarnish of antiquity cast over them, they might have been bought in Cheapside a month ago. Amongst the knives are several great curiosities. Some have bone-handles, with a loop at the extremity, probably for suspension to the girdle. Two bear the stamp of the maker's name, and one of these is so well preserved as to be still sharp. The blade of a knife found in the Thames, is like the table-knives in use at the present day. The scissors—usually of bronze—are varied in shape; the stems of a portion are ornamented, and others are studded with silver. The steel for sharpening knives is exactly such as are used by our own butchers, and the ring yet remains by which it hung from the girdle. Nor is a specimen of what is supposed to be a Roman fork absent from this collection. Specimens have been found on other sites than those of London; the one before us is of bronze, small and two-pronged. The Romans used fictile vessels in an immense number of instances where ours are of wood and iron. Their wine was stored in amphoræ, or large jars; and they seem to have used earthen-pots for storing

or boiling purposes. A large-sized amphora, twenty-eight inches in height and twenty-one inches in diameter, is one of the adornments of Mr Roach Smith's collection. It was dug up near Lothbury in its present perfect state, and is an excellent example of the globular amphora. There is another specimen, but it is imperfect. Of *mortaria*, or shallow-pans, used, as it would seem, in pounding vegetables or other soft substances, or for boiling or stewing purposes, the excavations in and about London have afforded an immense number of examples. Of these, the present collection has a great variety, some still bearing traces of the fire over which they had been placed. They are usually round, shallow, and have a kind of lip, from which to pour liquids. These, as well as the amphora, were manufactured in the extensive potteries established by the Romans in Kent and Northamptonshire. The pitchers and urn-shaped vessels are equally numerous. A large number of these, of most exquisite shape, were discovered during the excavation of a sewer in Moor-gate Street. They were found at the bottom of an old pit or well, in which was also the iron handle of a bucket; an iron hook, like a boat-hook; and a brass coin of Allectus.

The ancient cemeteries, like the wells and rubbish pits of Roman London, have been equally prolific in fine specimens of pottery. These cemeteries were numerous, and without the walls; as traces of them have been discovered near Smithfield, on Holborn Hill, in Goodman's Fields, and other places, particularly Southwark. But the most extensive, and, probably from its contiguity to the Roman garrison, the most important, was one which occupied more than the entire site of modern Spitalfields. Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when buildings began to extend beyond the City walls in spite of proclamations and acts of parliament, which forbade the increase of houses, cinerary urns of extraordinary beauty, coins, *patera*, or dishes with handles, lamps, and glass vessels still preserving oils and unguents, were found in large numbers whilst digging the ground for clay to make bricks. As some of these specimens have reached modern times, it is probable that they were ultimately lost or destroyed—a fate, till of very recent years, so invariably attendant on all discoveries connected with Roman or mediæval London, as to be a source of endless regret to Englishmen. Every book, local, topographical, or antiquarian, has instances of this vandalism to relate; and even in manuscripts, and in classes of literature where one would think to find nothing of the kind, observations are casually made that only shew too well how hopeless and irremediable is the destruction which ignorance, apathy, or bigoted prejudice has effected.

We must now take a look at the terra-cotta lamps, the red-glazed or Samian ware, and the specimens of glass. Amongst the first, are portions of lamps dredged from the Thames; and one entire, with a burner at either end, found in digging the foundations for the new Royal Exchange, a site which has been immensely prolific in all the rarer objects of Roman taste. The adjacent ridge of Cornhill has been equally favourable. It is, therefore, probable, that in this district stood some of the more magnificent of the Roman villas, as the buildings of Roman Londinium were nearer the river; the boundaries east and west of this London proper being, at least for a considerable period, the castrum, or camp, afterwards known as the Tower; and the Wallbrook, across which was a bridge, while further on, opposite some part of the present Cannon Street, stood the great western gate, called at a later date by the Saxons, Dowgate. In fact, Cornhill long retained a country aspect; and portions of Cheap-side, to the north, remained unbuilt upon till after the Conquest; for the Knight Templars had pastures in this direction.

Though other London collections are rich in what is generally known as Samian ware—as, for instance, the collection in the Library at Guildhall—our illustrious little Room has some extraordinary specimens. Some few are perfect, others only fragmentary, but they include vessels of every conceivable shape and degree of artistic excellence. They have been found in various places—in Cheapside, St Paul's Churchyard, Bermondsey, Southwark, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate Street, Ludgate, Dowgate, London Wall, and Lombard Street. Indeed, so extensive were the masses of pottery found in excavating for the foundations of the church at the corner of the last-mentioned street, that many have presumed it to be the site of a Roman pottery: if so, it was situated on the borders of the little fen which then covered our modern Fenchurch Street. It is probable, from its extensive use and the varying quality of both material and workmanship, that the higher kinds of this red-glazed ware were imported from Gaul and Germany; whilst other descriptions of pottery, it has been ascertained, were the product of the kilns of Kent and Northamptonshire. We, who have had occasion to pay considerable attention to the general question of flint art, have a great notion that even some of the higher specimens were produced in Britain. The line of sands which stretch from Margate to the Goodwin Sands, and which are no other than the debris of an island once existing on that coast, is, as it would appear, an exhaustless bed of this class of ware, even of a high degree of artistic excellence. It thus may be, that the potters of Gaul and Germany came hither to work, and that the beautiful fragments now before us in flat glass-cases beneath the windows, and which, as the owner of this illustrious little Room tells us, 'are worth their weight in gold,' were manipulated on our own shores. There are figures in high relief on some of these fragments of vases, that are like exquisite cameos cut out of coral. There is one of the figure and face of a man, leaning as though at a window, that is absolutely sentient; and others of an imperial personage, clad in an embroidered tunic, and a winged genius or Cupid, which incontestably prove the vast skill of these ancient potters. Of this 'Samian' ware—a name which seems to be misapplied, as it was not imported from Samos—there was as much variation in quality as in the delf and china of our own day. In many instances, there is coarse material, or rude workmanship; in others, the raised ornaments have a half-obliterated look, as though formed in worn-out moulds. It is only in the rarer varieties, where the ornaments have been well embossed or separately moulded, and then applied, that we see these exquisite cameo-like effects already spoken of. The small cup-shaped vessels and *patera* are mostly plain; on the other hand, the bowls are richly ornamented. Both usually bear the potters' names. One vase, found in Cornhill, but unfortunately not perfect, has a little romance attached to it, somewhat similar to that of the Apollo. Its fragments were scattered, but brought together by different persons, and at considerable intervals of time. It is about eleven inches in height, and is exquisitely shaped and ornamented with draped and nude figures, and encircling bands filled with representations of vine-foliage, rabbits, and birds. The ornaments on this class of bowls are usually mythological.

The researches on the level of Roman London have led to much curious and valuable knowledge connected with ancient glass. The windows of the Roman houses were undoubtedly glazed; for in London, as elsewhere, abundance of thin window-glass is found amongst foundations and under walls. The specimens before us are principally fragments of bowls and vases, of a high degree of rarity. One is the portion of a wide-mouthed vase, in pale-green glass, ornamented with representations of chariot-races. Another fragment, of

the same colour, and which formed part of a bowl, is decorated on the exterior with a raised rib pattern, termed pillar-moulding, and is a rare curiosity, as shewing that one of the greatest improvements in modern glass-making was both known and practised by the Romans. Other fragments, all evidently portions of bowls or vases, are of varied colours, either single or mixed. Blue, red, brown, black, yellow, and pink, are amongst these; and in one or two instances, patterns in flowers and stars are represented. The narrow-necked vessels in glass appear usually to have been ornamented with heads at the extremity of the handles. For a long time, such were mistaken for fibulae, or some other ornamental portion of dress.

Thus it seems that, contrary to the opinion of Gibbon, who states in his great history that the Romans were ignorant of glass and its use, they were most skilful fabricators. Probable traces of extensive glassworks have been found off the coast of Brighton; from whence, it is supposed, lumps of pure and coloured glass were carried elsewhere for further fusion and manipulation. Evidence of similar glassworks exists on the eastern shores of England.

Specimens of coins, tiles, pavements, and wall-painting, form the remaining portion of the Roman antiquities of this Illustrious Room. The coins include some of great rarity. The tiles shew how much of what is called invention in our day, is a mere resuscitation of forgotten things. The drainage-tiles fit each other exactly like those in use; and the adaptability of those connected with warming and ventilation, might, if studied, give a lesson to more than one modern blunderer. The specimens of wall-painting and tessellated pavements are of great beauty.

Over the mediæval antiquities we may not linger. They include weapons, personal ornaments, pottery, chiefly found in wells—leather and iron work. The pottery of the middle ages, as collectors know, is of a very debased kind; there being a sort of interregnum between the sixth and fifteenth centuries, when both skill and taste were lost. One rarity of the Anglo-Saxon period we must not pass by unnoticed. It is an enamelled ouch, or brooch, found, at the depth of about nine feet, opposite Dowgate Hill, in Thames Street. An outer border of rich gold filigree-work, set with four magnificent pearls, encloses an enamelled full-faced head and bust, draped and crowned; both tunic and crown being ingeniously formed with threads of gold. Its date is supposed to be about the ninth century. Amongst the Norman relics, are two engraved copper bowls, found together in Lothbury, in digging the foundations of the London and Westminster Bank.

Being privileged guests, we are now admitted into some interior rooms, where we behold masses of Roman bricks, cases full of pottery, and piles of leather undergoing the oiling process already referred to. On a working-bench and tables are collected other curiosities: here a group of short two-pronged forks; near it, assortments of quaint knives; and, quainter still, a batch of mediæval pewter-spoons, with short handles and very round bowls—all of them being dug up from the foundations of mediæval London. Then there are tweezers, and scissors, and thimbles—the last such odd-shaped things! As we stand looking at them, we wish each one could tell its history—in such case, what vivid pictures we should have of ancient homes and ancient manners!

We now take our leave of this Illustrious London Room. We have seen in it what could not be seen elsewhere; for it holds what is best of the little that ages of ignorance and vandalism have spared of Roman London—that Roman London, if not so great as Verulamium (St Albans) or Camulodunum (Colchester), was in that day a place of great interest, and picturesque sylvan beauty. Whenever the history of London is worthily written—for, with the exception

of Mr Cunningham's admirable *Hand-book*, we have none deserving the name—the Roman city must form the splendid foreground; and here—or let us hope in that day gathered into some homogeneous national collection—will be found much to shew how beautiful were the arts, and how advanced the civilisation that enriched the place.

### CURIOSITIES OF COOKERY.\*

Among the numerous plans that have been promulgated for the removal of the causes of Irish destitution, that of the eminently practical M. Soyer is not the least entitled to consideration. It was conceived by him in 1847 to the then Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Beaumont; but sudden illness, he tells us—without specifying whether it was the illness of his excellency or of himself—prevented his ideas from being carried out. These ideas were to have public lecturers sent forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to teach the destitute—to cook. Yes, to cook; and an excellent plan it was too, since the Irish peasantry throw tons of fish upon the ground as manure, instead of converting them into wholesome and luxurious food.

But the lower classes of the English are very nearly as ignorant of cookery; a fact which is the cause of the volume before us is illustrated in many ways, but in none more amusingly than by an anecdote of a certain ox-cheek, which, instead of the dry, tough, tasteless dish it had been accustomed to make, was converted into a capital dinner of meat and soup, with the aid of nothing more than four quarts of cold water, four teaspoonfuls of salt, some leaves of celery, some crusts of bread, and three hours' boiling. But M. Soyer does not merely teach us to cook: he points out the value, as absolute luxuries, of what the poorest among us turn away from with disgust. Perhaps our fair London readers may observe sometimes, as a particular carriage drives up to the house, the excitement the animal causes in Puss, and the hospitable energy with which, as soon as the area-gate is opened, she bounds into the street to rub her sides against the visitor's legs. This carriage is a wheel-barrow; the visitor is the Cat-in-hat Man; and the interest he possesses for Puss is derived from a bunch of something for which she has a particular relish, and which is presented to her with a wooden pin stuck through it. The feline luxury is not inviting in point of colour, and it does not look as if it was invested with the odours of Araby the Best; but, nevertheless, it is chiefly composed—for there are two or three things pinned together—of a part of the ox which is as dear in France as any other part, which is selected by the skilled cooks of that country to flavour the broth, and which is eaten by the natives fried or stewed. It is ox-liver. Now the English ox is remarkably like a French ox; and since, as M. Soyer justly remarks, 'what is good for the goose is good for the gander,' can there be any good reason why it should not be turned to the same account with us? 'It is our duty in this work, to bring every wholesome kind of cheap food to the notice of the poor, so that, with a little exertion, they may live, and live well, with the few pence they earn, instead of living badly at times, and most extravagantly at others, and not to allow nourishing food to be wasted, as it is at present.

\* *A Shilling Cookery for the People: embracing an entirely new System of Plain Cookery and Domestic Economy.* By Alexis Soyer. London: Routledge. 1854.



In many parts, and even in Ireland during the year of the famine, those who were starving would not partake of ox-liver. These are bought up in that country, put into casks with salt, sent over to a seaport in England; they are then subjected to a cold pressure, by which the liquid is extracted, which is used for adulterating an article in universal use; the remains are then dried in ovens, pounded, and sent back to Ireland to be made into snuff.

To be made into snuff—surely that must be Irish Black-guard! Try whether it would not be better disposed of as follows:—‘Take about two pounds of ox-liver; remove the sinew and veins, cut it into long slices, half an inch thick, put in two ounces of dripping in pan; when hot, put in three pieces at a time of liver until set; cut a quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice, fry in fat, cut up the liver in small dice, add it to the bacon, then add a table-spoonful of chopped onions, the same of parsley, the same of flour, a tea-spoonful of salt and half of pepper, stir round, and then add half a pint of water, or a little more if the flour is strong, till it forms a nice thickish sauce; put all into a dish, cover over with bread-crumbs, put a little fat over, and place in the oven or before the fire for twenty minutes; brown it over with a hot shovel, and serve. A few poached eggs put on the top, will give it a nice appearance, and render it more nourishing. Curry may be used.’

We now come to a great medical as well as culinary invention—a mode of administering cod-liver oil in the form of savoury food. This is now, perhaps, the most popular of all medicines; but, even when well refined, it is to most people exceedingly disagreeable, and many stomachs, even when it has taken possession, rebel against it, and get up a revolution. What was the remedy for this? Why, the remedy for Irish destitution—cookery. It was in this wise the problem was solved. Our cook took a pound of fresh cod-liver; ‘I then peeled and steamed two pounds of nice floury potatoes, then cut the liver in four pieces, placed it over the potatoes, and then steamed them, letting the oil from the liver fall on the potatoes. I then made some incisions in the liver with a knife, to extract the remaining oil, afterwards dishing up the liver, which was eaten with a little melted butter and anchovy sauce. The potatoes were served up with a little salt and pepper. Both dishes were found extremely good.’ To be sure they were extremely good, and more strengthening and fattening than oil administered as a medicine. Directions are likewise given for dressing the liver with rice, tapioca, and sago, and for making a savoury dish of cod-roe and cod-liver conjointly.

This valuable book pays as much attention to the vegetable as the animal kingdom. Among other plants it treats of, is one called the Thousand Heads, used by the Yorkshire farmers as spring feeding for sheep during the lambing-season. ‘I cooked them like greens, and an exceedingly nice vegetable they are. They are also good stewed, and cooked with a piece of bacon. As they grow at a time of the year when other green vegetables are scarce, I consider them a valuable article of food. They are sown about April, the small plant put out about October, and planted about three feet apart, and by March or April the whole field will be one luxuriant crop of greens. Farmers in the vicinity of large towns would do well to undertake their cultivation, as they would find a ready sale in all such places. At that time of year they are in full bloom, and are called by the above singular name, in consequence of the thousands of heads continually sprouting from their roots. The plant covers nearly one yard in circumference, and bears no resemblance to any other green I recollect seeing, not even to Brussels sprouts.’

Nettles are, likewise, an excellent vegetable. ‘This extraordinary spring production, of which few know the value, is at once pleasing to the sight, easy of digestion, and at a time of the year when greens are

not to be obtained, invaluable as a purifier of the blood; the only fault is, they are to be had for nothing; it is a pity that children are not employed to pick them, and sell them in market-towns.’ The way to cook nettles is thus given:—‘Wash them well, drain, put them into plenty of boiling water with a little salt, boil for twenty minutes or a little longer, drain them, put them on a board and chop them up; and either serve plain, or put them in the pan with a little salt, pepper, and a bit of butter, or a little fat and gravy from a roast; or add to a pound two tea-spoonfuls of flour, a gill of skim milk, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and serve with or without poached eggs.’ This dish may be had during five months in the year, for even when the plant grows rank the tops are tender. Nettles may also be used for making a kind of tea, which, we are informed, is very refreshing and wholesome.

Mangel-wurzel is another neglected vegetable: its young leaves, dressed like nettles, are extremely good. The common weed, too, called the sweet-dock, makes a capital dish, when it is boiled with one-third of nettles, and a little carbonate of soda. ‘When done, strain them, and to about one pint basin full, add one onion sliced and fried, a sprig of parsley, a little butter, pepper, and salt; put into a stew-pan on the fire, stir, and gradually add a handful of oatmeal: when you think the meal has been sufficiently boiled, dish up and serve as a vegetable.’ M. Soyer might have been still fuller in his catalogue of vegetable food. No people make so little use of the natural treasures as the English. The French find a meal in every hedge; the hardy Burmese soldier is never at a loss, since he can always gather leaves enough from the trees to boil into soup.

You may be sure our intelligent cook does not neglect the mushroom; on the contrary, he makes public the discovery of a mode of cooking this ‘pearl of the fields,’ as he calls it, for which he should have taken out a patent. At first sight, the reader may think it concerns only the Devonshire cottager; but he will find a substitute mentioned for the clotted cream.

‘I first cut two good slices of bread, half an inch thick, large enough to cover the bottom of a plate, toasted them, and spread some Devonshire cream over the toast. I removed all the earthy part from the mushroom, and laid them gently on the toast, head downwards, slightly sprinkled them with salt and pepper, and placed in each a little of the clotted cream; I then put a tumbler over each, and placed them on a stand before the fire, and kept turning them so as to prevent the glass breaking; and in ten to fifteen minutes the glass was filled with vapour, which is the essence of the mushroom: when it is taken up, do not remove the glass for a few minutes, by which time the vapour will have become condensed and gone into the bread, but when it is, the aroma is so powerful as to pervade the whole apartment. The sight, when the glass is removed, is most inviting, its whiteness rivals the everlasting snows of Mont Blanc, and the taste is worthy of Lucullus. . . . Therefore, modern gourmets, never fancy that you have tasted mushrooms until you have tried this simple and new discovery. Remember the month—the end of September or the beginning of October. As Devonshire cream is not to be obtained everywhere, use butter, or boil some milk till reduced to cream, with a little salt, pepper, and one clove; when warm, put in an ounce of butter, mixed with a little flour, stir round, put the mushroom on the toast with this sauce, cover with a basin, and place in the oven for half an hour. In this way all kinds of mushrooms will be excellent. They may be put into baking-pans: cover with a tumbler as above, and bake in oven.’

Why does not M. Soyer turn his attention to the fungus in general? He would do good service—and to him it would be a labour of love—by giving us a

complete directory to Dr Badham's extempore beef-steaks—puff-balls that taste like sweetbread—vegetable oysters, lamb kidneys, and grilled crawfish. All these, and a dozen other dainties, grow spontaneously in our fields, and flourish as excrescences on our trees; but what we want to know is, how to distinguish them from each other, and from fungi that may chance to be poisonous. Do think of this, M. Soyer! and begin by reading, as a preparation for studying the subject, an article in No. 23 of this Journal, entitled *NEGLECTED TREASURES*.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE STORY OF THE PRISONER.

ALTHOUGH the narrative related to Walter Masterton by the Prisoner was much completer than necessary, yet several touches were left out, and a good many of the facts were told in a broken and incoherent manner. We shall not, therefore, repeat his words; but endeavour in our own to put the reader in perfect possession of his unfortunate history. Paolo di Falco, as we already know from the admissions of Signor Girolamo, the commandant of Maretimo, was the son of a person who had been in the confidence and friendship of the governor of Messina during the English occupation of the island; and who had accidentally perished in an attempt to carry off by force a beautiful lady, the object of the governor's passion. Many political changes had taken place by the time that Paolo grew to be a man. The Marchese Belmonte, removed during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, had been restored to favour, and enjoyed much greater power than before. It was even said that the post of viceroy had been offered to him; but he had declined, owing, some people thought, to the influence of romantic association connected with the city of Messina. It may be imagined, then—if it was true that he had vowed an undying hatred against the posterity of his former friend—that he could easily find or make an opportunity of gratifying it. Yet, to all appearance, he had forgotten his vengeful purposes; and Paolo lived undisturbed in the Palazzo di Falco, well aware of the existence of the feud, but unconscious that it could ever bring unpleasant consequences to himself.

Paolo was a fop in his early years—a true Italian fop—learned in the art of dress, and a proficient in the use of cosmetics; well educated 'to the nice conduct of a clouded cane;' vain, capricious, subject to fits of enthusiasm; admiring Dante, despising Metastasio; having a settled opinion on the relative merits of German and Italian music; not unacquainted with the existence of a new literature; patriotic, with the intense but narrow patriotism of a Sicilian; and crowning all his qualities by a settled, theoretical contempt of the fair sex. Not that he shunned their company like an anchorite; he was always foremost at a ball or a picnic—graceful and careless—full of sharp sayings and saucy gallantry; ready with bows and smiles; but professing at the same time perfect insensibility. It was the cant saying among men of his stamp, that there could be no true liberty for him who was 'bound in the fetters of Cupid;' for they still talk of Cupid in those parts. We are speaking of Italian women; and so may venture to say that this 'beautiful disdain,' as it was called, formed the very

reason why so many dark eyes glanced at him as he entered a room, or strolled along the Marina, carrying his hat under his arm, and shaking back a cloud of ringlets which the breeze from the neighbourhood of Scylla and Charybdis blew in his face. The world said that the Dowager-duchess of Sanseverino was ready, if he would deign to look upon her, to lay her heart and her fortune at his feet. But this cannot be true; for ladies are bound to wait till they are asked, and keep their affections in abeyance. We only know that when Paolo became the hero of a love-adventure, the duchess, who happened to be at the theatre when she heard of it, asked for her fan to hide her face, and fainted away before it could be handed to her by Julie her maid.

It was indeed love, after all, that brought all his misfortunes upon Paolo. Sooner or later these would-be Stoics must pay the penalty of our nature. We are so formed, every one of us, that in good or ill time we are under the sad necessity of loving—of coming out from the comfortable isolation of philosophy, and of giving opportunities to fate. There is always some defect in the triple cuirass of egotism, which Cupid, to adopt that antiquated phraseology, at length discovers. It is true, that if we double our sorrows, we double our joys; and, indeed, if we do not choose to undergo the anguish one soul feels in yearning for communion with another soul, it does not seem clear what right we have to exist at all. Let us withhold our sympathies, therefore, from Paolo during his blustering selfish youth. He stood in no need of them.

One day the young man, with moustache trimmed, and waxed, and twisted in the most approved style, with curls falling in studied confusion from beneath a sort of civilised brigand's hat, and in a light summer-dress of irreproachable elegance, was strolling down the Strada Reale, looking lazily to the right and to the left, with eyes that winked somewhat in the brightness of the sun. He was probably watching for approving glances; for he had a coat of a new form on his back, and wanted to set the fashion. Like the birds of the south, he seemed created only to show off his brilliant plumage; and, to confess the truth, as much of his brain as was active at that moment could have found place in the beak of a cockatoo. Summering on, he came to where a number of idle enquisites, like himself, were crowded under the awning in front of the Café del Teatro. They hailed him, and he joined them, to eat ices, and talk of the news of the day: of the impending war between Russia and Turkey, the late eruption of Mount Etna, and the arrival of the prima donna Honoria. Presently a party of ladies—dressed in the sunny distance all scarf and parasol—came fluttering towards them, laughing and chatting with many complaints of the heat; for although the siesta hour had passed, there was not much more than a foot of shade on the western side of the street. They had no business to be out at that time.

The party of dandies waited till this pretty group was nearly abreast; and then one of them advanced with his hat off, through the burning sun—only Italian beaus can do such desperate things; and having saluted several of them by name, begged they would come under the awning, and taste the ices, like of which, he said, had never been prepared by any confectioner in Messina. After a little whispering and sham resistance, the ladies—all of high rank and

distinguished position—accepted the offer. The young men rushed into the café, and came out with twice as many chairs as were necessary. Fresh ices were brought; and for several minutes there was nothing but prattling, and bowing, and smiling—nothing besides but the sight of rows of ivory teeth biting the purple or violet creams, or carmine lips blessing the rims of glasses where the snows of Etna were changed into charming sorbetti, which even angels might have longed to taste in the pleasant languor of Paradise. The awning was of crimson, and threw down its glowing tints on this gaily-dressed group, which in our northern clime would not have ventured beyond the carpeted precincts of a boudoir.

Among the ladies present on that merry occasion was Angela Belmonte, daughter of the governor of Messina, under the guardianship of the very respectable Contessa di Castro. Few of the young men present knew her by sight, except her cousin, Ascanio Belmonte, the young man who had waylaid the party. She had only recently arrived from Naples, where her education had been conducted under the care of her aunt, the Princess Corsini. The governor had felt his life too lonely—ever in presence of his reminiscences—and his heart, which had for a long time grown cold towards the daughter of his first wife, felt at last the lack of domestic endearments. Angela had come to light up his house with her presence. She was a beautiful pensive-looking girl, who could not fail to attract the chief notice of these impulsive Sicilians. They all showed more eagerness than was quite polite towards the elder ladies, to have an ice accepted by her hands from theirs. Paolo, by no means timid at first, was the favoured one. It was mere chance; but he felt as if he had gained a victory; and not even then having the slightest suspicion who this young lady was, or that a great passion was about to take possession of him—attracted by a kind of instinct—he stood before her, ready to receive the glass from her hands, and talking impertinent nonsense about the resemblance of the crumbs of ice that melted on her red lip to the spring dew which a warm rose-bud drinks in. He would have gone on; but he felt something strange stirring within him—a swelling as it were of the heart—a sort of choking in the throat—a tingling in the eyes—a thrill through his frame—mere physical signs, it is true, which he might have misunderstood, but which produced so complete a change in the expression of his countenance, that others noticed and interpreted it.

There was among the young men a wiry black little fellow, called Luigi Spada, who aspired to the reputation of a wit, and sometimes in his recklessness succeeded in saying an amusing thing. Observing the unequivocal expression of silent admiration which had succeeded to Paolo's loquacity, he exclaimed, without giving a second thought to the matter: 'Bravo! the reconciliation of the Belmontes and the Di Falcos is well begun.'

Several fierce glances checked the speaker's impertinence. He felt that he had advanced on dangerous ground, and moved towards the outer edge of the group, not waiting to observe more narrowly the effect of his words. Angela, who had heard some vague rumours of the foud, shrank a little nearer to the side of the contessa, and yet could not refrain from raising her large innocent eyes to Paolo's countenance. It might have been fancy, but there was a sort of 'farewell' in her glance. If so, that short interview had not left her scathless. So thought, at least, Ascanio, her cousin, to whom the Marchese Belmonte had said something of his wish that she should be his wife, and who had taken it as a matter of course that she must be so. He did not know till that moment how near she was

to his heart. The form of Paolo interposing, seemed to snap some fibres. He altered his position a little to see his rival's face, and no longer doubted. Paolo had turned deadly pale on hearing the careless observation, which had at once revealed the nature of the new feeling that possessed him, and told him what sorrows it might bring. His presence of mind utterly departed. Instead of warding off the attack by a light answer, he seemed to admit its truth by silence; and remained for a moment returning the mild glance of Angela with a passionate yet despairing gaze. This is a southern tale. Love in Italy knows nothing of the prudent dissimulation of our latitudes. The party broke up in confusion, concealing its thoughts under an affectation of gaiety; but several compassionate ladies went away with loud exclamations of *povero* and *poveretta*. By general consent, this was taken to be the first scene of a love tragedy. Angela nestled very close to the contessa's side, trying to look desperately indifferent; Ascanio followed a little behind, twisting his moustache in a ferocious manner; there was a general dispersion in the direction of the Marina, the bazaar, the milliners' shops, the trattoria; so that Paolo was soon left with one companion, his old friend Luigi Spada, who had so unluckily interfered with his happy moment of illusion.

Luigi, who, as we have said, had gone a little aside, new sidled up, and, affecting unconsciousness, proposed a visit to the theatre, where an opera was rehearsing—'a vast, bewildering festival of music; a paradise of harmony.' Perhaps not much to his surprise, Paolo started towards him. He expected to be knocked down, and felt that he deserved something of the kind. The young man, however, merely took him by the hand, wrung it, said that he forgave him—it seemed tacitly agreed that a deep injury had been committed—and then hastened away with irregular strides, to shut himself up in his apartment, where he remained almost without food for many days. We are speaking of one of a strange race, not very regular, and perhaps not particularly estimable in its ways of action. This sudden acquiescence in a position of sickly despair, by no means entitles Paolo to be set up as a model. Men who have felt strong passions, strong affections, always interest us, but do not always win our respect, and are perhaps as little liked as respected. They are necessarily egotistical. If they rouse all our sympathies when we read of them, it is because we put ourselves in their place, and love what they have loved.

The change which after this took place in the character, or rather in the manner of Paolo, was marked by all, and assigned at first to its true cause; though people soon forgot both his former peculiarities and the period of their cessation. He withdrew from his ordinary boon-companions; no longer spent his time in cafés, or on the Marina; and never went to theatre or concert, except when he knew that the governor's family was to be present. The possibility that the passion which had taken possession of his whole being could ever be rewarded, did not at first present itself to his mind. He suffered under it as under an incurable disease. He knew the barrier which circumstances had raised round the object of his love—that she stood within a charmed circle, approach to which might be death to him. Not that he feared death, if met in this pursuit. Those warm southern natures—not always ready to sacrifice themselves at the call of patriotism—are reckless of dangers which lie in the path of their passions. Sicily counts more martyrs to love than to liberty; and Paolo, though like all the enthusiastic young noblemen of that time, a fierce talking patriot, had never realised until then the possibility of putting life in one scale, and the satisfaction of an idea in the other. It suddenly occurred to him that death was inevitable; and that he must earn it by some action which should unanswerably prove his love.

Up to this time he had been content to admire the lady of his thoughts from a distance; to watch her as she leaned afar off from the marble balconies of the palace, seeking amidst the gay crowd that thronged the sunny parade, perhaps for she knew not what—perhaps for that solitary form standing a little apart, and not daring to gaze too intensely in her direction: or to note her graceful movements as she glided to mass in company with the inevitable contessa, not without glancing smilingly on either hand as she went: or, concealed in some dark corner at the theatre, to study the play of her features as the artificial emotions of the stage called forth natural reflections of them in her. He dared not seek to meet her glance. It might be cold and indifferent, and this would be more than he could bear.

But at length growing weary of loving in secret—perhaps something impatient to know whether the object of his passion was not to him at least a statue, capable of being admired, yet without a single pulse of sympathy—Paolo determined, in the first place, to court Angela's gaze, and then to obtain an interview at any risk. He had endeavoured in vain to put in motion the ordinary machinery of courtship. The families which visited the governor's palace were entirely estranged from all his acquaintance. He belonged to what was called the Society of Patriots—consisting of the old Sicilian gentry—in a state of perpetual conspiracy against the Neapolitan government. It was true there were certain points at which, under ordinary circumstances, the native aristocracy came into contact, not often cordially, with the foreign nobility and such of the Sicilians who were somewhat contemptuously described as 'those who had rallied.' But since his meeting with Angela, an unseen influence had been at work; and when he endeavoured to return into society, and renew acquaintance with some families, through whose means he might chance to meet Angela, he found almost every door closed against him. Ascanio, with the full concurrence of the Marchese Belmonte, had laboured silently, and with fruit. To keep these two young people asunder, the result of years of conciliatory policy was thrown away. The young Sicilian nobility conspired more audaciously than ever; and the police were constantly hearing vague rumours of lodges of carbonari being formed in all classes.

Paolo, moreover, by his reserve suddenly assumed, and his abrupt manners, had contrived to distance, if not to disgust, most of his young friends. The only one who would never be offended was Luigi Spada, who used to follow him about at a distance, and take all sorts of opportunities of wishing him a good-day. He liked Paolo, and imagined himself to be the sole cause of his unhappiness; although, in reality, if he had held his tongue, matters would have gone on in almost precisely the same way. To tell him this, would have pained him. Like many other men, Luigi took a sort of melancholy pride in having done an evil action: he did not wish to be deprived of the luxury of repentance. Great was his delight, therefore, when one day Paolo, whose heart had at last grown too full for further silence, turned abruptly to him, took him by the arm, and led him outside the city, towards the grove of tall sycamores, under which the inhabitants of the hamlet of San Vita are wont at harvest or vintage time to dance when the sun has gone down.

They sat for hours; and during the whole time Luigi Spada never attempted to make a single witty observation. The passion of Paolo di Falco completely overpowered him. He did not quite understand all he heard; but he understood enough to render him of good counsel to one in his friend's mood—determined to take no advice but what exactly jumped with his own views. Paolo, who was not particularly fertile in stratagems, wanted only to be instructed in the means of obtaining an interview with Angela—a single opportunity of

pouring forth the expressions of his love, even if the consequence to him were to be death. He did not at that time think of the consequences to her. There is a good deal of selfishness at the bottom of the finest passions.

Luigi was a man of resources, and not very scrupulous. After brief consideration, he hit upon a plan worthy the *libretto* of an opera. It is the custom at Messina on New-year's Day for all the boatmen of the port, decked in gay habiliments, with ribbons in their caps and at their knees gay bänderoles flying, to present themselves in a procession before the governor, wishing him all health and prosperity, to the full value, indeed, of the presents they expect in return. Not one of these mariners, probably, but hates the Neapolitan in his heart. Surliness, however, is an uncommon thing in the south. It is the custom to be jovial on that day; and it is the custom also to be feasted and gratified with a few *baiocchi*. Discontent and conspiracy are adjourned to another season.

Now when Paolo explained to Luigi that he wished at any rate to approach for once near enough to Angela, to be able to contemplate her charms leisurely, if not to speak to her, the plan suggested for the purpose by the one, and agreed to by the other, was this: The lover was to disguise himself as a boatman—as Francesco, the son of an old fellow whom Luigi knew, and who had a daughter engaged in some manial occupation about the palace. This said Francesco was at that time at Naples, where he had been many years, and it was easy to personate him with the consent of the father. The details of this notable scheme were not very well discussed. It seemed to Paolo, who did not know the extent or nature of his friend's influence with the mariners of Messina, quite worthy of being placed among the stratagems of Polybius. He was ready to embrace Spada; and readily agreed to meet him at his house on the morning of New-year's Day, and clothe himself in the garb that was to be prepared for him. From a due sense of female garrulity, it was determined that Bettina, the girl at the palace, should not be let into the secret.

For two or three days Paolo was in the seventh heaven. It was no business of his to reflect on the absurdity or impropriety of what he was about to undertake: that was Luigi Spada's department. The only idea that occupied his mind was, that within a given number of hours, he should for the first time in his life cross the threshold of the palace in which Angela lived, tread the pavement she trod, breathe the air she breathed, see her face, hear her voice. All these delights were so exquisite in the anticipation, that we may easily understand how the infatuated young man remained rapt as it were in a vision, and never reflected that he was about to bring himself within the operation of that vulgar thing called 'the Law.' It is a common thing for people who are found strolling along corridors, or hiding in cellars, to plead love as their excuse, to which magistrates generally turn a deaf ear.

The great day came at length. The shipping in the harbour was decked out with flags; music perambulated the streets; the boatmen assembled at the *Lea d'Oro*, and emptied a cask of Sicilian wine. Paolo, duly dressed out by Luigi Spada, joined in the crowd, which was sufficiently numerous for him to pass unnoticed. The father of Bettina, who was in the secret, gave him a sly wink, and felt proud to be the accomplice of a nobleman's love-adventure. The procession was formed, and marched somewhat irregularly, but with great enthusiasm, towards the palace of the governor.

A powdered major-domo, fat and important, Bartolo by name, made his appearance on the threshold, and scolded them a little for their noisy behaviour—but quite in a paternal way—which, he supposed, was the wish of the government. Then he led them with

great gravity up the marble staircase—so shining and polished, that they feared to tread upon it too roughly—until they came to a magnificent hall. The boatmen were hushed into respect at once, though, probably, many of them were uncompromising carbonari. The governor, dressed in his court-robe, turned upon them a face beaming with smiles. It was the policy of the day to conciliate the humble classes. The Lady Angela was at his right hand. She had been told to look gracious, and tried to do so, although there were traces of anxiety in her features. These are the arts of power. The leader of the boatmen—an aged man, minus several teeth—made a little speech; faltered a good deal; said what he did not mean; got confused; and at length breaking off, substituted the eloquence of voice for the eloquence of expression, and shouted '*Viva il Marchese Belmonte!*' A tremendous *viva* followed from the whole band, which almost stunned the sparrows that were fluttering in through the open windows. The governor laughed, and tried to appease the clamour, but was evidently well pleased. With all his experience, he did not know the true value of that temporary enthusiasm.

No one noticed that one of the boatmen, instead of tearing his throat to pieces by shouting, was staring most impudently at the lovely Lady Angela. Perhaps she would have done so; but after contributing her quota of smiles and bows, she kept her eyes modestly fixed on the ground. Paolo, for the first time since he had first seen her, admired her at leisure, standing within a few paces. So wonderfully forgetful was he of the obligations of this real world, indeed, that he once felt an almost irresistible impulse to throw himself at her feet. He was drunk with ill-regulated passion, and seemed purposely to disregard his assumed character. Bartolo noted him as a dangerous person, wanting in devotion to the government, and resolved to have a little communication with the police on the subject.

At length the murmur subsided, because it was evident, by the gracious looks and gestures of the governor, that he wanted to say something agreeable. Silence being obtained—every boatman nudging his neighbour as an ill-behaved fellow—it was announced that below, in the offices and the inner courtyard, 'a slight collation was prepared, of which'—this was the annual form of speech—the brave mariners of Messina would no doubt willingly partake ere the commencement of their usual games.' The simple crew uttered another very short cheer, and then hastened to range themselves, with a semblance of order, behind Signor Bartolo, who gave the word 'March;' and stepping out as rapidly as his corpulence would allow, soon relieved the governor and his daughter from their rough visitors.

There is a 'thin partition,' we are told, between sanity and madness; but it is also true that mad people, like drunken people, do successfully things which, if attempted according to any settled plan, would be sure to fail. Paolo had now accomplished as much as he could reasonably expect; but there was no reason in anything he did that day. Having perused the beauties of Angela, his imagination became more and more exalted; and he resolved to endeavour to speak to her. Remembering the name of Bettina—the sister of the boatman he was personating—he actually resolved to wander through the palace, to use her name as his shield if he was encountered, and to take the chance of what might happen.

Leaving the crowd as it rolled in a gay stream of red and blue caps, fluttering ribbons, many-coloured jackets, broad smiles, and white teeth, down the marble staircase, he entered a narrow but light passage, which led to a flight of steps abutting upon the private garden. He was soon under rows of orange and pomegranate trees; and advancing a few steps, saw a female form pass slowly beyond some shrubs at no great

distance. His first impression was that fortune was hastening to bring about a bewildering interview; but he soon saw a smart lively-looking wench, unmistakably a *soubrette*, coming on without noticing him. The idea struck him that this must be his supposed sister; so, without further reflection, he began calling out: 'Bettina! Bettina!' The girl raised her eyes, and seeing a tall handsome boatman—handsomer and more elegant than real boatmen frequently are—running towards her, she forgot to ask what he wanted there, and began to look bashful.

'I think you are Bettina,' said Paolo, coming close up, quite out of breath.

'No, I am not,' replied she.

'A thousand pardons, signorina; I am her brother. I have just returned from Naples, and preferred leaving my good friends to have a little chat with my sister.'

'But how is it you take me for her?'

Paolo said that he had been many years away, and judged that his sister must have grown up into a beautiful damsel, such as he saw before him. The girl tacitly admitted that she was beautiful; but observed, that Bettina was not quite so tall as she was, and had something the matter with one of her eyes—poor thing! Paolo forgot to express a proper degree of brotherly grief; Bettina's eyes did not interest him in the slightest degree.

'Well,' he said, 'if you are not Bettina, pray who are you?'

The girl was marvellously shrewd. During this conversation, she had lost not a moment, and had examined Paolo from top to toe; marked his countenance, which had evidently been a good deal in the shade; his hands, which were small and delicate; his linen, which he had forgotten to choose of sufficient coarseness; and suddenly assuming an attitude of pretty defiance, she said, looking all the while very hard at Messer Paolo: 'If you had called me by my name, Lisa, I should have thought you were some impudent spark, who wanted to talk nonsense with me; but now I am quite sure that you are a mad gallant, seeking to have speech of the Lady Angela. It is well you met with no greater savage. There is yet time for you to slip away unseen.'

Paolo grew livid when he found how easily his intentions were divined; and for the first time understood that he had wantonly exposed the name of her he loved to become the theme of scandalous talk. The easy way, too, in which Lisa spoke of the matter, disgusted him. He felt in that high moment like a guilty angel, endeavouring to obtain surreptitious entrance into paradise; and here was a pert-looking *donzella*, who saw through him at once, treated him as a vulgar foolish fellow, and offered compassionately to let him go in peace! With deep humiliation expressed in his countenance, he wished to depart.

'No, no, signor,' suddenly exclaimed Lisa, 'do not fear. I am the lady's own maid, and shall not betray you; although it would have been better had she confided in me instead of in Bettina. But she is so kind to us all, that I will shew that I, too, can be trusted.'

Paolo hastened to assure the girl that her mistress had not the slightest knowledge of his intention, and was probably ignorant of his existence. Lisa looked amazed. She had taken it as a matter of course that the Lady Angela was encouraging the addresses of this handsome fellow. His confession entirely changed the face of things; and with some coldness and anger, she insisted that he should go away. But now was his time to be bold. He had been so successful up to that point from sheer recklessness, that he began to think so good an opportunity should not be thrown away. He became eloquent, and begged and prayed Lisa to take his part. Perhaps because he forgot the usual pecuniary argument, and let fall tears instead of

scudi, the girl's heart soon melted. People of that class think they are performing a sacred duty in bringing young lovers together—just in the very cases when circumstances combine to keep them asunder. At length she said, with a little hesitation: 'And if I speak to her, in whose name must it be?'

'In the name of Paolo di Falco.'

'*Maledetto!*' (Accursed one!) exclaimed the girl, starting back. 'Our deadly enemy! No, no!' and without waiting to hear a single other word, she ran away in the direction of the palace, down the alley by which Paolo had come.

The young man did not doubt that the house would at once be alarmed, and felt that in that case his position would be most critical. By this time his brain had cooled. It seemed more possible to him, even from this abortive attempt, that he might succeed in the object of his wishes; whilst the absurdity of risking a scandalous conflict became evident. He hastened, therefore, to return towards the door by which he had entered the garden; but, to his mortification, found it fastened on the inside. Perhaps the girl had shut it, to prevent his escape. Believing that in this case he should soon be attacked, he went along the wall of the house, seeking for another means of passing into the street.

After proceeding a little way, he came to a spacious door-window, that stood open, and stepping hastily in, found himself face to face with the governor—the Marchese Belmonte! The start which Paolo gave must have been imperceptible, for the nobleman—whose mind was probably occupied with some political combination—took for granted that one of the boatmen had inadvertently gone astray in the building, and kindly said: 'My good man, if you go through that door, you will find your way to the kitchen. Follow the passage, and take the first staircase to your right.' With these words he passed on to the garden, leaving Paolo breathless with surprise.

He did not hesitate, however, to take the direction indicated; but on coming to the staircase, he ascended instead of descending, and suddenly found himself at the half-open door of an apartment. Voices came from within. He checked himself, and listened. It was Lisa relating to her mistress the audacious conduct of Paolo. The young man forgot his position at once. He leaned forward, and beheld Angela sitting upright in a great arm-chair, looking with pallid eagerness at her maid, who stood before her, and had just got to the point at which she had begun to soften towards the young man. An almost imperceptible smile played round the lips of Angela, whose previous expression had been one of intense anxiety. At length Lisa said: 'When he told me his name, the *maledetto!*'—

'You begged him to retire from the place of danger, did you not?'

'No; I ran away without saying another word; and, I think, I slammed the door behind me.'

'Santa Virgine!' exclaimed Angela clasping her hands; 'then he is still in the garden, where my father has gone to walk!'

Paolo could restrain himself no longer—and, disdaining now to sneak away by the kitchen, stepped nobly forward, and advanced into the centre of the room with a deprecating gesture.

The girl screamed as if a wasp had stung her; but did not run away this time. Angela flushed red, partly with indignation—for women often resent the boldness which wins them—and partly from fear. The latter sentiment dictated her first words: 'Fly, sir,' she said; 'this is a dangerous place for you!' 'Fly!' she added, slightly checking herself; 'for it is not proper for you to come.'

Had these sentences been pronounced in a different order, Paolo might have complied without a word; as it was, he remained, and only professed his willingness

to obey her slightest commands, even if they sent him to death.

'They may kill you,' murmured Angela. 'I hear them coming.' And sure enough there were steps in the passage below. Paolo felt his head swim. The fear of death could not drive him from that sweet society; and he forgot even the care of her fate. He sat down upon a stool at her feet, and fixed upon her an intense look, which she could not choose but meet with one furtive glance. These foolish young people were forgetting that they had a long life before them, full of promises of happiness, which might be blighted by their strange carelessness. There was a step on the staircase. They bent slightly towards one another. Lisa uttered an exclamation of anger, and went and shut the door just in time, for Ascanio was coming up to look for his cousin.

'With whom cloistered?' he cried jovially. 'The boatmen are dancing in the piazza like bears. It is rare fun. Come and see them.'

Angela, recovering her presence of mind, and committing herself without recall, answered, in a voice which she knew how to render cheerful, that she had seen enough of bears, and wanted to be quiet. Her cousin turned on his heel—no doubt saying to himself, that the time would come when he should curb this wilful temper—and went to laugh merrily at the now extravagant jollity of the boatmen. Little did he think that, while she with one hand was trying to still the heaving of her bosom, at that very moment Paolo held the other, and was beginning to speak, not as he had ever spoken before, and as only those can speak whose hearts are full of the purest passion, and who rise for a moment under its influence above the ordinary level of humanity. Great orations have been made to applauding senates, but no assembly of men has ever thrilled beneath eloquence so piercing, so subtle, so persuasive, as clothed in all the qualities—every word glittering, the transparent gleam of a divine thought; no fierce democracy, no wise council, has listened to appeals approaching in fervour and power to those which are poured into the soul of the coy solitary maiden, who has met her lover under the shade of the lind-tree at evening-time, and asks for an assurance of everlasting attachment. What wonder, then, that Paolo spoke words to which Angela listened with delight! He did not talk of their felicity as something that would be soon possible. They were both young, and they could wait. He would admire her from afar off, as he admired the stars of heaven, if he but knew that her heart throbbed only for him, and the time would come when constancy would be rewarded.

Angela listened and listened, and soon felt, as it were, her heart drawn from within her. She was no longer mistress of its beatings. She looked wildly round, knowing not what to answer; and seeing him, who had been with her since her childhood, and whom she had consulted about the choice of all her toys, she cried in a voice of childish simplicity: 'Lisa, Lisa! what shall I say to this man?'

'Say the truth—that you love him, the *maledetto!*' This time the word was pronounced as one of endearment; and although Angela did not exactly utter the confession her maid had recommended, she did what was as good—she placed both her hands in those of Paolo, and smiled over him as he covered them with kisses. There was for a long time silence in the room. Life became to these two young people as beautiful as a land built up of rosy rays amidst the clouds; their souls were hushed into perfect happiness; and still with joined hands, they seemed content thus to float down the stream of time, even if it should drift them out into a shoreless sea. Lisa's voice sounded harsh when she reminded them that it was time to separate. They aroused themselves, and could



not help laughing at her conceited confidential air. Their conversation then proceeded for awhile, in spite of the maid's impatience, in a gay spirit; but when they separated, a tint of melancholy came over both. They felt that life could scarcely contain a happier hour than that. When they looked towards the future, they saw threatening clouds gather on the horizon.

### TADMOR IN THE DESERT.

It is a long and tedious journey over the great Syrian Desert from Bagdad to Damascus. One by one our dromedaries had dropped down and died on the way, and those that remained alive, travelled slowly along under the weight of their double loads. Our supply of water was failing, and we were mournfully devising schemes for eking out the last mouldy biscuit apiece, which was all that remained of our provisions, when the foremost of our party shouted out that the mountains of Syria were visible on the distant horizon. It was long ere we could convince ourselves that it was indeed so, and that the hills we had looked for so long and earnestly were really before us; but gradually the mists dispersed, and before night we could clearly distinguish the two peaks, between which ran our road to Damascus; and we knew that at the foot of the pass lay Tadmor, our first place of refuge on this side of the Desert. Very early next morning, we were in the saddle, and our dromedaries pressed forward, as though they knew that their resting-place was near; but hour after hour passed away, as we toiled on, and seemed to bring us no nearer the white castle of Sitta bei Kies, which we could descry on the height overhanging Palmyra. As it got dark, we made a slight detour to reach a fordable part of the great salt lake, which extends for some miles to the east of the ruins. The ground was thickly incrustated with the saline deposit, but as we proceeded, it became moister and more slippery, and our camels slid about most uncomfortably. Their large spongy feet, adapted so perfectly for the loose sand and shingle of the Desert, are unable to take firm hold on wet ground; and before long, the greater part of our caravan had most unwillingly taken an unpleasantly muddy salt-water bath. My Maltese dragoon was particularly loud in his lamentations; and such was his dread of catching cold, that he persisted in walking all the rest of the way to Palmyra, although he had left both shoes in the mud.

In this valley of salt, which now chiefly supplies Damascus and the surrounding country, David is supposed to have smitten the Syrians and the Edomites.

It was past midnight when, threading our way through a chaos of ruins and broken columns, we halted before the portal of the Great Temple of the Sun, whose massive walls now enclose the Arab village, and protect it from the attacks of the Bedouins. Our demand for admittance at so unseasonable an hour seemed to alarm the population within; for it was not until a number of men, armed with long guns and lances, had assembled and reconnoitred our appearance through the loopholes on either side of the door, that the gate was opened to us. We proceeded at once to the house of the sheik, and entered a long vaulted hall, in which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of half-naked Arabs, stretched along the floor in every variety of posture. At the upper end of the building, a group was gathered round the fire; and towards this we made our way. But no one rose to offer the accustomed salutation: a corner was sulkily pointed out to us, where we might spread our carpets. Throughout the Desert, the Arabs of Tadmor have become a by-word for their churlishness; and on this occasion they in no way belied their reputation. But petty inconveniences of this kind, greatly as they must

astonish travellers coming, as we did, fresh from the unbounded hospitality of the far East, were as nothing to us; for had we not reached Palmyra?—the object of our long Desert journey—the goal of many a yearning wish; and to speak more prosaically, and with equal sincerity, was not this the oasis where our shrunken provision-bags were to recover their ancient goodly proportions? And this last item, O sentimental, stay-at-home reader! forms a far greater one in the calculations of a wayworn traveller, even in the poetical land of sunrise, than thou canst conceive, sitting comfortably ensconced by an English fireside.

But how shall the view be described which burst upon us the next morning from the summit of the temple?—the first view of Palmyra! In the darkness of the preceding night, we had noticed only the fallen columns and broken slabs immediately around us; and Palmyra had seemed, after all, a thing more belonging to the imagination than to reality—hallowed, perhaps, by history and romance, but unable to bear the matter-of-fact light of day. Now, how different was the scene! Looking westward, the whole plain, from the village to the foot of the mountains, was covered with long lines of arches and colonnades—the walls they once enclosed had, for the most part, perished, but there stood the rows of columns, to all appearance as perfect as on the day when they were erected. On the hills above, frowned two ruined and picturesque Moslem castles; while the valleys were studded with the massive tombs which have survived the dwellings of their occupants. Eastward by the great salt lake, and beyond, stretching far away to the Euphrates and the frontiers of Persia, lay the undulating sand-hills of the Desert; and all this seen in the light of an Eastern sun, bright and glowing, yet softened by the haze of heat, which yet does not detract from the clearness of the atmosphere, made the desolate ruins of Tadmor appear as lovely as the bright gardens of the Alhambra, or the cypress-clad ruins of Rome.

I will not add to the number of those who have already described these ruins. Other travellers have counted the columns in the colonnade, although no two have agreed as to the number; other travellers have written upon the tombs; others have bathed in the hot sulphureous waters, which form a natural bath as they issue from the rock; and some have even talked of swimming up the crevice from which the spring issues. Many, perhaps, have been chased back to the village by wandering parties of the Anesi, or have suffered from the pilfering propensities of the sheik and his followers; but few are likely to have seen Palmyra as we saw it, when we halted our dromedaries to take a last view of the City of the Desert. The setting sun was gleaming redly on the ruins, which stretched beneath us in an almost unbroken line, from the pediment of the magnificent Temple of Diocletian to the triumphal arch which marked the entrance to the sacred precincts of the Temple of the Sun, where were the few remaining date-trees which gave the city its name—'The Place of Palms;' and though few and stunted are the trees which now compose yon scanty copse, Tadmor still bears the name it bore before the days of Solomon, and of which the Roman Palmyra was but a translation, now no longer familiar to the inhabitants. Column and battlement stood clear and defined in the evening glow; while behind, over the still black surface of the Desert lake, a yet blacker cloud swept onwards. A moment more, and it would reach the city, marring the beauty of the scene; but I would not have the picture in my memory obscured, and hastily turning my camel's head down the hillside, I left Palmyra behind me for ever.

Full of the romantic story of Zenobia, the Boadicea of the East, as every traveller must be who visits the Arab queen's city, it is a disappointment that few of the ruins can really be traced beyond the conquest of

Aurelian, and that Palmyra must owe its antiquarian interest to the Romans rather than to its native inhabitants. The architecture, too, is of a low order; but the general effect of these mighty columns, standing alone in the midst of the Desert, is unequalled.

The storm burst upon us, as, after a sharp trot, I rejoined our party; but our tents were soon pitched, and, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of our Arab guides, fires were lighted, which happily failed to attract the attention of any of the wandering Bedouins. We afterwards learned that their forces were at that moment concentrated in an attack upon the great caravan which crosses the Desert annually from Bagdad to Damascus.

The sky was again clear in the morning, and we proceeded on our journey. Towards mid-day we came upon a number of heaps of salt, left unguarded in the open country. It appeared that the inhabitants of some of the Syrian villages had made a descent by night upon Palmyra, and carried off a quantity which the sheik was collecting for the Damascan market. He had pursued and overtaken the robbers, who had abandoned their booty at this place, while the rightful owner had returned to Tadmor for camels to carry it on to the town. Our Arabs scrupled not to help themselves to the precious commodity, which is scarce and dear in Turkey; but whilst they were engaged in filling their saddle-bags and the folds of their zuboons, the alarm was raised that the Bedouins were upon us. Guns and pistols were put into immediate requisition, and scouts despatched to ascertain the force of the enemy; while the less warlike part of our caravan, including Hadji Mohammed, my cook, whose boasting when we were not attacked had been exceedingly loud—on the strength of a scimitar sanctified and sharpened by a visit to the tomb of the Prophet—huddled round the baggage, and with pale cheeks and chattering teeth awaited the assault. But no assault came; and after various marchings and countermarchings, and reconnoissances, and warlike demonstrations on our part, the foe were discovered at the distance of some miles, making off as fast as their horses could carry them. It afterwards appeared that the robbers had returned to secure the salt, and mistaking our party for that of the aggrieved sheik, had straightway taken to flight, whilst we, in equal alarm, had prepared for an attack from the Anezi marauders.

From hence, our way was smooth: we soon reached green pastures, and even running-streams, and in a few days Damascus, 'the City of Waters,' afforded rest and refreshment after our long Desert journey.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SUGGESTIVE contribution has just been made to astronomical science by Professor W. Thomson, who, as most readers know, has occupied himself of late with the dynamical theory of heat, and other questions bearing on the relative functions of the sun and planets. In a paper published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 'Mechanical Energies of the Solar System,' he takes up certain views which have already been put forward, and, arguing them out, finds reason to believe the source of solar heat to be 'undoubtedly material.' This material consists in the countless meteors wheeling round continually in space—a tornado of shooting-stars, stragglers from which occasionally appear in our own atmosphere, but of which we see the main body in the zodiacal light. These, says the learned professor, are gradually caught by the sun's attraction: 'each meteor thus goes on moving faster and faster, and getting nearer and nearer the centre, until at some time, very

suddenly, it gets so much entangled in the solar atmosphere as to begin to lose velocity. In a few seconds more, it is at rest on the sun's surface, and the energy given up is vibrated in a minute or two across the district where it was gathered during so many ages, ultimately to penetrate as light the remotest regions of space.' The objection, that we should see an augmentation in the bulk of the sun, is answered by the fact, that although the sun might grow a mile in diameter in eighty-eight years, yet 40,000 years would elapse before the apparent diameter to us would be increased by one second: and with what instruments shall we measure such a rate of progress? The sun may have gone on increasing in dimensions ever since the creation of man, quite undetected by us. For it to grow in reality as much as it appears to grow from winter to summer, would take 2,000,000 years. Another paper by the same professor, is 'On the Possible Density of the Luminiferous Medium, and on the Mechanical Value of a Cubic Mile of Sunlight,' in which he brings forward important calculations and deductions as to the energy and effects of light. We notice these publications, notwithstanding their refined and abstruse nature, as they embody points in physical science which have for years engaged the attention of scientific men; and because, that while the progress of the inquiry ought to be recorded, all that tends towards its solution is fraught with beneficial consequences.

As an instance of the benefit which practical men may derive from scientific research, we may mention a fact interesting to gardeners and seed-merchants, in connection with coloured light. Recent discovery has shewn that remarkable effects could be produced on plants by interposing coloured glass between them and the sun. Blue glass accelerates growth; and Messrs Lawson of Edinburgh have built a stove-house glazed with blue glass, in which they test the value of seeds for sale or export. The practice is to sow a hundred seeds, and to judge of the quality by the number that germinate; the more, of course, the better. Formerly, ten days or a fortnight elapsed while waiting for the germination of the seeds; but in the blue stove-house, two or three days suffice—a saving of time worth, as say the firm, £500 a year.

In accordance with the programme, the British Association have held their twenty-fourth meeting in Liverpool, and a capital meeting it was—the best for some years. It is, doubtless, the same with science as with other affairs—its law of progress is warlike, now up, now down; and we must look upon the heavy or unfortunate meetings not as failures, but as a deeper sinking of the wave in readiness for a higher swell. The result shews that science is advancing in the great as well as in the small. The oceanic survey is a fact, and so is improved ship-building. The more power you put into one of the old, short, duck-breasted steamers, the more it piled up the water at its bow, and was resisted; but now, with a thin concave bow and a long ship, you may insure a speed of sixteen miles an hour; and this even is to be exceeded by the iron steamer, 600 feet long, which Mr Scott Russell is now building; she is to sail twenty-four miles an hour. The Kew Committee appointed by the association have done good service, for they have at last made a thermometer which is a standard and not a toy, and which can be sold for 4s. 6d. The usefulness of their labours may be judged of from the fact, that they have 1500 thermometers, and more than 100 barometers, at the observatory at Kew, to verify for the Admiralty and the United States navy. At the suggestion of Sir John Herschel, photographic pictures of the sun's disc are to be taken every day for some months, by which to obtain a record of all the changes of spots and other phenomena, observable on the surface of the great luminary. The Earl of Harrowby, the new president, touched on the whole range of subjects in

his address, from astronomy to meteorology, geography, ethnology, finishing off with political economy and other social topics; recommending, by the way, the introduction of such a system of agricultural statistics as will keep us informed of the quantity of grain and roots we have on hand, and advocating improvements in education and the encouragement of science.

Seeing that the 'American Electric Telegraph Company' and the 'British' have come to what is called a 'fusion,' the question of a wire across the Atlantic may perhaps be once more revived. The astronomer-royal has publicly acknowledged, in handsome terms, the important service he has derived from the use of the telegraph. It has enabled him at length to accomplish that grand desideratum—the determination of the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris; and to discover that the former determination was wrong by a second—a large amount in longitude. If there be any error now, it is so small—not the hundredth part of a second—as to be inappreciable. In Paris, the Bourse and the Hôtel de Ville are now furnished with electric-clocks, communicating with the observatory, and measures are being taken to flash the time to all the great cities of France: meteorological observations to be flashed back to the observatory in return.

The Society of German Naturalists have held their thirty-first meeting at Göttingen; but their proceedings, though important in a scientific point of view, scarcely admit of a popular summary. We may, however, notice one subject, as it bears on a question much discussed at the present time throughout Europe: it is the paper on the causes of vegetable disease, by Dr Gümpel, of Landau. He says: 'The pollen is the great cause of the disease or death of plants; for the sound or unsound condition of the pollen influences the whole growth of the plant.' Perhaps the doctor will do next year what he has omitted to do this; namely, tell us how the pollen becomes diseased.

Accounts from Heidelberg shew that Paris is not the only place where experimentalists are at work to coax aluminum out of clay; for Bunsen, the well-known German chemist, gets aluminum by subjecting the prepared clay to the electro-galvanic pile. Besides this, he gets magnesium, sodium, calcium, &c., in the same way; and so successfully, that large lumps of sodium have been formed before the eyes of spectators. It would seem that we are on the eve of some most extraordinary discoveries in chemistry.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin have held a meeting to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the election of Humboldt into their body. The veteran well deserves the honour. The Académie at Paris offer a prize of 2000 francs, to be awarded in 1856, for a paper on 'The Origin of the Phœnician Alphabet.' The researches necessary to elucidate this question, ought to throw light on the ancient history of the peoples bordering the Mediterranean. In our Asiatic Society, a paper read by Mr Bosanquet fixes the date of the invasion of Judea by Sennacherib, and shews that an eclipse of the sun, which then took place, explains the going back of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz. The Palestine Archæological Association leave it to be understood, from the address read at their annual meeting, that they contemplate a system of vigorous researches in the Holy Land, with a view to the discovery of materials that may serve to clear up some of the obscurities of Jewish history. They believe that some of the stones set up for memorials, as recorded in Scripture, are still standing, and they propose to search for them: among these may be mentioned, Joshua's monolith at Shechem, and the twelve stones he set up at Gilgal. The ancient tombs, also, are to be sought for and explored: there is the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were buried; and as the latter 'was embalmed in

Egypt, and the body was placed in a coffin, or sarcophagus, after the custom of the Egyptians, there is every reason to conclude,' so runs the report, 'that it still lies undisturbed.' There is, moreover, the tomb of Joseph, who, as viceroy of Egypt, must have been buried with all the precautions due to high rank; and the tombs of the kings, besides sepulchres of remarkable individuals, in which, as is known, 'scrolls of the law' were sometimes deposited. This is but a part of what the association propose to accomplish—their scheme embraces further examination of what is known, as well as discovery of the unknown; and if they can only carry it out, their expectation of finding something to illustrate ancient Jewish history has a reasonable chance of being gratified.

The Decimal Association, formed last June, have just published the first part of the 'Proceedings,' with an able introduction by Professor de Morgan, who discusses the question in all its bearings. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, he tells us, 'appreciates the value of a decimal system, but considers the government would scarcely be justified in bringing it forward until the people are instructed in its advantages.' As one means of imparting the instruction required, the association is prepared to distribute its 'Proceedings' gratis to Mechanics' Institutes and schools; but, as the professor argues, 'we can never succeed in impressing the importance of the subject upon the people by the mere force of reasoning; we want the material and tangible use of the decimal coins themselves to teach them.' It is recommended that petitions in favour of a decimal coinage should be signed in all parts of the country for presentation to the House of Commons, immediately on the opening of the next session of parliament. Sir Charles Pasley has spoken out on the same subject, and in favour of decimalising weights and measures as well as coin, in an elaborate argument, which may be read in the Journal of the Society of Arts.

The more the question about scarcity of paper is discussed, the more plain it appears that we shall get all the fibrous substances wanted for paper, as well as flax, from India. Dr Royle enumerates a dozen plants convertible into paper; among which he specifies the plantain, *Musa paradisiaca*, as most suitable and most abundant. 'Each root stock,' he says, 'throws up from six to eight or ten stems, each of which must be cut down every year, and will yield from three to four pounds of the fibre fit for textile fabrics, for rope-making, or for the manufacture of paper. As the fruit already pays the expenses of the culture, this fibre could be afforded at a cheap rate, as from the nature of the plant, consisting almost only of water and fibre, the latter might be easily separated. One planter calculates that it could be afforded for L.9, 13s. 4d. per ton.' As this estimate is but a trifle over a penny a pound, there would be nothing in the cost, even after including that of the freight, to prevent our manufacturers from giving the plantain a fair trial; but nothing is known as yet of the expense of preparing the raw material for being manufactured into paper, and this, as regards all such fibrous substances, is an important element in the question. Messrs Tyler of Warwick Lane have introduced what has long been thought impracticable—a method of casting a cylinder in relief. Hitherto, the contrivances for effecting the object have been neither cheap nor easy. The new process is as ingenious as it is successful. To give an idea of it: the mould is fitted up on a series of rings, and this having been warmed, the metal is poured in, and by a sudden movement of the rings, and a change of position, the molten matter is impelled into every cavity and chink of the mould, and with such sharpness, as to leave but little work for the finisher. We hear that as much work can be done in one hour by this new process, as in twelve hours by the old.

In noticing Becquerel's experiments for the reduction

of metals, we omitted to mention that Mr Parkes has patented a method for separating silver from lead in one operation. To each ton of argentiferous lead in the melting-pot, he adds a few pounds of zinc; and the result is, that the silver combines with the zinc, rises to the surface, and is skimmed off, leaving behind the pure lead, which requires no further treatment. While on the subject of metal, we must say a word about the iron ore discovered in the Cleveland Hills, in Yorkshire, a few years ago. The deposit is so abundant, that in the comparatively short time since the commencement of the workings, eighty-five furnaces have been built, which are now in full blast, and others are being erected. They will turn out about 500,000 tons of iron a year. The town first built not affording sufficient accommodation, a second is growing up near Stockton, which is to be called North Ormsby. Then, as it appears, we are to have any quantity of copper from Namaqualand, on the skirts of Cape Colony, where the ore is worth L.18 a ton on the spot, and contains forty-five per cent. of copper. Hondeklip Bay, on the coast, the nearest port, is not more than forty miles distant—not too far for well-directed enterprise to lay down a tram-way. The agricultural capabilities of the region are said to be more promising than was believed, as water is to be obtained by digging a few feet down into the sand.

By other interesting accounts from Africa, we learn that the possibility of a water-communication all across that great continent from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, is now thought to be no longer doubtful. From the east coast, rivers may be ascended to Lake Ngami, from whence a portage of some forty miles conducts to the great stream that skirts the Ovampo Land, explored by Mr Galton, and finds its outlet in the neighbourhood of Walvisch Bay. Here, then, are available channels for exploration. Moreover, the rumour of Mr Livingston's successful journey is confirmed. This enterprising gentleman left the Cape in May 1852, and travelled northwards, passing Lake Ngami, for eight months, till he came to the Zambezi, where he stayed another eight months, getting and giving knowledge, protected and favoured by the chief, Sakeletu. From thence he directed his course to the west in November 1853, ascending a branch of the Zambezi, through the Balonda country, and in time reached the Portuguese settlements. When last heard of, he was at St Paul de Loando on the coast. His arrival in England may, therefore, be looked for with interesting particulars of his adventurous journey.

From Australia, too, we hear of habitable regions in the interior, a hilly district visible from Lake Torrens. The settlers on the lake were surprised one day by the appearance of six natives, who had crossed the water at a shallow part, and who were more comely and better formed than any of their countrymen yet met with. They had never seen Europeans, which made intercourse difficult. 'They contrived, however,' says the report, 'to make themselves so far understood, as that among the hills they had left were plenty of kangaroo, white cockatoos, grass, water, and gum-trees.' This information is partially confirmed by the fact, that white cockatoos not unfrequently come across the lake from the region in question. We shall, perhaps, hear before long that it has been visited by exploring parties.

A few particulars from the Report of the Emigration Commissioners for 1853, may fittingly close these remarks on foreign countries. In that year, 329,937 individuals left the United Kingdom, being nearly 39,000 fewer than in 1852. The falling off is attributable to the decreased excitement about the 'Diggings,' and to fewer departures from Ireland. The Irish, however, sent home more money to their relatives in 1853 than in any previous year: the amount was L.1,439,000—a most astonishing fact! Of the gross number given above, 230,885 went to the United States, and 61,000

to Australia, the remainder to other places. The number of emigrants in the first three months of the present year was 49,796; in the same period of last year it was 60,867.

### THE CAREER OF A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

THE career of a line-of-battle ship, from the cradle to the grave, is in itself an epic. The lifetime of a part of the highest order might be not unworthily spent upon the theme. One modern poet—the author of *Ye Mariners of England*—has told us in prose what he thought and felt when he witnessed the launch of a ship-of-the-line. Shall we repeat his words, by way of setting our liner fairly afloat? 'When the great bulwark,' says Campbell, 'sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of birth and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.' We are confident that it was our liner Campbell saw launched. He does not tell us the year, but it was about half a century ago; and he omits to mention the name tremulously uttered by the fair young lady of high degree, when, shivering a crystal bottle of wine against the stern, she christened the—*Tremendous*! Ours be the task to trace the subsequent career of that noble vessel: Campbell's words will serve for an admirable text.

Not an hour was lost in expediting the fitting out of our liner, for war was raging, and every wooden wall Old England could build and man was needed to defend her against a world in arms. So the *Tremendous* was immediately towed alongside a sheer-hulk, to receive her masts; and for many weeks subsequently, swarms of dockyard riggers and seamen, calkers, shipwrights, joiners, painters, and other artisans, were working double tides, getting the ship ready for sea. Meanwhile, she had been commissioned—Captain Thomas Broadside, a veteran of the sturdy old Benbow school, being honoured with her first command. Captain Broadside was a stern utilitarian, and never did ship leave port more thoroughly equipped on this principle. Nothing was neglected so far as the sailing and fighting qualities of the ship were concerned; but the internal arrangements, as regarded the accommodation of the captain and officers, seemed much on a par with those of a Newcastle collier. Broadside even compelled his midshipmen to swing their hammocks on the cable tier, while a couple of miserable little ship-boys were all he allowed to act as servants to the midshipmen generally; and the junior young gentlemen themselves were, consequently, compelled by the oldsters to perform numerous menial duties, the very mention of which would have terribly shocked their sensitive lady mamma. The crew of the *Tremendous* being completed by drafts from vessels on the home station, aided by a vigorous impressment, she was ready for sea in time to make one of the fleet which sailed under the command of Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson, and in the attack on Copenhagen, which quickly followed, she bore a distinguished part, Captain Broadside managing to push her into the very thickest of the fire; and his satisfaction is understood to have been considerable when he learned, after the action, that his ship was more cut up, and had lost more officers and men, than any other two put together.

\* No exaggeration; but the service improved rapidly in this respect subsequent to the battle of Trafalgar.

He had no idea of what he called dandy doings; and the maxim he invariably preached and practised, was to scorn all long bows, and come to close quarters—if muzzle to muzzle, all the better.

After refitting, the *Tremendous* was stationed as a blockader on the French coast; and to the intense disgust of her belligerent captain, she remained on this unpleasant service until the Peace of Amiens, when she returned to Portsmouth, and her crew was reduced to the peace establishment. A breathing pause of a few months, and war was again proclaimed, to the unbounded delight of Captain Broadside, who had spent so many years in active war-service, that he was a most unhappy man in the piping times of peace. The first duty on which he was ordered, was, however, one that he detested almost as much as blockading. He was ordered to hoist a commodore's pennant in the *Tremendous*, and sail, with a couple of frigates, as convoy to a fleet of West Indianmen lying in the Downs—a harassing and thankless duty, full of heavy responsibility, and usually barren of anything in the shape of glory or of prize-money. Awfully did he grumble, but, of course, it was necessary to obey. It was whispered at the time that he owed his selection for this service to the circumstance, that, a few months previously, he had received as a midshipman a young nobleman, who, not unnaturally, was so disgusted with the rude style of living in the midshipmen's mess, and by being repeatedly mast-headed, and coarsely reprimanded by both the captain and first-lieutenant, that he bitterly complained to his uncle, a Lord of the Admiralty, who removed him to another ship, and avenged the insult to his kinsman by getting the *Tremendous* packed off on a service her captain was known to abhor. 'Never mind,' growled the surly old sea-king, who, by the way, had risen by dint of sheer merit, as was not very unusual in those stirring times, from the position of a poor friendless ship-boy to the rank of post-captain; 'I didn't creep in at the cabin-windows with kid gloves on; I came in at the hawse-holes, and worked my way aft, I did; and when there's a man's work to be done, they'll then remember old Tom Broadside of Camperdown, the Nile, and Copenhagen!' Thus did the 'rum old commodore' express himself openly on his own quarterdeck, and as he had managed to officer his ship with men much of his own stamp, he met with the sort of rough sympathy dear to his brave honest heart. 'Fighting Old Tom,' as he was familiarly called, was well known in the navy; and perhaps it would not be much to the detriment of the service if a few of the Benbow school were yet afloat, for, in spite of their coarseness and sturdy prejudices, they possessed many admirable qualities.

On the passage out, Commodore Broadside, in his capacity of chief shepherd to a flock of sheep, certainly did his best to protect them from ravening wolves, in the shape of French privateers; but ere they reached the tropics, about half-a-dozen slow sailers had been snapped up during dark nights and squally weather. The old commodore was not to blame; but these disasters made him indeed a man of wrath. In vain did he cause his frigates to act the part of shepherd-dogs, by keeping the unruly flock together—the sheep would straggle, in spite of orders and signals; so the old commodore, when becalmed one day, ordered by signal all the masters of the merchantmen aboard the *Tremendous*, and after soundly rating them, *en masse*, for their stupidity and disobedience, solemnly assured them, that the very first that hereafter might neglect his signals or stray away, he should board, and cause her master to be handsomely keel-hauled. He was known to be a shepherd who did not bear the crook in vain, and the menace was efficacious. Having seen his convoy to its destination, he left the frigates on the West India station, and sailed safely back to the Downs, whence he was immediately

despatched to join Nelson's fleet in the blockade of Toulon. The French fleet, however, escaped out of that port, and Nelson vainly pursued it to the West Indies.

But the time approached for the *Tremendous* to be employed in a way more congenial to her captain. She was sent to join the Cadiz fleet, of which Nelson speedily assumed the command; and on the 21st October 1805, not a man in the fleet hailed the signal—*England expects every man to do his duty!* with more unbounded gratification than Fighting Old Tom, who forthwith nailed his colours to the mast. His ship was one of Collingwood's column, and received several passing broadsides from divers of the enemy's vessels ere the old captain would permit a gun to be fired in return; for he was stubbornly bent on getting his ship into what he, with grim facetiousness, termed a comfortable berth before opening fire. He considered this desirable object properly attained only when a huge Spanish three-decker was within pistol-shot on the starboard, and a French seventy-four about the same distance on the larboard quarter; and then Fighting Old Tom was in his glory. In a few minutes, the fore and mizzen topmasts of the *Tremendous* were shot away; but Broadside roared to his crew to aim low, and hull the foes. He himself was soon 'hulled' by a musket-ball; but he threatened to knock an officer down for presuming to suggest to him the propriety of going below to have the wound examined. A few minutes more, and her rudder being disabled, the *Tremendous* drifted muzzle to muzzle alongside the Spaniard, and poor Broadside's left leg was shot clean off below the knee by a cannon-ball. He fell, exclaiming that he would fight it out on his stumps, like sturdy old Benbow; but became insensible through loss of blood, and was carried to the cockpit. The *Tremendous* would soon have been a floating shambles, had not an English ship come up to relieve her of her chief antagonist; but as it was, she was subsequently navigated back to England a shattered hulk, like her gallant old commander. Both, however, survived the terrible day; and when Broadside was rigged with a wooden leg, he declared himself fit for service again. For some reason, the Admiralty thought otherwise; and as he pressed his claims to be employed somewhat too roughly, he received an official rebuff, which so enraged him, that he vowed never to seek nor accept a commission again—and he kept his word, for he never more went to sea.

After being temporarily patched up, the *Tremendous* was unrigged, and moored in inglorious idleness. She had been so terribly shattered, that it was seriously doubted whether she could ever be sent on active service again, and it was proposed to convert her into a prison-ship, or at best into a guardio; but, after repeated surveys, she was finally docked, and thoroughly repaired at immense cost. Still she remained quietly at home until 1812, when she was despatched to the Mediterranean, and there remained six years. She returned in fine condition, commanded by a lord, who, singularly enough, was the identical individual who, some eighteen years before, had quitted her in disgust at his treatment as a midshipman. Old Broadside, yet alive and hearty, although seventy-five years of age, heard of this, and before the ship was paid off, actually travelled a hundred miles to visit her, from curiosity to see what condition she was in. His former midshipman received him very cordially, invited him to dine, and personally shewed him over his old ship. The venerable commodore came on board prepared to sneer and find fault; but as regarded the general appearance of both ship and crew, he growlingly admitted that it was tolerable, but of course not equal to what it had been in his time. When, however, he stumped into the grand cabin, and thence to the ward-room, and was shewn the officers' private cabins, he expressed his amazement and disgust in emphatic terms. 'Ginger-

bread work and frippery's bad enough,' said he; 'but cushioned chairs, and sofas, and looking-glasses, and plecters, and wine-coolers, and bookcases, and a forty-pianner! The service is going to the —!'

His lordship good-humouredly laughed, and proposed to send a mate with him, to shew him the midshipmen's mess-room. He assented, determined to know the worst and latest of the detested innovations; but when he learned that the youngsters dined at five o'clock in harbour, and had each a marine as a private valet, and three or four stout boys for stewards to the mess, and with his own astounded eyes beheld their table set out with silver forks, and napkins, and crystal decanters of sherry—a glass of which was pertly offered him by a young hero of twelve or thirteen summers—his indignation almost choked him. Poor old commodore!

Paid off and dismantled, the *Tremendous* again had a couple of years' quiet repose, and then was recommissioned, and kept on the home-station. We believe she was one of the noble liners alluded to in the celebrated speech delivered by George Canning at Plymouth in 1823; the following splendid passage from which one must not omit in this place:—'Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act; than the state of inertia and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness; how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage; how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself; while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.'

Four years later, and the *Tremendous* fought her last battle at Navarino; but her captain on that occasion was not a fire-eater like Broadside, and therefore the veteran liner got no more than her fair share of hard blows, though quite as many as she could bear in her old age. Once more had she to be docked, to repair damages caused by an action; and next, after a brief cruise on the North American station, and subsequently passing a few months off the Tagus, was sent on her last foreign service to the East Indies, where for eight years she remained, bearing the flag successively of three distinguished admirals, and experienced many and varied dangers. Finally, she returned to England, was paid off, surveyed, and decisively pronounced so weak and worn out, that even after being repaired she could never be properly sea-worthy again. And so she was fitted up and stationed as a guard at Sheerness; and after performing this service for years, her officers and crew complained so bitterly of her crazy condition, that the poor, old worn-out warrior was towed up the river to Woolwich, and dismantled alike of rigging, masts, and armament. Forty odd years before, she had first floated on that very spot, amid the huzzas of thousands of admiring spectators—now she was jeered at, poor toothless old lion! by rude and ignorant bargemen, as their dingy craft lumbered past her warped and battered side, in which scores of grapeshot were still deeply imbedded, to say nothing of 24-pound balls buried in many of her upper ribs. Almost every vicissitude, every adventure, every service that a ship can undergo, she had undergone; and yet 'to this favour was she come at last!' But the long roll of her services was not even yet closed; for she was calked and botched, and fitted up to receive a couple of hundred convicts and their guard! Surely this was a degrading

service, that might have been spared the glorious old fighting ship; but, alas! to what base uses both gallant ships and gallant men are destined when their latter days overtake them!

A few miserable years, during which her poor old bones creaked and groaned as though in conscious tribulation and despair; and then—that rotten hulk the *Tremendous*, as she was contemptuously designated, was finally released from her dishonoured life-in-death. The convicts, one and all, declared that they could no longer put up with a hulk through the gaping seams of which the winter's wind whistled shrilly, and which employed half of them to keep her afloat by pumping day and night; and the very rats deserted her at ebb of tide one moonlight evening in a compact phalanx, headed by a venerable white-headed aristocratic rat that had squeaked behind the ceiling of the captain's cabin when five thousand cannon were roaring together at the battle of Trafalgar. The edict for her doom then went forth. On a windy March day in 1833, she was towed to Deptford Creek, where the tide left her high and almost dry, and the two hundred who lately tenanted her, sorely against their will, in one busy week ruthlessly tore her to pieces, at the risk of being half-suffocated by the clouds of dust that spurted from her dry-rotted beams and upper-works. Nothing now remains to tell that the *Tremendous* ever existed, except the imperishable record of her services written in the history of her country, and her keel and a few of her lower futtocks yet imbedded in the mud of Deptford Creek, where, at neap-tides, they mournfully hold up their blackened stumps, as though mutely bearing testimony to the saddening truth, that everything in this world changeth and passeth away!

#### LEBEWOHL.

Our into the wilderness

We apart are going;

Loosed the joined hands' caress,

Quenched the fond eyes' glowing;

Gone our happy dream of life,

Like a dried-up river;

I no husband, thou no wife,

Thus we part—for ever!

But the desert quickly ends,

Whether journeyed over

Sad and slow, as parted friends,

Or as maid and lover.

Those whom God made spouse and wife

Let no man dare sever!

In the eternal land of life

Thou art mine—for ever!

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE OLIVES OF GETHSEMANE.

In Turkey, every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems when they conquered Asia pays a tax of one medina to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce: now, the olive-trees of Gethsemane pay only eight medins. Dr. Wild describes the largest as at twenty-four feet in girth above the root, though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who travelled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest are at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high—so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at 2000 years.—*Ancient Jerusalem.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 230 High Street, EDINBURGH, and sold by J. M'GRATH, 50 Upper Beak Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## GENOA UNDER TWO ASPECTS.

TOWARDS the latter part of July, in this present year, circumstances obliged me to repair to Genoa. I had never before visited this part of Italy, and although the cause of my journey—an inquiry into some disputed property left by a relative lately deceased—seemed likely to involve much legal delay and vexation, I was not disposed to complain of what tended to gratify my ardent wish to behold the shores of the Mediterranean. After following the beaten route of Paris, Lyon, and the Mont Cenis, I joyfully found myself, dusty and travel-worn, at Turin, from whence a few hours would bring me to the place of my destination. Recruited by a warm bath and a good night's rest, I set out in the morning, with renovated energies, by the newly opened railway, and soon found ample occupation in gazing at the rich pasture-land through which the train first passed; and then, as the country became more mountainous, in admiring the talent and perseverance displayed in the construction of this line, which had only been completed a few months before. At enormous cost, amid difficulties well-nigh insuperable, through chains of towering mountains, piercing the living rock, has this great undertaking been accomplished; a triumph in engineering art, an era in the annals of the country, the connecting-link which unites Piedmont to the fairest portion of her dominions. About three in the afternoon, as the train emerged from a long tunnel through the Apennines, an exclamation of surprise burst from my lips at the magnificent panorama which stretched itself before me.

The stately Genoa—the queen-like, the superb—rich in palaces and domes, extends in the form of a crescent along the coast, ascending gradually from the bosom of the Mediterranean to the hills in the rear, where noble villas, hanging gardens, terraces, and vineyards are scattered in lavish profusion. Frowningly in the background, bristling with fortifications, and following the curve of the bay, rise her mountain-warders like a girdle of strength, contrasting in their rugged grandeur, their severe outline and barren soil, with the luxurious city at their base, whose tributary waters bear fleets of merchant vessels, laden with the wealth and produce of every clime, to her crowded port. Unclouded, and ineffably bright, the heaven spreads forth in all the boasted beauty of Italian skies, reflecting deep azure tints upon the radiant sea, which quivers and exults beneath its smile.

Onward as we speed, each instant brings us nearer to the evidences of architectural grandeur, for which the environs of Genoa are renowned; so that for miles before entering the city, we seem to traverse a vast

suburb of palaces, encircled by gardens and groves, filled with statues and fountains, orange-trees and myrtles.

On, on we go—the eye dazzled with light and novelty—no abatement in the gorgeous features of the scene, till the movement of the train slackens, the engine's shrill whistle sounds its last discordant note, there is a jerk, a pause, and then the carriage-doors are thrown open, and we are arrived!

Selecting a *commissionaire* from a host of applicants, and having seen my portmanteau placed on the omnibus bearing the name of the hotel to which I had been recommended, while I declined being summarily deposited within the same respectable conveyance, I set forth on foot attended by my veteran cicerone, who, like all his fraternity, was the reverse of agreeable, and labouring under the fixed persuasion that no English traveller could possibly speak Italian, turned a deaf ear to whatever I proffered in that language, and perversely addressed me in execrable French. Immediately facing the station is the famous Palazzo del Principe, admirably designated as 'an epitome of Genoa,' with fairy-like colonnades and terraces overhanging the sea, where Andrea Doria walked and mused, and to embellish whose interior the graceful pencil of Pierino del Vaga, fresh from the inspirations of his great master, was untiringly exerted. From this, to a piazza commanding the glorious sea, more sparkling, more beautiful, I fancied, in that glowing sunshine than ever sea had looked before; and then down streets where marble palaces seemed so common, that humbler edifices found a place, alternating with gorgeous churches, through whose open portals the smell of incense came forth, faintly mingling with the sultry air, their lofty aisles and gilded domes dimly revealed by the glow of tapers on the altar.

I often lingered behind, till my conductor dived into a lane so narrow, that the tall houses on either side appeared nodding towards each other, and from thence into a labyrinth of streets almost equally confined, impassable to carriages, and yet the most frequented thoroughfares of the town. I was compelled now to follow him with attention, as he rapidly threaded his way through a maze of stalls piled with a profusion of fruit, flower-stands, jewellers' shops, confectioners, with every variety of bonbons, and a motley and never-ceasing stream of priests, soldiers, peasant-women, ladies in the graceful white veil, seen only in Genoa, and long strings of mules—another national, though less pleasing peculiarity—whence, after many perplexing windings, I found myself in a large court with arcades, and was marshalled up a broad staircase of black and white marble to an immense hall, painted in fresco,

where a waiter was in attendance to conduct me to my room.

Having old acquaintances of my family residing in the town, I was spared the miserable sensation of loneliness in a strange land; on the contrary, all smiled upon me, and before many hours were passed, I was forming one of the circle which every evening assembled at the house of one of the leading foreign residents, and treated with the cordiality of a friend of long standing. There was a richness in the decorations, a grace in the furniture of these apartments, which harmonised with the impression the first sight of Genoa seldom fails to produce. Gilded walls, frescoed ceilings, massive mirrors, elaborate mouldings, fresh as when they were first executed three centuries ago; their magnificence set off and relieved, as it were, by the exquisite taste of the charming mistress of the house, who knew how to blend books and flowers, and all the refinements of modern art, with these costly remains of a by-gone era. With that absence of all constraint which springs from habitual refinement, the guests were at liberty to come and go, to converse or to keep silent, as it best suited their taste or the passing mood of the hour. You might either join in the conversation which, in the gay spirit peculiar to foreigners, was touching on all the light topics of the day; or with some graver personage—a retired diplomatist, for instance—a little apart from the rest, engage in a deep political discussion; or else, buried in a luxurious easy-chair, turn over the last Parisian review, or look at the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*. Besides all which, to those who were of a contemplative turn, there was the resource of the open balconies looking down upon gardens and fountains, the plashing of whose waters mingled with strains of music and the hum of voices—that busy murmur of an Italian summer night when numbers of the population are abroad.

It was like a dream of fairyland; nor was my enthusiasm on the next day diminished. The town, so stately and yet so animated; so full of tokens of the grandeur of the past, and as unmistakable in its evidences of the prosperity of the present. No crumbling edifices, no beautiful structures falling to decay, but the magnificent piles to which Genoa owes her name of the City of Palaces, preserved from the inroads of time, still occupied by the wealthy and the great; the streets they embellish thronged by a population which, for all outward indication of well-doing, has perhaps no equal in Europe. The expenditure of the ladies of Genoa in dress has become proverbial, and judging from all I saw, as I sauntered about, enjoying the *dolce far niente*, the taste for display pervades all ranks, down to the sunburnt countrywomen, who, enveloped in mufflers of chintz, never failed to leave it sufficiently open to disclose the numerous windings of gold chain about their necks, and enormous earrings of the same metal, which it is the ambition of every peasant to possess. The Genoese women do not present the strict Italian type—they have not the chiseled features of Tuscany, nor the full rounded forms and flashing eyes of Rome; but, nevertheless, they possess a very attractive character of their own—pale, graceful, with a stately walk, to which their ample flowing dresses and the long transparent *pezzotto* are peculiarly adapted. The military and naval uniforms, too, seen at every turning, added animation to the scene, which, as the afternoon advanced, became diversified with carriages and horsemen repairing to the Acquasola—the promenade of Genoa—whither crowds of gaily dressed people proceeded on foot, and there enjoying the performance of a military band, lounging on chairs, which for a few centimes were procurable, and eating ices at a café in the open air close at hand, I passed the time with some officers, acquaintances I had made the previous evening, till the throng began to disperse to seek the different theatres and places of amusement.

We went to the Opera for one act of Verdi's *Trovatore*, and then I left them to wander about by myself on the now deserted Acquasola, and revel in the beauty of the moonlight, in which the clear sharp outlines of the amphitheatre of mountains which rise around the town was inexpressibly grand. Returning then into the streets, I looked for a few minutes into the illuminated garden of the Concordia—a café where the most fashionable ladies resort after the Opera—and there I saw gay groups seated under the trees, talking and laughing, listening to brilliant strains of music, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening; and then taking the longest way to my hotel, I thought I had not before done sufficient justice to the architectural beauties which surrounded me, so impressive were they now in the reverential stillness of that moonlit hour. When I reached my room, and, too excited to think of sleep, leaning from the window, gazed on the harbour with its forest of shipping lying motionless on the silvery waters, that appeared reposing after their radiant glances of the day; when from the terrace of an adjoining house, I inhaled the perfume of the orange-trees, with their snowy blossoms and golden fruit, and saw the fireflies gleaming amid their foliage; when I saw, and felt, and tasted all this, what wonder is it that my brain felt giddy from the sense of overpowering beauty and fascination, as I murmured: 'This, indeed, is Italy! This is the poetry of life!'

Such were my impressions of Genoa for eight-and-forty short-lived hours! On the morning of the 22d July, a whisper ran through the town, murmured from blanched lips and listened to with awe-stricken faces: 'The cholera—the cholera! It is come—it is come!' Some suspicious cases of this dreaded epidemic had occurred in the arsenal among the galley-slaves at the beginning of the week, but had been sedulously hushed up, in the hope the malady would spread no further; now, however, it had burst forth with sudden virulence, and attacked the military who were stationed there. The panic was extraordinary. Before noon the evil intelligence had spread from palace to hotel, from prince to beggar; and in the streets that evening, instead of the customary gay sauntering promenades, I saw nothing but anxious-looking groups, discussing the all-engrossing tidings, the word cholera! cholera! audible above the rest.

The next morning rose brilliant, glowing with the magic colouring of sea and sky I had so admired, and found the worst fears of the previous day confirmed. In several parts of the town the malady had simultaneously declared itself. Its existence was now a recognised fact, and the municipality were hastily taking those sanitary measures which an injudicious fear of prematurely exciting the public alarm had hitherto caused them to delay. Temporary hospitals were prepared; commissions of medical men organised; dispensaries, where the most necessitous might be supplied with medicines and ice gratis, appointed in every quarter of the town; and orders given, too late, alas! to be effectual, for the removal of an accumulation of stagnant water—a vast deposit of filth and impurities—in the vicinity of the arsenal.

On the morrow, a great increase in the number of cases was known to have taken place, with the popular exaggeration, cowardice, and ignorance, trebled the existing evils. From an early hour, a remarkable movement in the direction of the railway station was to be witnessed, augmenting as the day wore on to a dense mass of cittadines, omnibuses, private carriages, and trucks and carts, laden with baggage. The flight, of which most of the leading Genoese nobility were first to give the example, had commenced and continued unabated for the next three days. It was a regular *saute qui peut*; merchants left their business, lawyers their clients, teachers their pupils. Out of a population of 120,000, at least 40,000

hastened away, many almost frantic with terror, scarcely knowing whither they were bound, only eager to be gone, rushing as if from inevitable destruction. The quantity of plate and gold ornaments, besides household linen and wearing-apparel, pledged during this period at the *Monte di Pietà*, is said to have been extraordinary—the nature of the property thus placed in pawn under the government security, shewing how great was the eagerness to obtain the means for immediate departure. I saw many poor creatures setting forth on foot, children clinging to their mothers' skirts, the youngest crying in her arms, the father carrying a few bundles—melancholy groups enough, not destined even to escape the death they fled from at such sacrifice, for all the surrounding villages and mountain hamlets where this class of fugitives took refuge, were speedily visited by the pestilence with even greater intensity than the town.

Generally considered, however, this exodus was composed of the more affluent classes, whose absence had the immediate effect of reducing thousands of artisans, porters, workwomen, and others similarly dependent upon daily employment for their maintenance, to the verge of destitution. All commerce seemed at an end. The theatres abruptly ceased their representations; the university and schools were closed; even the numerous buildings in process of construction were suspended, and a large number of masons, starving and disheartened, thrown out of work.

The people watched each departing carriage with folded arms and a look of sullen dogged defiance; the few ladies who remained, whenever they ventured abroad, were gazed on with wonder, and followed by remarks of: 'So you are not gone yet! Are you not afraid to remain here with only the poor?'

The town, lately so joyous, seemed under the evil influence of a spell. By far the greater part of the shops were shut; gaunt, famine-stricken figures replaced the graceful forms which so lately swept along in all the pride of wealth and consciousness of beauty; and the groans and execrations of the discontented rabble were alone heard, where, a few nights before, the stirring music of the band filled the air. The only sights which varied the monotony of the deserted streets by day, were litters and sedan-chairs conveying the sick to the hospitals, or priests bearing the host beneath a silken canopy to some death-bed, but without the bell or torches customary at other seasons, these being wisely ordered to be laid aside for the moment, not to increase the universal feeling of depression. By night none will readily forget how the silence was broken by the rumbling of the horrible death-cart, which began its loathsome rounds long ere midnight, stopping successively before the narrow alleys to receive its fearful burden, which the *becchini*, charged with this duty, had brought thither to await its coming. Those hideous *becchini*, their very name causes one to shudder! Sometimes, half stupified with wine, they would forget which were the houses whither they had been summoned to repair, and knocked at every successive door in the neighbourhood, with cries of 'Bring out your dead, if you have any; bring out your dead!' And then the livid remains of one, who perhaps had felt no symptom of disease six or seven hours before, were consigned to their rude hands; and borne to the appointed spot, flung carelessly on the pavement, while they departed in search of other corpses, to be as irreverently dealt with in their turn; after which, heaping one dead body upon the other, sitting upon them even, awaiting the approach of the cart, they smoked and yelled forth their drunken songs, or proffered their ribald jests. Men of strange, uncouth appearance, half-naked, with matted hair and untrimmed beards, hidden away in foul haunts in ordinary times, never seen but in moments of popular commotion and evil, like birds of prey hastening to the field of blood, from the first

manifestation of the cholera, or rather of the panic by which it was immediately succeeded, they had appeared upon the scene, insolent in their demands, and unscrupulous in their menaces. The municipality, anxious to propitiate them, had retained their services at high rates of payment for these and similar duties—dire results of the prevailing epidemic; and thus having secured their co-operation, devoted themselves to the other exigencies of the moment—providing food for the most needy, and work for the unemployed. To give the civic authorities their due, whatever tardiness there might have been in taking preventive measures, nothing could now be more praiseworthy than their efforts to arouse the courage and alleviate the extraordinary misery of the population. Besides supplying the sick with medicines and ice, as already stated, the finest white bread was daily distributed, to the amount of 1600 francs, equal to L.64. This expenditure upon one item per diem continued for upwards of forty days unchanged, and indeed but little diminished at the period at which I write, now the middle of September, may furnish some idea of the sums disbursed. Besides this, broth was provided for the convalescent, and furniture and linen lent to those whose household property, after the death of some member of the family, had been taken away by order of the authorities to undergo the process of fumigation; and in those districts where the pestilence was most deadly, where the squalid and crowded dwellings rival all we hear of the purlieus of St Giles, the inhabitants were removed, much to their own dissatisfaction, to healthier quarters, in large convents temporarily ceded for that purpose—not always with the best grace, it must be owned, on the part of their reverend occupants. In one instance, a few old nuns, who were mouldering away in a convent large enough for a barrack, strongly resisted the invitation to transfer themselves, for the time being, to another sisterhood; at last threats of force became necessary to induce them to comply, when, escorted by gendarmes, they were conveyed in close carriages through the town to their new abode—martyrs to the utilitarian spirit of the day!

In measures of cleanliness, the municipality were also indefatigable. Every lane, and portico, and staircase, over which they held any jurisdiction, being forthwith diligently whitewashed; in addition to which, the walls in the principal thoroughfares were covered with manifestoes and addresses, recalling the absentees to a sense of their duties towards their suffering fellow-citizens, exhorting the feeble-hearted, promising to provide for all children rendered orphans by this visitation, and striving to combat the gross and fatal prejudices of the populace.

Those who have only seen the cholera as it is in England, can form no conception of the features it presented here, where, in addition to the infinitely greater number of its victims, the fear which paralysed so vast a proportion of the community, and the besotted ignorance of the lower orders, added to the horrors of the period. It was, indeed, the pestilence that walketh in darkness—a moral darkness, more appalling than the deepest shades of night; the descriptions of the plagues of the middle ages, with their popular commotions and denunciations of poisoners and witchcraft, being renewed almost to the letter.

From its first appearance, the cry was raised by the disaffected to the Piedmontese sway, that the epidemic was the result of an organised plot, a deliberate course taken by the government to spread a poison among the people, which, by diminishing their numbers, would render them less formidable, less capable of revolt. The propagation of the miasma was said to be effected by poisoned rockets, charged with a mephitic preparation, which were let off from the mountain-forts at night, and dropped their fatal contents into the devoted city! I have been gravely assured of this as

a positive fact by natives, whose position as clerks and shopkeepers, implying a certain amount of education and responsibility, ought to have rendered them superior to such absurdities; but the blind hatred to Piedmont, which lurks at the heart of every thorough Genoese, made any attempt to reason with them hopeless. As their only extenuation, it must be stated that rockets were certainly seen at night, at intervals, during the first period of the cholera, sent up, it is supposed, by some of those individuals who love to fish in troubled waters, and calculated, by imposing on public credulity, to commence an insurrectionary or reactionary movement; for, strange to say, the two ultra factions of Rossi and Codini are equally suspected of originating this and similar delusions.

Another view of the question—to which, however, the retrograde party can lay undisputed claim—recognised the cholera as a manifest judgment of Heaven upon the liberal institutions, the freedom of the press, and religious toleration, established since the constitution of 1848; while, above all, the parochial clergy took advantage of the moment to ascribe the evils that had come upon Genoa to the spread of the Valdesian heresy, converts to which—or, as it is equally termed, the Italian Reformed Church—within the last twelvemonth have become exceedingly numerous. For a few days, the clouds of persecution seemed gathering, and the Valdesi were under serious apprehensions for their safety, fearing an onslaught headed by the priests, their natural and implacable enemies. Compelled to claim the protection of the authorities in case of an attack, they received such frank assurances of support as reflected the highest credit upon those representatives of a government which contends with no ordinary difficulties in a spirit of dignified perseverance no less uncommon. After awhile, the threatened storm passed over, and the Valdesi commenced an undertaking of a most creditable nature, at a moment when they were almost destitute of funds, and all appeared dark around them. This was an hospital for the reception of Protestant cholera patients, of whatever nation, which has since prospered in a remarkable degree. The zeal and devotedness of the pastor, and his coadjutor, a Neapolitan refugee, have won applause from those even who were formerly most prejudiced against them; and the courage and unselfish feeling evinced by all those connected with the hospital—the toleration which has led them to draw no narrow distinctions, but to receive all who sought their aid, even to those who were taught to insult and despise them—has told greatly in their favour; so that the Valdesi may indeed be said to have overcome evil with good.

A third, and still more absurd hypothesis, sought to account for the presence of this terrible visitant by attributing it to the malevolence of the physicians, who, wishing to enrich themselves by creating a great number of patients, spread the infection in the town by sprinkling some deadly liquid, which they always carried in small phials, along the streets, whenever they thought themselves unobserved. At the commencement of the epidemic, a respectable man, feeling unwell when he was out, opened a bottle of camphorated spirits he had in his pocket, as a preventive remedy; unfortunately he was noticed, the cry raised of 'A poisoner, a poisoner!' and, set upon by the crowd, he would have been torn to pieces in their mad fury had he not opportunely found refuge in a neighbouring guard-house. In many instances, the doctors were forced to drink the poisons they had ordered for the sick, to satisfy their relations that they contained no deleterious ingredients. The slightest demur awakened suspicions; and once or twice nearly proved fatal, as the ignorant wretches proceeded to actual violence, and cruelly beat the unfortunate physicians, who narrowly escaped out of their hands.

In all the surrounding villages where cholera raged

to a fearful extent, sweeping away whole families in the course of a few hours, the same misconceptions and prejudices were prevalent, if possible, to a greater degree. In one rural district, the mayor, or syndic, gravely promulgated the opinion, that the germ of the pestilence was a magical compound of *serpents and toads*, enormous quantities of which reptiles had been sent from Turin by the railway to Genoa, and were there prepared *secundum artem*, ready for transmission by rockets, or equally efficacious if thrown into wells or fountains! Very recently, at a village about five miles from town, some English travellers, who had gone thither to sketch, were surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who took umbrage at a small bottle of brandy the party had brought to temper the coldness of the water from the mountain-springs. Although they all tasted it, to allay their suspicions, nothing could remove the people's impression that these strangers were poisoners; and pressing on them with angry words and threats, some even pointing their guns with a menacing gesture—the throng increasing till eighty or ninety were assembled—the ladies were thankful to reach the shelter of a country-house, whose proprietor, seeing their distress, at some personal risk assisted them to enter. Then sending off for the police, he kept the doors closed until their arrival dispersed the crowd and set the captives at liberty. O ignorance beyond all conception, most brutish and most degraded! Sad contrasts these to that bright transparent sky, whose influence it seems would be to soften and refine; or, rather, a crying shame to those who uphold the non-educational system for the lower orders, and do not blush to recognise its fruits.

Throughout the duration of the epidemic, the poor shewed the greatest repugnance to being sent to the hospitals; the very poor especially preferred dying upon a heap of straw, in a cellar in an Augean condition, to going thither, and often never even sent for a medical man. When they did so, they rarely followed his directions, although, with a wise precaution for their own bodily health, the Genoese Esculapians limited their medicaments amongst that sort of patients to chamomile-tea, olive-oil, and syrup of roses. The remedies the people most affectionately were a famous vermifuge, a species of sea-weed; a decoction of ashes called *lessina*, used for washing linen; or else soap, scraped from their kitchen-chimneys, and mixed with water.

The municipality made every effort to overcome this obstinate rejection of all salutary treatment. By way of an inducement to go to the hospitals, five francs and a new suit of clothes were promised to every patient on his being discharged; and still further to dispel this unhappy prejudice, the king, who came from Turin with his principal ministers, visited them all while the cholera was at its height, inspecting their arrangements, and walking through the sick-wards, addressed *parole di conforto*, as the newspapers expressed it, to some of the sufferers.

These establishments were indeed admirably managed. I went over one through the courtesy of a young Savoyard medical student, who had offered his services in the present emergency, and saw it was most commodious, and liberally conducted. Spacious well-ventilated wards, constant and careful attendance, ice, clean linen, everything the sick could require, furnished in the greatest profusion; above all, the Sisters of Charity, gliding about like ministering angels, superintending the nurses and *infermieri*, themselves giving the medicines, requiring the greatest exactitude, and seeing the physicians' directions minutely carried out. Shrinking from no sight or sound of suffering, familiarised with death in its most repulsive forms, yet never losing that exquisite softness and pitying glance, those gentle modulated tones, which seem their peculiar attribute. Upon the most rude,

the most sceptical, the most debased, these women appear to exercise a heavenly influence; their soft footfall comes soothingly to the sick man's pillow, the rustling of their serge robes is like the fanning of an angel's wing. The very students themselves—gay, reckless, with little care for God or man—are subdued in the presence of the Sisters, and talk of them with a deference in their manner, and indescribable veneration and respect, which speaks volumes in their praise. They pointed out one to me still young, not more than eight-and-twenty perhaps, and beautiful, with large dark gray eyes, that told of having watched and wept; a shade on her calm face, as of sorrows meekly borne, and hopes for ever laid at rest, but serene, sympathising, self-devoted, awakening unusual interest in all who beheld her. I was told she was a Piedmontese lady of rank, who, from some ill-starred attachment, had given up the world; and entered the order. My informant knew nothing more; her family name, and every other circumstance connected with her past history, being confined only to the superior.

I was conducted through the wards, and admired the perfect order and cleanliness that prevailed. The coverings upon the beds were of unstuffed whiteness, and a fresh palliass and mattress were supplied to every succeeding patient. Above each bed was a small picture of the Madonna, and the words *Olio Santo* written beside it. On inquiring what these referred to, I learned it was to certify that the patient had already received the last consolations of religion; including the *olio santo*, or extreme unction—these rites being hastily administered as soon as the sick were brought in, to avoid the risk of their dying unshriven and unabsolved. The physicians lamented this practice, as many were so affrighted at being treated as if in the last extremity—few Italians being ever able to contemplate the approach of death with any degree of fortitude—that they gave themselves up for lost, and died from the sheer effects of terror; but, at the same time, they bore ample testimony to the good sense and courage of the *Padri Crociferi*, priests of an order which has always shewn peculiar devotion to the sick, under whose spiritual administration the hospital was placed. They mitigated, as far as was in their power, the shock which their duty obliged them to convey; and might be seen leaning over the beds, exhorting their penitents to take heart, and not to give up all hope of recovery. In two other hospitals where the Capuchin friars gave their aid, equal zeal and fearlessness of exposure were to be witnessed; but in those where the parochial clergy officiated, I heard less consideration for the terrors of the sick—a far more matter-of-fact way of getting through their duties prevailed.

At the hospital which I am describing, four physicians, six Sisters of Charity, six *Padri Crociferi*, two apothecaries, twenty nurses for the female patients, besides a large number of *infermieri* to attend upon the men, were constantly and arduously employed. The four doctors had their board and lodging found them, and ten francs a day, during the time their services were required. In the height of the disease, they never left the walls, even for a minute, night or day; so rapidly were the sick brought in, so unceasingly was their attendance required. They had not long finished dinner when my friend introduced me, and politely invited us to join them in the *Farmacia*, where they always repaired to take coffee, in company with the Sisters of Charity and the priests. We were, accordingly, accommodated with chairs in the dispensary, in the midst of a stifling atmosphere of ether, ammonia, peppermint, chamomile, and similar medicaments, chiefly used in the treatment of cholera; and presently from opposite doors four or five nuns, with their sweet worn faces, and three or four *crociferi*, with a large red cross upon their black robes, made their appearance. It was the general rendezvous and recreation of the

day. Italians must be Italians after all, whether priests or laymen, sinners or saints, and a little conversazione is indispensable. So they sipped their coffee, and talked over the passing events, their most interesting cases, and so forth; the Sisters not speaking much, but assenting in monosyllables, or putting in an occasional remark. As for me, I was taken great care of, and on the recommendation of the chief physician a syrup of rare anti-choleric virtues was prepared by one of the *infermieri*, who, with his sleeves turned up, had just come in from the sick-wards to take a little rest. As a stolen glance revealed to me the manipulation my destined beverage was undergoing, I uneasily recalled the scenes and duties from whence its compounder came; however, it was no time or place for being unnecessarily nice, and I knew my kind entertainers would have been hurt by any display of repugnance, so I drank the potion with a good grace, and departed with a pleasant recollection—if such a term can be applied to aught connected with the circumstances to which it owed its origin—of my visit to the Hospital of La Neve. It was an incident in the monotony of those terrible forty days, when every thought or occupation seemed merged in the all-absorbing gloom cast by the presence of the cholera.

The family by whom I had been so cordially received, and whose beautiful palace so struck me on my first arrival, had set an example of courage and constancy in remaining at their post which it would have been well if more had imitated. Beneath their roof of an evening, a little circle of intimates still continued to assemble, where kindness and hospitality, more precious than all the gilding and luxury around, shed their genial influence. It was a point of reunion to which everybody looked forward; an oasis in the desert of the dreary daily life; to anticipate spending the evening where such a kindly welcome, such unfeigned solace to the soul, was to be found. And there five or six foreigners and English used to meet, the only real topic of conversation—avoid it, or endeavour to diversify it as you would—being the progress of the cholera, of which every one had some new incident to recount, some fatal case that had come under his own observation to communicate. Even that circle was not spared: one or two of its familiar faces were destined to be seen no more, and the realising thus closely the destroying influence that prevailed, was more impressive than all the outward circumstances of horror that had preceded it. A feverish sort of anxiety always existed to see the daily bulletin, containing the official return of cases and deaths, from which a general calculation might be formed of the real state of things. I say general advisedly, because it was currently reported, and has since been confirmed on the authority of several physicians of repute, that from twenty to thirty deaths were daily subtracted from the bills of mortality—a weak expedient to mitigate public uneasiness, since the opposite result of a greatly exaggerated estimate never failed to ensue. Up till the 14th of September, when the cases had diminished to eight or ten a day, the bulletins give a total of 2600 deaths; but to this, competent authorities declare, 1000 more may be added. Taking it, however, a little below that number, and estimating the mortality at 3500, a similar proportion of deaths in London, during a corresponding period—calculating its population at 2,000,000, and that of Genoa, reduced by the flight of one-third of the inhabitants for the time being, at 80,000—would amount to somewhere about 87,000. As for the totality of cases, to the 5000 published, several thousand more may be safely added, it being understood amongst all the medical men, that they should only report those which held out little prospect of recovery. I know one physician who, out of nearly 300 cholera patients, reported only 40 where he foresaw a fatal termination.

Indeed, without much exaggeration, it may be said that every one was more or less ill—cramps, giddiness, extraordinary prostration of strength, and the other so-called premonitory symptoms, were so prevalent, that the only pleasant these lugubrious times permitted were mutual railleries between friends upon the number of anti-cholera pills or preventive draughts they had respectively swallowed in the course of the day.

Towards the end of August, the state of things began to mend, and confidence seemed gradually returning; the streets became less desolate; the shops were again opened; some of the fugitives took courage to return. Still the general look of the people one sees abroad—their slouching gait, their worn yellow faces—indicate how much bodily or mental suffering they have undergone; and the spirit and joyousness of the scene have passed away—never to resume its former fascination for those who have been impressed by the dark side of the picture, at first sight so fair and so inviting. Well on the whole for them if they can lay the moral to their heart, and remember how soon, after revelling in the beauty, the sunshine, the poetry, succeeded a stern lesson on the realities of life.

### HOW CLAY CAN BE TURNED INTO COIN.

We once (pleasant delusion!) thought ourselves pretty well up in the cunning ways of science, and fancied, in common with many others, that after the electric-telegraph, there was not much more to be invented or discovered. But we have been made aware of our mistake, and in a manner at once surprising and wonderful. Though we were not born to silver slippers, we might have walked about in a pair every year of our life, if we had but known as much as we know now. There the precious metal lay before our eyes, but we would not open them wide enough to see it.

What was there in clay that we did not know? The use which certain writers made of it in pointing their morals was not unfamiliar to us; and one among them had given us reason to believe, that even an imperial Cæsar, when dead, might turn to clay; while others, of a jovial turn of mind, had made themselves merry on the subject of toppers moistening their clay. We were not ignorant, therefore, of the morality of clay. Then we knew that alum was got out of clay; that alumina, which is only another name for clay, was the most abundant of earthy bases, constituting no small mass in the structure of the globe;—moreover, that Sir Humphry Davy had knocked down the notion of alumina being an elementary substance, and had demonstrated it to be a metallic oxide. All this we knew; but we did not know that clay contained so large an amount of argentiferous metal, as to be one of the most valuable substances in nature, instead of one of the cheapest, and apparently the most worthless.

That it is so has been satisfactorily proved within the past few months by M. Deville, an ingenious Frenchman, who has carried his experiments into the metallic constitution of clay further than ever before. Wöhler, a well-known German chemist, had taken a step beyond Davy, and actually made a lump of clay give up its silver, or aluminum, as the metal was called; but it was only in tiny globules, somewhat resembling seed pearls in appearance. The result was in no way equal to the cost and labour of the experiment; still, a fact was demonstrated. M. Deville, however, produces the metal in such quantities, as to make even grave philosophers hold up their hands in amazement. At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he laid before the learned assemblage long strips of sheet aluminum, ingots of the same metal, and medals of some inches diameter, which had been struck at the Imperial Mint—all of which had been got out of clay by his newly discovered process.

Such a result must be reckoned among the great facts

of science. Let us see how it is accomplished. In Wöhler's process, chloride of potassium was used. The process of M. Deville is similar, but involves the use of chloride of sodium. The substances having been heated in a porcelain crucible at a high temperature, the aluminum is set free, and, to quote the operator's own words, 'there remains a saline mass, with an acid reaction, in the midst of which larger or smaller globules of aluminum are found perfectly pure.'

Proceeding in his description, which we permit ourselves to relieve of some of its technicalities, M. Deville says: This metal is as white as silver, and malleable and ductile to the highest degree. We find, however, on working it, that it offers a greater resistance, than which we may suppose its tenacity to approach that of iron. Cold hammering hardens it, but its former condition may be restored by remelting. Its melting point differs but slightly from that of silver; it conducts heat well; and may be exposed to the air without any sensible oxidation.

We learn further, that aluminum is perfectly undeteriorated by dry or damp air; it may be handled and carried in the pocket without becoming tarnished, and it remains brilliant where fresh-cut tin or zinc loses its lustre. Neither cold nor boiling water impairs its brightness; even sulphuretted hydrogen, that terrible blackener of plate, finds it altogether insensible; nor does nitric acid, weak or concentrated, act upon it. The only solvent yet known for this apparently indestructible metal is chlorhydric acid, which, by disengaging hydrogen, forms a sesquichloride of aluminum.

Here we let M. Deville speak for himself. 'Any one,' he says, 'will comprehend how a metal white and unalterable as silver, which does not tarnish, which is fusible, malleable, ductile, and tenacious, and which has the singular property of being lighter than glass—how highly serviceable such a metal would become were it possible to obtain it easily. If we consider, moreover, that this metal exists naturally in considerable proportions, that its ore is clay, we can but wish for its being brought into use. I have reason to hope that this will be accomplished, for chloride of aluminum is decomposed with remarkable facility at an elevated temperature by common metals; and a reaction of this nature, which I am now trying to realize on a greater scale than a simple laboratory experiment, will resolve the question in a practical point of view.'

At M. Deville's last appearance before the Academy, in August, in addition to his specimens of aluminum, he shewed one of silicium, which in its texture and lustre had all the appearances of a metal. Here, then, we have another metal added to the list; and who shall now say where discovery will stop? The silicium, be it understood, is extracted from the aluminum, and exists in it as carbon does in cast iron. It is supposed to be to ordinary silicium what graphite is to coal.

Now, what are we to think of all this? There being no reason to doubt the facts as we have related them, our first impression is, that we are about to witness a revolution which will affect our commerce, our industry, our science, and our domestic economy. It is already known that some clays contain twenty-five per cent. of aluminum. Who, then, shall set a limit to its production? What a change! The chemist will henceforth have a metal out of which to make his pans, crucibles, and capsules; all indestructible, and all cheap. The platinum pans used in certain manufactures cost £1,000 or more. Platinum is exceedingly heavy, aluminum exceedingly light. The latter is, therefore, eminently useful as weights for chemists, who for minute quantities require a weight which shall neither be too small nor liable to rust. How accurate analyses will be when made in unalterable vessels, and tests may be pushed to the very refinement of delicacy! Then in the art culinary. No more tin or copper sauce-pans; no more brass skillets; all our cooking-



utensils will be made of aluminium, from which will ensue a manifest improvement in public health, to say nothing of gratification to our palate. Decidedly, a new era seems to be opening for cooks and confectioners. And where will the 'silver-fork school' be, when the whole nation, from Cornwall to Caithness, is using silver forks? Will any one ever wish he had been born with silver slippers?

We might fill whole pages with notions as to the changes to be brought about in the industrial and decorative arts. In such a climate as ours, to have architectural ornaments, household articles, tools, and fifty other things, that 'won't rust,' will be an incalculable benefit; and who knows whether we may not see glittering roofs on our public buildings and temples without having to journey to the East? Then is silver to be superseded as a medium of exchange?—and shall we have a coinage of aluminium? The occupation of counterfeiters will be gone. Sir John Herschel, Master of the Mint, is already looking into the subject. Then, again, is there no danger of feverish excitement? Shall we not have a whole army of experimentalists setting to work on all sorts of earths? Will clay farms rise in the market? What are we to do for bricks? Will very fat church-yards fetch the highest prices?—and shall we come to bequeath the mortal part of us to our poor relations for the sake of the aluminium it may contain?

Seriously—we believe that most important results will follow M. Deville's discovery; perhaps far beyond what can be predicted at present. It was just as much a problem, perhaps more so, when many of us were boys, to extract soda from sea-water; and now it is produced in thousands of tons. So, who shall say what is impossible in turning clay into metal? We all know that silver 'was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon;' and whether such an argentiferous abundance is again to be realised, remains to be seen.

### SPECTACLES.

HE who walks in London, pursuing his route through defiles of dingy bricks, has a fascinating study in the figures that pass him on his way. There is often a history in a face. One thing he will not fail to note—the strange coincidence which gives a character, independent of neighbourhood or weather, to each city ramble. There are days when every one he meets seems comely or interesting: patriarchal old men lead beautiful little girls; romantic foreigners, with their black hair artistically arranged, seem actually clean; nurse-maids, seized with sudden affection for their quiet little charges, kiss them with ardour; laughing children run after one another, shouting at the top of their voices. He sees young girls, all grace—some looking at him not without interest; some glancing their eyes downwards, conscious of interesting him—all pretty.

There are other days when every one he comes upon is hideous: unhealthy children, born of shocking courts and back slums; importunate beggars, hideous and impudent; miserable faces, suggestive of vice and starvation; features, full of ugliness and woe. Wherever he goes, these haunt him. Funerals, with a wretched show of penurious upholstery, beadledom, and badly paid, badly executed sorrow, cross his path. He lights upon accidents, and runs the risk of being entangled in a row, in which a besotted, red-nosed thing, rag-covered and dirt-hidden, plays a conspicuous part.

On some days there is an extraordinary demonstration in our favour. People make room as we pass; every one is strangely polite; we are evidently popular; strangers point the way, as if our inquiries were a personal compliment; and if our toes are trodden on, or we ourselves thrown on the toes of others, the

offending parties seem full of contrition, and respectfully beg our pardon. And there are other days when there seems a general conspiracy against us: we are insulted, snubbed, and snapped at; dogs run between our legs, or yelp as we go by; no one moves out of our way; people run against us, and then growl, or swear at us for being so hard. We are looked down upon contemptuously. Fat old women run bump upon us in the midst of crossings, at the moment when angry cabmen are shouting us out of the way. And all this, too, on sunny days and foggy days alike.

Now, I am much inclined to think, that in spite of the law of coincidences and the state of our digestion, much of this is due to our wearing spectacles. I refer to metaphysical spectacles, which magnify, diminish, colour, or decolorise the objects that float before the mind's eye. Incredible as it may seem, none of us are entirely guiltless of spectacles of one kind or other, for these psychological instruments fall into two classes—the permanent or constitutional, and the dependent or subjective varieties. The permanent are tinted with the shade of the character of the wearer, and are apt to magnify and discolour the acts of men of opposite dispositions, parties, or opinions. They invest things with attributes one-sided, strange, or false. The man of science, who views all things through the medium of his ology or ography; the man of art, by the light of his favourite authorities; the man of argumentative temperament, with the searching glance of his critic eye; the poet, with his dreamy, aerial gaze; the practical man, with his *cui bono*—all these have permanent glasses, more or less optically wrong, and yet all the subject of implicit, unhesitating faith.

The dependent vary with the state of mind of the owner: if he is happy, they make everything seem light and cheerful; if sad, they invest creation with a gray neutral tint; if exceedingly enraged, they seem, like Iceland spar, to have a double refraction, and to distort everything. And so arise misjudgments, false calculations, and inaccuracies of all kinds.

The permanent glass is notoriously common; indeed, it may be said to be universal. It tends to establish that exquisite diversity of character and opinion so conducive to our wellbeing. It becomes a bore, however, at times. Professor Dingo is apt to chip the stones of buildings with his geological hammer. Talk rapturously of the sea to a friend great in chemistry, and he gives a look worthy of Fadladeen, as he says: 'Chloride of sodium; chloride of magnesium; yes, sir, and chloride of ammonium: a vast repository of all the soluble matters of our globe. It is beautiful to think how the great ocean lixiviates our earth. I have myself detected recently sulphate of copper—blue vitriol, you know.' Here our friend raises his eyes with the look dogmatic.

There now comes up a mechanical genius, full of hydraulics, pneumatics, and dynamics. He is talking something about the specific gravity of the vessel yonder; but his conversation will certainly not rank among the imponderables.

The argumentative gentleman interposes: 'Blue, sir; it is not blue; do you call that blue?—it is green.—Rough, sir; excuse me, but it isn't—calm as a lake: what you took for breakers was very likely a flock of wild geese.—Ships, my good sir; surely you are joking: they are only fishing-boats and barges.'

And now the poet is appealed to. 'Sea, ah, beautiful thing!—

Oh, how sweet it is to wander  
By the sea-shore, when the night  
Has wooed the stars, those eyes of angels;  
Gems unutterably bright,  
Painting with their golden light  
Another heaven on the waters;  
Flashing on our startled sight  
Eyes brighter than earth's fairest daughters.'

And now comes the practical man. 'Wonderfully cheap and convenient this carriage by water. All very well your poetry, but give me the useful. See how cheap salt is: we get it for a mere nothing out of the sea. Look at our fisheries—our potash and soda manufactories—our iodine. I like to see the sea turned to account. Poetry is all very well for weak minds and sentimental young ladies. I like the practical, the useful—that's all I care about.' The poet, it may be, ponders to himself on the line of demarcation between the useful and the useless. He also wonders whether that which elevates the soul and feelings of the people, is not as important as that which only raises their material condition. He is perplexed, for he, too, has his spectacles, and entertains an indefinite idea of sacrilege when he hears of the transmutation of nature's beautiful works into pounds, shillings, and pence. He views practical men as a set of hedge-clipping, valley-filling, mountain-levelling, forest-clearing, factory-mongers, and forgets that these art-Goths and nature-Vandals fabricate his comfortable clothes, produce his pleasant dinners, and waft him at his command hundreds of leagues away to spots of loveliness and romance.

To turn from the shadow to the substance, from the symbol to the verity, the mention of the spectacles critical will at once bring before our mental vision the optical instrument itself, with a pair of cynical orbs peering behind it; eyes never intended, it would seem, for the purpose of seeing, but pre-eminently adapted for quizzing. Men have long known that a white cravat gives an aspect of benevolence, and, of course, a popular reception among masses, fanatical in their admiration of wealthy liberality—they have long been aware that the optic instrument which gives its name to this paper, imparts an air of professional dignity to him who wears it—encircles his brow with an intellectual halo. Their use is not confined to the reviewer, nor, indeed, to the satirist himself. Long ago, Diogenes, the first of cynics, walked this earth, with a lantern to guide him, in the search for an honest man. It was an endless task to such a soul, for his critical spectacles were so awfully powerful, that the world seemed like a demon-land, and its inhabitants monsters. It is not strange that he became in fact what he saw others in imagination; that while he quizzed mankind with spectacles critical, himself became the butt of eternal sarcasm, the classic specimen of the wildest extreme of folly.

There are spectacles of another kind common to every age of life. The babe that smiles in its dear mechanical way when it is pleased, has huge glasses before its pretty laughing blue eyes. It sees them not; we see them not; but could we paint the images that lie upon its budding mind, that float before its tiny imagination, they would be strange unrealities to us beings of stern, veritable life. The old forgotten times, that have a dreamy record in the musty chronicles of history, when giants warred with goblins, or piled mountains to the skies; when every marshy valley was the home of some human reptile or zoophytish monster—those old forgotten times are the pen-and-ink sketches of the world as painted in an infant's eye. Every green leaf is strange and wonderful; every sunny bank, a fairy's home. Undoubted Jacks kill real giants; historic Cinderellas sport slippers of genuine gold—not gilded, nor electro-plated, but massy, gleaming gold; stars are angels' eyes; the moon, a plaything, only far away.

Pupilage succeeds to infancy. The school-boy sports another kind of eye-glass. The world is a huge playground; study, a species of torture; happiness and half-holidays are synonyms. The great optical property of these spectacles is their near-sightedness. I believe a wearer was never known to look beyond the vacation. He is seldom able to see the consequences of neglecting a lesson. Should he be so acute, so far-sighted, as to

foresee punishment, he strives to exhibit conspicuous proficiency, or, it may be, endeavours to administer an excuse with sufficient adroitness. But as for anything beyond—ignorance and its inconveniences—he has not the slightest idea in the world.

A don at cricket; a proficient in marble-playing; a graduate in horse-management and dogdom—these are his heroes. He has thoughts of going to sea, and pines for the life of a Crusoe. He is, rarely fond of books. His literary acquirements, consist principally in the copying of holiday letters, and the perusal of story-books, reflections and moral passages carefully omitted. Above all, he has not the slightest sympathy with the optic incongruities of his next stage. I refer to the romantic era of human life. Now, the romantic spectacles are really, in some respects, very variable. The bright tinting they cast, over nature, unreal though it be, is full of poetry and beauty. I speak of the milder forms, for the imperfections of vision at such a time frequently amount to absolute blindness. The technical term for such cases is, being in love; and really the assumption of romantic spectacles often produces nothing more or less than acute monomania. The wearer is constantly haunted by scenes forth which he denominates 'types.' Poetry of the very acme of sentimentality is quoted, or often, it may be, misquoted spontaneously. If constant allusions to the moon, and fondness for moonlight under various circumstances, be criteria, these spectacles impart somewhat of lunacy. The figure I mentioned as haunting the wearer, often bears a strong but flattering likeness to some lady of his acquaintance, whose personal charms, however, are strangely distorted, if his descriptions are to be relied upon. Her teeth become pearls; and her eyes are gems; light hair is transmuted into gold; while ash hair is said to be auburn. No wonder the poor youth becomes dejected: so strange a metamorphosis of a friend, and that friend a lady, must be very distressing. Fortunately, however, the glasses which cause the mischief are very fragile—the slightest shock will break them; and this is a merciful provision, for their long continuance is said to end in the breaking of a much more important organ—I refer to the heart, which is reported to have become fractured under such circumstances.

To these succeed, often more suddenly, the spectacles of prose-life. The world, which before was one chaos of alpine peaks and alpine chasms, now takes the form of a vast flat, bounded by bills—tailors' bills, butchers' bills, doctors' bills. This plain is haunted by two fierce harpies—the name of one is Tax-gatherer, the name of the other, Voluntary-contribution Collector. The most singular effect of these prose-life spectacles, is their power of instantly squaring certain numbers: a family, of four, for example, will seem to be one of sixteen; a delay of five minutes in the serving of dinner will appear at least five-and-twenty; while the extravagant accounts incurred at the milliner's and silversmith's by the lady we referred to—who, by the by, has now regained her wonted looks, and turned out no longer whatever—seem not only to square, but to cube spontaneously. He looks upon his romantic era as a very silly delusion, and seems heartily ashamed of it. He revels in his morning paper, and has been known to read through the supplementary advertisements with evident relish. He is in a sea of business: to his eyes, it seems hemming him in on all sides. Respectability is his motto, and that species of employment which the young call pleasure, his exceeding bane.

Last of all come senile spectacles—the spectacles of old men. As the romantic peer with telescopic gaze into the future, so the aged look back into the past: things were very different when they were young; the world has strangely altered—it is a great deal worse than it used to be; their school-boy lessons, their early labours, their rectitude of conduct, were

nolesal. They live in a world of to-day, but it seems like a fresh picture in dissolving views, which mars and is marred by the world of yesterday.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### EXPLANATION OF LOVE.

WHEN Paolo di Falco had related in detail, though with somewhat less of order than we have adopted, the origin of his passion for Angela Belmonte, and the imprudent step by which, chance favouring, he had been enabled to obtain an interview with her, and become convinced that she, too, loved him in secret, he proceeded more rapidly with an account of the incidents that had led him to the position in which Walter Masterton had found him. Lisa, the maid, not only contrived the first time to smuggle out the young lover without his being observed, but brought the two together often in the private garden. What was to come of all this neither she nor they for some time took care to reflect. Paolo and Angela were happy. They met after the warm hour of noon in summer, when others slept, when even the trees drooped their branches and the birds no longer rustled through the leaves, when the insects ceased their hum and the flowers bent towards the earth. Sitting side by side in the hushed arbour, whilst Lisa, instead of watching, dozed under the row of pomegranate trees, they forgot the rugged path of life that was before them, and allowed their feet to grow tender from much rest. The world swept onward in its march—the machinery of empires jangled with mighty clamour—there were shouts of joy, and cries of anguish, in city and in province; but all these sounds died away in imperceptible murmurs on the threshold of the lovers' paradise. They heard nought, save their own fragrant sighs, the low modulation of their own whispers; or if a warning voice, telling them of life's duties and trials, did sometimes speak to them, they complained foolishly of man's hard lot, and thought themselves the most miserable of beings—they whose hands were clasped together, and who could hear the beating of each other's hearts!

One morning, Paolo was wandering on the beach, thinking of one of those delicious meetings to come, when Luigi Spada accosted him, and after some pleasant accusation of neglect since New-year's Day, warned him that Ascanio, by some means or other, had obtained intelligence of their love, though he did not yet know of their interviews. He had been heard to threaten vengeance, and he was the man to keep his word. This intelligence at once astounded Paolo, and enlightened him as to his true position. He might at any time be deprived of the means of seeing Angela; and the jealous thought struck him, that if they were separated suddenly, one so young, so beloved by her father, and so loving, of all who appealed to her impulses, might easily be induced to forget her vows to him—a stranger, who had stolen into her life unawares. He resolved, therefore, that very day to throw himself at her feet, and beseech her to be united to him by a bond which nothing could break—nothing but death. This was the first time, strange to say, that such an idea had occurred to him. Until then, the innocent beauty and somewhat girlish manners of Angela—perhaps, also, a secret unwilling-

ness on her part, the presence of which he had felt, to commit so formal an act of disobedience—and the oppressive consciousness of the deadly feud between the two families—had contributed to lead his mind away from such thoughts. Now, however, he saw that for an honourable man there was no choice between a secret marriage or an entire abandonment of his claim to Angela's affection. That the Marchese Belmonte would relent was, he thought, hopeless; and he could expect nothing but ridicule and contempt if he took any steps to bring about a reconciliation.

Luigi Spada, as much, probably, from the love of mischief, and a desire to displease a great Neapolitan family, as from friendship to Paolo, entered warmly into the idea of a secret marriage; and said that the Padre Tommaso—a true Sicilian—could easily be induced to perform the ceremony, even at some personal risk to himself. The only difficulty was to obtain the consent of Angela. Her love was certain; but, as we have hinted, he had not studied to give it such a direction. He had acquired a mastery rather over her sentiments than her convictions; or, at anyrate, if he had in reality made her whole being vassal to his will, in the fulness of his contentment with the present hour, he had never endeavoured to ascertain the truth. When, therefore, he hastened to that day's rendezvous, it was with many misgivings. He feared that so delicate a child would not dare to face the consequences of her father's anger, the loss of her high position, the vicissitudes of a domestic feud, flight, and perhaps misery.

To his great surprise, when, with much hesitation, he had explained his wishes, and the necessity of what he proposed, Angela said: 'Paolo, I had thought of this before. It is not good for us to remain playing with our happiness like children. When I am yours, I shall be ready to face all misfortune. As it is, we may be torn asunder, and never meet more.'

Then she told of the increasing eagerness of Ascanio's suit, and how of late the young man had seemed to watch her, and how her father used at times to cast upon her a look of grave but vague reproach. What they suspected she knew not; but it seemed quite certain that they had obtained indirect intelligence that her affections had gone astray. Angela had never shewn so much character before.

'I am sensible,' she said, 'that in this matter I am acting against the ordinary rules of the world, which are good rules, but not in all cases. If I had a mother, I would throw myself in her arms, and confess all, and abide by her commands; but my father, though he loves me tenderly in his way, is a stern, harsh man, not much given to take into account the fancies and sentiments of women. He wishes me to marry my cousin Ascanio; and for that purpose will employ any means short of violence. As to you,' she added, smiling half playfully, half sorrowfully at Paolo, 'I know not what he would say to the idea of my marrying you, for it is impossible that the idea should ever enter his head.'

'In this manner it was,' said Paolo di Falco, continuing to relate his story to Walter Masterton, 'that I won the affections of Angela Belmonte, and became her husband; for our marriage took place in a little chapel opening on the private garden, in the broad daylight, not many days after her consent had been obtained. There were present Luigi Spada, Lisa, and Bettina, besides Padre Tommaso; so that there was no lack of witnesses, and it is impossible to deny that the marriage took place. If I had followed my own

impulse, I should immediately afterwards have carried off my bride, and retired to a foreign country; but my friends, who had urged me to the marriage, shrank from its consequences, and advised me to wait, and wait, and trust in fortune. Thus it happened, that one evening after dark, as I was stealing away from an interview with Angela, I found myself, under the garden-wall, face to face with Ascanio. I knew at once that his presence there was not accidental, and prepared to defend my life. I had no weapon, and could trust to nothing but my superior strength. The young man spoke not a word, but after a moment's hesitation, sprang at me. I saw the gleam of a poniard, and heard the sharp stamp which accompanied the thrust aimed at me. By a side-spring I avoided it. We closed—there was a struggle. The knife changed hands more than once; but at length I rose, and my foe remained motionless at my feet. I had some thought of assisting him; but a bright light appeared at the end of the avenue; there were the roll of wheels and the trampling of horses; the governor's carriage, surrounded by servants, was sweeping towards me; so I obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, and hurried away, leaving the body of Ascanio lying among the nettles under the garden-wall.

'The police of Sicily are usually not very active in tracing out the man who has given an unlucky blow; but my secret, as was to have been expected, had been ill kept by so many people. Indeed, as I ran towards my house, I met Luigi, who asked me if I had seen Ascanio. There was no concealment possible. Besides, my rival fortunately recovered from his wounds, and denounced me. Everybody believed I was an assassin, without feeling any loathing for me on that account. All things, they said, were fair in love; for the whole story, with many marvellous additions, at once got about. I remained in my house, expecting every moment to be arrested. Lisa brought me a message from Angela, exhorting me to fly—the first advice women give in moments of danger. I would not do so alone, feeling convinced if I did we should be parted for ever. The day passed by: the rumour in the town was great. Friends dropped in from all sides with officious warnings or encouragements, reflecting the changing colours of public opinion—some saying that I should be assassinated or condemned to death; others, that I should be recognised as the governor's son-in-law; others, I know not what. I did not until then know the multitude of my friends. So great was the excitement, that it assumed at once almost the character of a revolt. The day, I am sure, will long be remembered in Messina. Some of the members of secret societies even thought the moment for an outbreak had arrived. Emissaries were sent off into the mountains. Conspirators came and installed themselves in my house without asking permission. There were crowds before the door, and groups all down the street. Some sbirri came in the afternoon to arrest me, but prudently surveyed the ground from a distance. We heard the drums beating to quarters. The garrison was got under arms. I might have escaped over and over again; but I felt my innocence, at least, of the crime imputed to me, and did not sufficiently reflect that the Marchese Belmonte would revenge both the old affront put upon him and the new, under pretence that I had attempted to murder his nephew, Ascanio. At night, the effervescence of the people calmed down, and a strong company of troops came and occupied the street. I suffered myself to be arrested without resistance, and was hurried to prison, expecting to be brought to trial; but the next evening I was put into a carriage, and carried secretly away, well guarded. They took me first to Palermo, then to Trapani, where I was put on board a boat. On the first day of the month of June last year, I was landed on this island; and from that time to the present have remained here without having

once had the opportunity to communicate with my friends, or to hear news of my wife. Once, indeed, the commandant did hint that efforts were being made to have our marriage declared null; but I firmly believe this could not be done without her consent, which she will never give.'

Paolo paused, drew a long breath, and seemed to occupy his mind in convincing himself that his confidence was well founded. He forgot for awhile his object in seeking that interview.

'My friend,' said Walter, interrupting his reverie, 'time is passing rapidly. Let us talk of something practical. Will Mosca join in any plan of escape?'

'Not without hope of an extravagant reward.'

'But does he not fear that we shall scheme something, being thus left together?'

'He believes it to be impossible to evade the watch set over me without his aid; and, perhaps, he is right.'

'We shall see; but as to a reward, I am rich, according to the idea of this country. You have saved my life: my fortune is at your disposal.'

'He is a strange creature,' said Paolo musing. 'I believe his mind has gone astray in its ambitious wanderings, and that he will die a jailer after meditating flight and treachery all his life.'

'But we may act without him.'

Paolo's look brightened.

'Listen,' said Walter. 'I shall leave this place to-morrow. The commandant will not know I have spoken with you. Appear to forget me. Let a month pass away. It is now the fifth of May. On the fifth of June I will, if the weather be favourable—on that success depends—I will be in a boat off the northern side of the island, at the very place where you rescued me. There must be means of descending from the rocks. Can you contrive to be there an hour or two after sunset?'

'I am well guarded,' replied Paolo, not daring to receive this proposal too joyously at first, but hope glistened in his eyes.

'You can escape from your guards and hide.'

'It is possible.'

'Is it certain?'

'It shall be so!' exclaimed Paolo, rising with a determined look. 'On the fifth of June; two hours after sunset; at the end of the point south of where you were wrecked; a boat can run in there: I have seen it done. I may be prevented; but this is the only chance. If I fail—we shall meet in eternity.' He was thinking of Angela. Suddenly he added: 'But in the meantime, there are other things to be done. As soon as they hear of my escape'—he spoke of it as already accomplished—'they will closely imprison her; and of what use will liberty be then to me? My friend, you must not linger in this neighbourhood. You must go to Messina, and endeavour to obtain speech of her. Perhaps it will be possible to arrange so that we may meet in a foreign land. This is no time for apologies. I ask you to do this. You say you are under obligations to me. I take advantage of them.'

Paolo was much excited, and it was with difficulty that Walter calmed him sufficiently to make him talk reasonably and practically of what was to be done. At length, however, he subsided into almost childlike submission, and listened to the plans explained to him with deep attention. They discussed apparently every possible obstacle and detail; and ample time was afforded them. It was not until near dawn that Mosca came in. He had not intended to allow the interview to be thus prolonged, but had been overcome by sleep. When he told them this, Paolo raised his eyes towards heaven, thanking it for what he deemed a special providence in his favour. Even Walter, more disposed to rely on his own energies, regarded this circumstance as a good omen. Mosca seemed desirous to know what they had been talking about; but abstained from asking, because

he gave them credit for being as cunning as himself. In their place, he would certainly have told anything but the truth.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, with a hypocritical glance from one to the other, 'the best friends must part, you know. What have you agreed to give me for my risk?'

They had not thought of that matter; but Walter promised that he would send him a handsome present. He smiled, laying little stress on promises; and was convinced that the two friends had contrived some scheme of escape. Their very cheerfulness, moreover, would have told him this. A strange being was that Mosca. He forthwith began to revolve in his mind how best he might thwart their plans. The instinct of the jailer revived within him. Here was promise of excitement—a game of cunning, in which the better man must have the day. Of course, he thought there was no chance of his losing—he, Mosca, who had accustomed himself to the idea that he was the little divinity of that island; that he, miserable wretch that he was, with his white night-cap and perpetual cough, could bind and unbind materially, as he bound and unbound in imagination. A plot in which he was not engaged seemed at once an absurdity and an impertinence.

Walter pressed the hand of Paolo, and felt that it was feverish with excitement. They spoke no more, but exchanged a long farewell glance. The Prisoner walked slowly to the door, turned a moment, looked back—his countenance pallid with emotion, his whole soul beaming through his eyes. Walter answered with a firm encouraging smile; Mosca seemed impatient; and presently the footstep of Paolo di Falco could be heard by the awakened senses of his friend slowly retreating along the corridor. Soon afterwards, a distant door closed, making a strange sound at that silent hour, in spite of precaution; and some drowsy sentinel challenged; but there was no answer.

'Now,' said Walter to himself, 'here is an object for my unoccupied life. That life, which I was idling away, was in jeopardy. This unhappy man, who might have been supposed to be dead to all sympathy, beheld my peril, and saved me, from the generous emotion of his own heart, without prospect of advantage. But it appears that I can at once pay back this immense debt. He is as one dead here; I can restore him to life, and to liberty, and to happiness, if I devote myself to the work. Is there any doubt that I must fulfil all I have promised, and more?'

With the consciousness that he had resolved on what was right, Walter now yielded willingly to the prodigious fatigue which he felt, and which few men besides could have supported with so little outward sign. He fell asleep, and the day was far advanced before he could be roused. First Mosca, and then the commandant himself, came into the room; but it was impossible to awaken him. The Prisoner, before being led out to his usual morning-walk, was allowed, as a special favour, to have a look at his sleeping friend.

'He won't report that,' said Signor Girolamo di Georgio, looking infinitely diplomatic.

Mosca shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, to express contempt. He had little respect for his superior's talents; and wondered to himself how prisoners could be kept at all if it were not for him.

When Walter at last condescended to awake, it was about noon. He dressed, and finding all the doors open, went down to the commandant's room. The dinner was already on the table; and Signor Girolamo was engaged in discussing with himself whether it would be polite to begin. As he had taken his place, and had tucked a napkin under his chin, it is probable that he had decided in the affirmative. He greeted his guest with much cordiality, and was evidently gratified at having a companion. They dined pleasantly together, talking of many matters; and the commandant endeavoured to persuade Walter to remain a day

or two, to enjoy the sport that was to be had in the island.

'I am extremely sensible of your goodness,' said Walter; 'but my affairs will not allow me. I happened to have a little money in my pocket when I was thrown overboard from the poor *Marc Antoine*; but all my letters of credit are lost. I must hasten to Palermo, and put myself in communication with England. Even an Englishman cannot travel without means.'

The commandant then said, appearing, it is true, rather relieved, that he had almost hoped his guest had been completely penniless. It would have afforded him so much pleasure to place his purse at his disposal. They exchanged formal bows; whilst Mosca, who attended at table, was calculating how much of the money which the Englishman had saved belonged by right to him.

After dinner, a rough-looking sailor came up from the hamlet of San Simone, and reported that there was now a fair wind, and that if they started at once, they might reach Trapani by nightfall. This was welcome news; and Walter having no luggage to torment him—a pleasure which almost compensated for the loss—declared that he was quite ready. Some compliments were exchanged. Mosca contrived to obtain a minute's interview to claim a couple of sovereigns, which he received with a contemptuous air. Walter affected to be disappointed that he could not say adieu to the Prisoner. The commandant was really sorry to lose his company. The little garrison turned out on the esplanade, perhaps in order to shew its strength. These were the incidents of Walter's departure. He was soon descending the steep slope towards the hamlet, wondering to behold the sea, which the day before had raged so furiously, now spreading out like a lake, just ruffled by a southern breeze. All was bright and cheerful. The mountainous island of Favignana, on the other side of the strait, rose glittering in the sun; the far-off shores of Sicily shewed a sharp outline against the blue sky; and the rugged rocks around, with sprinkles of vegetation here and there, seemed clothed in inexplicable beauty. The people of San Simone, which is but a wretched hamlet, came out to see the stranger, but were not allowed to approach near enough to beg or speak; and presently, assisted by two powerful men, Walter got safely, though well wetted, into a kind of yawl, which they had launched when he was seen coming down the hill.

At this moment he happened to cast his eyes towards a point of rock high up to the right, and there beheld the form of a man standing motionless, and looking in his direction. It was the Prisoner, who had lingered there by permission of his guard. They exchanged no signs; such were not needed; but their hearts communed together. Both were thinking of the fifth day of the month to come; both tried to deceive themselves into believing that they had made due allowance for chance; but both in reality firmly believed that what their wills had resolved must be accomplished. Walter, to whom the action was confided, who had to move, and plan, and undergo fatigue, and whose personal interests were, after all, not engaged, felt perhaps more excitement than his friend; but thirty days seemed nothing to him. Paolo, on the contrary, was calmly anxious; but the appointed hour took up its position in the far distance. It became, as it were, the goal of his life; and he prepared himself patiently for a prodigious interval of suspense. Thus the two men separated rapidly—for a favourable breeze soon wafted the boat away from the shore—perfectly confident of meeting again; but the Englishman, who had so much to do, glanced firmly along what appeared to him a short though rugged path, whilst the other gazed out as over an interminable plain. An inactive past seems nothing; an inactive future seems boundless.

Paolo sat on the point of rock until his strained eyes could no longer discern the boat, as it glided over the glittering waters. Then he turned away pale and downcast; and willingly abridging the hours of liberty accorded him, requested to be led back to his prison. He met the commandant on the esplanade. They exchanged grave bows; but Paolo, according to custom, was about to pass on, when Signor Girolamo stepped up, and speaking very civilly, said that he wished to have a few words in private with him.

They went into the commandant's apartment, and both being seated, and the doors being carefully closed, the following conversation took place:

'Signor di Falco,' quoth the commandant, 'although it is against the regulations of the prison that I should afford you the pleasures of society, I hope that in all other respects you have nothing to complain of.'

'Since I have been confined here against all law and justice,' replied Paolo firmly, 'I have been treated as well, I suppose, as prisoners usually are.'

'Better,' quoth the other, with rather a piqued air; 'better, because I never forget that you are the son of a person with whom I once had some friendship.'

Paolo bowed coldly, because he felt sure that no indulgence had been conceded to him but what was authorised by the orders originally given. Neither he nor the commandant knew, though the latter probably suspected, that there was a secret agent in the island,—among the soldiers, indeed—who reported to headquarters everything that passed, even the most minute event, in writing.

'However,' proceeded the commandant, 'this is not exactly what I would say to you, although, in the event of your obtaining your liberty, it would of course be satisfactory that we should part friends.'

As this was the first allusion of the kind that had been made to Paolo since he landed on the island, he believed it possible that his liberation had been discussed, and even ordered. An immense gush of joy filled his heart, and he almost fainted.

'It is now more than a year that you have been with us,' said the commandant, after having in vain waited for an exclamation; 'and I have received a communication which it now becomes my duty to read to you.'

'From whom?' cried Paolo; 'from the Marchese Belmonte? Has he relented?'

'The marchese has nought to do in this matter—directly, at least. Your offence was against the laws; and if you were not brought to trial as usual, reasons of state stood in the way. The communication I have in this desk is from no one in particular. It is addressed to you through me, and I have to request your calm attention.'

The commandant then took out a memoir of considerable extent, and read it; but it was so tedious, and the style was, perhaps intentionally, made so confused and vague, that Paolo remained perfectly bewildered. He sat for some time after the conclusion with his face buried in his hands, and then looking up, beheld Signor Girolamo watching him intently.

'Signor,' he exclaimed, feeling suddenly enlightened, 'I think I know what that means, but am not sure. Will you answer me a question? If I sign a paper denying that I was ever married to Angela Belmonte, accusing all who say the contrary of perjury and calumny, and promising to quit the kingdom of the Two Sicilies for ever, will my fortune and my liberty be restored to me?'

'Well,' said the commandant, trying to look humorous, and laying the point of his forefinger upon the memoir, 'if you have understood that from this, it is a great deal more than I have done.'

'But would these conditions be accepted?' persisted Paolo.

'I believe I may say they would.'

'Then,' cried the young man, starting to his feet, 'tell those by whom you are commissioned to make this infamous offer, that sooner than put my hand to such a paper, I would submit to have it hacked from my body; and that, from this time forward, they may know, that not only do I refuse their conditions, but that I will accept my liberty only as a right which every innocent man can claim.'

The unfortunate Prisoner believed so firmly in Walter's successful exertions, that he was resolved to enjoy the luxury of defiance. His presumption, however, was destined to be at once severely checked.

'As I have already observed,' said the commandant with icy coldness, 'I do not see the conditions you have mentioned expressed in this paper; but I have orders, if you prove refractory, to withdraw from you certain little privileges.'

He had no need to finish. Paolo at once understood the tremendous significance of these words. All his pride vanished; and it was in a humble, downcast tone that he interrogated the speaker, saying:

'They will not surely deprive me of the liberty of breathing the free air on this rock?'

'They will,' was the reply.

Paolo felt as if his heart were grasped by a hand of iron and crushed within him. He had no further power of speech, and remained sitting, looking hopelessly at the repelling face of the commandant. Further remonstrance, besides, he knew would be useless; whatever orders had been issued, would be obeyed.

Signor Girolamo tried to say a few words on indifferent subjects, to shew that the interview was at an end; and Paolo, taking the hint, retired. Mosca, who met him in the corridor outside, had a strange look in his face; but he said nothing whilst the two soldiers, who usually conducted the Prisoner to the door of his room, were with him.

They went along the passage some distance, and then instead of ascending, descended.

'This is not the way?' murmured Paolo, feeling a chill like that of death come over him.

No one answered. Mosca descended still, and Paolo, with the soldiers behind him, followed. He at first thought he was about to be cast into a dark dungeon, and felt a momentary relief when he was ushered into a small chamber, nearly bare it is true, but lighted by a barred window, that opened on the moat. The punishment of his obstinacy was deprivation of the glorious view which he could previously enjoy, even when confined to his prison. There was nothing for him now to see but a bit of sky above a bare wall in front, and a succession of green pools below, where the frogs leaped, and the flies buzzed all day long.

The soldiers retired, and Mosca remained in the cell.

'Signor,' said he, with ill-concealed triumph in his tones, 'what an annoying thing it would be, if you had formed a plan of escape with that mad-brained Englishman, just as you were about to be caged up in this way!'

Paolo was too desperate to be diplomatic. He smelt his back on the jailer, and was soon immersed in thought, which brought its share of consolation.

He was sure from this offer that Angela was standing out against the tyranny of her friends; and he was equally sure that his refusal had been taken as a matter of course, and that, whatever projects were entertained, there was no idea of fulfilling them until he had been tortured into submission. Although, therefore, it seemed hopeless to suppose that he could carry out the somewhat too simple plan of escape which he and Walter in their enthusiasm had agreed upon, yet this indirect intelligence from Angela—this assurance of unwillingly conveyed to him—that she was bravely fighting for his honour, and nobly cherishing his love when it had fully come home to his heart, seemed to fill that narrow cell with perfume and light. A moment



of ineffable happiness was vouchsafed, and regardless of the presence of Mosca, who watched him intently, he buried his face in his hands, and wept—not tears of despair, as that sordid and narrow-minded spectator thought, but tears of joy and gratitude.

### OUR FIRST VISIT TO THE CZAR.

THERE was bustle and excitement on both sides of the Thames on the 10th of May 1553, for on that day three ships, commanded by some whose names figure honourably on the roll of England's naval worthies, dropped down the river from Ratcliffe to Greenwich. Whither were they bound? It could be no ordinary departure that attracted so much attention, made the common people break out into cheers, and drew the court to the windows of the palace to watch the passing vessels. Nor was it. The day, indeed, was a memorable one to many on board. They had—as old Hakluyt tells us in his historical narratives, related with all the vigorous simplicity of the old story-tellers—they had 'saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolk, and another his friends, dearer than his kinsfolk; and now, 'being all apparelled in watchet, or sky-coloured cloth, they rowed amain, and made way with diligence. And being come near to Greenwich, where the court then lay, presently upon the news thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore: the privy council, they looked out at the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers. The ships hereupon discharged their ordnance, and shot off their pieces after the manner of war, and of the sea, inasmuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners, they shouted in such sort, that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. One stood on the poop of the ship, and by his gesture bade farewell to his friends in the best manner he could. Another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the main-yard, and another in the top of the ship. To be short, it was a very triumph, after a sort, in all respects to the beholders.'

Such was a leave-taking in the days of Edward VI., when one-half of the globe was a perfect mystery and marvel to the other, and people were ready to believe in giants, in men with eyes in their breast, in snakes with two heads, Sindbad's roc, or any other monstrosity. They thought it worth while, too, to institute a search from time to time for Prester John. No wonder that crowds ran to behold with their own eyes the daring seamen who were going into unknown regions, perhaps to see sights that would fill them with terror or admiration.

The ships here mentioned—of which the largest was not more than 160 tons—comprised the expedition commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose terrible fate throws a melancholy interest over the early history of northern discovery. He and his crew were the first victims of the grim Frost King—stricken down, as though to warn future explorers from his icy dominions.

The vessels were fitted out by 'certain grave citizens of London,' who, fearing the decay of trade, resolved to attempt a passage to China—or Cathay, as it was then called—by the north-east; and so checkmate the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were at that time pushing their discoveries in the west. They consulted the famous navigator Sebastian Cabot, who drew up a set of advices and instructions, which are as remarkable for their large and liberal views as regards the general conduct of the enterprise, as for shrewd practical common sense in minor particulars. Under such auspices, the ships were 'prepared and furnished out, for the search and discoverie of the northerne

part of the world, to open a way and passage to our men for travaile to newe and unknowen kingdomea.' The 'grave citizens' had vitality enough to perpetuate themselves, and still exist as the 'Muscovy Company.'

During the warm months that followed their departure, the adventurers made good progress. Sir Hugh Willoughby got so far to the north, that he struck the western coast of Nova Zembla, and sailed along it for some distance. To him, indeed, belongs the honour of the discovery of that 'desolate' land, for he was the first Englishman, if not the first of any civilised nation, to visit its shores. A gale, which broke out shortly afterwards, separated the ships; in September, Sir Hugh, with two out of the three, took refuge in the mouth of the Warsina, on the coast of Lapland, where he and his crews, seventy persons in all, perished from cold and hunger before the winter was over. Remembering the names of his vessels—*Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*—there seems a cruel mockery in his fate. Shall we ever hear of a parallel catastrophe in the case of Sir John Franklin and his 150 unhappy companions?

The third ship, the *Edoard Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, had better fortune. After the gale, he sailed to Wardhuus, in Norway—the appointed rendezvous—and waited seven days, when his consorts not arriving, he determined to prosecute the voyage alone. His project was, however, opposed by 'certaine Scottishmen' whom he fell in with, and who used every argument they could think of to dissuade him. Only think of Scotchmen being found in that remote place at such an early period! How did they get there? But Chancellor was not to be dissuaded: 'A man of valour,' he said, 'could not commit a more dishonourable part than for feare of danger to avoyde and shun great attempts. . . . remaining steadfast and immutable in his first resolution, determining either to bring that to pass which was intended, or to die the death.'

Chancellor's courage was shared by his crew: they willingly placed themselves under his guidance whithersoever he should lead, knowing 'his good-will and love towards them;' and so they put to sea. Now, says the old chronicler, they held on their 'course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far, that they came at last to the place where they found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea. And having the benefit of this perpetual light for certaine days, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certaine great bay, which was of one hundred miles or thereabout over. Whereinto they entered, and somewhat far within cast anchor; and looking every way about them, it happened that they espied afar off a certaine fisher-boat, which Master Chancellor, accompanied with a few of his men, went towards to commune with the fishermen that were in it, and to know of them what country it was, and what people, and of what manner of living they were. But they being amazed with the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoyde and to flee; but he still following, at last overtook them, and being come to them, they (being in great fear, as men half dead) prostrated themselves before him, offering to kiss his feet. But he, according to his great and singular courtesie, looked pleasantly upon them, comforting them by signs and gestures, refusing those duties and reverences of theirs, and taking them up in all loving sort from the ground. And it is strange to consider how much favour afterwards in that place this humanitie of his did purchase to himself. For they being dismissed, spread by and by a report abroad of the arrival of a strange nation, of a singular gentleness and courtesie; whereupon the common people came together, offering to these new-come guests victuals

freely, and not refusing to traffic with them, except they had been bound by a certain religious use and custom not to buy any foreign commodities, without the knowledge and consent of the king.'

The 'great bay' into which Chancellor sailed, is now known as the White Sea, though for some time after its discovery it was called the Bay of St Nicholas. Here our countrymen soon learned that they were in 'Russia, or Moscovie,' of which land Ivan Vasilwitsch was emperor, or, as we now say, czar. The ship was anchored in the western mouth of the Dwina, and the governor of the place sent plentiful supplies of provisions on board, and shewed much good-will to the strangers, but refused to trade with them until he knew the pleasure of his sovereign. The news of their arrival, we are told, was 'very welcome' to Ivan; 'inasmuch, that voluntarily he invited them to come to his court,' promising to defray the expenses of the journey, and gave full liberty to his subjects to trade with the foreigners. His messenger having by some mishap gone astray, Chancellor suspected the governor of making vain excuses for delay, and at last set off on the journey of 1500 miles to Moscow, to visit the monarch whether or no. He had travelled some distance when he met the royal messenger, who had lost his way, and Ivan's letters at once removed all difficulties. So eager were the Muscovites to obey their ruler's orders, that for all the rest of the journey 'they began to quarrel, yea, and to fight also, in striving and contending which of them should put their post-horses to the sled.' In consequence of which, Chancellor and his companions arrived speedily and safely in Moscow.

A favourable reception awaited them; and after ten or twelve days spent in rest, and in viewing the city, they had audience of the emperor. 'Being come into the chamber of presence,' says the narrator of the interview, 'our men began to wonder at the majesty of the emperor; his seat was aloft on a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, apparelled with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand he held a sceptre, garnished and beset with precious stones; and besides all other notes and appearances of honour, there was a majesty in his countenance proportionable with the excellence of his estate.' The great officers of state stood round about, they and the whole apartment glittering with gold and jewels; but Chancellor, 'being therewithall nothing dismayed, saluted' and presented the letters from King Edward. These were read; and then, after some brief conversation, the Englishmen were invited to dine with his majesty, which they did two hours later, in the 'golden court,' and saw such prodigious numbers of gold and silver goblets, casks, dishes, and other vessels, and such a multitude of attendants, as filled them with amazement, and, doubtless, made them well content at being the first to open a trade with so rich a country.

The result of the interview was, that Ivan sent his visitors away with a letter in reply to those which he had received, declaring he had in all amity ordered, that wherever Sir Hugh Willoughby and the missing crews might be found, every attention should be paid to them; that if an envoy were sent to treat on the matter, English 'ships and vessels should have free mart, with all free liberties through my whole dominions, with all kinds of wares, to come and go at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment.' With this missive, which bore the great seal, Chancellor returned to England, and thus commenced the British trade with Russia.

The 'grave citizens' were not slow to follow up their advantage; and while ships were sent out for the exchange of commodities, others were especially employed in further discoveries in the same region, for, above all, they hoped to find the passage to China. Succeeding explorers traced the extent of the White

Sea; and sailing through the narrow strait which separates Waigats Island from the main, discovered the Sea of Kara, and made persevering efforts to reach the mouth of the Ob. To the English and the Dutch, the Russians are more indebted for these early discoveries than to themselves. For a century or two the White Sea was the only way by which they could communicate with the rest of the world by water.

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

THE dullest month of the whole season has just passed away. Always dreary and unsocial, the dead season in London has this year been more than ordinarily gloomy and depressing. The fine genial weather of itself allured from town almost everybody not absolutely compelled to stay; the fear of cholera drove away the remainder. Never, in modern days, was London so deserted. The traffic, even in the principal thoroughfares, underwent visible diminution. Even the omnibuses felt the influence of the general gloom, and went about empty and uncared for by everybody, except those cheerful-looking people who, with carpet-bag, portmanteau, and *Bradshaw* in hand, were intent upon reaching some railway station or steam-boat wharf, and leaving far behind the huge slumbering and smoky city.

As to books—unless vilely printed on bad paper, bound in flimsy glaring colours, and sold for a shilling—they have found no readers lately; but when thus produced, have been extensively purchased and perused. The public taste just now for shilling-books is in some respects a strange one. That good books—books that have endured the test of criticism and of time—should be in high favour at such a low price, is natural enough. But to judge by the flimsy and worthless productions which are at present so eagerly purchased, it would seem as if the contents of a book were of no consideration, so that the price did not exceed the now popular amount of one shilling. All works seem alike to the publishers of these cheap editions. Old novels, that ought to have been allowed to remain quietly in the grave of forgetfulness, into which they had long fallen, are hurriedly disinterred, and arrayed in gaudy attractive covering, intended to give an appearance of vitality to the lifeless form it covers. Books, in fact, that were never considered worth reading before now, seem suddenly to have become possessed of wonderful merit, which had hitherto been hidden. From time to time, an attempt is made to get up an excitement in favour of some new book, generally of American origin—*The Turncoat*, *The Open Sea*, or some such title—which, we are assured by preliminary puffs, will create as great a sensation as the famous work of Mrs Stowe. Recently, a number of so-called comic books have made their appearance, and although containing much less matter than the ordinary reprints, are extensively purchased. The comicality of these books, however, like the attractions of a show at a fair, generally seem to be confined to the outside. The cover is the most humorous portion of them.

Much as the shilling-books are read, there is another form of literature which is read still more, and that is the literature of the newspaper press. The public mind is absorbed in the great question of the day. All other questions are comparatively disregarded. Even news of the latest date, and of the most interesting description, unless from the seat of war, finds few readers. Everybody is thinking about 'great victories in the Crimea,' and 'the fall of Sebastopol,' and while these topics continue to engross so much attention, and to form such inexhaustible themes for speculation and comment, there is little chance of less exciting subjects obtaining more than partial recognition.

The dead season of literature is, however, now fairly passed; and though, perhaps, the note of preparation is not quite so loud as on previous occasions, we have evidence that authors and publishers have not been altogether idle. Among new books published, or about to be published, may be mentioned a work, entitled *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy; or, a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston*. By the author of the *Memoirs of Mr Disraeli*; which, if it be written in the trenchant style of the writer's previous work, will no doubt prove very interesting, if not instructive. Then we have in preparation a *Memoir of James Montgomery*; *The Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington*, which ought to be a readable book; and a *History of Turkey*, from the journals and correspondence of Sir James Porter, fifteen years ambassador at Constantinople, with a memoir by his grandson Sir George Larpent.

The works of Alexander Smith, whose *Life Drama* attracted so much attention a short time since, have found favour with the critics across the Channel, having recently been noticed at some length in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Extracts from the poem are given in French prose, but as the translations do not appear to be very masterly, French readers will not have the best means of judging of the young poet's merits. Alexander Smith is said to be at work upon a new poem, which is expected to appear in the course of a few months.

Another illustration of the worse than useless effect of a state censorship of literature has recently been exhibited at Florence, where a work upon the horrible and revolting subject of the Cenci family, having been prohibited by the authorities, has become so popular that it surreptitiously circulates everywhere. The work is by Guerazzi, the patriot protector and dictator of 1848, but now an exile. It is said to be another addition to that class of literature which is known as *l'ecole satanique*. So great has been the sensation it has created in Florence, that we are threatened with an English translation, now reported to be preparing in London. Such a work would be a suitable companion to some of the shilling reprints which are at present in such high favour.

While upon the subject of reprints, special and honourable mention ought to be made of Mr Hepworth Dixon's *Life of John Howard*, an edition of which has just been issued at a price that will place the work within the reach of the humblest. Mr Dixon's work not only shews great and laborious research, but a spirit in harmony with the subject is visible throughout. To this, the fourth edition, many additions have been made, and a new preface which it contains adds to the interest of the whole. In this preface Mr Dixon relates some of his early experiences in literature. After having written the *Life of John Howard*, he looked about for a publisher. But his name was unknown, and no publisher was willing to take the work. One said the subject was too old, another that it was too new; and so on, until, worn out and dispirited, he offered to give the book away. Fortunately, as it proved, this offer was declined; and shortly afterwards a publisher was found who was willing to take the book in hand. In a year afterwards, it had reached a third edition!

The *Life of Lord Metcalfe*\* is a work that forcibly claims attention. Charles Metcalfe was born at Calcutta in 1785. He received his education in England at Eton, and at a fitting age went out to India with a writership. In 1801, he obtained his first appointment, and thus may be said to have commenced a career which, although not very brilliant or exciting, led

him on, step by step, until he obtained a seat in the council, and a salary of £10,000 a year. During the interval between the resignation of Lord William Bentinck and the appointment of Lord Auckland as his successor to the governor-generalship of India, Mr Metcalfe filled provisionally the vacant post. Afterwards, having succeeded to a baronetcy by the death of his brother, he returned to England, expecting, no doubt, to spend the remainder of his days free from official cares; but in 1839 he was offered the governorship of Jamaica, and he accepted the appointment. The state of the island was far from satisfactory; but by the wisdom and moderation of his administration, he succeeded to a great extent in reconciling opposing factions, and in improving the condition of the territory he had been called upon to govern. Returning to England after two years' rule, he was again called into active employment, and in 1843 went to Canada as governor-general. The same ability he had displayed in Jamaica, enabled him to grapple with the difficulties which beset his government in Canada. He found that country still suffering from the convulsions of civil war: he left it tranquil and contented, having succeeded, by his judgment and firmness, in curbing the violence of party, and endearing himself even to his opponents by his kindness of heart and his gentleness of disposition. In 1844, upon the representation of Sir Robert Peel, he was raised to the peerage, and returned to England shortly afterwards. He never, however, took his seat in the House of Lords. An illness, from which he had for some time suffered, increased with his increasing years, and in 1846 terminated his life. Mr Kaye's book, although occasionally heavy reading, is carefully written and industriously compiled. It is, on the whole, a good history of a man who owed his success, not so much to striking ability or great genius, as to laborious industry and steadfast perseverance. As such, it will be a welcome addition to our biographical stores.

#### THE STUDIO.

The British Association, which this year held its pleasant annual gathering in Liverpool, has not been altogether devoted to learned lectures, agreeable excursions, or business meetings. Some of its members held a meeting of another kind, and with a different object. A monument to Sir Isaac Newton has long been determined on, and it seems that £1300 has been subscribed. The committee, in the expectation that additional sums would be received, delayed active operations, and waited for the increased amount that it was hoped would be obtained. It has now, however, been determined to commence the monument at once. A piece of ground at Grantham, where Newton was educated, and near to which he was born, has been offered by the town-council of the place, and the committee have resolved to accept the offer, and to erect the memorial upon that spot. The sum already subscribed is believed to be sufficient for the purpose; but as additional subscriptions are expected, it is supposed that a surplus will remain after all expenses are paid. This surplus the committee have resolved shall be appropriated to the promotion of scientific purposes. More success will attend the originators of this memorial than is usually the case, if they find themselves with a surplus in hand after all the accounts are closed.

There has been another meeting at Liverpool, and for a somewhat similar object. It has been felt that as St George's Hall, just inaugurated, is a building which the great seaport town may well be proud of, some testimonial to Mr Elmes the architect would be an appropriate recognition of his genius in designing such a noble edifice. A subscription has, accordingly, been commenced, the mayor heading it, and a considerable sum has been collected. Mr Elmes is dead, and is said to have left a widow and family by no means

\* *The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by Himself, his Family, and his Friends.* By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. Bentley.

well provided for. If such be the fact, the testimonial certainly should not be represented by marble or bronze. Surely here is a case where the best way to honour the dead would be to succour the living. When that is done, it will be time, perhaps, to think of another kind of monument. At present there appears to be only one course open to the committee, and that, doubtless, they will not fail to take.

It seems that the demand for pseudo Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians, manufactured in London garrets, and sold to unsuspecting purchasers as 'genuine originals,' has been for some time on the decrease. The branch of British industry which produces these pictures having evidently fallen into disrepute, the dealers in it have taken up another branch of the same business. Instead of the 'old masters' being their staple commodity, our own living artists are their principal stock in trade. Imitations of the modern school are unscrupulously sold as genuine, and many delighted purchasers have congratulated themselves on the bargains they have obtained. A sale of pictures of this kind is said to have taken place recently at Birmingham, the lots selling at prices that ought to have convinced buyers that they were being imposed upon. The demand for pictures by known artists is so great, that it is utterly impossible such 'bargains' can be otherwise than spurious. On many occasions recently, Art Union prize-holders have made ten or twelve selections from the Royal Academy, only to find in each case that the pictures had been already disposed of. Such has also been the case at all the other exhibitions. It is calculated that £150,000 has been paid for pictures exhibited during the last season. Purchasers would do well, therefore, to be on their guard when modern pictures are offered them at very low rates.

Scarcely a week passes that we do not receive some strange news of the doings of our American sisters. One time we hear of a lady-physician practising, and in high repute; another time, it is a Bloomer pedestrian engaging to walk a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours. The last intelligence of the kind that has reached us, has reference to a young American sculptress who is studying at Florence. This lady, who is only twenty-two years of age, has already distinguished herself by executing several admirable busts. She is now at work modelling an ideal statue, in which occupation she will be engaged during the greater part of the winter. She has taken a villa, and labours unceasingly, moulding in clay or drawing designs. Miss Hosmer—such is her name—seems to be entirely devoted to her art. She rises very early, bestows little attention upon her toilet, and after working until she is tired, goes out alone upon horseback. She performed the journey from Rome to Florence in this manner recently. She is said to give every promise of becoming famous as a sculptress.

A monument to Chantrey the sculptor has just been erected at his birthplace, Norton Green, near Sheffield. The monument consists of an obelisk of gray granite, twenty-two feet high, and is from the design of Mr Philip Hardwich, R.A. It bears the simple inscription: CHANTREY. Apart from his great and original merit as a sculptor, Chantrey well deserved such a testimonial as that which has just been erected to his memory. With no aid but his own genius, he succeeded in elevating himself from the position of a milk-boy to one of wealth and reputation. How he struggled to accomplish this is well known. Nothing but the most ardent love for his art could have sustained him against the difficulties he had so long to contend with. For eight years he laboured manfully, without making £5 by his labour. At last, however, a change came. He executed a plaster model of Horne Tooke; and commissions to the amount of £12,000 shortly afterwards were given to him. In very brief time, he was

compelled to raise his price for a bust from 80 guineas to 200! What a proof we have in these facts, that true genius, if it be only faithful to itself, will ultimately force its way, despite of every discouragement and obstacle! Chantrey doubly earned the honour which is now bestowed upon him.

Another monument, which has been for some time talked about, is, it is said, at length to be erected. The monument is to Dr Jenner, the originator of vaccination, and is to consist of a colossal bronze statue. The subscription-list numbers many contributors, foremost among whom is Prince Albert for £25. Mr W. C. Marshall, R.A., is to be the sculptor. In conclusion, I have only to add, that Sir Edwin Landseer has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire; and that the speech of Sir Archibald Alison, respecting Baron Marochetti, at the recent inauguration of the statue of the Queen at Glasgow, has not given much pleasure in artistic circles. Notwithstanding that the historian of Europe declares Marochetti to be 'one of a million,' several British sculptors are believed, in many quarters, to be quite equal to him in talent, if not superior.

### THE POET'S GRAVE

WRITTEN FOR A GAIKID AIR.

WE fain would know the hallow'd spot  
Where that true heart has found its rest;  
We fain would know the varied lot  
Which from that heart such utterance pressed.  
Vain is the wish! Time's ruthless wave  
Has worn away the Minstrel's grave.

His place on earth no man can tell;  
His very name has passed away;  
The land and race he loved so well  
No tribute to his worth can pay—  
Save that from kindred spirits wrung,  
Which feel as he has felt and sung.

But though no outward trace remains  
To mark his fate, his nobler part  
Shall live in his immortal strains—  
Those strains which each responsive heart  
Will kindling seize, and glad prolong,  
In his own dear-loved land of song.

Sweet be thy sleep! Where'er thy dust  
Is laid, in earth, or ocean's cave,  
Thy soul is new in peace, we trust.  
A nation's heart shall be thy grave;  
Thy nameless spell is o'er us cast,  
Thy work remains, thy toil is past. J.W.G.

### LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

London was then only winter-quarters, and at the time of which we are speaking, when it went out of town—which it did in May, and returned in October—the fashionable world at first resorted to Islington, 'to drink the waters,' to Hampstead or to Chelsea. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, repeatedly alludes to 'Addison's country-house at Chelsea;' and on taking lodgings there himself, talks of the beautiful scent of the new-made hay around, and says he gets quite sunburnt in his journeys to and fro; and whenever he stays late in London, he congratulates himself on having no money, so that he cannot be robbed on his way home. That this was no burlesque, the following confirmatory extracts will show:—'Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone.' *Daily Journal*, Oct. 15, 1728. 'The Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole comes to town this day from Chelsea.'—*Ibid.*—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 389 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASSHAIR, 50 Upper Beakville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 44.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

PRICE 1d.

## RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.\*

**RUSSIAN society**—that is to say, aristocratic society—on the surface resembles the society of other European countries, but on the whole it differs from it. It has two centres—St Petersburg and Moscow. In St Petersburg it is the court, or rather Nicholas himself, who fashions society according to his desires. It bears entirely the official stamp; preponderance is given to the officers, and to the high officials of the state. Dance, feasts, music, and the ballet, occupy the attention; politics and science are excluded from fashionable life. Times have changed since the epoch of Catherine, who liked to be praised by Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists as a protectress of literature; they differ also from the epoch of Alexander, who delighted in the mystical dreams and sentimental philanthropy of Madame Krudener. Both sovereigns allowed to science some liberty; and Dersavin the poet, and Karamsin the historian, could, with the full approbation of the court, publish such compositions as now might be visited by banishment to the Caucasus. It is true, towards the end of their reign, both Catherine and Alexander became more cautious, and drew the fetters of censorship tighter; yet their reign, as compared with that of Nicholas, was a reign of liberty. In the eyes of the present czar, science and literature are too dangerous tools for despotism—a two-edged sword, which he does not like to wield, though he often becomes furious that the attacks on Russia cannot be met by the official Russian authors in a readable shape. Jealous of his power, he hates and fears any of his subjects whose name becomes known without the previous permission of his government. The fame of his generals throws an additional splendour on the czar, who has selected them for the command of his armies. He can unmake them, by putting them into some obscure corner of his empire. But an author may become popular without the emperor's leave; and though he sends him to Siberia, as he did with Bestushev, or to the Caucasus, as happened to Lérmontoff, their thoughts cannot be banished, their exile does but enhance the excitement of the public, and the desire to read their productions. The czar, with all his unlimited power, cannot create talents, nor can he destroy their results. Still, Nicholas attempts to put down the spirit of independent Russian authors, by withholding from literature the imperial approbation; it is not fashionable in St Petersburg to become an author.

Nicholas is surrounded by mediocrity; by generals whose greatest ambition is to be severe disciplinarians; by pliant German functionaries from the Baltic provinces; by servile conservative Russians, enemies of all progress; himself cold, obstinate, distrustful, without compassion, without elevation of soul, as mediocre as the persons around him.

In the time of Alexander, during the war with France, when so many Germans and French entered the Russian service, from hatred of Napoleon, and in the hope of finding in Russia the lever for raising European liberty and independence from under French oppression, the army was surrounded by a halo of universal respect, as the refuge of European liberty. The officers were the soul of Russian aristocratic society; they represented not only the gallantry, but likewise all that was liberal in the empire. But from the time of the accession of Nicholas to the throne, and of the military conspiracy of 1826, the army has been purged of all the elements of independence. The czar gives a marked preference to the officers over the civilians; but he has introduced a coarse tone into the army—drilling seemed to be its only aim. Under Alexander, the troops were machines; but the officers felt themselves patriots, and were proud to be the most enlightened and progressive part of society. Now, they have become lifeless machines, servile ministers of the czar, without any sentiment of their own dignity. During a reign of twenty-seven years, the jealousy of Nicholas has, in St Petersburg, killed every feeling of independence: his government officials are his clerks, his officers of the army his drill-sergeants.

Moscow presents in every respect a different picture. Functionarism could not get ascendancy in the society of the old heart of the empire. The dress-coat prevails here over the regimentals; still the civilian government-officer is only exceptionally admitted to society. Moscow is the seat of the old aristocracy of the empire, and society here consists principally of independent rich landowners, who do not covet government offices, but occupy themselves with the administration of their estates, and with science and literature, without requiring anything from the czar, save to be left alone. It is entirely the reverse of the nobility of St Petersburg, which is attached to the court and to public service, devoured by servile ambition, expecting all from government only, and living upon it. Not to demand anything, to remain independent, and avoid public office, is in despotic countries a sign of opposition; and the czar is angry with those idlers who spend their winter in Moscow, and remain for the remainder of the year on their estates, reading all that is published in Western Europe. To possess a library,

\* This article, which cannot fail to be read with much interest at the present moment, has been contributed by a foreigner of historic celebrity.—Ed.

belongs now to the necessities of the Russian country gentleman; and to have a secret cabinet filled with prohibited books, is the pitch of fashion.

Thus St Petersburg and Moscow are the two opposite poles of Russian society, representing the Court and the Opposition; yet in such a despotic country as Russia, the personal tastes and inclinations of the monarch have so great an influence, that even the life of Moscow is in a great degree controlled by his supreme will. The rich Moscovite prince may dare to despise government offices, after he has in his youth served for a few years in the army or in the bureaux, one or other of which is necessary to maintain his nobility; he may live far from the court, retired upon his estates, enjoying in secret the forbidden books he gets by the smuggler; yet he cannot but be sometimes reminded, that he lives under the sway of the despotic czar, who does not forget those silent opponents of his authority. Not that he would banish them; such punishment is reserved for those who talk of politics, not for those who look apathetically on the doings of government; but he sends them word, that he expects them to do something for the progress of the country; to build a cotton-mill, and to employ their serfs in manufactories; or to raise wine on the hills of the Crimea, and on the banks of the Don; or to have mines in the Ural worked. The czar does not expect that they should make money by such speculations; on the contrary, he is well aware that the mill and the vineyard will remain heavy incumbrances on the income of the persons to whose patriotism he has appealed, and that the gold dug out in the Ural may perhaps cost twenty-five shillings the sovereign. But the glory of the country is to be raised in such ways; and the Manchester manufacturer, who finds one wing of the baronial castle turned into a workshop, is delighted to see the mighty aristocracy of Russia paying tribute to industry. And, in fact, it is a tribute which the aristocracy residing around Moscow willingly pays to the whim of the czar, in order to be allowed to remain undisturbed. However, the immense power of the czar, which changes the aspect of society in every new reign, has largely affected the mind of the Russian. Peter I. gave the first coat of varnish to the original barbarism of Russian aristocracy; he drilled them into soldiers, shipwrights, sailors, courtiers, and chamberlains. They had to accept German and French manners, but he did not educate them. Gluttony and luxury of every kind remained the inherent vices of the people. Under his successors—nearly all of them females, for most of the males soon died the natural death of czars—the scandalous conduct of the court demoralised society, though German and French forms were in turn adopted, and rigorously enforced. Russia was again, under Catherine II., ruled by an imperial mind; like Peter, she aimed continually at the aggrandisement of the empire. She was in correspondence with Voltaire, and protected science and literature; she gave the second and more brilliant varnish to Russian society, which, by her licentious example, was encouraged in debauchery. The madness of her son Paul, more fit for a drill-sergeant than for an emperor, again aroused the original rudeness of the Russians. But soon after his death, his successor, Alexander, did all he could to assimilate his aristocracy to the western civilised nations. In opposition to Napoleonic France, Russia became liberal; and the

French and German emigrants instructed the Russians in good-manners and the elegances of life. Still, all their efforts acted only upon the surface. Napoleon knew it, and remarked, therefore, justly: 'Gratias le Russe, et vous verrez le Tartare.' Western civilisation is in Russia only the varnish of the original savage. Yet Alexander's mystical and half-liberal turn of mind had, in his long reign, a smoothing influence on the character of the Russian aristocracy, which, during the wars with Napoleon, had seen more of Europe in fifteen years than before in a century. Foreign literature proved to be fertilising; it roused the native energies, and a national literature began to develop itself. At this time Russians began to read Russian books, and no longer only French and German; they began to wean themselves from foreign influences; they dared to think for themselves; they grew warm in their sympathy for struggling Greece. A crisis was impending, when Alexander died. The spirit of the higher classes and of the army was in a state of fermentation; but the outbreak of December 26, 1825, which was to destroy the omnipotence of the czar, was quenched by the energy and personal courage of Czar Nicholas. The conspirators and rioters were shot down with grape, and the tottering imperial throne was founded more firmly in the midst of a pool of blood; the flower of Russian aristocracy, the most generous hearts in the army, were executed, or sent to the mines of Siberia. The aspect of society suddenly changed; the French doctrinaire liberalism, and the visionary German mysticism of the time of Alexander, had to disappear: Nicholas is a matter-of-fact man, and despises speculation. Generous aspirations became dangerous; materialism, pedantry, discipline, were the watchwords for the new reign. Czar Nicholas transforms the organisation of government into barracks and offices. He fears the influence of Western ideas, and throws difficulties into the easy intercommunication with foreign countries: to get a passport is now become a favour, whilst, formerly, travelling in Europe was encouraged; nor are foreigners any longer admitted into the empire, unless they are merchants, or above all suspicion. But, on the other side, he endeavours to arouse a national exclusive spirit, which may in future isolate Russia, and keep it back from the ways of Western Europe: the ladies at court must wear the Russian costume; moreover, the Russian language, which since Peter I. has been excluded from society, becomes again fashionable by command of the czar. Peter I. worked for years to make the Russians Europeans, and his successors followed his example for a whole century; Nicholas now works to separate them from the West, and once more to arouse their nationality. He has succeeded, perhaps, beyond his expectation: the original Russian nature has been roused; and the present crisis is but the necessary consequence of the revival of narrow-minded bigotry and savage combativeness. Russia has been put in opposition to Europe; Russia is 'holy,' and Europe is wicked. A few epigrams of Lermontoff describe this reaction and its consequences very strikingly:

No traitor to my native land,  
Nor of my sires unworthy am I;  
In that, unlike to you, to limp  
On home-made crutches, 'likes me not.

For that I blush their deeds to see,  
Nor music hear in clanking chains,  
Nor glittering arms think beautiful;  
No patriot am I, they say!



Since not of the ancient mould I am,  
 Since backward I decline to go,  
 I (in their view) ill understand  
 My country, and disparage it.

Haply they're right; the devil appreciates it;  
 For here, who go but backwards, most advance,  
 And earlier far they at the goal arrive  
 Than I, who onward ever took my way.  
 With eyes God blessed me, and with feet; but when  
 I, venturesome, commenced with feet to walk,  
 With eyes to see, the prison was my doom.  
 God gave to me a tongue; but I began  
 To speak, and had to rue. How strange a land!  
 The wise man, here, only to be a fool  
 Uses his mind, and wants his tongue for silence.

Lérmonoff had sufficient reason for his epigrams. When the untimely death of the great poet Pushkin by the pistol of Dantès d'Heeckeren, suddenly aroused the poetical genius of the young man—who up to that time had lived a life of pleasure in St Petersburg, and his indignation dictated to him some beautiful stanzas addressed to the czar, claiming justice and revenge—he in three days had become a celebrated and reputed man. His stanzas were spread, in manuscript, all over the capital; they had, indeed, reached the czar; but in the same hour, the imperial order reached the young poet, which banished him to the Caucasus, on account of his boldness and sudden popularity. The czar does not allow any one to censure his conduct, even in the form of loyalty, or of hope for the future. His person is sacred; and, like the idols of old, not to be approached but behind a cloud of incense. Nicholas is, in this respect, just as exacting as his father was, who, when the French ambassador mentioned a Russian scholar, calling him eminent in science, Czar Paul seemed offended, and replied, that in Russia no man is eminent unless the emperor allows it.

The jealousy of Nicholas is not less striking; not even his favourites can dare to express the slightest doubt of his infallibility. Prince Woronzoff, whom the czar honoured with personal friendship, had to experience the disgrace of his master, in consequence of a curious incident at the camp at Woznosensk. An army of 60,000 men was assembled there, and the sham-fights had, indeed, the dimensions of actual war. The czar, who believes himself to be a first-rate strategist and a great general, made all the plans for the general action, which was to close the performances. He took the command of half the army, and gave the other half to Prince Woronzoff, so as to represent the enemy. The battle had begun in the morning; and after a series of most skilful manoeuvres, the czar was to out-general the enemy on all the points, and in the evening to capture Woznosensk, supposed to be the centre and stronghold of the enemy. All the exercises were executed in the most masterly way, according to the plan of the czar; but on the paper he had forgotten one brigade of the adverse army, which at the end of the action was neither defeated nor cut off; and Prince Woronzoff, therefore, as a good strategist, retired with it to Woznosensk, which, according to the czar's opinion, was not defended. When, therefore, in the evening, Nicholas, at the head of his staff, galloped triumphantly into the city, to receive the submission of the enemy, he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a force which he did not expect, and Prince Woronzoff approached him with the words: 'Your majesty is my prisoner.' Nicholas smiled, and handed his sword to the prince, who, not accepting it, delivered his own sword to his master. But instead of making a compliment to the prince for his clever generalship, the czar, on the same evening, sent orders to Prince Woronzoff to take care of his health, and to visit the spas of Germany. He was banished, in this form, for having been a better

general than his imperial master and friend, and for several years he remained in disgrace. It was only when Schamyl's mountaineers had repeatedly defeated the Russian army, that the czar remembered Woronzoff, and intrusted the civil and military command of Transcaucasia to the accomplished prince. I have this anecdote from one of the Austrian officers, who were present at the camp of Woznosensk; and I do not doubt its authenticity, as it is entirely in the character of the czar.

Two foreigners only, both of them having had the opportunity of seeing Nicholas at his court—Custine, the Frenchman, and Henningsen, the Englishman—give us a description of his character and of his measures.

Custine says: 'It is easy to see that the emperor cannot forget who he is, nor the constant attention of which he is the object; *il pose incessamment* (he attitudinises unceasingly), from whence results that he is never natural, even when he is sincere. His features have three distinct expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual seems to me that of constant severity. Another expression, though more rare, better befits that fine countenance—it is that of solemnity. The third is politeness; and into this glide a few shades of graciousness, which temper the cold astonishment caused by the other two. But notwithstanding this graciousness, there is one thing that destroys the moral influence of the man; it is, that each of these physiognomies, which arbitrarily replace each other on his face, is taken up or cast aside completely, without leaving any trace of the preceding to modify the expression of the new. It is a change of scene with upraised curtain, which no transition prepares us for. It appears a mask taken off and put on at pleasure. Do not misunderstand the sense I here attach to the word mask; I use it according to its etymology. In Greek, hypocrite means actor—the hypocrite was the man who masked himself to perform a part. I mean, that the emperor is always mindful of his *part*, and plays it like a great actor.'

Henningsen says of his character: 'The Emperor Nicholas has not the brutal instincts of the Czar Peter I., any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of Catherine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect and her innate liberality; he has not the fitful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impressible nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention.

'The Emperor Nicholas, who nervously shudders at the physical danger in which he sees a private soldier placed, is probably not innately cruel; but absolute and irresponsible power, the self-deification to which his auto-veneration has led, acting on a limited intellect and selfish heart, have made him think himself the irate Jupiter Tonans, whose wrath should be as terrible as his interests and glory should be sacred from competition with those of humanity. When they are so, he passes over them ruthlessly and remorselessly, without even apparently the consciousness of evil-doing.

'The influence of wealth, of family, of customs, and of privileges, affords no longer any shelter. Prudent as he is in disposition, being aware that he possesses a power unparalleled, he uses it in a manner unprecedented. Not only does he hourly trample on both his great vanquished enemies—the nobility of his empire and the Polish nation; not only has he uprooted whole races, and succeeded in extirpating the religious creed of millions; but he seems now bent both on destroying the nationality and religious faith of the whole of Poland, even, if required, by transplanting its population to Asia. Political violence and cruelties, the

mere extirpation of races or of creeds, would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing—because races are doomed, according to the law of nature, to perish, and creeds flourish and wither, and being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame sinking into it, blinding the eye, silencing the tongue, and paralysing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible—because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate by foreign conquest, and by the natural reproduction and increase of population.

#### A DAY WITH THE BACHELORS.

It is a delightful morning, in the latter half of the August of this present year, and I, in school-boy phraseology, have got a holiday—one whole day's remission from the stifling atmosphere and busy turmoil of London. Windsor is my destination. The last time I stood on the lofty round tower of its noble castle, and gazed on the varied panorama, extending miles around on every side, I sadly regretted that its principal features were unknown to me even by name. To-day, all that shall be remedied, as I intend to carry a map of the surrounding country. Still, that will not occupy all the day; so from Windsor I may roam to the renowned beeches of Burnham, or seek the ivy-mantled tower of Stoke Poges, the 'Country Churchyard' of Gray's deathless *Elegy*. But, as Burns says:

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley;

so it happened with my holiday plans. Instead of acquiring a knowledge of the localities around Windsor, the day was passed in witnessing some not altogether unremarkable proceedings which took place within that town.

Windsor is decidedly a borough of the old school. If it were not brushed up a little, by having its castle as a royal residence and a show-place, it would more nearly resemble a town of the period of Queen Anne than that of Victoria. Not that I should say as Swift did in the reign of Anne: 'Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel.' No; I merely mean, that long after habits and customs have become obsolete in other places, they find a last asylum in Windsor. There, I verily believe, the last flowing periwig was curled; I know it was the ultimate refuge of the pigtail. A few pairs of Hessian boots still linger in its streets; and a few blue coats, with high collars and brass buttons, accompanied by leather inexpressibles and top-boots, still saunter in the Long Walk. Those brave and venerable warriors, the 'Poor Knights,' generally indulge in little eccentricities of costume which aid the antiquated appearance of the streets; and the portly beadies, resplendent in gold lace and cocked-hats, fairly throw the stalwart forms of Her Majesty's footmen, though bedecked in their state-liveries, into the darkest shadow. But above all, Windsor is noted for its Bachelors, who, though undistinguishable by any particular eccentricity of dress, save and except the wearing of rosettes of blue ribbon in their button-holes on certain occasions, are, nevertheless,

more in the rear than in the vanguard of the age in which they exist—the often-quoted nineteenth century.

Let me, however, return to my holiday. After a smart walk over Hungerford Bridge, I arrive at the Waterloo Station, and am immediately ensconced in a railway carriage. The door is banged, the bell rings, the guard whistles, the engine snorts, and the train starts, carrying me, Asmodeus-like, over the house-tops, and among the fetid and reeking chimneys of those defilers of sanitary legislators—the bone-boilers of Lambeth. Onwards it rushes through the riotous alluvial market-gardens of Surrey; then shooting over the Thames, at Richmond, I find myself among the sterile grain-fields of Middlesex, now ripe and ready for the sickle of the reaper. Still on, without stop or stay, and I pass by the marshy common of Staines. Ah! I am close to the 'whitsters' of Datchet Mead, the very place where fat Jack Falstaff was 'sighted into the river;' and where, as he tells us, he 'had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,' as it is to this day: a few seconds more, and I am in the station at Windsor.

On emerging from the carriage, I observe with surprise the extraordinary length of the train, a circumstance I have not previously perceived, and I also notice the great crowd of passengers, of a class decidedly more numerous than select. The boisterous mirth, and evidently expectant excitement of the crowd, as they roughly but good-humouredly elbow their way from the platform, stimulates my curiosity. So, addressing one of the railway porters in the vernacular idiom, I inquire if there be anything up to-day.

'Anything up to-day,' he replies, 'feiterating' my words with an air of angry contempt at my ignorance; 'I should think there was. Why, this is the day of the revel.'

'The revel!' I mechanically uttered; 'what revel?'

'Why, the Bachelors' Revel. What else?'

'What Bachelors, pray?'

'Why, did you never hear on the Bachelors of Windsor, as has a revel once a year on their own ground, the Bachelors' Acre, all according to charter? If they didn't hold the revel, they would lose their charter, they would, as the Maids of Windsor did; they had an acre, they had—the Maids' Acre it was called—but lost it through 'em all gitting married in one year. Bless you, people come from all parts to see the Bachelors' Revel. You just go and see it, and you'll say you never saw sich a sight in your life afore; and you can see it all free, gracious, for nothing.'

The cry of 'porter' calls my informant away just as he is condescending to become communicative; but he has said enough to excite my interest. A revel, a charter, bachelors, maids—all give me an eager wish to learn more of the matter. Besides, the word revel has something attractive in itself alone. I remember when at school, the dictionary taught me that a revel was a 'noisy feast;' but on the other hand, I have seen Madame Vestris play the character of Pandora, in a piece styled *Olympic Revels*, in which, with the exception that Esculapius recommended cold punch to Jupiter as a specific for the colic, there were no signs of feasting whatever. I have 'sat at good men's feasts' as well as the exiled duke in *As You Like It*; and, indeed, for that matter, I have sat at the feasts of those who were no better than they should have been.

I have sipped that curious and fiery mixture of melted butter, burnt whisky, and roasted caraway-seeds, termed *scaltheen*, at a wake in Ireland; and I have hob-a-nobbed *het pint* with the first-foot, on a New-year's morn, in Scotland. I have been at a South Carolina barbecue, a Massachusetts' chowder-party, an English bean-feast, and a Scottish way-goose; yet I never in all my life assisted, as our French allies would say, at a revel. Such being my cogitations, it may readily be supposed that my original intention is abandoned. The map which I have been studying in the carriage is speedily folded up, and ignominiously returned to the pocket from whence it came; and following the crowd, that, like a river, streams in one direction, I make the best of my way towards the revel.

About half-way up the High Street of Windsor, the stream of the crowd divides into two parts—one going straight onwards, the other turning down a side-street. With the latter division I also turn down the side-street, and speedily find myself in the narrowest passage I have ever threaded. Though there is barely room for one, I am constantly met by persons coming from a contrary direction, some of them carrying huge dishes of baked beef, greasy potatoes, and greasier pudding, hot from the baker's oven. The passage is not only narrow but long, with high walls on each side. The confined space, heat, and unsavoury exhalations, impart a sensation unlike anything I have ever previously experienced, save a dreadful fit of the nightmare I once had after reading Dary's graphic account of the great earthquake at Lisbon. At last, emerging from this narrowest of ways, I find myself in the Bachelors' Acre.

The 'Acre,' as it is curtly termed by the denizens of Windsor, is a level and somewhat pear-shaped plain, containing rather more than two of the measures of ground from which it takes its name, and situated in a hollow some twenty or thirty feet in depth. It is surrounded by high sloping banks, on the top of which are broad terrace-walks. Whether it be the natural form of the ground, or the hollow were excavated by the hand of man, is now unknown; but no place could be more favourable for a large number of persons witnessing whatever might take place in the level plain below. It may have been, as antiquaries say, a Roman amphitheatre, when the legions of that nation kept watch and ward on the strong eminence above. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—if there ever were such persons—may have held their jousts and tournaments on this very spot. At anyrate, it was the tilt-yard of the castle during the sway of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and the first two Stuarts. A Scottish gentleman I accidentally met with on the ground, informs me that it bears a very great resemblance to the ancient tilt-yard of Stirling Castle; while he outrages the feelings of a Cockney bystander by adding, that the view of the links of Forth from the northern stronghold far exceeds in beauty the windings of the Thames as seen from the tower of St George.

It appears that after the period of tilt and tournament had passed away, the townsmen of Windsor, for nearly a couple of centuries, used the Acre for their own less chivalrous, but fully as barbarous recreations. They thus acquired a prescriptive right to the ground; and about the commencement of the present century, when the Windsor Forest Enclosure Act was passed, the commissioners for carrying it into effect awarded the Acre to the use of the 'commonalty' of Windsor for their amusements, vesting the property of the soil in the corporation. The Bachelors are now the

representatives of the commonalty. It is to their disinterested exertions that, once a year, on the day of the revel, Windsor is inundated by a mob of idle visitors, and the inhabitants are treated to exceedingly unedifying spectacles. Disapprobation, emanating from a very high quarter, has been expressed at these proceedings; but the Bachelors still hold their revel, having adopted the following motto, which is boldly emblazoned on their many and gorgeous banners:—'The Bachelors of Windsor will revere their Queen, and preserve their Rights.' I may add, that the story about the Maids' Acre is merely a local myth.

Standing on the terraced-walk, I observe that the end of the Acre next to the narrow passage is occupied with booths, shows, stalls—in short, all the paraphernalia of an English pleasure fair. The other end, towards the castle, is kept clear for the rural games patronised by the Bachelors. As the games at present going forward are merely some very diminutive chimney-sweepers attempting to climb three lofty and well-greased scaffold poles, I plunge down the bank, and enter the fair. The shows are nearly all of a warlike cast. Turks and Russians alternating with Russians and Turks, with several 'Theatres of War,' constitute the majority. There are a few sea and land monsters, and no less than six hideous pictorial and histrionic exhibitions, founded on the most horrible series of murders that for many years has harrowed the feelings of all reflective persons. Yet these six shows, in spite of the terribly disgusting representations of the awful scene exhibited outside, are the most crowded and the most attractive in the fair. The subject, however, has a local interest. The wretched murderess had lived at Windsor, and held a station of trust in the castle; the crime was perpetrated only a few miles distant, in an adjoining county; consequently, the showmen, who well know how to cater for the uneducated curiosity of the people, are reaping a rich harvest by their speculation. Uneducated, did I say? Well, it may be so; but while ladies of rank and fashion attend murder-trials at the Old Bailey, and the most attractive part of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is the Chamber of Horrors, 'the three R's—reading, riting, and rithmetic'—as Sir William Curtis used to say, are not the sum-total of education after all.

On the raised platform of another booth, struts a stout negro, stripped to the waist, his hands enveloped in boxing-gloves. A badly written and worse spelled placard above his head, announces him to be the 'unkonkerd Congo,' details his many battles, and eulogises his general proficiency in 'the noble hart of self-defence.' Congo himself announces in a loud voice, that he is just going to set-to with Porky Clark inside, and requests the bystanders to 'be in time—gentlemen, be in time.' The 'gentlemen,' however, exhibit but little interest in the matter, till the negro jeers—chaffs, I believe, is the proper word—a smock-frocked, simple, and bemused-in-beer-looking countryman in the crowd. The latter resents the 'imperence' of Congo; asserts, with a drunken hiccup, that he is as good a man as he is; and invites him down to a trial on the turf. Congo declines, but requests the 'yokel' to mount the platform, and be 'polished off, so that his mother would not know him.' The pot-valiant yokel moves forward to the steps leading to the platform. Some humane individuals in the crowd endeavour to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, while others urge him to 'go in and win.' He clumsily mounts the platform, puts on the gloves in a most awkward manner, and places himself in a most inartistic attitude, to the great amusement of the crowd, who, amidst uproarious laughter, confidently predict his fate in a curious chronological paradox—namely, that he will be smashed into the middle of next week in less than no time. To their surprise, however, the countryman succeeds in flooring Congo. The black jumps up in a towering

passion, declares he was never so served in his life before, acknowledges the yoke to be a 'rum customer,' but will fight him in the interior of the booth for one sovereign. After considerable fumbling in the recesses of his smock-frock, the grinning countryman produces a stocking; and after more fumbling, from the depths of the stocking he produces a sovereign, or at least something like one. The money is deposited in the hands of a man with a broken nose and deeply scarred face, who announces himself to be the 'master of ceremonies,' and the combatants retire into the interior of the booth. The bait has taken. There is no necessity now for requesting 'gentlemen' to be in time. The interest of the crowd has been awakened, and they energetically rush to pay their pence to witness the result, little thinking that the pseudo-countryman is a confederate, and that the same shallow artifice will, with different disguises, be re-enacted a dozen times during the day.

Leaving the fair department of the revel, I now proceed towards the 'rural games,' as they are styled in the printed programme of the sports, issued by the Bachelors. While seeking a 'coigne of vantage,' from whence I may see whatever is to be seen, I am informed that I can, for the sum of one shilling, be admitted into the Bachelors' private enclosure, where I can have a seat in front of their own tent, and surrounded by their rustling banners. I close with this offer; and in a few seconds am among the *élite* of the ribbon-bedecked Bachelors, and a large number of well-looking, well-dressed ladies. Glancing round me, I cannot help thinking that the Bachelors have displayed a more correct taste in the selection of ladies to be their guests, than in the selection of games for the amusement of the ladies.

Close to the enclosure, the most discordant music is discoursed by a brass band, on an orchestra, from the centre of which I perceive something rising like a stone pillar. I inquire of a Bachelor what it may be; I am politely informed that it is an obelisk, erected by the Bachelors to commemorate the Jubilee—the completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. And that there is an inscription on it, recording the condescension of Queen Charlotte and the royal princesses, who on that occasion visited the Bachelors 'in this their Acre,' witnessed the old English games, and partook of the old English fare provided for the populace.

A stage, on which a man is busy strewing saw-dust, next awakens my curiosity, and I am informed it is for the 'backword play,' and that the combatants will immediately commence to contend for prizes. 'Backsword!' I exclaim. 'Why that is what Pepys saw at the bear-garden, when "a shoemaker was so cut in both wrists that he could not fight any longer;" are we still in the seventeenth century?' Our informant, however, knows nothing about Mr Pepys, and cares less about centuries. Some call it single-stick, he intimates, but the Bachelors always term it backword, as I may see by the handbills; but there were the men mounting the stage, and no doubt there would be good sport. As he speaks, a Bachelor and 'a master of the ceremonies' ascend the stage, and are immediately followed by two combatants, divested of their coats and hats. The latter immediately proceed to select their weapons—long formidable cudgels, the handles guarded by basket-hilts of leather. Having chosen their weapons, a band of strong linen is supplied to each, which they tie in a loop round their left thighs, so that when the upper part of the loop is held in the left hand, about breast high, the upper and lower part of the left arm with the elbow protects the left side of the head. The right side, face, and crown of the head, are protected by the stick when in the position of guard. He who first draws blood from any part of his antagonist's head or face—anywhere, in short, above the lower jaw—

gains the victory. The head being completely protected in the position of guard, the great aim of each player is to get his antagonist out of position, by striking at the side or arm, and then at the head; or, on the other hand, waiting till the adversary attacks, and then striking at his head before he can get back to guard. The two men on the stage appear to be very unequally matched. One is tall, stout, and apparently about forty years of age; the other is short, slight, but wiry, and I am told is upwards of seventy. Having shaken hands, they assume the most constrained and ungraceful attitudes, and the contest commences. Notwithstanding the constrained positions of the men, their tied-up left arms giving them the appearance of half-trussed fowls, the blows are dealt with astonishing force and quickness, and parried with equal dexterity. At the close of a sharp rally, the old man receives a spent blow on the mouth, and his antagonist cries 'Blood!' No blood, however, appearing on the tightly compressed lips, the master of the ceremonies takes a clean white handkerchief, which he first exhibits to the crowd, and then applies to the old man's mouth. The handkerchief is again shewn to the crowd, and no blood-stain appearing on it, the combat proceeds. A few more blows are struck and parried, and then the old man catches his antagonist on the temple, and blood follows the blow as quickly as if the stick had been a lancet. The crowd give vent to a yell of applause, and then the old man spits out a mouthful of blood, the effects of the blow he had previously received. As his adversary shewed blood first, the old man is the victor. When this last proof of his cunning and endurance is seen by the mob, he is rewarded by a hurricane of cheers; so, taking advantage of his popularity, he immediately commences to beg coppers from the bystanders. I have seen enough of backsword, for a time at least; I now turn my attention to the other rural games.

A ring is cleared among the crowd, and a number of men blindfolded, and armed with wagoners' whips, are led forward, and placed round a hole, in which a ball is deposited. Each man has to turn round three times, and then endeavour to whip the ball out of the hole. As may be supposed, the blindfolded men whip each other, to the great delight of the bystanders, who, however, when a random blow comes their way, do not seem so amused after all. The game continues till a chance blow, knocking the ball out of the hole, wins the prize for the lucky striker.

Then there are wrestling; blindfolded men running races with wheel-barrows; and other amusements of a similarly interesting nature; but the great attraction, again, is the backword play. The conquerors in the first bouts have now to play off against each other. The old man's head is soon broken, and he comes bleeding and begging among the crowd, a hideous realisation of 'raw head and bloody bones.' Then a gipsy, and a person known as the Champion, take up the cudgels, and fiercely go to work. The Champion is about sixty years of age, and to my surprise decently attired—all the other backword-men having a very tramp-like appearance, not one of them being so well dressed as an agricultural labourer when in Sunday clothes. The gipsy is a powerful man about thirty, the youngest of the players. In skill and quickness he is inferior to his opponent, but makes up for those qualities by his indomitable endurance. Unable to hit his adversary on the head, the Champion strikes him on the side and right arm. The blows, to use a hackneyed phrase, are terrific; the thud of them is heard above the gongs and drums of the fair. If a police constable were to see a drover strike a bullock with such force, he would immediately collar the culprit, and walk him off to the next station-house, there to await a hearing before the magistrate. The gipsy attempts to retort on the Champion's head, but the latter is too quick for him.

An hour passes without any decisive result. The right sleeve of the gipsy's shirt is cut into ribbons, and the arm exhibits a bleeding mass of wales and cuts.

Another hour passes, and still the heads of the gipsy and the Champion are intact. There is another bout to be played—such play!—for the grand prize; and as the day is closing, there will not be time for it, so the Bachelors interfere, and the matter is compromised. The prize is three pounds. The gipsy consents to waive further proceedings for twenty-five shillings, but is not to be considered vanquished. This is agreed to; such hard-earned money I never witnessed. The Champion, exhausted by his long contest with the gipsy, is soon beaten by his next opponent, and to my great gratification, the sword-play is concluded.

The revel is to terminate with fireworks. While waiting for the pyrotechnic display, I am accosted in a friendly manner by an old Bachelor, who asks me how I liked the rural games. We enter into conversation. He informs me that the revel is nothing to what used to take place on the Acre: in his young days there was sport—'that there was.' A bull-bait once a fortnight, and a prize-fight every week! The Windsor men were noted bruisers. Old Andrews, the sweep, beat the best man in the South Staffordshire militia; and Young Andrews, his son, beat the best man in the North Staffordshire militia, when those regiments were quartered in Windsor, in the old war-time, when George the Third was king. Then a match was made between Old Andrews and Young Andrews, and they 'fit' on the Acre, when Old Andrews was beaten. But he said, on leaving the ground, that no other man in Windsor but his son could beat him, 'Which was a great thing for the old man to say; was it not, sir?' I intimate that it was, and then am told that it was not a ball that was whipped by wagoners in the olden time, but a living cock, which, in my informant's opinion, was a much more interesting whipping-stock. This opinion, however, is flatly repudiated by some younger Bachelors, who are within earshot. They tell the old gentleman that whipping cocks, baiting-bulls, and prize-fighting are brutal, cruel, and illegal, and I am not sorry to hear them say so. I then make bold to inquire, how it was that I saw no young men playing at the backword; and the old Bachelor, with a sarcastic look at his juniors, replies that the young men have no pluck now-a-days. I remark, if the young men do not learn backword, the game will naturally soon become extinct, and I am told that it is dying out fast. I mentally conclude that the sooner it were dead and buried the better.

The fireworks are good. There is also an attempt made to get up a dance by torch-light on the Acre, but it fails through the brass band being out of all time and tune; and I hear it insinuated that their music sounds of the beer, beery. They manage, however, to play 'God Save the Queen,' and the vast crowd quietly disperses.

Without expressing any very decided opinion, whether the Bachelors might or might not have provided more intellectual amusements for the 'commonalty,' I feel bound to affirm that, during the whole day, I did not see one intoxicated person, nor the slightest approach to quarrelling among the numerous assemblage. A people so well conducted decidedly deserve, and consequently the majority of them at least could appreciate, a more rational and superior class of amusements. Might I hint to the Bachelors, that it is their duty to lead the popular taste upwards—not to follow it downwards; with an earnest hope that the revel of 1855 will exhibit a step in the upward direction. The reader may probably think that I might have better spent my seldom recurring holiday. Perhaps I might. But as the improvement of the people is the great social problem of the age, any information respecting their manners, customs, and habits—however rude, commonplace,

or homely they may be—must be of paramount importance to all well-wishers of mankind. In too many instances, the words of the old dramatist are too true:

'Tis ever; what 's within our ken,  
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search  
To furthest Inde, in quest of novelties;  
Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,  
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,  
Of interest wonderful.

### THE PAPER DIFFICULTY.

Our readers can hardly be ignorant of the fact, that the materials for English paper are becoming somewhat scarce. Not many weeks ago, the proprietors of a leading London journal offered a prize or premium of £1000, to any one who could discover a new material for paper. Certain conditions were attached, relating to the continuous and abundant supply of the material, the capability of converting it into fine pulp, the power of bleaching it, and the price at which it could be sold. We are not aware that, up to the present time, the premium has been claimed.

It is not to be wondered at that men should seek for new materials for paper. Rags are limited in quantity, and flax is expensive if grown professedly for paper-making purposes; and hence an inquiry would naturally arise, whether any cheap substitute could be found. We seem to be busy on this subject just now, but men were quite as busy in the last century. We have now before us a remarkable exemplar of this activity. It is in the form of a book, descriptive of the manufacture of paper from various vegetable substances; and the leaves of the book are made of the very paper so described. The author and maker of the book was Jacob Christian Schäffer, a pastor at Ratisbon. The book is a little volume of about sixty leaves, all formed of different substances: the bark of the willow, the beech, the aspen, the hawthorn, the linden, and the mulberry; the down of the catkins of the black poplar, the silky down of the asclepias, the tendrils of the vine, the stalks of nettle, mugwort, dyers-weed; leaves, bark, liber, stalks, reeds, straws, moss, lichens, wood-shavings, saw-dust, potatoes, fir-cones—nothing came amiss to Schäffer; he made paper from all of them. He was almost paper mad; and people were wont to bring all kinds of odd substances to him, with a query as to whether he could convert them into paper. These specimens of paper, made about eighty years ago, are certainly the homeliest of the homely—queer in colour, and queer in texture. Soon afterwards, a French marquis, unknown to fame in other respects, printed a small volume of his own poems on paper derived from some of these unusual sources; but, so far as we can judge, the poems and the paper seem to be about equal in quality.

That fibrous vegetable substances can be beaten into a pulp, and then made into paper, has been abundantly proved. At this present time, there are various kinds of straw-paper manufactured; and not very long ago, a highly sanguine announcement was made of a new process for converting deal-shavings into paper. We may be allowed to say, that these attempts, up to the present time, have never exactly met the requirements of paper-consumers. Either the paper is too weak, or too brittle, or too spongy, or too rough, or too badly coloured, or too scanty in quantity, or too high in price; there is something wrong in each or all of them.

The rags employed in paper-making are mostly linen, prepared from flax; but cotton rags, from calico, also assist in making up the supply. Flax being the stronger fibre of the two, linen rags make stronger paper than cotton rags. The sweepings of cotton-mills also contribute towards the supply. As to the veritable linen rags themselves, we import some from

abroad—our own shirt-wearers do not yield sufficient for the wants of our paper-makers. The rag-merchants buy from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, and other continental countries—from any and every where, indeed, where rag-export is permitted; for it is worthy of remark, as a proof of the importance attached to this subject, that many foreign governments prohibit the export of this material. Italy and Sicily are linen-wearing but not book-making countries; and this is to a great extent the case in Hungary and South Germany; hence those countries have rags to sell, and have no particular objection to sell them. There are some rags, however, obtained from more northern parts of Europe. Here the rag-dealers are furnished with a peculiar sort of exponent of social advancement: they always know English rags from foreign by being in a cleaner state; and German from Italian, by being cleaner. The English housewife will mend and mend her boy's pinafore, or her husband's shirt, as long as it will hold decently together; but whether sound or dilapidated, she washes it well and oft, and it reaches the rag-bag in a cleaner state than the cast-off garments of most other countries. Five or six thousand tons of foreign rags are imported yearly by or for our paper-makers, in addition to that which reaches the shops of the 'marine store' dealers in all our large towns. About twenty guineas a ton is a sort of average price given for foreign rags—a guinea or so per hundredweight. The rags come over in bags containing 400 or 500 pounds each. But there are two or three points of serious importance here. Foreign countries require so much more paper-making materials than formerly, and America puts forth such an insatiable demand, that the foreign rags at the disposal of England are actually less than they were in amount twenty years ago. And this, too, at a time when our paper-making is so largely increasing. From present indications, it appears probable that British paper-making in 1854 will not fall far short of 200,000,000 pounds.

It is obvious, at a glance, that the supply of rags must depend upon the quantity of worn-out garments. A garment, so long as it is worth anything in wear, must certainly be worth more than 2d. or 3d. per pound—its value when regarded as linen rag; its flaxen career as a shirt or a pinafore must have been finished ere its career as a rag begins. There is a curious metamorphosis observable in the history of these vegetable fibres. It has been remarked, as being within the bounds of possibility—almost of probability—that the papier-mâché ornament of a man's room may once have been a book which he had read, and that this book may once have been a shirt which he had worn. However, passing over this fanciful hypothesis, we come to this practical question: 'If flax be plentiful, and worn-out linen garments be scarce, why not use flax itself as a material for paper?' Just because price affects it; a pound of dressed flax sells for very much more than a pound of linen rags; and a pound of clean cotton sells for much more than a pound of dirty fragmentary sweepings from a cotton mill; hence, although the flax and the good cotton are more abundant than the rags and the sweepings, their price is such as would revolutionise the paper trade if they were adopted. Unless this question of price be borne in mind, the real nature of the paper difficulty cannot be well understood.

A few weeks ago, a correspondent of the *Builder*, in allusion to the reward of L.1000 offered for the discovery of a new paper-making material, asked: 'Might I suggest that if a similar reward was offered to our chemists or manufacturers for a plan to reduce paper again to its primitive pulp, and then to discharge from it the printer's ink, the same end would be obtained? In the present day, there are tons of paper stained with productions of an ephemeral nature—returns to parliament,

to wit—which might do duty over and over again, with no loss to the public; on the contrary, there are few persons, even with a moderate supply of printed material, who would not be happy to contribute to the paper-bleacher, saving both binding and shelf-room.' This communication brought up a correspondent to the *Athenæum* a week or two afterwards. He stated that, having had his attention brought to the subject, it had struck him that the removal of the ink from printed paper might be effected with ease by a very simple chemical process. He therefore put his theory to the test of experiment, and met with a satisfactory result. He enclosed to the editor a specimen of an octavo leaf, which had been printed on both sides; he had subjected it to a particular process, whereby it had been reduced to the state of a clean pulp; but not having at command any efficient apparatus for pressing and finishing, the newly-prepared leaf of paper presented a certain coarseness and roughness of appearance. The editor confined himself simply to a statement of the fact, that the leaf of paper enclosed was certainly free from ink. This communication, in its turn, called forth another from a correspondent, who gave his name, and who had visions of patent-property in his mind. He stated that, ever since the announcement of the increasing scarcity of paper, he had directed his attention experimentally to the matter, and had succeeded in devising a beautiful, inexpensive, and effective method of utilizing waste paper. Having brought his process to a satisfactory point, he lodged a specification, and applied for letters-patent in July last. In the verbose and formal language of the Patent-office, his invention is 'for a method of treating all kinds of papers whereon any printing, &c., has been printed or impressed, so that the same may be completely removed, discharged, or obliterated, from the paper; and so that it may be either re-used in sheets, or be reconverted and worked up again into its primitive pulp by the ordinary methods; and be again manufactured into and used as paper.'

Thus much, then, for the projects for re-employing old printed paper. They are, it will be perceived, in the same condition as many other projects—not yet openly described, but kept private until the inventors ascertain whether they can obtain any profitable results from them.\*

While individual inventors have been thus engaged, the government has not been altogether idle in the matter. In the early part of the present year, the Treasury drew the attention of the Board of Trade to the scarcity of the materials for paper. It was urged that the supply of rags had lessened and the price increased, and that it was incumbent to inquire whether any other material could be substituted. To aid in this inquiry, it was suggested that the Foreign Office should transmit circulars to all British consuls abroad, requesting them to collect such information as might be within their reach, bearing on this point. The secretary to the Treasury said: 'In doing this, it would have to be borne in mind, that the great essential of such an article must be its cheapness, to cover the high freights now prevailing, and which, it may be anticipated, will prevail for some time. As regards the nature of the article, my lords are informed, that with the exception of jute, canvas, and gunney-bagging, every description of vegetable fibre is now capable of being bleached, and is available for fine paper. Reeds and rushes, the inner bark of many trees, and several kinds of vegetable fibre in warm or tropical climates, are substances likely to be of service, especially where

\* Has it never occurred to any of the experimentalists, to try to ascertain the process by which the Russian police authorities clear foreign newspapers of their objectionable articles? A process employed in such a manner must needs be inexpensive, and might therefore be expected to prove available for the object in view.—Ed.



they could be imported as duunage among the cargo, or in compressed bales; but quantity and steadiness of supply are essential. As regards price, my lords understand that if the article could be laid down so as to cost from 2d. to 2½d. per pound, without reckoning the cost of preparation, it would be sufficiently low to answer the purpose in view.

To this communication, a reply was sent some time afterwards by Dr Lyon Playfair, on the part of the Board of Trade. Dr Playfair mentioned many curious facts in connection with the scarcity of paper-making material. The strikes and lock-outs at Preston and elsewhere had been found to affect the supply, by lessening the quantity of cotton worked up at the mills, and consequently lessening the amount of waste resulting from the working. Another fact is, that the railway companies use now so much cotton-waste in oiling and wiping their machinery, that this again lessens the quantity available for the paper-maker. A third point is, that the Americans, having no paper-duty or stamp-duty to pay, can afford to give more for rags than our own paper-makers can; and they buy rags in London and Liverpool for the American market, thereby further lessening our store. Dr Playfair points out that the cause of failure in most other attempts to provide paper-making material, has usually been one of these three—that the expense of preparing the fibre is too great; that the loss of weight in preparing is too great; or that the material cannot be well bleached. He further states that, having consulted with the chief paper-manufacturers, he finds that any new fibrous material must, to be serviceable, be obtainable at a lower price than that named by the Treasury—not exceeding one penny or three-halfpence per pound.

It is not improbable that British consuls are at this time collecting information in foreign countries respecting fibrous materials available for paper, and that we shall learn more on the matter by and by.

About Easter last, Dr Forbes Royle read before the Society of Arts a valuable paper on the fibrous substances of India. He entered into a minute examination of the various plants of this kind: where they grow; to what extent they are abundant; from what port they might be shipped; at what price they could be obtained; to what purposes they are already applied; to what other purposes they might probably be applicable. From the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, it appears that naturalists have had their attention strongly directed to this subject for some time past. There has been even talk of a company for making paper from West India plants.

The inventors are looking out sharply for new processes, to be rendered available as soon as the botanists and naturalists have done their part of the work. We meet with sanguine descriptions on all sides of us. The *Long Island Vindicator* describes a recent invention for utilising a plant which grows abundantly in poor lands, and which can be brought into the state of pulp for one-sixth of a cent per pound; while another invention can make this pulp into paper at four cents per pound. Then there is the invention by M. Vivien, of Paris, whereby the leaves of ordinary trees are gathered, compressed into cakes, steeped in lime-water or alkaline solution, washed clean, ground to pulp, and made into paper. Then, again, there is MM. Hartmann and Schlesinger's wood-pulp process, which is, to say the least of it, curious and interesting. A tree is cut into blocks or logs; each block is pressed heavily against a grindstone; the grindstone is made to rotate two hundred times per minute; and the wood, wetted and ground at once, is rubbed off in the state of a very fine pulp. This wood-pulp, mixed with rag-pulp in ratios varying from 10 to 90 per cent., produces paper of various kinds. The goodness of the paper, and the price at which it can be sold, will of course

determine the fate of this as well as other new projects in paper-making.

The reader will now be in a position to know something concerning the nature and extent of the Paper Difficulty, and to welcome any improvements bearing on the subject.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER V.

#### WALTER FINDS HIMSELF IN A LAND OF INTRIGUE.

ALTHOUGH the weather continued fine and the wind fair, night had long closed in when the bark in which Walter had sailed from the island of Maretimo, after passing between the narrow strait that divides Levanzo from Favignana, came in sight of the lights of Trapani, extending, as it were, in irregular festoons along the sea-beach. During the voyage, our Englishman had not attempted to have much conversation with the crew, except on indifferent subjects, for he was repressed by the fear of causing some change in Paolo's condition; if he allowed the great interest he felt in him to appear. The captain of the boat, however, acting as steersman, talked very freely of the whole affair. He seemed desirous of provoking Walter to express an opinion; affected to disregard the Neapolitan authorities; and contrived to leave the impression that he was a spy. The more confidential he became, the more reserved was Walter; so that at last he relapsed into sullen silence, in mortification at having been seen through or misunderstood.

Under other circumstances, his appearance would probably have inspired confidence. He was a burly good-humoured-looking fellow, with a red woollen cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, a bright eye, and a cheerful voice. His men seemed at once to admire and respect him; for although they called him familiarly Giacomo, they obeyed his orders as implicitly as if he had been admiral of those seas. Walter was not very learned in the Sicilian jargon, but he thought they spoke a good deal of him in a half-compassionate, half-contemptuous tone.

Just before they ran under the shadow of the mole of Trapani, Giacomo, who had remained silent for an hour or so, made a last attempt to provoke Walter to some confidence. Leaning towards him, and looking in his face by the light of the lamp which swung from the mast, and cast a bright semicircle on the after-part of the boat, he said in a very marked manner: 'I am a true Sicilian, and love true Sicilians. Does the English gentleman feel sympathy with the humble or with the proud?'

'Why do you ask?' inquired Walter, adopting the southern custom of replying to one question by another.

'Because,' said Giacomo tartly, 'we shall presently be within earshot of the police. Did you not speak to the Prisoner on the island?'

'Yes.'

'What did he say?'

Walter could not make up his mind to give a direct reply, yet he was anxious to know the reason of this persevering inquiry. He might perhaps have come to some understanding with Giacomo, but suddenly the wind was taken out of their sail as they entered the port, and a small boat ran alongside. Two or three men at once leaped on board, and it required very little

experience to understand that they belonged to the port-police.

They went further in, now rowing, now using poles, now pushing against the broad sides of the fishing-smacks that encumbered the port. The town was already wrapped in silence. There was no sound to greet them, save the dashing of the waves among the pillars of the mole or jetty, the occasional barking of a dog on the beach, and the bustle on board some vessel getting ready to clear out. A bright moon shone through the forest of masts and cordage, and checkered the surface of the waters with streaks and spots of light. Above the black outline of the houses rose numerous steeples and church-towers. Such was the impression that remained on Walter's mind of his night-arrival at Trapani.

A brief business-like conversation took place between Giacomo and the police on the subject of this stranger—on whose face several times the glare of a lantern was cast. They did not like his appearance at all—although a passport, in the form of a letter from the commandant of Maretime, which they perused huddling their heads together, accurately stated his circumstances and nationality. 'Evidently,' thought Walter, 'there is no chance of deluding these fellows. Wo be to the fugitive who should hope to escape their vigilance! I am sure they are counting the very hairs on my head.'

Near the landing-place, at the base of the jetty, was a small square guard-house, into which Walter surrounded by several men armed with swords and carbines—all endeavouring to look terrible and far-sighted enough to see through a stone-wall—was led into the presence of a thin, pale-faced, gentlemanly-looking person in plain clothes, evidently the superintendent of the night-police. He was at once interrogated with great courtesy, and requested to give an account of himself. As he did so, all his statements were compared with those on the paper, and, luckily, there seemed no discrepancy sufficient to authorise his detention. The superintendent congratulated him on his escape, said some civil things about the English—'a great nation, though heretical'—a remark that was changed into pleasantry by a smile, and the offer of a pinch of snuff; and concluded by inquiring, in his official capacity this time, 'at what hotel his excellency would lodge?' The guards upon this began to recommend very strongly the Gran' Bretagna; but Walter cut them short by saying, that as he had very little money, he wished to start at once for Palermo. Impossible! Why? There were no mules to be got at that hour of the night—especially, no doubt, by a man who admitted having little or no money.

Walter, however, had his mind full of one idea. On the thirtieth night from that, he had an appointment with Paolo di Falco at the extreme north-western point of the island of Maretime; and if he had been compelled to stay at Trapani, would have spent the hours pacing up and down like a lion in a cage. An older and less enthusiastic man would have reflected, that as he could not pass a whole month in motion without closing his eyelids, he might as well yield to circumstances, and rest there. But the impulse had been too recently imparted. He would have considered it high treason against friendship to suffer any difficulties to arrest him on the threshold of his expedition; and accordingly expressed so much anxiety to be gone, that the

superintendent's suspicions were aroused, and he was again subjected to a searching cross-examination.

Presently a patrol came in, and having announced that all was quiet in the port and the streets adjoining—only one sailor having stabbed his messmate—there not being the slightest trace of a political conspiracy—the chief hearing what was going on, said that he could no doubt put the English gentleman in the way of starting for Palermo at once. Walter felt an emotion of gratitude towards the speaker, which he had scarcely prudence enough to suppress. What did he recommend? Why, Monsignore the Abbate Frascatori was going to depart in an hour from the palace of the bishop, and if politely asked, would, no doubt, order one of his servants to dismount, and 'ride and tie' with another. 'It will not be much cheaper—rather otherwise,' said Walter's informant; 'for you will have to make presents to all the servants; but as you are in a hurry'—

'I will give whatever I am asked,' exclaimed Walter in a princely tone; the consequence of which was, that as soon as the guards were out of sight of the superintendent, they surrounded him, and begged in so bland a manner, that they left him with but a single piece of gold to pursue his journey. He knew, however, that he should get what he wanted at Palermo, and hastened to follow the soldier who was detached as a guide.

In crossing the Marina, they met a man, whom Walter, by the moonlight, recognised to be Giacomo, the skipper of the bark in which he had come from Maretime.

'Good-night, Signor Inglese,' said he in a taming tone; 'good-night. Go and prosper. He will always do so who receives benefits, and returns not even a kind wish.'

Walter turned rapidly towards him, to ask what he meant; but Giacomo glided down a flight of steps leading to the water, and was soon seen pulling away in a little skiff near the port. His words suggested the idea that he was probably interested in Paolo's fate. They sounded, at anyrate, like a reproach. Walter regretted that he had not been more communicative; and determined, if occasion offered, not to consider himself bound by his promise to the commandant.

'Sir,' cried his guide, who had gone some way ahead, 'if you dally looking at the waters, the abbate will be off before we arrive.'

They entered a long street, with lamps swinging here and there; unnecessary at that hour, for the moon shone so brightly, that the façades of the houses on either side, with their lofty portals and long cornices, could be distinctly seen. The town of Trapani is not extensive; but Walter's impatience made him imagine that this street was interminable. It led straight to a small square, on one side of which was the bishop's palace. The gateway was open, and brightly lighted; and there was a group of men and mules in front, evidently about to start on their journey.

The guide ran forward, and explained the whole business in a few words, before Walter could come up. He therefore heard only the answer to his application. It was given in a peevish tone of voice:

'When people travel in Sicily, they usually make their preparations beforehand. I don't keep mules for hire.'

'Reverend sir,' began Walter, thinking it necessary to be very polite.

The abbate interrupted him almost with an oath. 'I don't refuse,' said he; 'but I like to know whom you travel with. These are not the times in which one can pick up the first wanderer who pretends to have a claim. There are brigands abroad.'

Several domestics, who were hanging about the gateway, uttered a deprecatory invocation to the Virgin Mary.

'You know best the state of your own country,' answered Walter, beginning to get angry, and to shew it, as he thought that his request would be refused; 'I have had only an hour's experience of it, for I have just arrived from Maretimo.'

'*Cospetto!*' exclaimed the abbate, to the amazement of the devout servants of the bishop, 'why did you not say that before? I think I heard you were shipwrecked. Be assured of my sympathy. Antonio, you lazy villain, get down at once, and offer this gentleman your mule; I thought you would do so without my bidding you. Here, good fellow [addressing the guide], is a white piece; I thank you for the companion you have brought me. *Corpo di Bacco!* I mean that Heaven rewards those who receive the shipwrecked stranger. You are in the saddle?—Good. Any baggage?—No? Good. Come, children, let us be moving. My best wishes to the most holy father bishop. May he sleep on both his ears!'

Speaking in this vivacious way, the worthy abbate, exerting himself as if he were commanding a squadron of horse, soon got his little troop in order, and started off across the square, in the direction of the land gate of the city—the dismounted Antonio and half-a-dozen drivers bringing up the rear.

Before they were well out of sight, whilst the demure servants of the bishop were wondering at the vivacity of the man they had supposed to be hard and bigoted, a pale face advanced in the moonlight from one of the windows on the first floor.

The bishop himself, supposed to have retired to rest after a formal leave-taking, had been anxiously watching the departure of his guest, the abbate, and seemed wonderfully relieved when the cavalcade, if we may use that word, was fairly out of sight.

'Ah! Luigi, Luigi!' murmured he; 'it is true that thou art my sister's son, and I wish thee well. But put my gray hairs in the same cap with thy mad head! Ah! Luigi, Luigi! little dost thou know of the sweets of preferment.'

The worthy bishop wrapped himself closely in his gown of thin flannel, and retired to his bed, to dream the dreams of the just.

From all this it is evident, that whilst the wily police of Trapani were looking for dangers to the Neapolitan government up blind-alleys and under dead-walls, there was something going on which the superintendent—understanding the principle of a sprat to catch a whale—would have given his little-finger to know all about. As for Walter, he had not observed all we have related; but as he ambled along close behind the abbate, he could not help thinking of the magical effect which had been produced by the name of Maretimo. All the events of that night, indeed, stimulated his curiosity, and contributed to impress him with the idea, that he had got into a land of adventure and intrigue. The peculiar manner of Giacomo, and the singularity of his words, recurred forcibly to him. At first, he thought that all these people were engaged in the same undertaking with himself; but he had heard so much of Italian cunning, that he felt it to be quite possible that both the skipper and the abbate were members of the higher order of police, perpetually busy in sounding everybody's opinions, and ready to enter into communication with all strangers, in the hope of discovering secrets important to the state. Then, again, it struck him, that by mere accident he had been brought in contact with people engaged in some dangerous conspiracy.

He was presently confirmed in this last-mentioned suspicion; for as soon as they had given the password, clattered through the gate of the town, and were out upon the road, the abbate, dropping back so as to be alongside with Walter, looked anxiously in his face, waited a moment, and then said, with an expression of some surprise: 'Well, then?'

'Your servant,' replied Walter, for lack of something better to say.

'I mean, what news?'

'I have not seen the papers for a fortnight.'

The abbate's mule suffered for this. He got a tremendous kick from his rider, who was soon several paces ahead.

'The man is either a fool, a spy, or knows nothing,' thought the churchman.

'He is evidently a conspirator—perhaps a brigand,' said Walter to himself. 'He may rob or murder me, but he shall neither make me an accomplice nor extort from me my secret. Would I had had confidence in Giacomo!'

They began to ascend the declivities behind Trapani, and soon entered the wildest part of the Val di Mazzara. Bare and rugged hills rose on all sides, dimly seen by the light of the moon. At times they descended into gloomy defiles, where they could scarcely distinguish the path along which the mules trod rapidly and firmly. The abbate checked his mule again in one of the most dismal passes, and waited until Walter was near him.

'Did you not say,' he asked, speaking in a very measured voice, 'that you were from Maretimo? These are words that should not be lightly spoken.'

'They are the exact truth,' replied Walter, more and more uneasy about the character of his companions, but thinking it best to be frank to a certain point; and thereupon he related his shipwreck, escape, and residence in the island, without in any way alluding to the Prisoner. The abbate listened with attention, but was so completely deceived by the abundance of details in which the narrator indulged, that he thought he was put in possession of the whole truth. His inquisitive manner now disappeared, and with it the interest he had appeared to feel in Walter. He said some words of sympathy, just sufficient to express his indifference, and then rode ahead, and never spoke again during the remainder of the night.

When daylight came, they were descending a steep mountainous road, towards the Bay of Castellamare, which spread placid and blue between two promontories clothed in forests. They were riding amidst vast vineyards, covered with bright young leaves. Tall reeds, like hop-poles, supported the interminable lines of festoons. The air was full of the songs of birds. The peasants were already out before the doors of the cottages in the few hamlets they passed. At another time, Walter would have occupied himself in noticing the picturesque features of the scene; he was now only anxious to observe the appearance of the companion whose mode of talking had so puzzled and interested him.

He was a little man, quite young, dressed in the usual uniform of Italian abbés—black coat, purple stockings, and square-toed shoes. He had plenty of raven curly hair, and very keen dark eyes, with which he rather disconcerted Walter when he looked too eagerly on him. The two or three persons he called his servants, might have been so, for an Italian abbé is often a man of considerable wealth; but with the exception of Antonio, they all seemed far too respectable to occupy a menial position. Besides, when, by the varying pace of the mules, they sometimes came alongside their supposed master, they talked to him with evident familiarity, and not unfrequently made the Englishman the subject of their conversation, as could be divined by the glances of their eyes in his direction.

That there was something mysterious going on was evident; but as no explanation was offered at that time, we shall hasten over the remainder of the journey. They passed Alcamo early, and travelling much more rapidly than is usual in that slow country, late in

the afternoon arrived in the good city of Palermo. Walter, after having made a very polite speech to the abbate, who listened with impatient indifference, asked for a guide to the Hotel of Santa Rosalia. Half-a-dozen men presented themselves at once, and almost hustled him along the streets, exchanging kicks and punches one with the other, as cicerones out of employ will do when a chance passenger falls into their clutches. Our phlegmatic Englishman paid no attention to them; but on arriving at the hotel, pulled out his remaining piece of gold, which the servants of the abbate with suspicious carelessness had not claimed, and bade them divide it amongst them—an operation that was not performed without the flashing of several knives in the bright Sicilian sun. A waiter seeing this act of munificence, understood that the travel-stained individual before him was a mad Englishman, who chose to go about without luggage, and accordingly rushed into the hotel, waving his napkin with a perfect yell of triumph. In a few moments, Walter was installed in a magnificent apartment, without a penny in his pocket, but with unlimited credit. He might have borrowed fifty pounds of the landlord at once.

As he had taken nothing since leaving the boat, except some bread and cheese and wine given him by Antonio that morning, Walter now condescended to order a copious dinner, and even refrained from visiting his banker until he had disposed of it. Leaving him thus unromantically engaged, we shall accompany the person described as Monsignore Frascatori, the dark little abbate, after he separated from Walter within the gate of the city.

He dismissed most of the mule-drivers with a present, and assuming a very demure appearance, rode, followed by his companions at a respectful distance, towards a comparatively unfrequented quarter, where the streets are broad, with only half-a-dozen palaces and their gardens in each. Here such of the old Sicilian nobility as have not retired to the country, or become courtiers of the Neapolitan viceroy, lead a quiet life, devoting themselves with wonderful energy to religion, music, and card-playing, and taking as much pains as possible to make the government forget their very existence. Now and then the younger members of these families are led by their hot blood to engage in conspiracies; and one or two of them are from time to time sent to expiate their enthusiasm in the prisons of Favignana.

Towards one of the largest and most retired of the palaces of this quarter, the abbate and his followers rode. They were admitted into the court by an aged serving-man of decent aspect, who saluted them gravely, and called a valet to assist Antonio in landing the saddle-bags, and dismissing the muleteers. It was evident that the party now considered themselves at home, for they proceeded into the ante-chamber, and up a broad staircase, talking with so much familiarity, that any spectator would have at once divined that they had hitherto been playing a part, and felt relieved at being able to lay aside their borrowed character.

The dark little man, whom we have hitherto mentioned as the abbate, was no other than a personage who has already been introduced in the narrative of Paolo di Falco's adventures—namely, Luigi Spada; and the young men who accompanied him, and pretended to be his servants, were the sons of the Marquis of Castelnuove, a wealthy and noble Sicilian. It is scarcely necessary, after the hints we have already dropped, to explain what they had been about. They had long laboured to find out the place of Paolo's imprisonment; and having at length succeeded, had gone disguised to Trapani, hoping to seduce the bishop of that place, who was Spada's uncle, to join with them in a plot to effect the deliverance of the young man. So respectable an accomplice, they imagined, would

have rendered the matter easy. They could have matured their plans in the secure recesses of his palace, and set at defiance all the spies of Sicily. But the worthy prelate, recently appointed to that excellent benefice, was too cautious for them. He deplored the misfortunes of Luigi's friend, but he deplored also his misdeeds. He affected to believe him guilty of assassination. Why should he peril his comfort to set a murderer loose again upon the world? In vain did Luigi appeal to his Sicilian blood. That had long subsided into a tranquil flow. The expedition, therefore, had produced no result; although, had Walter been a little less cautious, and Luigi a little more discerning, the two plotters might have understood one another, and many of the chances of failure been at aside. How often in this life do men who have a great object in view, and who are yearning for companions in enterprise, pass each other by with the mask of caution on their faces, unrecognising and unrecognised!

The Marquis of Castelnuove, an excellent but small gentleman, had seen his children depart on this undertaking with feelings of uneasiness and dismay. He had not, however, opposed them, because they only acted on principles which he had himself instilled into their minds; but it may easily be imagined that he had spent the few days during which they were absent in extreme anxiety. On hearing of their arrival, he hastened from his library, and came running to meet them in slippers and morning-gown, embracing them with a foolish fondness, that made Luigi for a moment feel quite ashamed of having led them to peril themselves to no purpose.

'Well, sons,' said the old gentleman, after hastily peered inquiringly into their faces, 'what success? You do not tell me what success.'

They briefly related their doings. He became passive—sitting in his arm-chair as they stood around him; for he felt that they had come home to him because they had met with insurmountable difficulties and would be tranquil only until some new hope led them forth again. However, there they were in safety and were to be made much of for awhile. Orders were sent to the kitchen that a regular banquet should be prepared; and the marquis, meantime—curiously distracted by his notions of honour, and an excessive desire for the safety of his family—began very gently to try the effect of amiable corruption on the mind of Spada, the real soul of the little conspiracy. He knew that the young man had some pretensions to the hand of his daughter, Antonia; and though he had never encouraged them at all before, began now particularly to allude to the subject, whilst the other young men sat in a sort of sulky disappointed way, talking low in another corner of the room.

Luigi was delighted and surprised, and did for a moment quite forget his imprisoned friend, or if he thought of him whilst the marquis slightly flattered him, it was to excite his ambition, it was to admit to himself that any attempt to effect his release would only probably fail, but would introduce disaster and misfortune into other families. He could, at a flatter himself that he had done his duty; and he would respect him for this. Such is the way in which men contrive to palliate the bitterness of defeat, if any one had been aware of these thoughts, he might have formed a very discouraging estimate of human nature.

Suddenly a servant came in, and said that a man on horseback, who seemed to have ridden hard, was inquiring for Spada. The marquis turned very pale for he suspected danger in any unusual occurrence of this kind. All guessed at once that this was an incident of their plot; and the young men, who had doubt been influenced a good deal by a craving for excitement, which was denied them in the ordinary course of their existence, and who had felt dis-

because their occupation was gone, and they might have to fall back on the dismal routine of everyday life, brightened up all at once, much to their good father's dismay. They collected round Spada in an animated group, and eagerly waited the appearance of the new-comer, who was no other than Giacomo, hot and dusty with fast riding.

'Gentlemen,' said he, when the servant had retired, doffing his cap to the marquis, but speaking to the others with respectful familiarity, 'I did not know of your departure until this morning; I had something to tell that may be important; and though the water is my element, have ridden a horse nearly to death to be with you in time. Where is the Englishman?'

'We got rid of him as soon as we could,' said Spada, with a shrug of contempt.

'But is he not in the secret? No! How is it, then, that you accepted his companionship?'

'He told us he came from Maretimo, and wanted to get on to Palermo at once. There were curious ears about, so I could ask for no explanation then; but when I sounded him, he only looked foolish, as his countrymen generally do, and professed to know nothing. Is it this that has brought you post-haste from Trapani?'

'Signor Spada,' exclaimed Giacomo somewhat piqued, 'that man is a dangerous enemy or a cunning friend. Did he tell you that he had had speech of the Prisoner?'

'He pretended to know nothing about him.'

'Perhaps he was wise not to unburden himself lightly. From me, however, he could not conceal that fact. It was Paolo di Falco who saved his life. I inferred, of course, that our friend would find or make an opportunity of speaking to him, and sending a message ashore; and endeavoured to worm something out of him. But with the phlegm of his nation, he repelled my advances. I was disgusted; but afraid to be too communicative, and left him in the hands of the police. I met him afterwards going into the town, and promised myself that I would provoke him to an explanation in the morning. But I learned that he had gone straight to meet you, and had at once been received as a fellow-traveller. There seemed some mystery in this; and as you have hitherto honoured me with your confidence, I thought I ought to know all about it.'

'Then you bring no news?' edged in the marquis, who drew a long breath at this explanation. 'You were only jealous that something was going on of which you knew not the secret? Fie, fie!—for a conspirator, that savours too much of womanly curiosity.'

Giacomo looked rather crest-fallen, and tried to add as an excuse, that the *Filippa*, his own vessel, was in the port of Palermo; but Luigi Spada, after reflecting awhile, raised his head with a bright look, and said: 'My friends, believe me to be blind and stupid, if what I now say is not true. We have all mistaken the character of that Englishman. Gratitude, rising to the height of chivalrous sentiment, is the characteristic of his countrymen. If Paolo di Falco saved his life, depend on it he will never forget the obligation. Besides, his extreme caution, by which he has deceived both Giacomo and ourselves, is proof that he is plotting something. An ordinary tourist who had met with so remarkable an adventure, would have made the whole country ring with it. This cold-looking young man has avoided all display, and is evidently hastening on with some steady object in view. Who knows but that he may be commissioned to communicate with us? He said something of going to Messina. Paolo imagines us to be there. I see it all. The very fact of his denying to me that he knew of the existence of the Prisoner, and ascribing his preservation to the garrison, whilst to Giacomo he confessed the truth, is more than sufficient to prove these surmises. Gentlemen, we all came back here like whipped

children. I see in your eyes that you are ready to go forth again. Let us, however, be cautious. The first step is to find where our mysterious friend is lodged. That will be easy. I undertake the task. This is all we wanted.

The Marquis of Castelnauve, who had imagined his children to be effectually rebuffed by their disappointment, did not attempt to repress the enthusiasm which the speech of Luigi Spada had created; and sank back into his chair, secretly promising himself, in case any disaster happened, to retract all he had said about Antonia. The youths, fine handsome fellows, though with features somewhat fatigued by ennui, by which Sicilian gentlemen are nearly all devoured, seemed quite transformed by the fresh prospect held out to them; and paced up and down the room, talking and laughing with Giacomo, as if he had come to invite them to a party of pleasure. They did not know Paolo, except from having taken an ice with him occasionally in the Caffè del Teatro when they were on a visit to Messina; but they felt a general sympathy with all who were persecuted by the Neapolitan government, and persuaded themselves that they were doing service to their country by assisting them. To a certain extent they were right; for by these private conspiracies, so common in Sicily, this opposition carried on in detail, the members of the party to which they belonged contrived to maintain a certain amount of organisation, and be prepared for greater efforts.

Before issuing forth into the streets, Luigi Spada got rid of his clerical dress, which he had adopted only to be able to visit his uncle the bishop, without attracting the attention of the police. He was known not only to be Paolo's intimate friend, but to have busied himself in inquiries as to his fate; so that his presence in Trapani, if observed, might have been a signal for watchfulness. We shall see besides, that, like many of his countrymen, he had dramatic notions as to how a conspirator ought to behave; and was unnecessarily partial to the slouched hat and the ample cloak. When dressed in plain gentleman's clothes, after an hour's toilet, despite a certain wildness and oddity of look, Luigi seemed quite an attractive personage, not only to others but to himself. He admired his appearance in a full-length mirror, and no doubt wished that Antonia was there to be dazzled. There is a great deal of simplicity in the vanity of these southern natures: they care little to conceal—with the far-sighted cunning of more civilised races—that they are not blind to their own good qualities.

'Very good—excellent!' said Luigi, turning from his rapid inspection with a smile of satisfied pride.

Giacomo, who had evidently a particular admiration for him, echoed his exclamation.

'*Per Bacco!*' cried he. 'It does my heart good to see you out of that black dress, under which a brave bosom must ever feel confined. You are almost as handsome now as when'—

Luigi checked some imprudent expression by a glance; and the Marquis of Castelnauve, who watched everything that passed with keen anxiety, understood that there was a mystery within a mystery in all this, like a succession of Chinese ivory balls cut one inside the other.

'I must be trusted before I trust you with Antonia,' thought he.

The young men noticed nothing, and urged Luigi to hasten his interview with the Englishman. He went forth, accordingly, alone, walking slowly—vain fellow that he was!—to give everybody, especially the ladies, who were taking their twilight drive along the Strada di Toledo, an opportunity of admiring his dapper little figure.

When he arrived at the Hotel of Santa Rosalia, and asked if an English traveller had arrived there that day to lodge, they told him that such had indeed been



the case; but that, after having eaten like a savage wolf, the stranger had gone forth, remained absent an hour, returned, paid his bill, and announced his immediate departure from Palermo. By what road and by what conveyance the indefatigable Walter had pursued his journey, Luigi could not learn.

### VESTED INTERESTS.

EVERYBODY knows by reputation, if he does not know him personally, the Parisian chiffonnier. Covered with rage, a basket full of filth on his shoulder, a lantern by his side, he walks in the early night through the streets, striking the hook of the peculiar stick he carries into every morsel of dirty paper lying on the heaps of mud, and depositing it in his basket as if it were a treasure. That he should carefully turn over the heaps of mud and refuse in search of spoil is intelligible, but the dirty piece of paper—what can it be worth, even to a chiffonnier!

But what everybody does not know is—the chiffonnier has a vested interest in these same heaps of mud, of which the police, powerful as it is at Paris, dares not deprive him. The attempt was once made, and its remembrance dwells yet in the mind of this civic nomad. He will talk to you as long as you like of the civil war which he once waged successfully over his heaps of cabbages. Those who have known Paris under the old régime, may yet remember the huge dung-carts which, at four o'clock in the morning, were wont to rumble over the hollow streets of the capital—stopping up the narrow ways sometimes for hours together—emitting the most fearful stench—and always overfull, strewing the way with the abundant droppings of their horrid contents.

The approach of the cholera in 1832 frightened all the world. The most palpable evil, and that most easily removed, were these dung-carts, and the mud-heaps which, formed every evening, were allowed to spread pestilence during the night. The municipality, therefore, resolved to substitute small and light dung-carts for the aforesaid heavy machines, and to make an evening round, carrying off the accumulations of the day.

But the municipality reckoned without its chiffonnier. To remove the mud-heaps was to deprive the chiffonnier of his existence. There were, even then, 1800 of these people in Paris, almost all with families. The whole property recovered, by means of the chiffonniers, and applied to their own uses, exceeded 1,000,000 francs. This property the municipality, in real fact, proposed to confiscate; for it formed a most serious consideration in the contract of the parties to whom the cleansing of the city was to be confided on the new plan. The contractor could not hope to emulate the industry of the chiffonnier, but he reckoned upon a good 20,000 francs per annum from this source of profit.

The cleansing of the city on the old and imperfect plan had cost about L.60,000 yearly. The new contractors engaged to do the business effectually for about one-half. Thus there was a saving to the public purse; health for the inhabitants; comfort for the visitor; a bad reputation removed from the city: society was the gainer on all sides, and the chiffonnier alone the loser. The chiffonnier was forced either to fight society, to work honestly, or to perish. Of these three alternatives, he chose the first.

On the 31st of March, the new dung-carts were set in motion. All the chiffonniers of Paris were ready to receive them. They followed the vehicles, shouting, singing, dancing—their wild rags fluttering in the breeze of a spring evening, and their bodies contorted with the gesticulations only possible to a Frenchman. They were principally congregated at the corners of the great streets, where the refuse of the large restaurants was swept up every evening. Here, of course, they

were in the way of swelling their numbers by all the vagabonds of the metropolis. The women joined them in crowds. The motley assemblage—hooting at a dung-cart—formed a scene at least original. As usual, from hootings they proceeded to action. All the carts circulating along the line of the quays were jostled into the river; in other places, they were broken, and the conductors seriously injured.

The authorities, for a night or two, treated the matter as a joke. At last it became serious. The malcontent chiffonniers were joined by a new set of interested parties. These were the proprietors of the large dung-carts now discarded; they had been in the habit of letting them out at so much per journey, generally fifteen francs, and the value of the manure. If the chiffonniers had a vested interest in the mud-heaps, the cart-proprietors had a vested interest in crowding and infesting the streets with their mud-carts. The new allies brought, of course, their quota of friends and adherents; the tumult became serious; the dirt was nightly scattered about the streets; the cholera was at hand; and the police prepared for a final demonstration.

But the chiffonniers had other resources beyond that of brute force. They spread the report that the police and their friends had imported the cholera by poisoning the city. The world actually believed them in the year of grace 1832! Although the cholera had been slowly and steadily advancing; had been on the move for three years; had reached Russia, Germany, and, finally, England; its approach to France was not to be reconciled with natural causes. Without doubt, Paris was poisoned by the enemies of the people and of the chiffonniers. These last were not content with mere reports: men were seen about the city furtively pouring something from a phial into the fountain, yet taking care that they should be observed. One of these phials was seized—it contained liquorice-water. Others beckoned children down the by-streets, and gave them sweetmeats: others threw dust into the pits, and then made off mysteriously. People declared that they had seen two sergens de ville in the act of poisoning a little girl. Pellets of bread and little white balls were scattered about the streets—the last were of earthenware. Little morsels of meat were thrown under the gates of the hotels; coloured sugar-plums were scattered about; men dashed wildly in different directions, pouring wine or vinegar on the road; red powder, found afterwards to be shaving-powder, was put upon wine-bottles—and the bottles of course discovered; small parcels of tobacco, mixed with a black powder, were thrown here and there. One or two persons, bolder than the rest, threw themselves into horrible convulsions, as if suffering under the worst effects of poison.

Meanwhile some of the newspapers took up the matter: it was an opportunity too good to be lost. A man had been seen to enter a wine-shop. He sent the master to the cellar on some excuse, and then poured powder into the wine. The people saw him, and fell upon him. The police instantly interfered, and carried him off with the utmost care and respect. These, and a hundred other such stories, were famous reading for a Parisian mob. Those only who have seen the rushes to these strange assemblies, can form an idea of the ecstatic interest with which they would thunder forth the contents of the paper.

All this came to the assistance of the bands following, as usual, the obnoxious mud-carts. The general cry of poisoning was raised on all sides. Men with naked arms, women with their hair about their ears, aided the chiffonniers in vociferations against a murderous police. If these ever had possessed any definite aim, the consequences would have been truly serious. They could break up the mud-carts, small vehicles of little value, and which were sure to be replaced the morrow. This done, they had no definite point



towards which to carry their indignation. Hence, beyond a few isolated instances of pillage, the disturbances did little real damage.

Meantime the newspapers—even those above forging wild stories of poisoned wine—took up the quarrel upon popular grounds. What was to be done with the chiffonniers, if they were deprived of their daily bread? It was a ministerial job, perpetrated at the expense of a laborious and unhappy class. Did the ministry think that they could with impunity rob the people of their livelihood? Where was the compensation to the chiffonnier for the loss of what he had been taught to look upon as his property?

The people, it was added, had their right in the produce of the earth, and wo to those who deprived them of it! Cabbage-leaves, without question, were part of the produce of the earth. To all this were added popular proclamations, in the usual style, posted about the walls.

A revolt at St Pelagie, excited by the confusion, came in time to assist the tumult. The prisoners—many of them political—were on the point of obtaining their freedom. Meanwhile the report of poisoning, raised for a momentary purpose, reached a terrible climax. The populace thought proper to suspect certain individuals; no one could tell why. At Vaugirard, two men were pursued and killed in the very office of the commissary of police. A notary's clerk was killed in the Rue St Denis. The quays, the halles, the populous streets of the Rue St Martin and the Faubourg St Antoine, were filled with an infuriated mob. The terrors of the scene were, as usual in Paris, mixed with the ludicrous. Two men were pursued in the Faubourg St Antoine for giving a poisoned slice of bread and butter to a child; the men were caught, surrounded by the mob, who flourished over them with fury the terrible slice. As they were on the point of proceeding to extreme measures, one of the commissaires de police, who happened fortunately to be in the way, offered to eat the bread and butter with his own official mouth. This he did amid the laughter of the mob, who enjoyed the joke, but did not abate a jot of their suspicions.

Those were not the days for police triumphs. The government and the municipality could act against individuals with sufficient vigour, but they could not manage a mob. It was evident that the popular cry could not be put down without loss of life, and the consequences might be too serious to risk for a mere matter of health and decency. The contest ended by the proprietors of the new dung-carts promising to give up the evening round—for which they had no compensation—getting as much for the sixty mud-carts destroyed in the affray. Thus the matter has rested ever since. The chiffonniers yet remain, to perpetuate a wild tribe in the midst of civilisation, and a picturesque existence when all else that is picturesque is lost amid elegance and comfort. For whatever reason, the population of Paris, of whatever class, has a liking for the chiffonniers, made up of pity, habit, and the general interest it feels on the sight of these strange figures in the great patchwork of society. It is to this odd kind of sympathy that the chiffonnier—as he owed to it his victory in the serious struggle for existence which he once maintained against society—will probably owe the continuance of his class for many years to come.

It should not be omitted that the highest official authorities solemnly declared, that the intention of a large body of the disaffected part of the populace was to begin poisoning in earnest, when they found that their shams failed to create a disturbance sufficient to shake the government. The plot was regularly formed. These men bound themselves to scatter poison in the shops of the bakers and confectioners, if they were not detected. The discovery of positive cases of poison

could not fail, they imagined, to affect the public mind, in its excited state, until it was worked up to the commission of any enormity. If the offender were discovered, it was arranged that he should be set upon by members of their own party, who should raise the cry that he was a police agent, letting him escape in the disturbance, and fixing at the same time the intended stigma on the police. This plot required too much finesse and contrivance to be carried out by so large a body of men as were necessary to its accomplishment; but that it existed, the most decided testimony is at this moment in existence.

## MUSIC IN METAL.

No one who lives within hearing of Bow-bells, or of any other such tintinnabulary distributors of sound, but knows that metal is sonorous. Some people like the sound of bells; some the clang of cymbals; some the clink of a smith's hammer on the anvil; while others find no metallic music so pleasing as the ring of gold and silver coins on the counter. Every silver-smith knows that a piece of bent sheet-silver heated, will hum and sing when placed on a block of cold iron, which is a different sort of music to that produced by percussion, and thus it might appear that the subject of music in metal is speedily exhausted. But in this last-mentioned fact a property is involved of a very remarkable nature—namely, that metals, under certain circumstances, produce their own music, and sing in such a style as to surprise the listener.

The thing was discovered in a curious way in a stirring year—that which saw the battle of Trafalgar—by Mr Schwartz, an inspector of smelting-works in Saxony. He had melted some silver in a ladle, and being impatient for it to cool, turned out the hemispherical mass as soon as it solidified, on a cold iron anvil, when, to his astonishment, musical tones came from it similar, as he described, to those of an organ. The strange occurrence got talked about, and a learned German professor having heard of it, visited the smelting-works, and had the experiment repeated in his presence. He, too, heard the sounds, but he did not think them equal to those of an organ, and noticed that they were accompanied by vibrations in the lump of silver, and that when these ceased, the sounds ceased also. It was a curious fact, and there the matter rested.

Twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was discovered, but in a different way, near the foot of the Cheviots, by Mr Arthur Trevelyan, who, to quote an account of the incident, 'was engaged in spreading pitch with a hot plastering-iron, and observing in one instance that the iron was too hot, he laid it slanting against a block of lead which happened to be at hand. Shortly afterwards he heard a shrill note, resembling that produced on the chanter of the smaller Northumberland pipes—an instrument played by his father's gamekeeper. Not knowing the cause of the sound, he thought that this person might be practising out-of-doors; but on going out, the sound ceased to be heard, while on his return he heard it as shrill as before. His attention was at length attracted to the hot iron, which he found to be in a state of vibration, and thus discovered the origin of this strange music.'

Here was something to set an ingenious mind at work; and as nothing happens without a cause, except the breaking of domestic crockery, Mr Trevelyan, having asked the advice of Dr Reid of Edinburgh, set himself to discover the cause of the music. He made a number of careful experiments, during which he ascertained that a 'rocker,' as he called it, brought out the loudest and clearest notes, and he described his proceedings so well, that they were published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. The

rocker here mentioned is an instrument bearing some resemblance to the bevelled soldering-iron used by tinmen. Imagine a piece of brass, four inches long, somewhat similar in shape to the outer half of a broad old-fashioned sash-bar, with a thin groove passing from end to end of its narrowest edge, and with a slim, straight handle of the same metal, terminating in a knob, and you have the rocker. The mode of using it will be presently explained.

Professor Faraday next took up the subject, and made it the theme of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, embodying an explanation of the phenomenon—lucid and apprehensible, as his explanations always are. He confirmed Mr Trevelyan's view as to the tones being due to an alternate expansion and contraction caused by the heat. This it is that sets the rocker vibrating; and according to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, such is the pitch of the tone. The particular way in which the expansion takes place is, that the groove in the edge of the rocker makes it a double edge, and whenever the heated rocker is placed resting on a mass of lead, a couple of little prominences or hills rise up, immediately under the points of contact, being the natural effect of expansion caused by heat. At the same moment the rocker begins to vibrate, and no sooner is one side raised than the hill on that side suddenly sinks, owing to the rapid absorption of its heat by the surrounding mass of lead. The consequence is, that the rocker descends through a greater distance than it rose, whereby the other edge being raised, the same effect is produced on the opposite side; and thus the vibrations continue, as long as there is a sufficient difference of temperature between the two metals. The movement as here described, affords an instance of a curious maintaining power; for 'the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the centre of gravity, while the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other;' and the point 'under process of heating is always moving towards the other, which is under process of cooling.'

Although, as yet, there does not appear to be any way of turning these experiments to a practical use, they are of much importance in a scientific point of view, as shewn by the researches of Dr Tyndall, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution. He has repeated the experiments, and extended them to other substances besides metals, finding in all of them a confirmation of Mr Faraday's views, and proving, what had been denied—that a tone can be produced by two metals of the same kind in contact; for instance, silver on silver, or copper on copper. In this case, however, the silver or copper rocker is made to rest on a very thin slip of the same metal held in a vice. Agates, and some other gems, rock-crystal, fluor-spar, fossil-wood, glass and earthenware, will also give out tones to a heated rocker—the only condition of success appearing to be a clean and even edge in the substance under experiment. Among this class of substances, rock-salt exhibits extraordinary effects. Desirous of trying this mineral, Dr Tyndall, whose remarks we have quoted above, placed a partially cooled rocker on a mass of it, when, as he writes, 'to my astonishment a deep musical sound commenced immediately; the temperature of the rocker being at the time far below that of boiling water, and when the singing ended, was scarcely above blood heat.' In this case, the want of an edge appears to be of no importance, for when 'the heated rocker was laid on a large boulder-shaped mass of the salt, it commenced to sing immediately. I scarcely know a substance,' adds Dr Tyndall, 'metallic or non-metallic, with which vibrations can be obtained with greater ease and certainty than with this mineral.'

Now, here is something to furnish occupation for evening-hours during the coming winter, the

experiments being such as may be tried by the fireside, and even in the drawing-room. A commencement may be made in a rough way by heating a poker, and placing it, with the knob resting on a table, and the bevelled end on a block of cold lead. The singing will at once be heard. Rockers of various kinds may next be introduced, made as above described, and placed so as to rest horizontally during the experiment. With a hand-vice, such as will fasten to the edge of a table, after the manner of a lady's pincushion, the thinnest slips of metal may be securely held while testing their quality. The effect, too, may be tried of pressing slightly with a knitting-needle on the back of the rocker immediately above the groove: it will be found that a whole octave of tones may be produced by varying the pressure; the lowest with least pressure, and ascending with the highest.

Perhaps, after all, there may be more in the music of the spheres than a dream of poets or philosophers. We have all heard how that the statue of *Museum* used to sing in the morning sunbeams, and who shall say that out of the experiments we have suggested, may not come a musical instrument on which *hus* shall be the only performer! Wind will then have a rival.

## PARABLES.

'Hold every mortal by  
With a loose hand!'

We clutch our joys as children clutch their tovers;  
We know them sweet, yet scarce believe them ours  
Till our hot palms have smothered their colours rare,  
And pressed their dewy blood out, unaware.

But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by,  
And, while we are not looking, with mild eye,  
Mournful, yet sweet, and pitiful, though stern,  
Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern  
By loss, what was possession, and half wild,  
Lift up rash empty hands like wronged child,  
Crying: 'Why didst thou snatch my posies fine?'  
But he says tenderly: 'Not thine, but mine.'  
And points to those stained fingers which do prove  
Our fatal cherishing, our cruel love:  
At which we, children, a pale silence keep,  
Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.

So on through devious ways and thorny brakes,  
Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet he takes,  
Led by the purpled hand, which, laved with tears,  
More and more clean beneath his sight appears.  
At length the heavy eyelids trembling shine  
'I am content. Thou took'st but what was thine.'

And then he us his beauteous garden shews,  
Where, bountiful, the Rose of Sharon grows,  
Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell,  
And the pomegranates yield a pleasant smell;  
While to and fro peace-sandalled angels move  
In the calm air that they—not we,—call Love;  
An air so fine and rare, our grosser breath  
Cannot inhale till purified by death.  
And thus, we, struck with longing, evermore  
Do sit and wait outside the Eden-door,  
Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign—  
'Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bridge Street,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 399 High Street, Edinburgh.  
Sold by J. McGLASSMAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin,  
and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE LONG VACATION-PARTY.

THE blithest summer that blithe youth can spend, is that he enjoys with a reading-party chosen with discretion, and a 'coach,'\* selected for other reasons as well as his coaching, in Wales, or Scotland, or the English lakes. If he be poor, he has at least no immediate cares; his fellows have tasted far too little of the poison-cup of society to think less of him on that account; and if he be delicate and ailing, be sure no nurse in Christendom, sister, or wife, or mother, is tenderer and more unselfish than a college friend. But with health and strength, and money and high spirits, such as most of us at Alma Mater are endowed with; with the sense of absolute freedom; with an affectionate intimacy amongst us all, born of the common aim of our pursuits, and chilled by none of the external circumstances that harass all the friendships of the world; with just so much of study as makes amusement pleasanter, and just so much anxiety as makes carelessness delightful, I do not know any circumstances for which I would exchange this happy state.

It was at the close of May 18—that I started from the grilling, dusty, Great Metropolis to join a reading-party in the Western Highlands of Scotland: how musical the whistle of that express-engine that was to whirl me far upon my way to the land of moor and torrent, from the insouciance of the West End, the insouciance of the Clubbists, the dignity of the Ring, and the not less heartless mechanism of the money-spinning city! As the roar and smoke of the Great Babylon grew dimmer and fainter, as strips of green fields and detached houses became frequent on either side of the rail, the dull and weary feeling of a misspent London life gave place to buoyancy and freshness; a new and higher existence seemed opening before me, and I gazed upon the cover of *Black's Guide to Scotland* as upon the key of some wondrous and yet untrodden paradise.

'The Key to the Locks,' as my friend Stewart denominated it—he who was then travelling with me upon the same errand, and who never lost an opportunity, in season or out of season, of bestowing upon his neighbours some elaborate satire or unpardonable pun. 'O et Præsidium et dulce decus meum,' was his endearing expression to the guard at Birmingham, that permitted him to smoke unmolested, while with the blind closely drawn over the next compartment, and

his well-executed imitation of a baby's cries, he effectually kept the carriage to ourselves.

Glasgow was attained that night. A couple of hours' steaming down the Clyde, and a very short railway journey, brought us to Loch Lomond. It was, indeed, a scene of enchanting beauty; any one of its hundred islands might have been Calypso's own. Romance and legend had a natural home in every wavy copse and crested moss-grown crag, while at the head of that magnificent reach of water, with the summer clouds clothing its ample shoulders, but letting its brows be seen, stood up, surveying all, the huge Ben Lomond! What would one not have given for silence in such a scene! What punishment would not have been excusable in the case of that confounded piper with his country-dances, who would skip on in spite of Stewart's assurance that the reel never suits with the ideal; in spite of pints of whisky given to incapacitate the performer; in spite even of a glass or two secretly administered to the instrument itself!

Disembarking at Tarbet, and taking coach round the head of Loch Long, and through the green valley of Glencroe, we passed by the famous 'Rest-and-be-thankful' Stone, and thence by a steep and long descent we arrived on the shores of Loch Fyne—the most beautiful sea-loch in the world, as I am content evermore to believe it.

Rounding its eastern arm, and reaching the end of that promontory which lies betwixt it and the western, the view is most magnificent: sixty miles of salt lake before us, winding and turning far out of sight indeed, but, as we knew by the pleasant breezes, with the open sea beyond. On the near shore, the white-walled town of Inverary, with the great castle of the Campbells, 'standing four-square to every wind that blows;' and as we gain the first of the high sharp-peaked bridges, the gorgeous Dhuloch, with its woods and mountain-gorges yet to be explored, on our right hand; then under the ancient watch-tower, whence the approach of nightly enemies was wont to be discerned, and blazoned by the beacon-fires to the friendly clans, and amid the scenes where Dugald Dalgetty and the Children of the Mist are such wondrous actors in the *Legend of Montrose*.

But what have romance and bloodshed to do with us, welcomed by a dozen voices—for we are a very large reading-party—and exchanging greetings and handshakings with three or four on either side? We had arrived the last; but very good rooms had been reserved for us, overlooking the little quay whereon Dugald saw the bodies hanging, and the bay where M'Callum More was wont to muster the galleys for his raids.

Our landlord was a Campbell of course—seventieth cousin or so to the duke; a very good fellow, but not

\* The long vacation of the English universities is often spent by groups of young men in Switzerland, the Highlands of Scotland, and similar retreats, under the care of a tutor (called a *coach*), by whom their studies are conducted.—Ed.

choice in the ornaments of our sitting-rooms. A preserved toad, and a bottle of other 'mixt pickles,' of the most revolting kind, were amongst our chief rarities, that it would have greatly angered him to have objected to; the little maid had neither shoes nor stockings, nor feet that could afford to lose those concealments; the windows had no notion of stopping up of themselves, and guillotined one or two of us at different times, and seven or eight at once when we expected a great steamer at the pier, or other attraction; and to conclude, there was everywhere a great odour of Loch Fyne herrings. We were, with these exceptions, excellently lodged, and the damsel assured us at once, that there were glasses and toddy-spoons in the house for twelve.

Charley Lester lodged in the same dwelling (whether Stewart or he was pet of the party is yet undecided). Apollo, Cupid, and Hyacinth, or, less classically, 'Beauty,' were his principal addresses, by reason of his grace and glory; but he was far from being pleased or even flattered by any of these cognomens. Within call—and well did the little fishing-town know that we were within call at all hours of the day and night—dwelt the painter of the company; not *par excellence*, nor without even two rivals, but the only one who made a kind of profession of it, and was always looking about for 'warm tints,' good foregrounds, and speculating about 'a clear day for the mountains.' Many a pretty sketch have I now got by me of Lewis Haredeale's, of gorgeous spots we shall neither see again, with brighter skies above them than have decked the summers since.

If there was ever a kind-hearted fellow in this world, it was Jack. We never called him by any other name, and I shan't do it now. Jack, who lived thirty doors off at least, but always seemed to us like a concentrated brass-band in our own apartments; never was there such a cornet as his cornet, nor such lungs as his lungs; nor since the Arabian Nights, I should think, so wonderful a fisherman. On the average, his basket brought home five dozen per diem of salmon or trout: always up to his knees in loch or river, and never any the worse for it. I must confess, however, with this intolerable amount of moisture he mixed a good quantity of spirits—for his stomach's sake and medicinally, I do not doubt. He supplied breakfast and supper for us all.

Then of real musicians, we had at least a couple, regular pianists, quite accomplished professionals, and three glee-singers, wonderful to hear. Moonlight on Loch Fyne, with the cornet waking the echoes far away, and these five voices afterwards swelling and falling over the still scene, was sight and sound of the finest. Ned—whose other name, too, I care not to remember, for we never used it—was a good singer, though not quite equal to our charming prima donna, delicatest and most ladylike of men; but for 'slang,' good powerful Saxon, when insolence, cruelty, or wrong demanded it, commend me to Ned for ever: so gentle and kindly, too, withal. I wish I could call to mind once more but one of his best chosen epithets as applied to exacting innkeepers, rude officials, drunkards ill-using the softer sex, and such like, and I'd print it at all hazards. As to innkeepers, as a general rule we set Wallace at them. Our dear long friend, that was an endless fund of jokes, but good-tempered as he was to us, a very formidable fellow to strangers. He could make triumphal arches over everybody, and speak into the ear that was away from him. No waiter ever

dared to look higher than his waistcoat-buttons, but imagined the rest of the elevation in terror. We travelled under his protection, as it were, for rivalry was out of the question.

We were a very united happy lot, and were presided over intellectually by a pair of capital coaches, thus carried up all safely, as per contract, to the B. A. terminus, from whence we Cantabs start upon the railway of life for the longer journey. Great 'bricks'—with reverence be it spoken—were these two; but neither of them, whatever they may say to the contrary, we had the slightest notion of fly-fishing. Such splendid rods, such roomy baskets, such enormous landing-nets did they procure, and, as I honestly believe, they never caught a fish between them. Day after day, as soon as four o'clock arrived—we dined at the hotel at two—did Messrs Watt and Dickson march down to the streams in full panoply, make a great bet about which should kill the most, and return at dewy eve with empty hands and drawn wagers. Dickson did look one once. Stewart and I were lying by the side of the Dhuloch capping verses, when we were suddenly alarmed by agonising shrieks from our beloved preceptor. He was in the midst of a very deep and rapid river, running then up to his neck, his rod bent double, and an enormous salmon trout dragging him down the current at a fearful rate. 'I've got him—I've got him!' was all the information he again and again vouchsafed us, and that was given with inconvenience, from the floods of water that invaded his mouth and even eyes. His landing-net had been carried down the stream—thrown, as I believe, at the fish in an agony of excitement—and we could be of no further service than that afforded by our casting ourselves upon the green-sward, and shrieking with inextinguishable laughter. Once we lost sight of him altogether, and thought of swimming to the rescue, but a half-strangled 'I've got him!' again reassured us. Nevertheless our dear coach never did get him, but lost his entire line and the top-joint of his fishing-rod.

Such an eight-oar as we had upon Loch Fyne was never seen in those parts, I guess, before or since, far less such a crew as manned it. Four of our men were 'in the University boat' at Cambridge, and all the rest 'good oars.' Many a race did we Southerners have with them of the Plaid—now for 'spurts' of 500 yards or so under the eastern shore, and now for a long grind over miles of tossing sea, altogether different from the calm waters of the Cam, but both with the same result to our victorious oars. Sometimes laden with provender and liquid, was *The Pride of Inverary* forced up some unnavigated stream, spite of shoals, and rocks, and eddies, and the sandy bar at its mouth, with the rovers up to their hips in water, propelling it by hand instead of 'scull;' which first impediments having been overcome, a mile of broad bright water between cliff and scar, and hanging woodland on either side, would overpay us for our pains; and when the foot of some cataract, too lofty even for *The Pride* herself to manage, was attained, the cloth was spread over the flat table rocks, and the feast began, 'for which neither appetite was wanting nor an equal share for each.' Then the most thoughtful basked in the sun, and the cleverest constructed wondrous-tinted flies for trout and salmon; the singers took to their singing, the player to his cornet, the artists to their painting, the tobacco-smokers gracefully curled above our heads, the water-fall beneath us made melodious thunder, and down the pool beyond it came the pleasant laughter and silver splash of the delighted bathers; just such a pool was that for Creswick to carry away with him, to gladden the hearts of toil-worn Londoners in picture-room and exhibition; just such a pool was that if Diana was surprised in, hiding with her maidens full

the noontide of July! But, alas! no such luck as Acton's ever fell to me or any one of us. Mr Etty, indeed, seems the only modern the gods vouchsafe such sights to.

No more charming expedition for a summer evening is there than that of following a mountain-stream from mouth to source: broad shallow waters at the first, with great round silver basins filled with sky and cloud, and then high narrowing cliffs and wooded gorges, copper-coloured depths and tumbling falls; these last delayed us indeed greatly, for always there was 'such a good take off' from some great rock above the pool beneath, or the water was so 'precious warm,' or there was a 'nugget' glistening at the bottom not to escape the diver, and instantly half-a-dozen naked figures would be contending for the prize, setting their curls under the falling flood, and angering the silent genii of the place, that echoed back their shouts prolonged and sullenly.

We had a habit, caught from our Scotch neighbours perhaps, of making 'raids' or sallies from our headquarters from Saturday till Monday. The inn at Inver-snaid remembers yet our ravages; well doth the Trossachs know our imitation of the Highland war-whoop—the refrain of 'Grigalach, Grigalach!' being given something after the manner of the London boys' 'Variety, Variety!' Even as far as Stirling and the Bridge of Allan did we penetrate: from which last place, during the celebration of the games, we had to depart quite suddenly for our dear punster's sake; for Stewart, understanding from a large and exceedingly dirty person in a plaid beside him, who was not entered for the 'throwing the hammer,' then going on, that 'his fingers itched to be at it,' replied with an expressive gesture that 'they look as if they did;' whereupon was battle joined, and—the national cleanliness being called in question—a general tumult subsequently; so that we had to take coach, not altogether unscathed, back into our own fastnesses.

Did we not circumnavigate Loch Awe, exploring, like the 'sailing moon,' its every creek and cove, and wade to the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, and draw and paint them a long way after Turner? Did we not climb, in two divisions, the heights of Ben Cruachan, like the Remites and Romulites of old, each swearing to have been the favoured ones? I know in my heart our peak *was* the lower one, but wild horses should tear me limb from limb before I confess so much. Did we not even accomplish a trip to Oban, and worry a 'grinding' mathematical lot 'to the *n*<sup>th</sup>,' as I know they expressed it; and once were we not six mortal hours at Loch-en-Tarbert playing whist in a wood for sheer want of a better thing to do? Our Inverary damsel painted the attractions of this hideous place; and, as Stewart observed, 'of course the Gael'—I do believe he meant *girl*! as well—'deceived us Saxons.' Across the lower ferry of Loch Fyne, too—whose name is pronounced like whistling, and could not be spelt by Mr Layard himself—how often did we take that pretty roadway past the east shore of Loch Eck! How cleanly an inn—how charming a landlady in that pleasant spot! The one detraction to our party, and admirable for nothing save his beautiful curling hair, was Waggle's dog, Smut. He interrupted the sportsmen at the most critical times by plunging into the fish-pools; he disgusted the romancists, enjoying the placid moonlight, by the most fiendish howlings; he threw my respected 'coach' from off his mountain-mule, by affixing himself glutinously to the tail of that quadruped; he snapped at our damsel's naked feet, enough, one would have hoped, to make her take to some more decent covering; and, to crown all, he reduced our toddy equipage 'for twelve,' whereof we had been so boastful, down to the spoons and a wine-glass. That we lay in wait for his life assiduously after that event, I need not say; but he never left the heels of Waggle's day nor night. At

length Nemesis overtook him. Eight-and-forty hours' incessant deluge had swollen the little Ayr into the most rapid river I ever beheld. Its turbid, maddened current was rising every minute almost visibly; the wooden bridge was swept from end to end, and shook and shuddered in the roar of waters; the two great salmon-leaps, artificially constructed of a considerable height, were undistinguishable from the rest of the stream—became each but a long slanting roll of yellow foam; the meadows on both sides were overflowed by acres; and where the angry torrent poured itself into Loch Fyne, it made a dusky line, distinct as far as eye could reach.

What 'thunder-music' by the second fall, where he stood in wonder at the spectacle, for all the raging tempest! Smut, on the fishing-platform which abuts the stream, was lifting up his feeble voice in vain, baying at Hyacinth, who strove to catch a glimpse of his fine figure in the roaring depths, when suddenly that engaging animal was precipitated downwards, whether by foot of foe or irresistible inward impulse was never known; and one little shriek, one spot of black amidst the cataract, was the last sound and sight vouchsafed to us of Waggle's pet pup. He had others, indeed; but none so dear to himself, so costly to other people. Then, indeed, when we felt how hopeless was his fate, did we begin to know how much we had loved him; we had each to recollect some service rendered to us of the dear departed—an obnoxious mouse destroyed, a stick recovered from the lake, an obtrusive beggar bitten, came to reproach us when it was too late. 'Ah!' sighed Waggle, as we turned out of the park into the hotel, 'we shall never see a dog like Smut again!' 'Smut, sir,' said the waiter—'Smut just come in, sir, dripping wet, and stole a fowl!' So he had: this Snarl-yow of dogs, this immortal—how we all continued to hate him!—had, somehow or other, got safe down the rapid, and over the bridge, and into the loch, where he soon regained the bank, took breath, and made a depredation. Dear Smut, I owe thee no ill-will; I have met many sad dogs, far inferior to thee in this world since those days at Inverary. I would not wear gloves made out of your skin, and sold to me for kid, if I knew it, for worlds. I trust your tail wags on as merrily as ever.

Our nights upon Loch Fyne come over my memory now like glimpses of another being—like the elfin reminiscences of some unlucky fay made a changeling in his childhood, and doomed to work and plod in the dull world with pinioned wings and weighted feet. Let it be July, and eight in the evening: the moon is thwarted by a host of clouds, the rare stars shine but feebly; the dark steep of Dunaquoich, the black full-foliaged trees, are spreading solemn shades about them on the earth, and far into the gloomy loch beyond; the wave from either side falls dully on the ear, and the owls hoot mournfully; the little quay is left deserted of its tiny fleet; the last herring-boat has rounded the western point, lowered its dusky sail, and cast anchor in the midst of its encircling nets. It is time for us to man *The Pride* and join them.

We are well equipped for our nocturnal vigil. Every one has an extra greatcoat, a second case of cigars, a larger bottle of the *craythur* than ordinary. Three miles of roughish water have to be pulled through before we reach the nearest smack, and a delay by all means must be made at Echo Crag, where a note from the cornet is returned with interest indeed, and seems amidst hill, valley, and wood to westward to enjoy an almost endless circulation. This place is much addicted to repeating the nicknames of our party in the most insulting tones. The first verse of a love ditty given in the most romantic vein, is liable to be interrupted by words of quite another character; and an imitation of dear Ned's explosive language—we used to call it his 'remonstrances'—is often most happily executed. A



peal of laughter from the wood-demons concludes these performances, and rings after us far to seaward.

As we round the Head, the black hull of the good ship *Annie* looms through the twilight, and five disembark, and four of us row onward to the next vessel, for room is scarce in the Inverary clippers. This ship will do, in whose nets we have already got entangled, and from which these awful sounds are emanating. A great hairy face, with Glengarry cap upon it, addresses us in Gaelic—it may be eulogy, but the sound is of the harshest—and we ask permission to stop on board that night and see the herrings caught. Although the cabin is not four feet square, therein are lairs where three human beings sleep one above the other round the little stove; and when the chimney-top was reversed and the hatchway closed, as could be done and was done by the prima donna, while we were within, to try how it felt for a minute, it was worse than anything Dr Reid ever contrived by a good deal.

We give the kind savages cigars, but incautiously offering our own for them to obtain a light from, they placed these latter in their mouths, accomplish their object in that novel way, and then return them to us second-hand. There will be nothing to see at present, they say, so we lay us down to sleep upon the open deck. We are awakened by a noise like thunder, solemn, monotonous, and close at hand. This is the herrings 'at play;' thousands and thousands are up the loch from seaward, beating their tails against its surface, though not to be seen indeed, for the bay is all too brilliant for them to be distinguishable. A silver light bestrewn the waters round for miles; diamonds and pearls are glistening, as it seems, about the side of the little tossing boat attached to the smack, and by the flapping keel, and on the sweep that lies out idly, lifted by the waves. The tiny breakers shed a silver shower; whatever touches them draws therefrom a glory, and itself is glorified. Then as we drag the nets into the hold, these lovely lights come with them, flickering like glowworms in the dripping meshes; and every sombre hull is overspread with gossamer veils, 'lifting her shining sides' that erst were hid in blackness; so white, so silvery, are the herrings themselves, that hardly can we see them amidst the splendour. But the well-skilled fishermen disentangle them at once from their glowing nets, and never stay the haul a moment, save for some haddock, dory, or strange monster that sticks in contrariwise, and puzzles them occasionally. So yard after yard the enormous haul is at last dragged in; the scintillations die away like sparks in ashes; and the gorgeous fairylike woof becomes again an ugly mass of damp, coarse net-work. Then is the sail hoisted, and the anchor weighed, and we stand out again for other prey, no longer inclined for sleep, but gazing rapturously upon the beauteous spectacle beneath us; while Ned and the prima donna sing their softest airs, and the fishermen add no unmusical deep-chested burden of their own.

After one or two more casts day dawns, and we steer towards the quay. Our 'net' is perhaps 800 fine large herrings, besides a few rare strangers. The whole cargo is disposed of at the wholesale and proverbial price of 'a herring and a half for three-halfpence.'

In my lonely room up the two-pair back in Norfolk Street, that 'burnin' of the waters' upon fair Loch Fyne revisits me not seldom. The faces of my Inverary friends, as young and smiling as of yore, beam brightly on me yet; I see the shadows of the mountains and the pines within the moonlit wave; I know that 'measured pulse of racing oars' right well—it is *The Pride*; I hear again the cadence of those pleasant voices; I feel again the pressure of those friendly hands—but only, alas! in dreams.

I know not where ye are, dear friends, nor how. The world is a cruel chancellor, and drives him from us oftentimes that would stick 'closer than a brother.'

Our punster, Stewart, alone has visited my dreary lodging; he supposes the pillars of the great house close by have not been 'fluted,' lest the people opposite should be inconvenienced by the noise.

## RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

As to the personal appearance of the czar, we exhibit the portrait furnished by Henningsen: 'He is of commanding stature, and presents not only the most imposing aspect of any living sovereign, but as perfect as he is colossal in the proportions of his form, he may really be ranked among the handsomest men in Europe. When the whole of his Guard, consisting of 60,000 of the picked men of his empire, is reviewed by him in the Champ de Mars, the eye of the spectator may vainly wander over its ranks to find any one worthy of comparison with him for figure, for manly beauty, or for majesty of mien. When he gives the word of command, the deep and sonorous tones of his voice thrill, distinctly audible over the vast plain where an army is manœuvring or a crowd looking on, as different from the voices of his numerous commanders as the notes of an organ from the treble of a child. He is seen, however, to more advantage on foot than on horseback; because being a stiff and a very timid rider, the chargers he rides in public have always been *managed* into the rocking-horse canter of the pitiable beasts which figure in the theatrical circus; so that, in the eyes of an Englishman, this circumstance qualifies very materially the admiration his splendid equestrian figure would otherwise excite.

Nicholas has also of late years adopted the habit of staring around him with an air of severity, apparently imagining that his sternness of aspect imposes: whereas, like everything assumed, it has a contrary effect, and rather takes away from the awe which his majestic figure and features cannot fail to excite.

The Emperor Nicholas is, besides, too much of the actor; and it is notwithstanding this mannerism, not because of it, that the reality of his power imposes on his subjects; to the stranger, who is indifferent to his favour or displeasure, it is speedily obvious.

Of the extent of his general knowledge and acquirements, few have the privilege of judging; but, like most princes of the present day, and like all Russians of high rank, he speaks fluently, and without accent, several languages. French and German are familiar to him as his mother-tongue; the English he has learned, like all the other members of the imperial family in the past and present generation, from very illiterate Scotch nurses and attendants, whose homely fidelity has always been appreciated in their nursery, and with whom Nicholas and his empress not unfrequently condescend to drink tea. From these people the imperial family seem to derive many of their ideas of the English, and, including the emperor, are evidently grossly ignorant of the condition and the usages of British society. Thus the Grand-Duke Michael, the emperor's brother, meets the clergyman of the British factory of St Petersburg in the streets, and addresses him in English with "G—d—your eyes! how are you?" This is from no intention to insult, but only from his ignorance, not only of the true bearing of the word he is using, but of the distinctions of society, which prevents his seeing the impropriety of thus expressing even the exuberance of his good-humour towards a personage to whom his character as a clergyman renders such expressions indecent from any man on earth.

Domestic and moderate in his habits, few princes have borne a more unblemished private character than the present emperor long has done. A strict lover of justice, when not interfering with his own pretensions or interests, he has, for the first time since the reign



of Peter I., endeavoured to enforce its rigid administration according to law, with how little success will be shewn hereafter. Naturally desirous, whenever the weightier personal interests of his family would allow, of improving the material condition of his people and empire, whose wellbeing, since they belong to him, must be as identified with his own as that of the proprietor with his estate and cattle; and not contented with the barren good-wishes of an inactive philanthropy—like his brother Alexander, whose indolence rendered the reign of a benevolently intentioned man sometimes as oppressive as that of his father, Paul—Nicholas I. not only reigns, but, undismayed by the laborious duties such an undertaking entails upon him, actually governs in person. On the other hand, he seems to entertain the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of his high prerogative and divine right; and the first consideration that actuates him seems to be the maintenance of its integrity. Severe and vindictive, clemency has never shewn itself amongst his virtues.

Not less striking is the portrait of the czar drawn by Count Gurovski, who has been his chamberlain. He says: 'The Emperor Nicholas, born July 6, 1796, is now fifty-seven years of age. Tall in stature, imposing in mien, and endowed with uncommon beauty of face, he has what is called *le physique de son rôle*—the figure for his part. He is truly the monarch in his appearance. His gait, which is heavy and rather stiff, certainly is wanting in grace, but denotes strength and power. His smile is winning, his voice sonorous and pleasant. His features are regular, and combine to form a face a model of beauty of the German type. His eyes alone, which are large and prominent, have something sinister in their expression; and when one looks full and steadily into them, all the charm of his beauty disappears. Sober in his tastes, moderate in his passions, and desirous of enforcing military discipline by the power of his own example, he sleeps upon a camp-bed; eats moderately, with no regard to choice of food; drinks but little wine, and that mixed with water; rises early, and labours hard, though unfortunately with little discernment. The minute details of military costume, parades, and reviews, absorb much more of his time than the weighty affairs and material necessities of the empire. Upon the former he bestows hours; moments only he devotes to the calls of real duty, and to topics which might bring him real glory. The longer one dwells upon his character, the more evident is it how strangely a mistaken course can mislead the finest qualities. His private life is as full of contradictions as his public—the natural consequence of an utter want of any solid basis founded upon sound moral principle. He is an affectionate father, yet tyrannises over his children, who fear and shun him; he is an attentive husband, yet keeps mistresses, and exhibits them to his court, as if defying any one to attempt to oppose his fancies. At one time, he is kind and humane; at another, harsh, cruel, and inflexible, as the fit takes him. He never excuses the slightest difference of opinion; yet is full of forbearance for those guilty of vice and crime, and for every kind of corrupt baseness. He will forgive the highest degree of moral depravity in his favourites, yet punish the smallest contradiction of his preconceived notions with implacable severity. Domestic affection, friendship, love of country, fidelity to religious or political principle, are all so many crimes in his eyes when at variance with his ideas, or when they become proofs of independence of character in those who cherish them. How is it possible to govern a community, whatever its nature, from which all seeds of vigour and greatness are rushed out, and the only means employed are such as tend to corrupt and destroy it? Yet this idea is the key to the system of Nicholas. This system will yet work out the punishment of his pride—a fact to be regretted, for this man had every advantage necessary

to have enabled him to pursue an opposite course. Fate placed him upon a height too lofty for him; the principle of despotic authority has had its day; he could only raise it again by evil means, and these in the end must work out his destruction.

'Many occurrences in his private life arise in my memory, which illustrate the contradictions of which I have been speaking. Thus, I saw him refuse a slight commutation of the sentence of a political offender, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the empress, and the bitter tears of a distracted mother; and about the same time, I myself heard him utter, in behalf of a favourite, words too memorable not to be recorded here.

'General Bibikoff, now minister of the interior, then governor-general of three provinces, had at the head of the Court of Chancery a man who notoriously plundered without mercy the inhabitants of these three provinces, but who paid for his privileged robbery in the charms of his wife, who became the general's avowed mistress, with the full consent of the complacent husband. When this shameful transaction reached the ears of the emperor, he expressed the deep interest he felt in the condition of more than 4,000,000 of his subjects in the remark, "Let him alone!" adding, in allusion to the intimacy between the general and the chancellor's wife: "We must overlook something for our friends!"

'Thus, as may be imagined, corruption goes on apace, without let or hindrance. The following proof of this, I feel sure, will hardly be credited by my readers as having occurred in one of the so-called civilised courts of Europe. The empress, wishing to present some mark of esteem to the famous singer Rubini, procured a watch richly set with diamonds, which she exhibited at an evening-party at court to the general admiration of those present, among whom was the Prince of Prussia, her brother. After the splendid jewel had been duly examined and admired, it was handed to the marshal of the court to be presented to the singer. Two days after, the Prince of Prussia, meeting Rubini in the street, inquired of him how he was pleased with the gift of the empress. Upon Rubini's taking it out, the prince saw to his astonishment only a common gold watch, the enamelled one having apparently melted away in the hands of the courtiers.

'Such examples illustrate forcibly my assertion, that uncontrolled power tends powerfully to evil. An energetic character and strong will may attempt to check the current, but in vain. But there can be no barrier set to the gradual development of corruption and iniquity, for these are necessarily the instruments of despotism.

'The Emperor Nicholas is destined to become a lesson to the world, that the unity of all the material forces of a nation, the concentration of all political power in one hand, combined with the energy of will inherent in a character carved from the living rock, are not sufficient to preserve and save from destruction a principle subversive of liberty, morality, and the dignity of humanity; that a nation even, still in its infancy, must be ruled in accordance with the laws of gradual emancipation and development; that it is impossible to force a people into a retrograde course; and that no man can have power sufficient to stay the laws of Providence in their steady and infallible progress.

'At the present moment, after a long reign of thirty years, we see the emperor of Russia forced to risk all his chances for the future upon a single card, with all the interests of morality, human progress, material improvement, and civilisation against him. Let him suffer one serious defeat, and he is lost! What has placed him in this position? Is it skill? Is it greatness?'

There is something of the fatalistic improvidence of the Orientals in the character of the Russian: he enjoys the present without caring for the future; he spends his money without keeping account; if pressed,

he mortgages his serfs to the imperial treasury, which never refuses money upon such security; he does not trouble his mind with repaying the debt, or providing for the interest due and overdue, until he is dispossessed of his slaves, who are carried away into the imperial domain. Nowhere in the world do the fortunes of families change so often and rigidly as in Russia. Imperial favour builds them up; but the wealth acquired by the favourites is dissipated by their sons or grandsons, if the emperor has not previously transformed the estates to some other member of the family, or confiscated them altogether to the crown; until again an imperial smile restores them to some lucky descendant of the punished man. There is no security either for person or property. Hoarding does not avail here, as in the Mohammedan East; nor is it in the character of the Russian; spending, therefore, is the general policy. There is no such extravagant aristocracy in the world as the Russian; but this extravagance is by far more Oriental than Western. The Russian spends his money, not so much in the enjoyment of the beautiful, as of the rare and costly. He eats oysters in St Petersburg, because they are not to be found in the Baltic, and cost several shillings apiece; whilst in London he despises them. He buys anything you may shew as unique. When admiring in Italy or Paris a work of art, he does not care so much about the price, or the beauty and artistical value, as about the celebrity of the picture or statue. If it is not yet described and praised in the works of archaeology and art, he does not care for it. Gems of peculiar size or colour, Cashmere shawls and rich furs, are as highly valued in Russia as they formerly were at Constantinople and Ispahan. The luxury of St Petersburg, as well as of Moscow, is more barbaric than refined. The Opera and the Ballet, and the last fashionable work of Paris, are the staple of conversation; sentimental phrases, and courteous compliments, are addressed to the ladies; dancing and music and gossiping go on; young people affect to be tired of the world; old ones play at cards, and enjoy the pleasures of the table; but the attentive observer is soon struck by the utter shallowness of the society. It is still more flippant, more hollow, more unprincipled, more reckless, than the aristocracy of Vienna. No serious thought is tolerated among well-bred men; and whoever has the misfortune to be a thinker, must conceal the fact by recklessness in his conduct.

The dissipation and prodigality of society have a most pernicious influence on the morals of the people. The pay of the officials is small, not commensurate to their wants: it is now as it was regulated by the Empress Catherine seventy-five years ago. But whilst the necessities of life have become more expensive, the value of the Russian currency has been deteriorated, and the officials are paid in paper, not in cash. It is utterly impossible for them to keep up appearances and to live respectably on their small pay; and they are, therefore, the most corrupt body in the world. Bribery has increased, until it is become one of the national institutions—the guarantee against imperial despotism.

Czar Alexander was well acquainted with the corruption of his officials, but he did not feel himself strong enough to repress an evil which had grown to such an extent; for could he even have removed all the officials suspected of being accessible to bribes, where could he have found guarantees for the honesty of the new that would have replaced them? A centralised government is always an expensive government: to remunerate fairly the legions of officials, would cause a constant deficit in the imperial budget; he, therefore, did not interfere with the extortions of office. But Nicholas has a temper different from that of Alexander; he sees in the corruptibility of his officials a powerful check upon his authority, since he is aware that even his ukases are set at nought for a

bribe by those who ought to execute them. The corruption of the officials is the only proof that even the power of the czar is not unlimited—he is unable to purify his administration. And this system of bribery does not stop with the lower rank of official hierarchy, nor is it uprooted by the severity of Nicholas, who generally shows no mercy when a gross case of corruption is brought under his notice. Even the chiefs of the departments, the senators, and the most renowned generals of the army, can be bought, and are often bought. Soon after the Hungarian campaign, three of the generals who had distinguished themselves—amongst them General Sass, the most intrepid soldier of the Russian Empire, whose personal bravery is beyond praise—were disgraced for pilfering, and for conniving at pilferings in the commissariat.

#### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE was a time when a writer in the *Quarterly Review* asked with depreciatory contempt: 'Who reads an American book?' The intellectual growth of America was considered at that period singularly weak and vapid in imaginative literature, and transatlantic poetry was especially held at a discount. The aspect of affairs has somewhat changed since then. Several years back, indeed, referring to the dictum of the English reviewer, one of the leading journals in the United States contained the indignant assertion, that 'the tables were rapidly turning!' Without making so large a concession as to admit the entire truth of this magniloquent statement, we may very safely allow that many of the most popular books of the day are the production of American authors. Two years ago, our reading-public ran wild after *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and the title-page of the *Wide Wide World*, *Queechy*, and other tales of the same class, met the eye on every hand. Even in the article of poetry, wherein she was once considered so peculiarly deficient, America has of late given us good measure. Among her poets, we would instance that eccentric but most original genius, Edgar Allan Poe, whose minstrelsy strikes us as the wild unearthly echoes of some strange spiritual music; Bryant, also; and Dana, James Russel Lowell, J. G. Whittier, the earnest anti-slavery writer; and last, but not least, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose name is a 'household word' to us all, belonging, as it does, to an author as widely known, as justly appreciated, and as warmly loved in England as in his native country. Decidedly, the star of American literature is in the ascendant.

Mr Longfellow is not, to use his own beautiful language, one of those

—bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

He seldom stirs within us the fountains of deep thought, nor does he often arouse us to strange vague speculations upon the more solemn mysteries of our being and destiny. He rather resembles that poet

Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

A right healthy, cheerful philosophy pervades the whole of our author's writings, and contrasts strongly with the tendencies towards the regions of vague doubtful thought, so rife among many of the younger poets of our modern time. It is a great thing ever to preserve a sunny loving spirit in this sad earnest world of ours, and thus to be able to say, as Longfellow does

to all drooping downcast souls: 'Be of good cheer!' The 'intense' and gloomy school of writers has many adherents; and no wonder. It is no difficult affair to give utterance to dark doubtings and melancholy musings, to undefined passionate longings and wild dreams, to strange stern questionings of nature and of fate. Such expressions of thought and feeling find at times an echo in the heart of humanity at large. To rest here, however, as too many do, is perilous in the extreme. The speculative faculty enters extensively into the mental composition of man, and it must have food. But it was given him that he might attain to the sunshine of divine repose, to the peace and gladness of a firm belief; not that he should wander everlastingly in the dismal shadowy kingdom of doubting and despair. Nevertheless, experience teaches us, that it is by no means an easy matter to look upon the mysteries of existence and the universe with the calm bright eye of a childlike faith, and amid all discordant sights and sounds, clearly to discern

A good in evil, and a hope  
In ill success.

Longfellow does this. The discipline of life has, doubtless, been stern and trying for him, as well as for thousands of others. Yet he bears up nobly, bravely, and even joyously, as all true soldiers in life's battle should. His cheerfulness is not the result of indifference to any form of human suffering. He has warm, strong sympathies with his brother man all the world over, and to each and every one he stretches forth the hand of a hearty fellowship. He feels deeply, and he thinks earnestly, but he does not in consequence thereof indulge in fruitless complaints and dissatisfied murmurs; for amid prosperity and adversity, through sunshine and through cloud, he recognises the truth—that 'a good God reigneth over all.' Sorrow comes to him, as come it will to all of us, but he meets it calmly, trusting, with this firm conviction:

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud;  
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Longfellow's thought of the attitude we should assume in reference to life and its trials, is beautifully elucidated in a charming little poem, called

#### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of Love?  
The star of Love and dreams?  
O no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

Even in the midst of dire distress and sorrow, the poet looks upward cheerily through the dark cloud towards the bright shining of the happy sunlight beyond. So he sings in his hymn, entitled *Resignation*:

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

It is through the medium of strains such as this, and as the *Footsteps of Angels*, the *Reaper* and the *Flowers*, &c., that the poetry of Longfellow has found so widespread a popularity in the heart of the people. Our author's forte lies in simple earnest themes. He is never more at home than when he depicts the *Village Blacksmith*, and learns from him the lesson, that

Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

Or when, again, he so sweetly apostrophises that fair 'maiden with the meek brown eyes':

Thou whose locks outshine the sun—  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Or when, in the pleasant summer-time, while the winds are 'soft and low,' he lies beneath a 'roof of leaves' in the shadowy greenwood, and feels

The dews of youth come back again;  
Low lisping of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain  
As once upon the flower.

It is the office of the poet to gladden and to elevate the heart of man; to whisper consolation to the sorrowing; to breathe words of hope and joy to the downcast and despairing; and to endeavour, as far as in him lies, to build up again the broken foundations of belief in the good, the beautiful, the perfect, and the true. Thus, as our author tells us:

God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to Heaven again.

In order to accomplish this great end, the poet must be true to himself. Receiving his gift from above reverently, with pure hands, and a lowly trustful spirit, he must 'look into his heart, and write.' When Longfellow does this, his minstrelsy rings most sweetly and clearly, and the greater part of his poetry is happily pervaded by a beautiful simplicity of thought and expression. It is otherwise, however, in his most ambitious production—the *Golden Legend*. Here the author enters boldly upon the regions of mysticism and—fails. The plan of this drama somewhat reminds the reader of that of *Faust* and *Festus*. The opening scene is wild and striking. It is the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, from whence, amid the night and storm, Lucifer and the powers of the air are endeavouring to tear down the uplifted symbol of the Cross. Their efforts are in vain—

For around it  
All the saints and guardian-angels  
Throng in legions to protect it.

Elsie is a charming character—simple, graceful, and most womanly in her pure devotion. Although abounding in passages of exquisite poetry and flashes of real genius, the *Golden Legend* contains much of extravagance and, we are afraid we must add, absurdity. It is not a true work of art, and it wants altogether force and purpose.

*Evangeline* is better sustained throughout, and appears to us a more perfect poem every way. It is a tale of 'love in Acadia,' of the 'affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient;' of the 'beauty and strength of woman's devotion.' The story is so well known, that any attempt at analysis would rightly be deemed impertinent. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following portraiture of the heroine:—

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn  
by the wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath, as the breath of kine that feed in the  
meadows!

When in the harvest-heat she bore to the reapers at noon-  
tide

Flagon of home-brewed ale. Ah! fair, in sooth, was the  
maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday-morn, while the bell from  
its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his  
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads  
and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the  
earrings

Brought in the olden time from France, and since as an  
heirloom

Handed down from mother to child through long genera-  
tions.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone in her face, and encircled her form when, after  
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction  
upon her;

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite  
music.

How true and beautiful are the following words of  
the Father Felician, *Evangeline's* 'friend and father-  
confessor':—

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of  
refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the  
fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of  
affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is  
godlike.

We have no great love for the English hexameter. It is unsuited to the genius of our language. We should, therefore, have preferred the poem of *Evangeline* had it been written in a different metre; for, as Professor Longfellow observes in one of his 'prefaces,' the 'motions of the English muse (in the hexameter) are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr Johnson said of the dancing-dog, "the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all."'

Like most Americans, Mr Longfellow is 'deeply impressed by the relics of old days. He enters thoroughly into the romance and poetry of the times of chivalry. He visits Nuremberg, 'quaint old town of toil and traffic;' and there his imagination is haunted by 'memories of the middle ages,' whose wondrous treasures of painting, sculpture, and architecture, even now recall the time when 'art was still religion.' And amidst the warm, bright light that rests so lovingly upon the 'pointed gables' of that 'great imperial city,' the poet beholds in fancy the heroes of the ancient days—'Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise; Albrecht Dürer, the painter; Hans Sachs, the 'cobbler bard;' the 'master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains'—before his

—dreamy eye

Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded  
tapestry.

In another striking and suggestive little poem, our author represents himself as standing in the 'market-place of Bruges,' while the 'summer-morn was breaking':

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden  
times,

With their strange unearthly changes, rang the melancholy  
chimes.

Again, at the bidding of the poet, 'visions of the days departed' spring into life and reality, like scenes of beauty from the desert at the touch of the magician's wand:

—shadowy phantoms filled my brain,

They who live in history only, seemed to walk the earth  
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of  
old;

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the  
Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants, with deep-laden argosies:  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and  
ease.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Nannet and Julius  
bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs  
of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater; saw the White Hood  
moving west;

Saw great Artevelde, victorious, scale the Golden  
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror  
smote;

And again the loud alarm sounded from the tocsin  
throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
'I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!'

Observe the wealth of poetic and historic associations showered upon us by this simple catalogue of names. But although looking back reverently towards the mighty past, with its dreamy shadows, and its strange spiritual voices, like the remembrance of some solemn music, Mr Longfellow never forgets the present, with its stern duties and its earnest realities. So in his noble *Life-Psalms* he bids us—

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Our author's translations deserve especial praise, for the beauty and truthfulness with which the spirit of the original is preserved. They consist of selections from the poetry of many languages—Swedish, Danish, Anglo-Saxon, German, French, Spanish, and Italian. Professor Longfellow is evidently a man of extensive reading and elegant scholarship. He has very cleverly rendered Bishop Tegnér's poem on the 'Children of the Lord's Supper,' in the hexameter measure of the original. The ballads from the German are perhaps among our author's most successful efforts. They are transfusions of the poetic spirit of one language into another rather than translations. We would instance as particularly fine, the *Castle by the Sea*, the *Black Knight*, and the *Luck of Edenhall*, all from Uhland; the mournful, but most musical, *Song of the Silent Land*, from the Swiss poet Salis; and the following verses from Pfizer, called

#### THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,  
And straight again is furled.  
  
Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked;  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.  
  
I wake! Away that dream—away!  
Too long did it remain!  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.  
  
The end lies ever in my thought;  
To a grave, so cold and deep,  
The mother beautiful was brought;  
Then dropped the child asleep.  
  
But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see,  
And wander through the world once more,  
A youth so light and free.  
  
Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—  
Left me that vision mild;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.  
  
And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

Longfellow has written two prose works—*Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*. The former he calls 'a romance,' but it possesses none of the elements of the ordinary novel. As a story, it is incomplete, for it closes with tantalising abruptness. The book is a charming one, if we regard it as a kind of prose poem; or rather, as a series of poetic pictures of thought and sentiment, a collection

of quaint, delicious fancies, of legends, and criticisms, and beautiful memories; in short, as a reflex of the many-coloured lights that flash across a poet's mind, like the strange, rich, dreamy splendours that stream through the painted windows of a church. In conclusion, we wish right heartily for long life, and health, and strength, and gladness, for the author of *Evangeline*, and *Excelsior*, and the *Psalm of Life*. May he give us yet many more volumes of spirit-cheering song!

#### THE GREAT IRON STEAM-SHIP.

THE many thousands who pass daily up and down the Thames, have had their curiosity excited for some months past by the gigantic-looking structure of iron which is gradually rising on its left bank, about four miles below London Bridge. In the locality familiarly known as the Isle of Dogs, where the river suddenly takes a sweep round three-fourths of a circle, enclosing a morass of more than a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, the greater part of which is several feet below highwater-mark, some of our most extensive and eminent iron ship-builders have erected their factories. It is to one of these, at the southern extremity of the peninsula, we wish to conduct our readers. The works are of great extent, and cover a large area of ground, which here, although so well suited to the operations carried on, and so close to the metropolis, is comparatively valueless for other purposes. In Messrs Scott Russell & Co.'s factory, iron ships and steamers of all sizes are being constantly constructed; and the clank of thousands of hammers rivetting red-hot bolts, and the heavy booming sound of sledge and steam hammers, with the dense clouds of smoke and bursts of flame which meet the visitor as he approaches the works, must remind him, if he have any military experiences, of a fiercely-contested battle-field, whilst it indicates to all the extent and activity of the operations carried on within. The whole expanse of the interior of the factory is covered with sheets, and ribs, and bars of iron; ropes and pulleys, winches and shears, railways to facilitate the conveyance of materials, and portable furnaces for heating the iron bolts, are encountered at every turn; and iron vessels, in every stage of progress—their sterns pointing towards the river—occupy the numerous building-slips. But our business is with none of these; and proceeding to an inner yard, with a wide frontage towards the river, we come upon the gigantic iron steam-ship which is now being built for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company.

The present appearance of this leviathan, for as yet she has received no name, is as unlike that of a ship as can well be imagined. Four or five lofty walls of iron, standing some sixty feet apart, and supported by other transverse walls, would lead one to believe that here is the shell or framework of some enormous iron warehouses about to be shipped off to one of our colonies; and it requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to believe that these walls form portions of the interior of the hull of a merchant-ship. At one extremity of the yard stands a flag-staff, on which a Union-jack is hoisted, which, we are told, will be her stern; and at the other extremity another, to indicate her bows; and between these two points is a space of nearly 700 feet in length! The project of building a ship of her extraordinary dimensions when first made public, created a good deal of discussion, and, we may add, ridicule. It was urged, that it would be

impossible to construct a ship of 675 feet in length of sufficient strength, and that the first heavy sea she encountered would break her in two; that no port or harbour would have depth of water sufficient to float her; and that no amount of steam-power she could carry would propel her at an average speed. Nevertheless, the Eastern Steam Company put faith in the calculations of their engineer, Mr Brunel; Mr Scott Russell undertook to build her; and she is now more than half completed.

The preparation of the ground on which the leviathan ship is being constructed, was in itself a work of considerable labour and cost. An embankment of about 1000 feet in length, and 500 feet wide, was formed along the river-side, by driving massive piles to a depth of 40 or 50 feet; and where the greatest weight is to be supported, along the line of the keel, the piles were driven in at intervals of 5 feet. The cargoes of two 600 ton ships loaded with earth were then emptied upon these piles, and rammed firmly down, so as to form a solid foundation. On this platform, which is a few feet above highwater-mark, solid blocks of timber were placed at short intervals; and on these blocks, which stand about 4 feet high, the keel was laid, and is now carried out its full length of nearly 700 feet. The position of the ship is about 40 yards from the water, and parallel to the line of the river, with her head down the stream, as it would be impossible to turn a vessel of her length without great difficulty, even on the broad bosom of the Thames. The whole of the hull, even to the upper deck, will be formed of iron-plates of considerable thickness; and from her keel, to about 8 feet above the water-line, she will be double, or two perfect hulls one within the other, with an interval between them of about 36 inches. She will have ten water-tight compartments, at intervals of 60 feet; and these will be crossed by two longitudinal walls of iron, running the entire length of the ship, and again subdividing these compartments. While adding very materially to the strength of the hull, these longitudinal divisions will effect the further object of completely isolating and separating the coal, which will be stowed in the sides, from the furnaces, boilers, and machinery, which will be placed in the centre. The hulls are kept in their relative position to each other by longitudinal iron stringers or keelsons, at intervals of 5 feet; and in the event of any accident occurring to the outer covering, the inner hull will be strong enough to insure the perfect safety of the ship. The bottom is flat for a distance of 12 or 15 feet either side of the keel, which, by the way, is on a line with the outer hull, and presents no obstruction to her lying perfectly flat, and without straining, on the floor of a dock or cradle when repairs are needed. The iron-plates of which her hull and compartments are formed are upwards of an inch in thickness, 10 feet long, and weigh about half a ton each. The lower part of the hold will contain the machinery, boilers, stores, coal, and merchandise; while the upper part will consist of three tiers of decks for the passengers, one above the other, and running the whole length of the vessel. The lowest of these tiers will be at least 6 or 8 feet above the water-line, and the decks will be 8 feet apart, affording ample space for light and ventilation—the latter being provided for by port-holes of large size, running at intervals along the sides, and which can be kept open in any weather. For greater security, there will be a strong iron deck interposed between the furnaces and machinery below and the passenger-department above, thus cutting off all communication. The sleeping-berths will be ranged round the sides, and there will be large saloons in the centre for each of the three decks, 60 feet in length, and of proportionate width. The upper-deck, which covers all, will be flush from stem to stern. This deck, which will add very materially to the strength of the hull, will be

double, and slightly arched. Its construction will be cellular, like that of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, and it will resist any amount of strain or concussion that can possibly be applied to it. The principle on which the ship is being constructed, is one which is now recognised among all practical and scientific men—namely, that the strength of iron depends upon the plates being placed at right angles to each other; and the whole framework of the hull has been arranged with a view to this object. Internally, it is a combination of iron walls—ten running transversely, two intersecting these longitudinally, and four crossing horizontally. All the walls are strengthened still further at the junctions by solid angle-irons; and the whole of this cellular arrangement is enclosed in a double iron-casing or hull, which gives the enormous mass perfect rigidity, and a strength which, we are assured, equals what it would be if formed of solid iron. The plates, although numbered by thousands, are all cut out, in the first instance, by means of wooden models in the moulding-loft; each of them has its peculiar list or inclination and shape, with the number of holes to be punched; and each of them, as it leaves the rolling-mill, where it is gauged to the sixteenth-part of an inch, has a particular letter and number marked legibly upon it; and by means of this name, which the plate ever afterwards retains, the workmen, on its arrival, know at once its position in the vast pile, and it proceeds straight to its destination.

We now come to the machinery by which the vessel is to be propelled. She will be furnished both with paddle-wheels and a screw—the former, of a nominal power of 1000 horses; the latter, of 1600 horses: but, practically, the combined power may be estimated at 3000 horses. The paddle-wheel machinery is now being constructed in the same building-yard, in which a shed had to be built for the purpose of fitting and erecting the machinery. The four cylinders in which the pistons are to work are the largest in the world, and the castings the largest that have ever been attempted in one piece. For each cylinder, about thirty-five tons of melted metal was required; and when the dressing and clearing of superfluous metal was accomplished, they weighed twenty-eight tons each. Of these unwieldy masses of iron, three have been already successfully cast, and without a flaw. For the castings, an enormous iron column was constructed in the foundry to a depth of 25 feet; and after the mould had been properly prepared, into this the contents of several caldrons of molten metal were simultaneously poured, and the casting made. Some idea of their great size may be formed when we state, that lying on their sides on the ground, a man with his hat on may walk through without touching the upper side; and that a table and seats, calculated to accommodate eighteen persons, were laid in one of them. The engines, when erected and put together, will be upwards of 50 feet in height. The machinery for the screw-propeller is being made by Messrs Watts of the Soho Foundry, and will be of similar gigantic proportions. To set in motion this powerful machinery there will be twenty vast furnaces and as many boilers, the smoke and waste steam of which will be carried off by five funnels. The boilers and furnaces will occupy five of the central sixty-feet compartments of which we have already spoken, and the engines will be placed in two others. The weight of the entire machinery will be about 3000 tons, and of the hull 40,000 tons—making 13,000 tons. She will carry, in addition, several thousand tons of coal and merchandise—1000 first-class and 600 second-class passengers, and her maximum capacity gives her something like 25,000 tons burden. Notwithstanding her enormous dimensions, her draught of water will be comparatively small, not exceeding 20 feet when light; and 30 feet when fully laden. When afloat, she will present an appearance very different from that of any merchant ship yet



She will carry five or six masts and five funnels, and will resemble a huge three-decker, like the *Duke of Wellington*, only that she will be nearly three times the *Duke's* length. The three decks appropriated to passengers will rise, tier above tier, to a height of 35 feet out of the water; and the rows of port-holes will, at a little distance, present the appearance of a formidable battery of heavy artillery. At present, about half of her hull has been completed: she will be ready for launching next year, and will be sent into the water, broadside in, upon two enormous ways. Her cost will be upwards of £400,000.

One of the great features in this gigantic undertaking is, that the vessel will carry coal for the whole voyage out and home; and the quantity required may be guessed at when we state that her voyage will be round the world. The great cost of coal has hitherto been the obstacle to the profitable employment of steam-ships on long sea-voyages. Coal will be put on board this leviathan at about 10s. per ton, while the cost of this necessary article at the Cape of Good Hope and Australia varies from £2, 10s. to £5 per ton, to say nothing of the impracticability at times of procuring a sufficient supply at any price, and the loss occasioned by the delay in coaling, and the risk to the vessel. It is this which has hitherto prevented the ordinary class of steam-ships from competing successfully with sailing-vessels in the Australian trade; and at the present moment there are only two steam-ships trading between England and Australia. Clipper-built ships can run the whole way from England to Port Phillip without stopping, unless short of water, or compelled to touch at some port from some other emergency. Another important object which the company expect to achieve by the construction of this large ship is, that they will obtain a speed far superior to that of any vessel now afloat. At the recent meeting of the British Association in Liverpool, Mr Scott Russell demonstrated that length was one of the essentials of speed; and he believes that it will be as easy to propel this vessel at eighteen or twenty miles an hour, as one of the ordinary size and dimensions at twelve miles an hour. Up to a recent period, our naval and mercantile ships were built with round bluff duck's-brest bows; and when any attempt was made to propel them at great speed, they heaped up a mound of water before them, which no power of sails or steam could drive the vessel through at a rapid rate; in fact, the greater the attempted speed, and the more powerful the machinery, the greater was the resistance. At length the idea suggested itself, of making the water-lines of the ship correspond with the waves of the sea, by means of which she should gently and gradually divide the particles; instead of convex, therefore, fine hollow lines were substituted; and the broadest part of the ship was gradually removed from near the bows to within a third of her length of the stern. This form, which completely reverses the old model, has within the last twenty years been universally recognised and adopted in Europe and America; but it is by no means new. The old London wherries were built on this principle; the Indian boats, which are the finest of their class in the world, and the Turkish caiques, were all constructed with fine lines; and Mr Scott Russell has reduced the form and speed to mathematical principles and calculation. Entering-lines, 24 feet long, will give a speed, under ordinary circumstances, of 8 miles an hour; to obtain 16 miles an hour, the entrance-lines must be 100 feet long; and to accomplish a speed of 24 miles an hour, the ship must be upwards of 400 feet in length. This is the secret of the speed of the *Himalaya* steam-ship, which has the greatest speed, with the smallest expenditure of steam-power, of any vessel of her class; and this will be the secret of the success of our leviathan steam-ship.

As she now lies on the river's bank, she is apparently

one of the most unwieldy-looking, misshapen masses to which the term 'ship' could be applied. On the water, she will present the appearance and form of the finest and fastest clipper, and will cut through the water with comparatively little resistance. If any of our readers will take the trouble to mark off upon a sheet of paper a length of seven inches and three-quarters, and at a distance of about three inches from one end intersect it by a line of nearly an inch in length, and then form a triangle from this intersecting line to the furthest end, they will have a very good idea of the length and fineness of the entering-lines of the leviathan. Her actual measurements are 675 feet long, 83 feet wide at her greatest breadth of beam, and 60 feet deep in the hold. She will touch at no port between this and Australia—is expected to make the voyage in thirty days—and return by Cape Horn in thirty days more; thus making the circuit of the globe in two months! Although she will carry masts and sails, it is not anticipated that the latter will be found of much service, as at her ordinary speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, she will be in the unpleasant predicament of always having the wind in her teeth. Another of her qualifications, which probably was not dreamed of at the time she was ordered to be constructed, is, that in consequence of her great speed, extreme sharpness, and the solid substantial manner in which she has been built, she will prove, without carrying an ounce of gunpowder, or a single warlike weapon on board, one of the most formidable engines of destruction ever devised. The most powerful three-decker that ever floated would be cut in two, and broken up like an egg-shell, if the leviathan, with her tremendous 'weight of metal,' of some twenty-five or thirty thousand tons, her sharp wedge-like bows, and a speed of twenty miles an hour, were to run full tilt at her while lying like a helpless log on the water; and so firmly will she be bound and knitted together, that there is every reason to believe she would herself escape uninjured. Without entering further upon these sanguinary speculations, we may hope that the year 1855 will witness the completion of one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture the world has ever yet beheld.

## MARETIMO.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE PALAZZO BELMONTE.

WHEN Walter Masterton had refreshed his inner man—an operation that he performed with right good will and due gravity—he went, in spite of his fatigue, to Mr Bell, the well-known English banker at Palermo, not without feeling some of that nervousness peculiar to people who have 'forgotten their purse,' or lost their letters of credit. To his surprise—for he had never had an opportunity of testing the remarkable facility with which his countrymen, who are able to give a tolerably good account of themselves, can obtain cash-supplies abroad—his bill was at once accepted for the amount he asked. Not only so; but the banker, hearing that he wished to start for Messina, informed him that the *Stromboli*, government cutter, was about to sail immediately, and was only waiting for some boxes of specie which he was going to put on board.

'If you desire it, Mr Masterton,' said he, 'I can procure a passage for you by writing a note to the captain. You seem, however, more fit for twenty-four hours of a good bed than for further travelling. Your eyes are hollow, and your look is wild.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Walter, whose head was getting a little excited by fatigue and oft-repeated calculation of chances—'I thank you, but I must go on

with the steadiness of fate. A man's life and happiness are in peril, and on me the responsibility will fall.'

The banker bowed politely, for it mattered nothing to him whether his new client wore himself to death or not. His observation was merely intended to shew, that besides being a money-dealer, he belonged to human nature. 'There would be plenty of opportunities for rest on board the vessel,' he said.

This is how it happened that Luigi Spada was disappointed when he arrived at the Hotel of Santa Rosalia, firmly persuaded, by a not unnatural process of reasoning, that Walter might have something to say to him from Paolo di Falco.

The *Stromboli* had a fair wind; and those on deck enjoyed a fine view both of the Lipari Islands and the coast of Sicily. But Walter went down into the cabin at once, and although the voyage took twenty-four hours, he absolutely slept the whole time. Nature has a happy knack of making up its lost ground in this way. They called him up to see Scylla and Charybdis; but he insisted on a beef-steak. Of course such a thing was out of the question. There was cold fowl, with a dish of macaroni. 'Anything you please,' said the famished Walter, who missed the opportunity in this way of seeing the lovely scenery of the Straits as you enter them from the north. Another time would do as well. He might perish of inanition, if he stopped to indulge in any romantic enthusiasm. Besides, at that moment, he did not care a rush for all the fine landscapes in the world. His only thought, beyond the satisfaction of his wolfish appetite, was whether or not he should be able to learn anything concerning the fate of Angela, the wife of his friend.

It is not an easy matter to get ashore at Messina, if you come from any distant part of the world, or even from the opposite shore of Calabria; but a passenger on board a government vessel, with the recommendation of a wealthy banker of Palermo, is not subject to more than half an hour's interrogatory. In a wonderfully short space of time, therefore, considering the circumstances, Walter was let loose from the police-office upon the Marina, and at liberty to consider himself perfectly at home. It is true that a mild-looking personage did appear to follow him with an air of unconcern to the hotel; but he might have been going that way accidentally, and after all, you must take a Sicilian welcome for what it is worth. Walter determined to be cautious, to play the English traveller, and to convince everybody that he was only a harmless searcher after old stones, churches, picture-galleries, and all the catalogued sights of the place. The first thing he did on arriving at the Bella Venezia, was to inquire for a guide, and to talk with deep interest of the Fata Morgana. He was put in his right place at once. The police had nothing further to do with him. They left him to the tender mercies of the innkeeper.

The more effectually to carry out his purpose, Walter devoted the remainder of that day, even until twilight, to an assiduous survey of the city, and consented to admire the interior of half-a-dozen churches, the very names of which he forgot as soon as he left them. It was with some difficulty that he restricted himself from making inquiries concerning the governor and his family. Every hour spent in this inactive way seemed unprofitable; and if he had been compelled to retire to rest without having taken a step in advance, he would certainly have been overwhelmed by a feeling of self-contempt. Chance, however, favoured him.

'Your excellency,' said the cicerone, following him to the door of his room, 'has not made any plans for to-morrow.'

'I do not know what I shall do.'

'There is the Belmonte Gallery to see.'

Walter repressed an exclamation of pleasure, and entered his room, whilst the guide, cap in hand, leaned against the door-post with a self-satisfied air, that

expressed: 'This man belongs to me for a week to come.'

'But,' observed Walter affecting indifference, 'you have no paintings worth seeing here.'

'Pardon me,' quoth the guide advancing a step, with a look of respectful indignation. 'If our public collections are not famous, it is known that the Marchese Belmonte has the finest Perrugino in the world, and a *St John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Lavatori—that is'—— To express perfection, the guide joined the points of the fingers of his left hand, and putting them to his mouth, drew them away again with a sound resembling a kiss. There is no more eloquent manner in the south of conveying the idea of excellence. Walter appreciated the whole force of the eulogium.

'If that is the case,' said he; 'I must see this gallery. But is it open to the public?'

'Not to the public, but to your excellency—what is not open?'

Human nature is so made, that although Walter knew perfectly well that this was an allusion to the 'golden key,' yet he felt flattered. He would have explained the matter if called upon, by saying that his pleasure arose from the prospect of penetrating easily into the palace; but we are afraid that the first movement was really satisfied vanity. However, when he had dismissed the guide, and found himself alone, his thoughts did certainly busy themselves about the prospects of Paolo and Angela; and the delight with which he looked forward to bringing them together, joining their long-separated hands, and witnessing their ineffable joy, shewed him to be of as unselfish a composition as one is likely to meet with in this world. After awhile, it is true, the comparison of this double happiness, of which he was to be the artificer, with his own loneliness in life, threw him into melancholy meditation. He began to think that his existence was without an object; that a man of his youth and fair worldly prospects was not made to be nothing more than the man of departed hopes; that it was not well to allow year after year to pass away in receiving mere isolated impressions; that he wanted some star whereby to shape his course; that the power of affection he possessed should not thus be kept in abeyance; and by degrees he found himself envying even the position of Paolo. He at least had dared to build up a scheme of life, within which, if he found much misfortune, he could at least hope to find many consolations. He had linked his destiny with that of another; and however wide apart they might be forced apparently, yet the bond, though stretched, could never break; and he could be sure that every beating of his heart was echoed by that of another heart—every pang he felt was shared, as was every hope. It is not so very hard for two to bear the burden of this life; and misfortunes that are divided, sometimes leave pleasanter recollections than pleasures enjoyed alone.

Such were the thoughts which prepared Walter for an unquiet night's rest; and which swarmed back to his mind as soon as the first rays of the sun, breaking through the open window and the gauze-curtains of the bed, touched his eyelids, and compelled him to return to complete consciousness. He rose, and looked forth on the port crowded with vessels—the Marina, where were three yawning sailors, and some women bearing baskets of vegetables, alone were stirring—on the tranquil expanse of sea beyond—and on the mist-clothed heights above Reggio. The sun, which seemed to rise fast and impatiently, soon dissipated all the cold tints of dawn, and melted the long streaks of white vapour, that hung here and there over this marine landscape, into blue air. Walter gazed instinctively at the changing aspects of the scene; but his mind was somewhat enervated by pleasant thoughts; and vague aspirations for his own happiness, to a certain extent, counterbalanced the generous enthusiasm of friendship.

When the guide, however, came to tell him that it was time to go to the Palazzo Belmonte, he remembered his engagements, and resolved, that for a month at least he would care only for the happiness of others. They went by the Corso towards the balconied-mansion of the governor. There was no stir about it. A solitary sentinel paced slowly before the door. The windows were all open to receive the fresh morning air, but no one appeared at them. The trees of the garden drooped over the lofty stone-wall, brilliant with dew-drops. The guide had already been there, to strike a bargain with Bartolo the steward. Admission, therefore, was gained without difficulty; and Walter was soon ascending—his heart beating higher and higher—the very marble staircase that Paolo in his narrative, which until then had seemed to have something of the unreal character of a romance, had described. There, no doubt, was the corridor leading to the private garden; here was the great hall in which the governor had received the mariners; in that direction, probably, was the apartment to which accident had guided the young lover, to learn from the very lips of Angela herself that he was beloved. An atmosphere of poetry appeared to pervade the whole palace. Walter had never, he thought, seen so beautiful a place in his life.

The gallery at that time consisted of a large room on the first floor, with windows facing the north, and overlooking the garden. It was beautifully paved in Italian mosaic; and richly decorated. The paintings, ranged along an unbroken wall, were indeed very fine; and although Walter was thinking of other things, he could not help pausing to admire a lovely Virgin and Child, which Signor Bartolo, who had joined them in the gallery, declared was the master-piece of Guido.

'Every gallery has its master-piece,' said Walter smiling; 'but without making any comparisons, you may safely esteem that as a treasure.'

'It is so, indeed, Signor Inglese,' said a voice of singularly mild modulation.

Walter started, and was instantly, cap in hand, face to face with what, in a more superstitious age, he might have been justified in regarding as a celestial vision; for it had come almost to his side as noiselessly as a shadow along a wall. But a calmer inspection would have dispelled all supernatural, perhaps all romantic, ideas.

It was a young person dressed in a gown of common gray stuff, with her raven hair confined in a simple net, and altogether so unpretending in appearance, that had it not been for the singular loveliness and delicacy of her countenance, she would scarcely have attracted a second glance. It is usual to speak with contempt of costume. We should take instructions from ladies in this particular. They know the marvellous influence of a yard of ribbon, a piece of lace, a brilliant jewel, a well-chosen flower. Unadorned loveliness poets may be allowed to praise, if the loveliness be perfect; but there is an art by which even those whom nature seems most to have neglected can captivate and enthral the beholder. Perhaps the truth is, that dress, when well studied, brings out the share of beauty which is vouchsafed to all, and conceals only the defects. At any rate, there are few women who could venture, like the lady who had suddenly appeared to Walter, to disregard all ornament but simplicity. Perhaps she felt that any attempt to heighten her charms would obscure some of their exquisite gradations; perhaps she was not conscious of being charming at all, though this is a wild supposition.

We talk about the absence of adornment, the almost niggardly plainness of the lady's attire, because, contrasted with her noble countenance, it threw Walter into a state of great uncertainty and doubt. His mind struggled between conflicting impressions as he regarded her; and when he attempted to speak, he failed to adjust his words in any reasonable way. He began in

a half-patronising tone, and concluded in language that might have been addressed to a princess. What he said, it is unnecessary to repeat. He enlarged on the merits of the picture; and probably produced the impression that his admiration was rather instinctive than learned. The lady corrected him, and shewed where his observations did not apply. He bowed to her judgment, without taking the trouble to weigh it. Bewilderment was coming over him; and Paolo would scarcely have been satisfied had he known that Walter waited with the utmost anxiety to learn—he hoped certainly to do so—that the object of his visit to that palace was not yet fulfilled, that he was not in the presence of Angela.

Bartolo had gone away. The lady walked a little further down the gallery, as if to break off the dialogue, which she may have thought was becoming too animated.

'Who is that lady?' whispered Walter to the guide.

'I do not know. Some student, perhaps. She has, you see, a portfolio under her arm.'

The Englishman had not noticed that fact. It gave him an opportunity of renewing the conversation.

'You draw?' he inquired, following the lady and speaking with the freedom which lovers of the arts admire or affect.

'A little,' replied she indifferently, not offering to shew her sketches.

The idea suggested itself to Walter, that she was prevented by his presence from producing her pencils, so he bowed, saying: 'I hope I do not interfere with your studies.'

The remark produced a smile of great sweetness, but mingled with an expression either satirical or wondering. In truth, she was an admirable creature to look at; with ivory forehead sharply defined by the black tresses which would have buried her shoulders in their massive folds, had they not been, as we have said, all gathered back in a single net; with large almond-shaped eyes, that generally rested on the floor, but were raised when she spoke, to attest her words by a candid look; with a nose that seemed to tell of Grecian descent; a mouth that smiled readily but faintly, relapsing, however, with pleasure into pensive repose; and a cheek somewhat paled by thought or anxiety. Her head was nobly set upon her neck; but though she walked like a queen, her stature was small, and seemed almost girlish at first glance.

Walter was afraid to repeat his implied offer to retire, for fear that it should be accepted. He went on talking of the gallery, of the palace, of the city, of the lovely scenery around; and at last, from mere lack of something more to say, began to make inquiries about the Belmonte family.

During the conversation, the lady, who did the honours of the house as if it had been her own, shewed Walter out into a terrace, from which a beautiful view of the Straits of Messina, bordered by swelling hills, dim with the excess of light now poured over them, could be obtained. White sails studded the waters, which were almost as transparent as the air that glowed above. To the left, beyond the city, rose wooded hills, with turreted villas here and there, and long avenues of chestnut-trees, and patches of green pasture. Walter leaned on the balustrade, gazing forth without attempting to consider all these things as parts of one great picture. All objects came to his eyes invested with strange circumstances of beauty. His whole frame seemed pervaded with light. The loveliness of the lady-student seemed to steal through him like a subtle element, and he once more forgot the object of his mission in the enjoyment of sensations which he did not endeavour to understand.

There had, however, been something peculiar in Walter's manner, when he inquired whether all the Belmonte family were still at Messina. The lady had

noticed it, and probably thought it was an awkward attempt to discover her own position. At first her answer had simply been 'No;' and she had passed on rapidly to other topics. Suddenly returning, however, to that ground, and dispersing as it were Walter's gaze of admiration by a look of perfect candour and simplicity, she said:

'You seem to have made good use of your time. Arrived only yesterday, you know the names of the great people here, and feel an interest about their families?'

This remark brought back Walter completely to the object of his visit. Remaining silent for a moment to recover his presence of mind, and gathering up his powers for what he felt would be a decisive effort, he said, with carefully assumed indifference:

'It would not be wonderful if I had heard the name of the governor of Messina the very first thing on my arrival; but the truth is, that at Palermo I was told a very strange story—namely, that the marchese's daughter had been carried away by the son of a hereditary enemy, and married against the will of the family; that there had been imprisonments, and intrigues, and so forth, just as in a romance.'

The lady scarcely changed her position, or altered the expression of her countenance; yet Walter felt that what he said cooled her towards him.

'And like a true Englishman,' she observed, after a pause, 'you allude to this calumny in the very place where it is most likely to give pain.'

'Then it is a calumny!' exclaimed Walter with extreme surprise.

'Stated in that way—although, like all calumnies, it is based on truth. But you cannot feel much interest about this matter?'

'I do—indeed I do,' cried the Englishman, thrown off his guard.

'You surprise me. What need is there to seek for real details, when you have quite sufficient for your purpose? Tell the story as you have heard it; 'twill read well; for of course you keep a journal, and intend to publish your travels. Spare names, however. If you do so, there will be little danger that your revelations give any annoyance here.'

The lady spoke with some heat; and Walter knew that she was angry with him, partly at introducing that subject of conversation, partly, perhaps, because she thought he was actuated by mere idle curiosity. At the risk of compromising his friend's cause in selfish eagerness to exculpate himself, he was about to declare that he had an especial motive for his inquiries, when he was interrupted by a rather ludicrous sight. Bartolo the steward appeared at the door leading to the terrace from the gallery, and without being seen by the lady, began raising his eyebrows, puckering up his lips, and waving his hands, to express something which Walter did not choose to understand. What he meant was, that it was time to make his bow and depart. The lady observed at length that there was something going on; and turning to Bartolo, said:

'Does any one want me?'

'Signora Bianca,' replied the old man rather testily, 'the marchese is coming to shew his pictures to some distinguished persons, and you know'—

'That on such occasions he does not like the presence of strangers,' said Bianca, who then added: 'Sir Englishman, our colloquy is rudely brought to a close. You owe some gratitude to Signor Bartolo for saving you from a long story I was about to tell'—

'Believe me,' interrupted Walter.

'Of course, you must say that you would have been most gratified. There would be no politeness left in the world if you did not.'

'Madam'—began Walter almost angrily.

Bianca raised her mild eyes, in which she attempted to introduce an expression of astonishment and rebuke;

but in truth, no woman ever remained unmoved in presence of the struggle of frankness with etiquette which was evidently going on in Walter's mind.

Bartolo had gone away to kick the guide, who had fallen asleep on the tessellated pavement.

'Madam,' said Walter, this time in a desponding tone, 'is it not a dreadful thing that this world is so framed, that after speaking with you a whole hour—as a friend—I may be destined never to see you more?'

'Laws,' replied Bianca, flushing slightly as she spoke, 'were made for those who have not the courage to break them.'

Having uttered this audacious sentiment, she glided down the steps leading to the garden; and when Walter turned away with a deep sigh, he beheld Signor Bartolo on one side, and the cicerone on the other—each holding out a hand with 'mute eloquence.' They had been quarrelling about their share of the plunder. Walter gave each a gold piece; and leaving them with wide open eyes to adjust their differences, walked away, and soon found himself in the square before the palace.

It happened that at that very moment Luigi Spada, on his way from Palermo, was riding across the square. Seeing the Englishman who had been his companion coming out alone from the residence of the Marchese Belmonte, as if quite at home there, it was perhaps not unnatural for him to suppose that he had been a dupe. Walter had expressly told him, that this was his first visit to Sicily, and that he knew nobody on the island. Here seemed to be proof positive that this was false. Evidently the Englishman, who pretended to be travelling without an object, was in communication with the Neapolitan government. There remained the fact of his shipwreck; but spies may be shipwrecked as well as other people. All the rest of his story was a mere romance. Giacomo was deceived: he also was deceived. Luigi congratulated himself on his prudence; and instead of advancing to meet Walter, as he would have done had he seen him in any other place, he determined to watch him, and ascertain, if possible, what was his intention in passing from Maretimo to Messina in so great a hurry, and with so great an appearance of mystery. Luigi knew that endeavours had been making to set aside the marriage of Paolo and Angela as illegal. Was this foreigner engaged in any way in that transaction? It was necessary to ascertain the truth. 'If he be manoeuvring against us,' thought Luigi, 'I know who will give a good account of him.'

Abandoning his horse to the care of Antonio, who had performed the journey on foot, Luigi followed Walter to the Bella Venezia, taking care, however, to avoid being seen. His precautions were, to a certain extent, superfluous. The Englishman was too deeply absorbed, partly in speculation as to who Bianca might be, partly in regrets that he had not devoted himself more entirely than he had done to the service of his friend Paolo. All he had learned was, that in the Belmonte palace—if that beautiful lady did indeed belong to it—it was thought offensive to allude to the subject of Angela's marriage, which he might easily have guessed before. It is true that there was a moment when something like a story was coming, but of this he had been defrauded, and there did not seem the slightest probability that he should be able to renew the interview. Altogether, the morning's work was unsatisfactory.

This was now the fifth day since his departure from Maretimo; and although, strictly speaking, there was ample time before him to effect all he purposed should chance in any way favour, yet he began to think it possible that he might obtain no tidings at all of Angela, and be compelled to attempt the rescue of Paolo, without being able to offer him anything but liberty. On reaching the hotel, he shut himself up

in his room, and surlily turned away the guide, who came hastening after to provoke him to more explorations.

'He declined to see the cloak of St Peter, did he?' said, some hours later, a police-agent, who was hovering about the courtyard, and heard the complaints of the guide. 'This is a suspicious circumstance, and must be reported to the proper quarters.'

Whilst the wise man was entering the fact in his tablets, there brushed past him, without attracting the slightest attention, an individual, whose appearance in that place, had he known of it, might have given him the clue to a good deal that was going on, and procured him a handsome 'gratification' from head-quarters. Spies and other people lose more by refining out of place than they are aware. There is but just time in this life to give a rough glance at everything. The panorama rolls by. If we stoop to count the petals of a flower, whole plains and valleys have gone out of sight for ever.

'I have not the pleasure,' said Walter hesitatingly, as a respectable-looking little old gentleman, with spectacles and gray hair, bobbed towards him, and 'made legs' in an exquisitely polite fashion.

'The pleasure is on my side, sir,' said the new-comer, smirking and drawing nearer, his eyes looking strangely brilliant through the great round glasses of his spectacles. 'I know you very well. Your name is Walter Masterton.'

'That is true.'

'You come from Palermo?'

'Exactly.'

'And you had previously been at Trapani?'

'I do not deny it.'

'Whence you arrived from Maretimo?'

'You know my movements as well as I do myself.'

'But pray, sir, may I ask what is the object of your journey?'

Many men would have admitted something or appeared confused. Walter only remained silent, and looked very hard at his interlocutor. The idea at once struck him, that he had to do with some high functionary of the police, who had perhaps received intelligence of the object of his mission. He remembered that he had already twice been questioned with reference to what had taken place at Maretimo, though not before in so direct a manner. Could it be possible that his conversation with Paolo had been overheard? He had not had time to inquire into the motives that actuated Carlo Mosca. If that man had listened at the door, he was in possession of the whole plan, which would of course be necessarily frustrated. Giacomo might have been instructed to send on the intelligence in his company, and all his manœuvres would therefore be ludicrously unavailing. However, he thought it best, after a considerable pause, during which he tried to look stupid, to say:

'And pray, sir, what is your authority for putting such a question?'

'Which means,' observed the old gentleman, sitting down perfectly unmoved, 'that you have a secret object which you do not intend to declare.'

'This is very amusing!' exclaimed Walter. 'I do not know the customs of Sicily; but it seems to me'—

'No doubt it does.'

'Very extraordinary'—

'To be sure.'

'Not to say impertinent'—

'Let the word pass.'

'That a perfect stranger'—

'Hum!'

'Whom I have never seen before'—

'Hum—hum!'

'Will you tell me what is your object in coming

here?' exclaimed Walter, interrupting the comments he intended to make.

'There is not the least objection. Either you are a gentleman, or you are not.'

'I hope I am a gentleman.'

'If you are not, you will betray me; in which case I am prepared to resist.'

The stranger produced a pair of pistols; and Walter, instead of being at all alarmed, leaned back in his chair, feeling convinced that this was not the conduct of a policeman, and therefore perfectly at his ease.

'*Cospetto!*' exclaimed the old gentleman, who could not help admiring the calmness of this northern barbarian, 'I see we shall understand each other.'

This opinion might have proved perfectly correct, had there not been at that very moment an authoritative knocking at the door.

'Come in,' said Walter, although vexed at this interruption of a dialogue which was beginning to get interesting.

A young smooth-faced Neapolitan dragoon, trailing his great sword, entered. The old gentleman turned visibly pale, and took up a copy of the *Scientific Journal* of Messina, that was lying on the table; but that he saw the shape of a single letter we will not venture to affirm.

It was at once evident, however, that the soldier came with no hostile purpose. His look was bland, and his motions were insinuating. If Mars had been the colonel of his regiment, he would assuredly have employed him on love-errands.

'The Marchese Belmonte,' said he, 'sends his excuses to the English gentleman for having disturbed him in the gallery this morning; and would be extremely happy if he would honour him by visiting his cabinet of drawings. He has himself just left for the country; but he has sent his carriage.' The dragoon made a speech a good deal longer than this; and contrived to give his opinion that the drawings were well worth seeing. All Italians affect a knowledge and admiration of the arts. Walter listened with approval. Politeness might have suggested that he should first terminate his interview with the spectacled stranger, especially as it promised to acquire a very interesting character; but he was invited to the palace, and at the palace was Bianca.

'He must apologise,' he said, looking towards his visitor. The soldier suggested that any friend of the Englishman would be welcome. The hint was not taken; and in another minute Walter, under the gaze of all the waiters of the hotel, of the abashed police-agent, and of a score or two of idlers, had got into the governor's carriage, drawn by two fine cream-coloured horses, and was dashing away towards the Corso. The stranger came down immediately afterwards, and slunk away unnoticed.

## THE WORKERS OF PARIS.

MORE than once the French government, in its desire to know all about everything and everybody within the limits of the republic, kingdom, or empire, as the case may have been, have sought to collect statistical information concerning the working and trading classes in France. They tried in 1791, and failed; Napoleon set his Minister of the Interior to the task in 1807, and with only partial success; Louis-Philippe attempted it in 1831, but with slight advantage only over his predecessors; the National Assembly sent out a decree on the subject in 1848, the result of which was to draw a few imperfect reports from different parts of the country, and none at all from that important district—the department of the Seine. It seemed that the thing could not be done; but the Chamber of Commerce of

Paris, judging it not to be an impossibility, took the matter in hand after the year last mentioned, and having spent three years in diligent inquiry, have published a quarto of nearly 1500 pages, in which they give full particulars respecting the working-population and trading-classes of the French metropolis. This volume having been brought before the British Association by the late Mr G. R. Porter, we select from it a few details of general interest.

The inquiry embraces Paris within the *barrière*, or the line within which the octroi or municipal tax is paid; the number of the population being at the time 1,053,262—not so many by 235 as in 1846. In this decrease of numbers, Paris presents a remarkable contrast to London. The city was subdivided into 326 districts, to facilitate operations; and we learn at the outset, that Paris, the most populous and most productive of all the great capitals on the continent, has 325 trades or employments essentially distinct. These are classified in thirteen groups; and so arranged, that any one *arrondissement* can be compared with another. More than 32,000 houses were visited during the inquiry, and as no names were to be revealed, it was believed that the answers were given in good faith. So minutely was the plan carried out, that, as we are told, 'the workman who, having capital sufficient to buy a few ounces of gilt copper, converted the same into false jewellery of the humblest kind, was required to contribute his quota to the general sum of information.'

Casting our eyes over the tables, we find, that at the time of the inquiry there were in Paris 64,816 masters, who gave employment to 342,530 workmen, and the value of the manufactures produced by the joint action of these 407,346 industrials, was £58,545,134 sterling. This prodigious sum, however, includes all the cost of material, and is only produced when, to quote a political phrase, 'Order reigns in Paris;' for in a revolutionary year it is diminished by more than 50 per cent., and the total of workmen employed by nearly two-thirds. A fact worth remembering by disturbers of the public peace, and promoters of strikes.

We get an insight, too, into that much debated question of female employment: among the working-people, 112,891 are women, and 7851 girls, of whom many are under twelve years of age. Of boys and young men, the number is 16,863; many of these, also, are under twelve; and taking the two sexes, 19,078 were apprentices. The terms of apprenticeship were from two to six years; but it is remarkable to find, in more than 1400 cases, an arrangement for an indeterminate period. One might suspect these to be very destitute or ignorant persons, with no one to care for them. The rule appears to be to pay no apprenticeship-fee, though most of the apprentices get their board and lodging: the engagement, however, is by no means scrupulously kept by either party.

The rate of wages varies considerably: among the tailors, some earn eight francs a day, while others earn not more than seventy-five centimes—about 7½d.; butchers get from one franc to seven francs; jewellers, one franc to fifteen francs, and these last stand highest for earnings among all the trades of the capital. To facilitate comparison with trades in London, we set down here the average earnings of some of the working-people in Paris:—Tailors, 17s.; jewellers, £1. 7s. 3d.; bakers, 16s. 9d.; shoemakers, 14s. 2d.; carpenters and joiners, £1. 3s. 6d.; cabinetmakers, 17s.; masons, 16s. 1d.; coach-builders, 19s. 3d.; house-painters, 18s. 10d.; hat-makers, £1. 0s. 7d.; printers, £1. 1s. 4d.; locksmiths, 18s. 4d.; milliners,

17s. 4d.; laundresses, 10s. 6d. This list, which comprises but a few from the whole number of trades, is interesting, as shewing wherein Paris differs in some respects so markedly from London. Some of the females are no better paid than that wretched class on our side the Channel which inspired Hood's *Song of the Shirt*: 950 poor Frenchwomen earn less than sixty centimes, or 5½d. a day. Going a little higher, however, we find 100,000 earning from one to three francs, and 626 who get from three to five francs—the latter sum equivalent to 4s. English.

Another table enables us to form some idea of the domestic circumstances of the industrious classes: 122,000 men, and 68,000 women, live in apartments furnished by themselves; 4000 men, and 12,000 women, with their parents or relations; 6000 men, and 2000 women, with their employers; and 34,000 men, and 4000 women, in furnished lodgings. Of the men, 147,311 were found able to read and write; and of the women, 68,219.

These are but a few from among the whole mass of particulars; but they enable us to form an idea on some social points in which a manufacturing community is largely interested. As far as earnings are concerned, the advantage appears to be clearly on the side of the English workman.

We conclude with a passage from the Report, which unfortunately applies too well to other places besides the French metropolis. 'The voluntary holiday of Monday,' it says, 'has, among the greater part of the occupations in Paris, the saddest effect upon the morality of the work-people; and it is this which most generally deprives them of the means of making any saving. If Sunday is not observed by them as a day given to religion, it is at least regarded by the workman as a day to be spent with his family. He willingly gives up part of this day to industry, but in the evening he walks abroad with his wife and children. He considers, however, that he has a right to another day devoted to his personal gratification. Monday is the day to be spent with his comrades, and it is this that his expenditure is the most lavish. The Monday holiday is the object of the most lively desire, and to acquire the means for its indulgence is often the greatest stimulus to industry. In the course of the inquiries made by the committee, it often appeared that the men who received the largest wages are those whose savings are the smallest. Not only do they absent themselves from the workshop on Monday, but their absence is prolonged for two, three, or more days, until their resources for dissipation are exhausted.'

#### A NEW PROJECTILE.

The inventive faculty of the age promises to furnish us with another projectile of terrific power, which will cast into the shade all the shells now in use. We hear that there is before the Ordnance Committee a shell charged with a liquid, which, after its release by the concussion of the ball, will instantaneously become a sheet of fire, having to a cinder anything it may touch, and suffocating by its smoke any one brought within its radius. A column of infantry, a row of tents, a ship, storehouses, and barracks, a forest, anything which acknowledges the terrible influence of fire, could be consumed in a few minutes by the radiation of a shell charged with this noxious fluid. It will, we daresay, require very careful handling by the artillery, for it is of so subtle a nature, that the escape of any slight quantity would carry with it direful consequences. Like the *boulet asphyxiant*, it is calculated to be formidable to friends and foes if it be not watched with vigilance.—*United Service Gazette.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3, BATH STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON, and 330 High Street, BIRMINGHAM. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Bookellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE FENS OF ENGLAND.

IN looking at the map of England, it is impossible not to be struck with the curious expanse of hill-less country that appears on the eastern side of the island below Yorkshire. It is remarkable even on an ordinary hydrographical map; but on the broad sheets of the Ordnance Survey, it is still more so. Nearly the whole of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and much of Northampton and Norfolk, appears one vast flat, unbroken and undiversified by hill or valley. If it wants these, however, it has the next important element of the picturesque in abundance; for it is copiously watered. Half-a-dozen large-sized rivers wander through its level area, fed and connected one with another by countless drains and canals, of dimensions little less than their own. Immense tracts of land, intersected with the straight lines of countless ditches, stretch between the scattered homesteads and thinly sprinkled villages; some apparently desolate and waste—morass, or marsh, or moor; some apparently reclaimed, and forming pastures or arables—if we may coin a word—that would make a Scotch forty-acre piece look a mere cotter's allotment beside them. We are judging of all this at present by the map and the names; and what names they are! Here is the Hundred-foot Drain, and the Forty-foot Drain, and the Old Bedford River, and the New Bedford River, Ramsey Mere, Trundle Mere, Egg Mere, Wildmore Fen, Guyhirne Fen, Dogdyke Fen, Hilgay Fen, Foulmire Fen, Crane Fen, Frog Fen, Sedge Fen, Wet Fen, Deeping Fen, Ruffe Fen, Fish Fen, Knar Fen, Bardolph Fen, Bury Plashea, Wenny Severals, Grunty-fen Drain, Stray Pastures, Broadpool Drove, Whaplode Drove, High-fen Straight-drove, High-fen Crooked-drove, Pode Hole, Delph Bank, and a thousand others equally quaint. So much for the appearance of the Great Level of the Fens upon the chart—a district comprising no less than 500,000 acres; extending, on its eastern side, more than 68 miles in a straight line, and allowing for the curve of its Lincoln extremity, nearer 80 in total length; being in breadth frequently 30 miles, and oftener 20 than 10; formerly the most wretched and profitless land in England, now becoming year by year as valuable as the manner and progress of its change from its ancient condition to its present, from fenny waste to fertility and cultivation, has been curious and difficult. Before closing the map, however, it will be as well to note one or two points, which should be borne in mind when we come to examine its geological features and origin. The Level is bounded on its western or landward side, as far as Thorpe, by the range of chalk-hills which commences on the north coast of Lincolnshire, and runs

nearly north and south for some distance through the county, and then more irregularly straggles away south-westwards, round by Nottingham, Rutland, Northampton, and Bedford shires. From thence the boundary-line is less defined. Low ranges of clay, sand, and gravel, skirt the flats down to Cambridge, above which the Fen turns off, and stretches in a north-easterly direction, round by St Ives, Ely, Mildenhall, Brandon, and Downham, to the Norfolk-side of the Wash. Detached highlands and chains of hills of insignificant height appear here and there in the Fen, like islands in its blank expanse, and bearing in the Saxon termination of their names, *ey*, a proof of the applicability of the term in early times. By these, the limits of the actual Fen are often rendered indistinct, and still more so by its running up on either side of the great rivers, through the clefts or gorges in the hill-ranges, by which the latter debouch from inland upon the plain. This great tract of irregular outline is divided, like all Gaul under the Cæsars, into three parts—the North Level, the Middle Level, and the South Level: the first being that portion between the Welland and the Nene rivers; the second, that between the Nene and the Ouse; and the third, all below the Ouse. We should observe, however, that the fens of Lincolnshire are not included in this division; lying north of all three sections, and having almost a distinct history of their own. The district thus divided, comprises all the rest of the Fen, and was anciently denominated collectively the Bedford Level; which name it still retains.

Now let us shut the map, and taking a mental train on the Great Northern and Eastern Counties Railways, imagine ourselves in the heart of the Great Level of the Fens. The time is August or early September, when the corn is ripening; for, shorn of its cereal glory, the landscape loses its grandest and peculiar charm. Seen, however, at that season, the Fen Country presents an aspect at once strange and magnificent. Here, as far as the eye can see, on either side waves a sea of golden wheat, broken perhaps occasionally by a rectangular patch of beans or blue-green hemp. No hedges meet the view; but long waving lines of sedge mark the course of the drains and ditches, which, in their stead, parcel out the fields. Trees are scarce. A belt of dark-leaved ash and alders rises abruptly from the plain, and stretches a sombre line across the horizon. A few elms and pollard-willows stand about yonder isolated homestead, throwing its white walls and red-tiled roof into stronger relief against the bright blue sky. There a vast extent of pasture spreads away, on which a herd of horses and shaggy little fen-ponies are grazing and gamboling; and along one side of which run the steep banks of some mighty drain or river, with the tall

chimney of an engine-house rising high into the air from a clump of solemn aspens at the corner, where another 'leam' of scarce less magnitude flows in. Further on, the reclamation of some fen-land newly drained is going on. The rough, coarse tussocky turf is being pared off, piled up in stacks, and burnt; and its sour pungent smoke invades eyes, nose, and mouth, penetrating to our very lungs. The soil beneath is as black and loose as soot, and the ploughing must be light indeed. Here a field is being worked up with chalk, brought by rail many a mile; and there, in another, are heaps of blue oozy-looking clay, dug from the bottom of some ditch where the layer of fen is thin. Now we have a view of the river—the lazy old Ouse perhaps. High green turf-banks, rising ten to twenty feet above the level of the Fen, enclose his slow clear waters along their entire course, and mark his devious wanderings over the plain by their curious outline. No trees overhang his depths. A few stunted willow-bushes break here and there the monotonous fringe of rustling waving sedges and flags that skirts the edge of the water. Sheep are grazing on the outer slope of the bank, and a flock of white geese are ascending the inner one after their bath, conversing very noisily. Now we come to one of those broad green level droves, that take the place of roads through the Fen, and run for miles as straight as an arrow. On either side it is flanked by a wide ditch, crossed by bridges here and there leading into fields. A herd of cattle is coming leisurely down it from pasture, attended by a thorough specimen of the fen humanity—a thin, dark-haired, swarthy fellow, half-gipsy in appearance. Now there pass before us the rushy stagnant plasies and swampy osier-beds of an unreclaimed piece; a genuine stretch of fen, black and desolate, its inhabitants frogs and moorhens, whose cries are the only sounds, save the rushing trains, that disturb its watery solitudes. Far, far across it, and distant many a mile, rise the solemn towers of Ely Cathedral, looming dimly through the smoke and haze of the Fen. Soon, again, there open before us the parallel ramparts of another drain, or artificial river, whose waters glitter under the blue sky like a narrowing ribbon of steel, as the straight converging lines vanish in the distance. Then more corn, more pastures, more burning peat-stacks, more willows, ditches, and drains, more engine-houses, windmill-pumps, and scattered cottages, and everywhere the same vast expanse of level landscape.

Such is the Fen Country under favourable circumstances; and little as it may be apparent from this faint sketch, there is a grandeur and a quaint magnificence about it that is very impressive. A peculiar sensation of freedom accompanies the wide range of the eye towards the far-off horizon, which I have never exactly experienced anywhere else; and on bright summer-days, the unbroken smile of the sunshine on shadowless square miles of yellow corn and deep green pasture has a splendour peculiarly its own. The rivers are a remarkable feature of the Fen Country. They are all alike. All are confined within the strong artificial ramparts described above, and differ only in width. The banks slope down to the water's margin, which is marked by a narrow strip of tall flags and reeds, that bow and whisper mournfully to the passing breeze. Along the top of the bank runs the towing-path; the ropes by which the horses draw the barges being fastened to the tops of their masts. On the outer side of the bank, and immediately under it, chosen not as the safest but the easiest place, runs usually the high road. It is by standing on the ridge of one of these embankments that the finest view of the country is obtained, while the spectator himself, for another mile or two away in the Fen—so dead is the level—is lifted high up against the sky, and appears as if standing on the horizon. The rivers themselves are not so sluggish as is generally supposed. Undoubtedly

they deserved the name when it was given them, but that was before the general drainage, and before the banks were built. Now they flow with a steady and moderately strong stream, though there being but few locks or sluices, the influence of the tides is felt for a considerable distance inland on most of them. The natural or normal height of the water within the banks is about level with the surface of the fen outside. But in winter, when the rivers are swollen with the upland freshes and land-drainage, it rises frequently within a foot or two of the top, overriding by a dangerous height the whole surrounding country. Should a bank burst, the devastation is, of course, proportionately widespread and terrible. This occasionally happens, in spite of all the precaution and strength used in erecting the embankments, and thousands of acres are laid many feet deep under water in a few hours; the labour of the farmer lost, and his flocks and herds drowned. The aspect of the Fen Country then is ghastly enough. Everywhere a wide waste of sullen waters meets the view—the roof of a cottage, a patch of leafless trees, the black top and arms of a spectral windmill or two, alone rising from the dismal swamp. The physical effects on the land of a catastrophe like this are commonly not recovered for a year or eighteen months; and though the next crop is proportionately enriched by the flooding, it is at the expense of the two which should have preceded it.

The Fen Country has many peculiarities besides those of external aspect. Its Flora and Fauna contain several rare species; and more than one, it is said, unknown to the rest of England. Among these are some grasses and water-plants, and various insects. Some of the fen-beetles are remarkably handsome, and the aquatic species grow to a huge size. Rare and curious birds used frequently to be shot on its solitary swamps, but since the days of reclamation they have grown scarcer. The edible frog, also, which is very seldom met with in England, was once common in Foulmire Fen Combs, and is still said to exist there. From their musical croak, these frogs were called by the natives 'Cambridgeshire nightingales' and 'Whaddon organs'—the latter, from the name of a spot where they peculiarly abounded. The rivers are full of all kinds of coarse fish: pike of prodigious size, noble perch, tons of bream and roach, and large chub, are to be found in all of them, and, in fact, in nearly all the drains as well.

The dwellers in the Fens are for the most part a black-haired, black-eyed, clear brown-skinned, accimated race, attached to their country and its peculiarities. The red or sandy hair and freckled complexion appear to be most frequent, next to the dark. They have some oddities of costume. Steeple-crowned hats and buckles are commonly worn; and some of the old fellows on the barges are thorough Dutchmen in face, figure, and dress, and undoubtedly in size and weight. The Fens have no particular lore of their own, save a few lingering superstitions which they share with many other districts of England.

And now if the reader, interested thus far in these pictures of a wild and little-known district of his own country, cares to inquire into its origin and history, he must penetrate with us the twilight of those remote geological epochs in which intelligence has learned to read—though as yet with uncertainty and hesitation in the dim doubt-clouded atmosphere—the birth-and-cradle records of terrene order and form. Retiring, then, from present earthly scenes, like the enchantment of fable, by a descent through our stage, we will endeavour to pierce a little way below the surface of the country whose physical aspect we have been describing.

If borings were made at intervals over the whole of the Fens, there would be found, at varying depth, but spread with small intermission beneath the entire

district, a bed of muddy sand, tolerably firm, ribbed in some places with tide-marks, and abounding in marine remains, resting on the formations of a far earlier geological epoch. This we may call the foundation of the Fens. Sometimes it lies very deep below the surface; sometimes crops out above it in irregular ridges, like snow-drifts.

For the most part, this stratum is immediately covered with a layer of clay, generally of the kinds called 'gault' and 'till'—bluish and calcareous, solid, and of considerable thickness. This bed is evidently of fresh-water origin, being peopled with fluviatile shells and débris. In places, however, it is seamed and indented with narrowing tongues of sand and silt,\* which are, by their contents, as evidently deposited by the sea. The position of this clay-stratum, as next above the sand, is not uniformly maintained. Sometimes a layer of peat is found to intervene, and sometimes a bed of loose gravel or drift.

Above the clay lies the bog-soil or peat, which covers four-fifths of the Fen surface, and forms its chief agricultural characteristic. It is a peculiar compound of decayed vegetable matter, earthy sediment, and silicate, and varies in colour from dark brown to downright black. In texture it is loose and crumbly, and has a rich earthy smell. The depth of this covering varies very much: in some places it is nine or ten feet deep, and in others thins off to three or four inches. Along the edge of the Fen it may be seen in the slopes of the ditches by the roadsides, shelving gradually upwards, till it is lost entirely. (These shallow sections often exhibit other strata also, particularly about the west side of the Ouse, in Cambridgeshire, where successive beds of peat, gravel, blue clay, and yellow clay, are not unfrequently visible in the depth of a few feet only.) Over the peat is spread here and there another layer of alluvial clay. On the side of the Fen next the sea, or the Marshland, as it is called, it invariably overlies the peat, and to some depth. It seems to be a sort of estuarial warp, being much mixed with silt.

Such is the soil of the Great Level of the Fens: the next question is—what was its origin? Leaving out of consideration any comparison of the many theories which have been offered, as an exercise for which, however interesting, we have not space, we will take that as our guide which has met with most general acceptance.

Now, from the formation and shape of the Fen district, one thing seems indisputable—namely, that it was at one time or other a great shallow bay of the sea, full of shoals and large sand-banks, bounded by the white cliffs of those hills whose position we noted above upon the map, and receiving through gorges in their range more than one large river. Supposing, then, the sandy bed of this bay to be bodily uplifted by that subterranean action, whether volcanic or not, which has operated so largely in producing the physical configuration of these islands, the result would be, that from the platform so raised, the sea would drain gradually off by creeks and gullies, while the rivers would debouch upon it as upon a great plain, over which their sediment and earth-charged waters would spread and stagnate, till they wore for themselves tortuous channels through the sand towards the far-distant sea. As the land rose higher, the waters, having deposited their sediment, would gutter off by degrees into these channels, leaving the whole plain coated with a rich thick layer of slimy mud. The flow-tides would still, during this process, penetrate up the creeks—which would thus become gradually silted up—while occasional convulsions might carry them almost up to their ancient height, and strew the surface of the plain as they ebbed away with shells, sea-weed,

and other items of flotsam and jetsam. Successive land-floods would, as these occasions grew less and less frequent, and at last ceased, deepen and solidify the stratum of soil, till it became capable of supporting the larger vegetable life, whose seeds the turbid waters would bring with them from the uplands whence they descended. The growth of thick underwood and dense forest, such as skirts the swampy borders of tropical rivers over nearly the whole country, would speedily follow.

Allow this a sufficient interval to reach maturity, and suppose the plain on which it has grown to sink down again as suddenly as it rose, with the relaxation of the transient throe that lifted and upheld it, yet so that the depression should be slightly greater inland than seaward, and the vexed land thus become, as it were, a shallow irregular basin, its rim being the coast-line. Drowned instantly by the overflow of the rivers, whose fall would be now completely taken away, the district becomes one immense marshy lake. Sapped at the roots, the forest-trees fall and rot in the brackish water, crumbling down into a black soft mud, with which mingle the earthy and mineral particles held in solution by the flood—here and there a water-logged trunk, sinking deeper than the rest, and being covered and embalmed, so to speak, by the decaying débris of lighter vegetation.

Suppose, after another interval, during which the country must have presented the aspect of a vast and hideous swamp, a third movement to take place, and the sunken plain to be once more raised by slower and more steadfast action to its former level. Once more the rivers fall within certain channels; the floods drain off, and filter through the spongy soil; and the land, black and ghastly, lies bare beneath the sky. Though steady, the upheaval has not been either uniform or regular. Isolated tracts, displaying earlier formations of clay and drift, are raised above the plain; and even a ridge of sand crops out here and there, that has shouldered off its superincumbent strata. Pools and lakes of vast width still occupy the hollows; and much of the country remains marshy and wet. Even that which is comparatively dry, is no better than an oozy, quaking bog, fit for nothing else but the growth of rank moss and rushes. Accordingly, it makes little progress to the beauty of fertility, while the elevated clay islands are quickly clothed with wood, and stand like green oases in the desolate fen; for fen it is now; and suppose such to remain the final phase of the country when man first appears upon it, and its theoretical history is complete. So many changes and interventions of the higher powers of nature may be thought gratuitous; but it is not possible to account for the order and disposition of the strata—being what they are—in any other manner. We do not say that the action of each period was universal over the district, for the contrary is indicated by occasional reversals of the order of the layers (as has been remarked above), and the interposition of additional ones, both peat and clay, in certain patches of the Fen; but that it was general, is as much beyond dispute as the existence of the several formations as we have described them. Here and there a square mile or two of clay may cover the black moor, the deposit of some landlocked flood, tediously evaporated; but there is the firm sand at the bottom of all, the bed of the old bay, its shoals and drifts still prominent. There is the 'blue buttery clay' next above it, of fresh-water origin; tongues of sea-sand, the silted-up creeks, vandyking its borders. There are huge trunks of trees, oak, beech, alder, lying on its surface, imbedded in the antiseptic peat—their roots still firmly twisted in the soil on which ages ago they stood. There are the remains of the forest-animals, that once grazed beneath their shade, buried with them; bones and tusks of the wild-boar, horns of wild-cattle, red-deer and elk, and skeletons of the beavers that once

\* Silt is that peculiar sediment which is deposited at the mouths of tidal rivers. It is apparently a very fine muddy sand.

colonised the rivers of the plain. There is that same peat and bog, like nothing else but itself—a soaked, black, treacherous, useless mass when wet; when dry, a soil fat, light, and fertile beyond compare. There stand the clay highlands of Ely, Thorney, March, &c., surrounded on all sides by fen that, a few centuries back, were veritable islands in an impassable morass. There, in short, is the Great Level of the Fens, revealing in its varied substance its embryo history, and retaining all its peculiar characteristics, save those of which the perseverance and skill of man have deprived it, to develop the better ones they hindered and concealed, and to render its desolate boggy wastes available for the abode and sustenance of the human race.

How this great work was accomplished, and in spite of what obstacles and difficulties, we shall endeavour at a future time to shew.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### BIANCA.

IF Paolo di Falco, confined now day and night in his little dismal cell overlooking the moat of the castle of Maretimo, could have followed with his mind's-eye the steps of the man who was labouring for his deliverance, and seen the many opportunities of obtaining concert and advice which he threw away or missed, he would certainly have believed him to be the most stupid of negotiators. From the moment that he left the shores of the island, Walter had been, as the reader knows, in contact with friends of the Prisoner, who, with a sort of sympathetic sagacity, had half divined his objects, and constantly approached him with parted lips to reveal their designs. Impressed, however, with one idea—that there was an active police, stimulated by the promises of permanent hatred, ever on the watch; and with rather an exaggerated confidence in his own ingenuity, our Englishman had always shrunk from all advances. His own scheme was simply to ascertain where Angela was, to communicate with her, to advise and assist her escape; to return to Trapani or Marsala, hire a vessel or a boat, bribe the captain and crew by the offer of a large sum of money, and appear off Maretimo at the appointed time. It required considerable faith both in himself and in good-luck generally, for Walter to believe that all these arrangements and schemes could be carried out as steadily as a railway journey, planned after an anxious study of *Bradshaw*. What would he have thought if any one had told him that his friend had been deprived of the little liberty he had previously enjoyed, and that it was absolutely impossible for him to go abroad—consequently to slip from his guards, and be at the place of rendezvous precisely at the time agreed on?

Walter apologised to his idea of duty—when he noticed the extreme pleasure he felt whilst rolling in the governor's carriage towards the Palazzo Belmonte—by attributing it to the hope of hearing something of Angela. To describe a man as picking his own pocket seems absurd; but such an act is scarcely so strange as this kind of self-deception. Our motives are within us, but we deliberately suppress and forget them; and until we have succeeded or fall into despair, we fancy we are acting from principle when we are acting from passion, from friendship when we are acting from love. How beautiful is this city of Messina, with its rows of verandahed houses, its coloured awnings, its sunburnt population, its quiet streets, stretching in bright lines

along the slopes of the hills, and disturbed only by the rumble of that single carriage? Walter blushed when he saw his own happy smile reflected in the face of the sentinel, who presented arms as he leaped to the ground. Nobody in that part of the world had ever seen so pleasant-looking an Englishman before.

Signor Bartolo stood with toes and heels joined, his hands hanging down by his sides, in a respectful attitude on the threshold; and Walter, when that foolish, boyish moment had passed, laughed with angry contempt to remember how he admired the genial aspect of the white-haired major-domo. They ushered him up stairs again to a little cabinet, where, sure enough, Bianca, in her common gray gown, was ready to do the honours. Who could she be? Bartolo this time treated her with marked familiarity, and requested, almost commanded her to open the portfolios. Walter looked upon him as a brute; but still, in the midst of the flutter of his emotions, rising up to check as it were their expansion, there came to him again some doubts of this lady's social position, which, it must be confessed, troubled, if they did not absolutely chill him. The world is so made that we cannot let our affections fly whither they will; and seldom, out of romances, does the son of an English baronet find his heart warm with passion towards a menial or a dependent.

One or the other Bianca must be. She was perfectly at home; but seemed not surprised to be treated by Bartolo on a footing of equality. Well, that was her business, thought Walter, bridling. She looked rather ironically at him as she undid the blue strings of the first portfolio, which contained three or four silver-point sketches by Raphael.

'I declare,' said she after a little while, Bartolo having left the room, 'that you are not attending to what I am shewing you at all.'

'The truth is,' replied Walter, 'that I am thinking of that story you promised to tell me; and I prefer—' 'Gossip to art.'

'No,' cried he: 'but anything that comes from your lips to all the pictures in the world.'

Positively if it had not been for the suspicious round by Bartolo's manner, Walter would never have ventured on this point-blank compliment. Bianca made light of it, and carelessly observed: 'I perceive you have passed through Paris on your way here: the French are masters of the art of saying more than they mean.'

What annoyed Walter was, that he *had said more* than he meant. He had just discovered that Bianca's forehead was low, and that she had a slight stoop. If she had been a princess, he would have perceived that there was never a more intellectual countenance or a more majestic gait.

She told her story at first in an indifferent and somewhat slipshod manner, quite forgetting, however, that it was not true that she had ever promised to tell it at all. Her object, she said, was to explain that the Marchese Belmonte was not actuated by any paltry feeling against the Di Falco family, but had good grounds for unyielding hatred. The father of Paolo, to whom she alluded in a tone of dislike, had received benefits from the marquis, such as no man of honour could forget. He had visited at the house of the Lady Speranza in his company, and had taken advantage of this circumstance to endeavour to win her favour. But she never liked him: her heart was entirely given to the marquis.

'I happened to be at the Villa Salmone,' she said, speaking more rapidly than before, 'on that fatal night. We were sitting, I—a mere child—and the Lady Speranza, in all the pride of beauty on a terrace, gazing at the crisp sea, that came close up to the rocky beach below. Suddenly, several men bearing lights rushed forward, dressed as sailors, and with them a person evidently of superior rank, his face concealed by a mask. What passed was the work of a moment. I shall never forget it. The gentleman at first spoke beseechingly to Speranza a word or two; she shrank from him; he then seized her in his arms to take her away by force; she struggled; I caught hold of her dress; he turned to push me away with a savage oath; his mask fell off; I saw the furious glare of his eyes, and exclaimed imprudently: "I shall never forget you!" I believe he would have struck me to the earth—perhaps killed me—but a man of great stature, dressed like a peasant, whom I had not before observed, pushed him back, muttered something in an angry manner, and with rough gentleness put me into the house. All the servants had escaped, and were alarming the country; but help did not come in time. The Lady Speranza was forced on board a vessel, and perished with the villain who had endeavoured to make her his by violence.

'No, sir!' exclaimed Bianca, rising and walking rapidly up and down the room, her Italian blood flushing her face, the fire of her southern temperament beaming from her eyes; 'it is impossible that the son of that wretch can be an honourable man; and you will do wrong if you tell this story to the discredit of Sicily.'

Walter felt that poor Paolo was condemned, not only by the vindictive marquis, but by the public opinion of the whole family; for he was now sure that Bianca in some distant way belonged to them. He attempted to shew that the son should not be made to suffer for the father. She admitted the truth generally, but in this case would not allow of any opposition. Yet sometimes Walter thought that she would have been less impracticable, had she been dealing with actions to come. In her mind, she was perhaps justifying what could not be revoked.

Suddenly she said: 'Signor, here is a strange reversal of position. The crafty Sicilian—for I was born in this island—speaks out frankly; the generous Englishman hears all, but confesses nothing. You come from Maretime, and heard what you know of this story from the garrulous commandant?'

'I protest!'—exclaimed Walter, quite taken off his guard.

'Oh!' she said contemptuously, 'do not fear you will injure him. The marchese is merely told in his dispatches that you were shipwrecked there, carefully prevented from seeing the Prisoner after he saved you, and sent next day to Trapani. I have only learned by your own admission that you have picked up this story, and intend to make it a feature in your travels. You have now another scene to set down.'

Walter could not help laughing at the easy off-hand manner in which Bianca expressed that she thought him a tyro in diplomacy; and his merriment was without bitterness, for he felt that all the dangerous part of his secret was well preserved. His good-humour raised him in the opinion of Bianca.

'I am quite silenced,' he said, 'except that, as you will persist in supposing I mean to put this story in a book, I must ask for some more details. What has become of—the wife of Paolo?'

'It is true that she is his wife,' observed she with great gentleness of manner; 'and perhaps—'

She checked herself; but Walter knew that a

merciful sentiment had moved her. He waited to watch its influence.

'Is he very unhappy?' she inquired with a wistful glance at Walter's face, and sitting down as if fatigued.

He was almost on the point of admitting the fact of his interview, and of imploring this lady, who, he now felt convinced, occupied a far higher position than he had before deemed possible from her appearance, to interpose her benign influence to soothe this sad family feud. However, he judged that her tenderness was but passing; for when he had at length said that no prisoner could be happy, she told him that Angela had long been sent away from Messina to Naples, 'where she was being taught repentance for having loved rebelliously.' These words were spoken with so strange an intonation—so bitterly, so hostilely, it seemed—that Walter found no difficulty in checking his frankness. Yet he could not be sure that what Bianca said expressed her direct meaning. She was evidently agitated by emotions of sympathy as well as of hate. Her eyelashes, which rested longer than usual upon her cheek, were moistened by at least one tear; and as she sat with one hand placed firmly on the forgotten portfolio, the other hanging listlessly by her side, as if she was divided by conflicting emotion, her bosom heaving irregularly, her nether-lip quivering, Walter, who could not even guess at the thoughts that stirred her, yet seemed to know that they were rather good than evil, felt his heart yearn towards her irresistibly. After a little while, their eyes met. They looked very gently at each other, and their souls came nearer than they had ever done before.

At length, feeling that this interview could not last much longer, Bianca said to Walter: 'It would be absurd in me to suppose, that a man whose life has been saved by another does not feel kindly to all belonging to him. You have an object in asking so many close questions about Angela. Perhaps you wish to see her, and to say that her husband is in good health. I cannot blame you. Do not deny, or speak to me more on this subject; I may be doing what is wrong. But if you go to Naples, go further—to Annunziata. Ask for the Villa Corsini. Present yourself boldly, and give this piece of paper to the lady of the house.'

So saying, Bianca took a pen and wrote a short letter, which she closed and addressed 'To the Princess Corsini.' Then rising, with a wave of her hand, a bright smile, and a gentle 'Addio!' she glided through a doorway which had not been perceived by Walter, before he had time to recover from his surprise, or even answer her salute. He ran and seized the handle, not exactly knowing what he wished to add; but the door closed from the other side, and he thought he heard a low laugh as he shook it angrily.

'That is not the way out, signor,' quoth Bartolo, making his appearance.

Walter bit his lip, and then said abruptly: 'Who is that lady who was here?'

'The Lady Bianca.'

'I know her name; but what is she? Is she another daughter of the marquis?'

'Another daughter!'

The old man laughed in what Walter thought to be an ironical manner.

'Well, I suppose she has a family; that she has some connection with the owner of this palace.'

'Why, I do declare,' exclaimed Bartolo, treating this speech with the most supreme indifference, 'that you have only opened a single portfolio! Shall I shew you the remainder?'

'My good friend,' said Walter, putting three or four gold pieces into his hand, 'I don't care about drawings to-day. I want you to tell me who that lady is.'

Bartolo accepted the money, and scratched his head.

'It is a pity,' he answered at length, 'that you did

not think of asking that question of herself; for I do declare, except that she has free access to all the art-collection in this house, and is quite a favourite of his excellency the governor, that I know nothing about her.'

A rather annoying idea was suggested by these words to Walter. He saw that at any rate it would be perfectly useless to question further; so carefully putting up the letter in his pocket-book, he went away, trying to dismiss from his mind everything but his obligations to the unhappy Prisoner of Maretime.

'You have a little exceeded your commission, Bartolo,' said the Lady Bianca, returning when the old man was left alone; 'I did not wish you to give so equivocal an account. It would have been better to decline answering; but I see you were obliged to say something.'

She noticed that Bartolo was silyly putting up the money he had received. The old-man blushed very red, and replied:

'These Englishmen are all alike; they make us speak in spite of ourselves. But you see, signora, that I was right: he is no artist, for he has money; and, in my opinion, knows no more of painting than my shoe.'

Bianca had sat down pensive, manifesting but little interest in these critical observations. Bartolo left the room. She remained long motionless, and then murmured:

'O God, how that impious vow weighs upon my mind! Are these things binding, or does my conscience tell me true? Will the time never come when I shall dare to do more than repair with one hand the injury I have helped to do with the other? I have been bold once—there are those who think too bold—almost criminal. Is it not as well to worship God with the intelligence as with the knees?'

She rose and moved uneasily to and fro in the cabinet, and then returned into the next room, which was fitted up as an artist's studio. A large, half-finished painting of a Virgin and Child was upon an easel. She sat down before it, and tried to work, but could not; thoughts of many things, both long past and near at hand, troubled her.

'It is strange,' she said to herself, 'how differently these fair-haired barbarians act and speak from what we do! This Englishman spends his time in chivalrously carrying messages from a man who has saved his life, and scatters his gold to satisfy a childish curiosity about a person he has accidentally met. What eccentricity!'

We will not venture to say that these words accurately represented the thoughts which disturbed Bianca, whose peculiar mind and peculiar fortunes rendered her liable to retain impressions which would have left no trace upon others. It is necessary, however, now to leave her, that we may follow in our narrative the steps of the man whom she unconsciously followed in her mind.

Evening was coming on, and Walter determined to go down to the port, and ascertain whether any vessel was about to start for Naples. According to his calculation, if circumstances were tolerably favourable, he need not be absent from Sicily more than a week or ten days; and there would remain ample time to carry out his further projects, especially as prudence seemed to suggest the propriety of not returning too soon to the coast facing Maretime.

Greatly to his annoyance, he was told that the only vessel in port loading for Naples was the *Ferdinando*, which could not depart for four or five days. A good many skippers and sailors crowded round him, to recommend the vessel; and its owner, who happened to come up, felt quite insulted because the Englishman refused to take a passage at once. He wanted to go to Naples—this was the first opportunity—to refuse it was mere malice. Walter went away, revolving in his mind the advisability of crossing to Reggio, and going

post through Calabria. At the hotel, they of course advised him to wait for the *Ferdinando*; but when he expressed a determination to be gone at once, they as strongly recommended the Reggio route, and gave him the card of an hotel on the other side of the water.

He was sitting very pensive and discontented in his room, perfectly uncertain how to act, when the servant entered to say that a seafaring-man wished to speak to him. Accordingly, a rough-looking personage, in a red vest and loose dirty blue trousers, made his appearance, and began very volubly to state that he had heard the Englishman wished to go at once to Naples; that he was the mate of a schooner about to start at midnight for Civita Vecchia; and that for a reasonable price he would undertake to run into the bay in passing. This seemed so fair and above board, that Walter jumped at the offer; agreed to give ten pounds for his passage; and forthwith began to cram into a little valise bought at Palermo the few articles of clothing he had substituted for the splendid kit which had gone to the bottom in the *Marc Antoine*. There were certain police formalities to go through; but it was generally known that Walter was a wealthy Englishman, who had received courtesies from the Marchese Belmonte, so that he had no real difficulty in obtaining his permission to embark. They smiled at his eagerness, it is true, and libelled the little schooner, which, they said, was laden with hides; but when he persisted in going, every one thought it perfectly natural—for in those parts it is thought natural for any Englishman to play the fool.

It was a bright moonlight night. The city rising in terraces up the first slopes of a great range of hills, which hides Etna from view, looked white and ghost-like; the broad Marina was quite deserted before eleven, except by a few police-agents, who sauntered up and down, noticing any unusual stir aboard a vessel, and hailing any small boat that moved, to know what it was about; the mole, with its light that paled in the moon's rays, ran out to the south, cut up, as it were, into innumerable fragments by perpendicular or slanting lines, the masts and cordage of a hundred vessels; white clouds or misty land lay on the other side of the placid strait; the sky above was pure, and luxuriant with stars; the moon at that time was poised just over Taormina.

'We shall have no wind,' said Walter to the mate, who had come to guide him on board the vessel which he had not yet seen.

'Never fear. As soon as we get beyond the mole, we shall feel the Faro, inhaling or exhaling its breath; and *Filippa*—that's the schooner—will surely find her way through somehow; if not to-night, to-morrow.'

This indifference about time did not half please Walter, who began to reflect whether, after all, the land route would not be the safer. Whilst he was deliberating, he found himself in a little skiff, and darting under the impulse of two pair of sculls along a broad bright streak of water, that led through a forest of vessels—lying there as still as if they never meant to move again—out into the open waters of the port. A boat, in which were two or three men wrapped dramatically in cloaks, shot across their path, and they were compelled both to answer questions and exhibit papers for the third or fourth time. Then they moved unmolested towards the little schooner, out in the centre of a sparkling expanse, in which its elegant form and the dim tracery of its rigging were brightly reflected. The creaking of a windlass, and the measured chant of several voices, announced that the crew were getting up the anchor.

'The *Filippa* is too handsome to carry hides,' said Walter, trying to ingratiate himself with his companion.

Speak to a lover of his mistress, to a jockey of his horse, to an author of his book, to a sailor of his vessel. Never be afraid of putting a word in the wrong place.



'*Sicuro*, she is handsome!' said the mate; 'and as to carrying hides, we take what cargo we can get. Have we not the honour of your excellency's presence?'

They soon shot round the stern of the vessel to the ladder, and Walter gladly scrambled on board, valise in hand. The mate wished him at once to examine his berth, saying it was the captain's own; but he preferred remaining on deck, and gazing on the beautiful scene around—the tranquil city meagerly lighted up, the motionless vessels, the bright sheet of water, the brighter sky. A slight air, which could scarcely be called a wind, stirred without creating a ripple in the port; but when the broad clean canvas was spread, though it flapped lazily at first, Walter soon saw that the confidence of the mate was justified. 'We shall move directly,' said he, looking at the great sail as it bosomed out. 'We are moving,' said a sailor; and, indeed, leaning over the bulwarks he could hear the rippling of the water round the sides of the vessel; and all objects on every hand began slowly to change their position, to steal backwards, as it were, and become more dim in the moon's brilliance. Presently they glided past the light, and were out in the strait, where the water was no longer smooth, but seemed to jump up in short, sharp waves—not boiling, but simmering. 'An effect produced by the meeting of many currents brushed by the breeze,' said a voice at Walter's elbow. He turned, and recognised the very old gentleman in spectacles, whose mysterious visit that morning had troubled him for a time and had then been forgotten.

A less acute person than Walter would have at once understood that he had fallen into a trap, even without hearing the pleasantly ironical chuckle which escaped from the old gentleman's throat, as he took off his spectacles, and wiped away the moisture that had been deposited on them by the balmy sea-breeze.

He looked around, and saw the dim shore gliding past on either hand. There was no possibility of escape.

It was best not to appear alarmed, or to understand that there was anything mysterious going on. Walter made some indifferent observation; and the stranger, who was quite certain that he had been recognised, admired his phlegm and presence of mind.

A cloud of white sails suddenly appeared moving, so as to intercept their passage. The government-cutter, on board of which Walter had come from Palermo, was out on a night-cruise, looking for smugglers or other more dangerous gentry. An interchange of hail took place; and our hero opened his mouth, to intimate his presence. Whether he would have been heard, is a question; but not to omit any necessary precaution, some one from behind threw a blanket over his head, and before he could resist, his arms were tightly pinioned.

Decidedly there was little chance that the *Filippa* would perform her contract, and land him safely at Naples. They led him down into the cabin, where, safely locked in, Walter had leisure to abuse himself for trusting once more to the sea. The superior advantages of the Reggio route now appeared to him incontestable. In every point of view, he was to blame for not perceiving them before. Yet, after all, could he have guessed that there was any person in Sicily, besides the representatives of the government, interested in crossing his desires? 'Possibly,' he thought, 'my schemes have been seen through; the Marchese Belmonte may not like to interfere publicly with the movements of an Englishman, and has taken this method to keep me out of the way. Yes, this must be the explanation of what has happened; and perhaps—the idea was hard to believe—the Lady Bianca, who so strangely divined my motives in part, and pretended sympathy, may be nothing but an angelic police-agent, who meditated betrayal from the beginning!'

When this suspicion crossed the mind of Walter, it

made him much more miserable than even the fear of not being able to relieve his friend Di Falco. He sat on his narrow bed, and buried his face in his hands; and if he had not been a very strong man, we should have said that his eyelids grew moist. What folly!

The *Filippa*, bending under a fair breeze, swept gently between Scylla and Charybdis, and emerging from the Faro of Messina, sailed on steadily; so that when morning broke, the great cone of Stromboli could be distinctly seen, rising like a tent from the sea against the gray western sky.

## COMMERCIAL ART.

FROM some cause or other, which we are unwilling to account for by the alleged and admitted inferiority of the English people as judges and patrons of the fine arts, it happens, that when in our walks through London streets, we are greeted with the spectacle of art officiating as the handmaid of commerce, a demand is less frequently made upon our admiration, than upon some other and very opposite sentiment. It is not so among neighbouring nations. Partly from the fact, that a knowledge of the principles of art is more general upon the continent than it is with us, and that therefore, owing to a larger demand, the productions of art are much cheaper, we find there the artist seriously allying himself with the trader, and, free from that assumption of consequence which shuts him out from such employment in England, doing his best to promote the interests of trade. Looking only to the outward and visible evidences of this sensible and brotherly union, we find in the continental cities frequent specimens of tradesmen's signs, sometimes painted on the plastered wall, sometimes in compartments on the shutters, fully equalling in design and execution many of the pictures which from year to year are exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. A young London artist would feel himself disgraced by such an exercise of his talent; a young Parisian would eagerly accept the commission, and execute it with the utmost care, prizing the opportunity for a public appeal for what he stands most in need of—the public approbation. The difference of the professional feeling in this respect between the artists of England and those of France, is manifest in the superiority of the French commercial signs and emblems, through all their grades, from the imposing compositions of some of the large establishments, down to the single bottle and glass of the eau-de-vie shops—all are executed with a degree of fidelity and finish unknown in the corresponding performances at home. It was not always so. Commercial art once flourished in London to an extent unknown, perhaps, in any other city in the world. Little more than a hundred years ago, every tradesman of any note in the city had his sign painted and emblazoned in a good style, regardless of expense, and by the best painter who could be induced to execute the task. Hogarth himself is known to have painted signs; and, later, Morland did not disdain to liquidate his tavern score by the same means. The signs in Hogarth's day, as is evident from the views of various parts of the metropolis to be found in his prints, projected into the road, some of them clearing the foot-pavements altogether, and threatening the roofs of the passing carriages. It was this growing obstruction that led to their abolition, a decree being passed that they should not project beyond a certain limit. This law, together with the new practice of numbering the houses of every street, was almost the death-blow of the sign-painter's art in England: the demand from publicans and tavern-keepers, who nearly alone continued

to exhibit them, was not sufficient to remunerate the profession, and it gradually declined, and passed into the hands of the house-painters—to not a few of whom it has served as a stepping-stone, by developing a talent which might otherwise have remained latent, and the exercise of which has raised them to the rank of artists.

Within the last dozen years or so, symptoms have become manifest in various quarters, not so much of a return to the old system of sign-boards, as of a renewed appreciation of art, in another and modified form, as an auxiliary to business. The age has grown wondrously pictorial during the reign of her present Majesty—and the shop-windows, which are the invariable indices of progress, in whatever direction, have become, to some small extent, galleries for the exhibition of a new kind of art, serving the same purpose as a sign, but conceived in a more comprehensive spirit, and intended, without doubt, to proclaim the liberal tastes of the dealer, as well as modestly to suggest the merits of his wares. The most numerous of the works of this kind are those exhibited in the windows of the humbler sorts of coffee-shops and eating-houses. They are not of very various design, and we have a suspicion that, numerous as they are, they are all, or nearly all, the works of one hand. The subject generally consists of a loaf, sometimes two loaves, of bread; a wedge of cheese on a plate of the willow pattern; a lump of 'streaky bacon'; a cup, supposed to be full of coffee; a pat of butter on a cheese-plate; and a knife and fork. These are plainly tea-total emblems, and they are largely adopted by the temperance houses. Occasionally, however, a tankard of porter, with a foaming top like a cauliflower, or a glass of rich brown ale, is added, and perhaps a red herring, eloquent of a relish. Sometimes there are a couple of mice delineated in the act of nibbling the cheese, while a tabby cat, with formidable spiky whiskers, is inspecting the operation from a dark corner. Next to the coffee-shops, it would appear that the second and third rate grocers are the greatest patrons of this new commercial school of art. They are seen to launch out with greater liberality, and patronise a higher style; conversation-pictures, as they are called, being most to their taste: these are generally representations of tea-parties, sometimes of staid British matrons, assembled round the singing kettle or the simmering urn, and exhaling, in bold Roman type, as they sip 'the fragrant lymph,' extravagant encomiums in its praise, and grateful commendations to Mr Spicer, for supplying them with it at the moderate charge of only 4s. a pound. Sometimes it is a party of foreigners, perhaps of Chinese, engaged in picking, from a palpable gooseberry-bush in a garden, or drying or packing the tea in chests directed to Mr Spicer himself, Little Liquorpond Lane, London. A work of extraordinary pretensions, and which seems to be a great favourite, portrays a party of Bedouins in the Desert, bivouacking round a damask table-cloth, upon which is displayed a Staffordshire tea-service: with the aid of a Birmingham kettle and Sheffield knives, they are enabled to enjoy their repast in comfort. The artist has forgotten to give their nose-bags to the camels, which are allowed to mar the festivity of the scene, by looking coldly on with forlorn and fasting faces. The fishmongers deserve to rank next: though not so generally given to the public patronage of art, yet, when they do have recourse to it, it is in a respectable and serious way. The pedestrian in London will come now and then upon a really well-painted picture upon the wall or panel which flanks the fishmonger's inclined plane. It may be a group of fish in the grand style—salmon, cod, turbot, and ling, among which enormous crabs and lobsters seem dripping with the salt ooze. It may be a coast-scene, with the bluff fishermen up to their middles in the brine, dragging

their nets upon the beach, which is covered with their spoils. It may be a stiff breeze at sea, in which the mackerel-boats, under a single sail, are bounding upon the billowy surge; but whatever it is, it is sure to be pretty well done, if done at the order of a fishmonger—it being a fact that art is cultivated and appreciated among the chapmen of Billingsgate, some of whom are the proprietors of collections of the modern masters, of which a nobleman might be proud. The fishing-tackle-makers, again, in addition to the varnished skins of fresh-water fish, preserved in glass-cases, have latterly taken up with works of art as illustrations of their craft and its pleasures. Groups comprising every fresh-water fish that swims, always admirably painted so far as the fish themselves are concerned, and not unfrequently with good landscape backgrounds, are now to be seen in almost every respectable fishing-tackle-maker's window. Besides groups of fish, they exhibit pictures of angling stations within a few hours' ride, at the furthest, from London, of which establishments they are the agents for the sale of subscription-tickets.

Recourse is also had to the arts by a very miscellaneous class of traders, from motives and with views much higher than the obvious ones of advertising their business. Thus a coal-agent will treat the public to a gratuitous panoramic exhibition, detailing the whole history and processes of the coal-trade, from the first descent in the mine in Yorkshire, to the delivery of the fuel in sacks to the cellar of the consumer in London—all capitably painted in a style that would do credit to Burford himself, and really conveying a course of instruction, receivable by the eye in a few minutes, which the reading of half a day would not so effectually have supplied. A shoemaker, with literary tendencies, paints up the shoes, and the precursors of, or substitutes for, shoes of all nations and all times, from the *calceamentum* of the ancient Romans, to the *sabot* of the modern Gauls—including all the strange and odd freaks and modifications of fashion which from every available resource he has been able to collect. A hatter will pursue a parallel course with hats and headgear. A shopkeeper with a biblical and patriarchal turn, surmounts his window with a representation of Noah's Ark, treated in the miraculous style—the said Ark being, according to the irrefragable evidence of perspective, of not more than twelve tons burden at the utmost, and having already disgorged from its open doors—from which a couple of elephants are emerging—a troop of indescribable quadrupeds, walking two and two, in a procession stretching miles away over the distant hills, in addition to an immense cloud of ornithology, principally the conventional crow, that nearly blots out the sky from the picture.

Now and then, a tradesman shows historical predilections. Some remarkable event of ancient or modern days—some battle, siege, earthquake, or terrible volcanic eruption is delineated in his shop-window as a background to his goods; and the goods and the heroes or sufferers are so ingeniously mingled together, that whosoever contemplates the picture, must of necessity take both into his consideration; so that it may be that the storming of Seringapatam, the earthquake of Lisbon, the overwhelming of Pompeii, or the forcing of the North-west Passage, is indissolubly connected, in the spectator's mind, with the destruction of vermin by Jabez Dosem's Patent Cockroach Exterminator, or the newly invented heel-tips of Simon Bendleather.

Painting is thus, again, stooping to make progress along with the arts of buying and selling; nor is the sister art of sculpture altogether discountenanced by the sons of trade. Here and there, the bust of some great man is found presiding over the stock of some petty trade. We have seen Sir Isaac Newton among piles of potatoes, labelled 'three pounds twopenny,' and

Shakespeare and Milton imbedded among the thread, wax, heel-ball, and sparables of the retail leather-seller.

Commercial art takes a still more familiar form in the hands of the modeller, who, besides the manufacture of dummies which pass for real stock, has assigned to him the fabrication of colossal models for exhibition as signs, in which the small wit of the trader receives as large an embodiment as he chooses to pay for. Thus the 'little boat' hoisted over the door of an ambitious disciple of St Crispin, is about large enough for the Colossus of Rhodes; and the 'little dust-pan' which shuts out the light from the first-floor rooms of an aspiring tin-man, is broad enough to accommodate an average family tea-party, equipage and all: the 'little cigar' is big enough for the topsail-yard of a frigate; and the 'little stick of sealing-wax' might do upon an emergency for the mast of her long-boat.

We are bound in candour to remark, that the most notable characteristic in what we have denominated Commercial Art, is its want of originality. All its professors seem to depend more upon one another than upon themselves, and continually reproduce each other's designs in preference to inventing new ones. The same thing is as manifest, and much more mischievously so, in art as applied to manufactures. It is true that, as respects designs merely ornamental, intended for repetition in paper-hangings and textile fabrics, &c., we have been for many years past making respectable progress, and may be said to possess a rising school of designers of our own; but of designs entirely pictorial, also intended to be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and which are actually so multiplied, there is not one in a hundred to be met with which is not stolen, in whole or in part, from the works of established artists living or dead. These thefts are mostly committed without the licence or the knowledge of the proprietors of the copyright. The Potters are the most wholesale plunderers in this way, as their numberless transcripts from the works of Landseer, Cooper, Ansdell, Bateman, &c., attest—numbers of which may be seen in any business street in London at any hour of the day. The manufacturers of papier-mâché ornaments are just as unscrupulous in the use of what is not their own: thousands of pictures are painted monthly on these wares from the prints of Stanfield, Turner, Creswick, &c.—an original design by the artists employed being the rare exception. It would be easy for the proprietors of the copyrights in question to put an interdict upon these proceedings, and confine the manufacturers to their own resources; and it appears to us that they would further the interests of their own profession at once, and be eventually the means of infusing a leaven of art among the manufacturers themselves, were they to do so.

From the above brief glance at the phases of art which are most familiar to the view of the populace, we are forced to the conclusion, that, in spite of the rage for illustration, and the influence of that pictorial flood which has inundated our literature, less progress has been made in informing the popular taste than some of us are complacently disposed to admit. We are among the number of those who desiderate a universal appreciation of the higher qualities of art, and who regard the dissemination of true principles in relation to it among the people as an enterprise perfectly hopeful, because remunerative as well as practicable. What the press has done and is doing for literature, by rendering it cheap, abundant, and good, the press will also do for art, but neither so rapidly nor effectually, unless, and until its efforts are supplemented by practical teaching. To educate the eye, is always a slow process; but it is one that produces an important and valuable result, being, of all branches of education, that which best commends itself to the pupil. Unfortunately for the dwellers in English cities, most of the objects they gaze upon have a tendency to

inure them to ugliness and ungracefulness; and this we take to be one principal reason why the perception of what is just and true in art is so rare among the masses of the population.

#### A RATHER AWFUL PREDICAMENT.

THE hamlet of Clachancorrie, in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, is some little distance out of the tourist's ordinary route; but it is well situated, and has an aspect of rude simplicity not unattractive to him whose customary abode is the prosaic town. At anyrate, I was tired, for I had been on foot since sunrise, and it was now the afternoon; and finding in one of the huts a cleaner bed than might have been expected, which the inhabitants, notwithstanding their surprise at the request, were willing to give up to me, I resolved to halt for the night in Clachancorrie. Oatmeal-cakes, cheese, milk, and whisky—the last without the faintest flavour of duty—formed a luxurious repast; and as I sat enjoying it in the little spence where I was to sleep, my fatigue wore off, and I gradually began to feel that with a sure bivouac to fall back upon, I might see a little more of the country before this lovely afternoon became dimmed with the falling shades of evening.

I at length snatched up my cap and walked forth. I sauntered along a path that led to the top of a low rounded hill close to the hamlet, and there enjoyed a view of a very picturesque expanse of country, framed all round, although at irregular distances, with gigantic mountains. I descended the hill on the other side, and walked on—and on—and on. Every step opened a new picture, and produced a new arrangement of lights and shadows; and these became more beautiful, although less definite, as the sun continued to descend towards the horizon. An object in the distance had for some time attracted me. It seemed like a tower, perhaps the ruins of a fortress, and was placed close to the nearest part of the mountainous range, and where a break took place in the frame, permitting its outline to be sketched upon the sky behind. It was at a greater distance than I had supposed, deceived as I was by the undulating character of the country; but as there was no risk of losing my way—the rounded hill above the hamlet being distinctly visible from every eminence—I resolved that it should be the outward terminus of my walk.

It was, in reality, a ruin, and of a character very common in Scotland. The tower had been square, and from the height above the ground of the narrow windows, had evidently been intended for defence. It must have commanded, in a military point of view, the gap in the hills I have mentioned, and was probably in its day and generation the frontier stronghold of a comparatively level country. At present, it presented not even the outline of its original form, for only one of its four walls was entire, and the roof, of course, entirely gone. The aspect of the building, as I approached, was grim and desolate in the extreme; it was of a grayish-brown colour, scarcely different from that of the heather which clothed the hills, and it had thus the appearance of being of the same antiquity with them. This observation I have made in other parts of the Highlands, whose ruins have the air of belonging to a rude and primitive race now completely extinct. Their whilome habitat is a new country, where only a few groups of famished settlers of a wholly different character are to be seen; and where the eagle

sailing in the air, and the whale rolling in the deep, are the only living links that connect the present with a bygone world.

There was nothing to indicate the site of a doorway; but entering by a great gap in one of the walls, I found the interior for the most part a smooth sward, traversed by irregular ridges, shewing the course of the party-walls. In one corner there was a rude construction of uncemented stones, the workmanship, obviously, of some solitary herd, who during his lazy and dreary employment sought here shelter from the sun or the wind. In the interior, it was carpeted luxuriously with soft heather. There was nothing here to excite or reward curiosity; and as the sky was beginning to lose its mellowed brightness, I determined to make my way back to the hamlet. It struck me, however, that if I could get up to one of the narrow windows, I might be able to obtain a more unmistakable map of my route than I then had in my mind, for it was now some little time since I had been on an eminence lofty enough to afford a view of the low rounded hill.

At one side of the quadrangle, there was a chaos of stones that might have seemed débris that had descended from one of the exterior walls, although they were in all probability the ruins of more than one party-wall. They sloped upwards, to near the highest elevation of the tower, and seemed to afford such easy access, that I was tempted to make the experiment. I say tempted; for in reality the feat was no trifle to me. I am not more impressible with regard to danger in general than other people; but from my very boyhood I have had a horror of looking down from any lofty height, and to this day, on putting my head completely out of a window on the second floor, I feel as if I was about to swoon. The ascent in this case, however, was by no means steep; the very massiveness of the débris reassured me; and I made my way to the window I had fixed upon with a good heart. It was in the wall running at right angles with the one against which the stones appeared to slope; and to my great disappointment it proved, as well as I could see through the thickness of the aperture, to command quite a different view from the one I desired. But the information it afforded was important: the sun was just about to dip beneath the horizon; and very soon I should find it difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain my bearings from the nearest eminence without. I probably exaggerated at the time the inconvenience I should sustain from this, for the distance from the hamlet could not be above a couple of miles, which I could easily have got over in half an hour, and the direction would not have been difficult to ascertain from the position of the gap by which I had entered the ruin. However this may be, without stopping to consider the question, I resumed my upward progress with great strides, desiring only a single glance over the wall.

I do not know whether the reader has ever been in analogous circumstances; but, according to my own experience, the point one aims at always seems to recede as he gets on. I cannot undertake to say what the height of that wall actually was; but as I turned a glance backward now and then to mark the declivity I was thus lengthening out for my retreat, it seemed destined to stretch an immense way, and to look steeper and steeper every moment. At length I was at the top of the débris; but the summit of the wall was still slightly more elevated, and what was of greater consequence, there was a vacancy of several feet between! What to do? I grew obstinate; it is

my character, and I cannot help it. I felt offended with this ridiculous arrangement of the edifice; and seeing at a little distance a portion of the débris leaning considerably nearer the wall, I approached it with a courage I do not commonly feel in such circumstances, and stepping upon the furthest point, and carefully abstaining from looking into the depth below, clutched at the massive stones beyond me. The survey I thus obtained was useless; for owing to my being so slightly elevated above the wall, I could see only the more distant portions of the country. It was now necessary to retrace my steps, and without delay; but an unpleasant sensation crept over me as I thought of the abyss, narrow though it was, over which I leaned. I have heard of a traveller in Wales, who, intending to step over a deep but narrow fissure in the mountains, got one foot across, but on catching a glimpse of the gulf beneath him, remained in that awkward attitude, paralysed with terror, till he was relieved by a passer-by. The reader, however, will please not to impute this sort of pusillanimity to me. I did not look into the gulf. I merely painted it in my fancy, and remained leaning on the wall to collect my thoughts. It was not likely that there would be any passers-by on the summit of a contemptible ruin, in a depopulated county, in the gray of twilight: by no means likely, for assuredly there was not another such fool, ass, idiot, as I had proved myself to be, in all creation. I must relieve myself—that is what must be done: but I had become a little stiff in the limbs, my skin was somewhat clammy, and it was with much straining I got up my breast from its support, when suddenly the stones of the débris moved beneath my feet, and I had only time to spring desperately upon the wall before the portion on which I had stood fell with a deep roar into the abyss.

Perhaps it will be difficult for some persons to enter into my feelings as I lay prone on my back upon the wall, digging my fingers into its crumbling surface, fancying that the slightest motion would bring it down, and conjuring before my mind's eye the abyss on either side. In this position, the duality of man's nature was more strikingly exhibited than I had ever known it before. I was, in fact, two beings, with different interests and feelings—the one reproaching the other with his madness, and the other listening with impatience, and even rage, but too much scared to retaliate. I represented to myself what I had forsaken—that quiet spence, placed on the solid ground, so small that it required some ingenuity to pass between the little round table and the substantial bedstead; its two wooden chairs, its chest of drawers, its meal-sack, half full, in the corner, and its print from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in a black frame, with the glass broken. What could have tempted me, I urged upon myself, after a fair day's walk, to leave such a shelter, to wander along the brown barren hills, to clamber far up into the air—I could not tell how far—only to roost at last upon the ridge of a broken, ruinous, and very lofty wall, with an abyss on either side enough to make anybody sick to think of, far more one who could not put his head out of a two-pair window without turning giddy? I was gratified, I declared bitterly—infinite gratified—by the fall of the débris, which had thus cut me off for ever from the living world my folly had disgraced.

But this bad feeling between us subsided gradually, the common danger reconciling us when we came to think more calmly of it. By and by, I ventured to turn my head from one side to the other, although still without some sinking of the heart, as my hopeless distance from the earth became manifest. The interior of the fort was now covered with shadow; but I could still see the snug hut of the herd-boy, and fancy its soft and fragrant carpet of heather. Outside, the shades of evening were rolling over the earth, filling the hollows, rising up the heights, and threatening to

swallow the whole world. This threat they fulfilled, as the light faded in the west, and I could at length see nothing but the filmy outline of the mountains upon the dull sky. That sky was covered with sombre clouds, through which, after a time, the gliding moon threw down a pale spectral light upon the scene.

The air became chill; the perspiration seemed to freeze upon my limbs, and these became as stiff as the limbs of a corpse. It was time to exert myself, to do something—anything; and I began to shout at the extent of my voice. There was but little chance, I knew, of my being heard in this desert region; but I continued in desperation, till I ceased from mere exhaustion. The exhaustion went further. With the exception of the short time in the hamlet, I had been on foot since sunrise, and as my strength declined, my eyes began to close. When I was first sensible of this, I gave a start of terror which I thought for an instant would have brought down the crumbling wall. To sleep there!—to stir, perchance—to fancy myself in bed in the spence, and to turn, and—! I wrestled desperately with the demon of sleep I had till now considered the angel, and threw my thoughts into every channel of interest I could think of. In the midst of all I was aware—I do not know how—but as sure as I am a living man, I was aware that I was not alone upon the wall. I heard footsteps pass me—firm, measured, slow, fearless footsteps—and I felt the stones shake at the tread. It was some time before I durst open my eyes. The sound passed me again; it marched from end to end of the wall, forwards and backwards, and I once felt the heavy foot tread upon a part of my dress, so as to compress my chest. I did look at last; but to speak I was wholly unable. My tongue was tied, no sound came from my writhing lips, and the mysterious figure, wrapped in a cloak, and owing to the darkness, more like a shadow than a human being, continued to pace unquestioned.

Then there was a distant sound upon the air—a sound from the surface of the earth. It came nearer and nearer, and was resolved into the tramp of horses, the jingle of arms, and the hoarse voices of men. A blast of the horn rose from the approaching company, and the shadowy warder stood suddenly still, and I could see the glitter of a trumpet he took from under his cloak. Suddenly he stepped upon my chest, put the instrument to his lips, and the whole atmosphere vibrated with the lofty strain. I was choked for breath; but my arms could no more move from my side than if they had been fettered, and the warder, unconscious, probably, of the nature of his footing, raised himself upon his tiptoes, as he swelled the note fuller and fuller.

I felt as if I fainted from the pain and pressure, retaining, however, somehow a consciousness of life; and when at length relieved, I was aware that a numerous company had entered the quadrangle, and that they were making merry with wine and other refreshments. There were ladies as well as men, all handsomely dressed; and loud rough voices mingled with silvery laughs and snatches of song. I have been told before now that these were the phantoms of a feverish dream; but to me they were as real as the wall, the stones of which made my back black and blue. Shall I be told, also, that the warder's foot, which had well-nigh suffocated me, was nothing more than empty air? I do not know what people mean by phantoms. These phantoms ate and drank heartily; and I heard among them, more distinctly than I hear the grating of this pen upon the paper, the rattle of knives and forks, the clatter of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the plunk of corks.

A dance! a dance! was now the cry from below, and with the suddenness of magic the table and its paraphernalia were thrown into a corner, and the revellers were floating, and whirling, and bounding in

the ample area. Soon a shout was given in the barbarous Highland fashion—then another, and another—the enthusiasm kindling fiercer at the sound, till the party might have been taken for a group of ancient bacchanals. So exciting, in fact, was the scene, that, I am ashamed to say, I could not repress a cry from my own lips; which attracted so much the attention of the company, that astounded, doubtless, by the spectacle of a looker-on in so absurd a position, all eyes were directed towards me. They did not cease dancing, but kept looking as they danced; and even when it was necessary to turn their backs, their heads were twisted over their shoulders, that they might continue to look. Now, in that wild group there was one who had attracted my attention from the first. She was a young woman, attired with simple elegance, but so distinguished in her air and mien, and so transcendent in beauty, that she seemed the queen of the company. She, too, looked like the rest; and no sooner was her face turned fully up, than a thousand confused recollections began to awake and struggle in my heart, and I almost fancied that there was some connection between my own history and that of the group of Highland savages before me. The lady grew confused with looking, and she confused the dance; she whirled against her neighbours, and her neighbours against her; till at length a cry got up among them:

'Have him down! A couple! a couple!' and bashful at first, but becoming gradually more reassured, she edged herself out of the mass, and began to ascend the débris with graceful bounds, keeping time to the music. I heard her coming up, step by step, and grew faint and fainter as she approached the top.

The moment she sprang upon the wall, I recognised the source of my emotion in a remarkable likeness she bore to one whom it is unnecessary to particularise. She was rather fresher—perhaps a shade less feminine; but thine, Matilda—thine, my lost love—were those lustrous eyes, those rich, sweet lips, those volumes of lovely hair, which encompassed the moss-rose that once bloomed upon my breast! She stooped over me, and my eyelids grew heavy with beauty; she took my hand, and an indescribable thrill ran through my frame. What was I to do? The narrow wall—the leap of several feet before I could gain the débris—the sickening gulf on either side! The lady pulled; my breath came thick; my brain whirled; I shut my eyes—what more? I do not know.

When I reopened my eyes, it was upon a strong light which made them close again. But, gradually, I was able to see a figure standing before me—the figure of a boy, or rather lad, wrapped in a gray plaid. He was leaning lazily on a staff, and fixing upon me his two eyes with a look of such intelligence as you might see in a couple of greengages. The débris was before me, on the opposite side of the quadrangle, and the outline of the lofty wall behind it was sharply defined upon the morning sky. Where was I? Stretched upon the heather in the herd's hut, with its master half suspecting, as he looked, that it was somebody else who was there, and not himself, as it ought to be!

Some readers will consider this a rather unsatisfactory account of my adventure, but it is a true one. I have told distinctly what I know, and left untold what I do not know. The realists will doubtless suppose that the people I was to have lodged with, having traced my whereabouts, had got me down from the wall while I was insensible; but I can assure them, that when I reached the hamlet, I found it profoundly ignorant of my adventure, and profoundly indifferent to the narrative I gave of it. The philosophers, with more shew of reason, will attempt to explain the mystery by means of somnambulism; and I admit that there are so many probabilities in favour of this, that I cannot argue the point against them. This I can say, however, that so far from being habitually addicted to that vagary, I never

walked in my sleep before or since. In short, let other people think of it as they will, I have my own opinion, and I beg leave to keep it to myself.

## RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

BESIDES the individuality of the czar, there is one institution which gives a peculiar character to Russian society—the secret police, a tribunal more powerful and more irresponsible than the Star-chamber ever was in England, the Committee of Public Safety in revolutionary France, or the Austrian courts-martial in Italy and Hungary. All these tools of despotism allowed some species of publicity and of trial. The names of the culprits were known; they were brought before their judges, who did not hide their faces; and if the conviction was founded on incomplete evidence, or on alleged compromise of the safety of the state, at least the sentence was published, and the execution took place in broad daylight, and filled the nation at once with horror and with the burning thirst of revenge. It did not degrade the public mind; nor kill the feelings of independence and liberty. But the secret police of Russia, like the Inquisition, gives no notice of its proceedings: men are judged who do not know that they are impeached; and execution—imprisonment, or banishment to Siberia—is carried out in the dead of night. Not even the friends or family of the unhappy man dare complain, or ask the reason of the punishment, lest they should aggravate his sufferings, or share his fate. The officials of the high police may have made a mistake, and carried away the wrong man—they may have acted upon false information—they may have been impelled by feelings of personal revenge—yet no redress is possible: upon the one-sided report of the chief of the high police, the emperor signs the ukase for banishment or prison, and no appeal is allowed, no second inquest ever made. The displeasure of the czar is regarded by his subjects like one of the catastrophes in nature—a hurricane, an earthquake; or an epidemic—which carries away the guilty with the innocent. The czar himself is quite aware that he cannot avoid inflicting frequently the severest punishment on guiltless men; yet he knows that his throne cannot remain secure without the secret police. Nicholas has not even such regrets as Alexander. He believes he is the chosen tool of God for making war against what men call liberty; and if in war the best men fall by the bullet, they do so in performing their duty. He considers it the duty of every Russian willingly to go into exile, if the czar commands him to do so. Alexander, who had not the nerve of Nicholas, was at last tired of condemning people without having given them an opportunity of defending themselves; he therefore abolished the high police, and the Russian was able to breathe in freedom, without fear that every word he uttered, even in the circle of his family, might be related to the secret tribunal, and set down as evidence against him. But this instant the restraint was removed, secret societies were formed all over the empire, and the czar had to re-establish the accursed institution. Politically speaking, the evils of the secret police do not consist so much in the miseries inflicted on the banished persons—many of them victims of a misunderstanding, or of private pique, of mere suspicion, or of betrayed confidences—but in the general distrust which keeps down the spirit of the Russian and destroys his energies.

'The Russian,' says Henningsen, 'doubts those nearest and dearest to him: the friend feels occasionally the suspicion flash across his mind, that the friendship of long years may prove only a cloak to this fearful espionage which the secret police entertains in all classes of society; the brother sometimes dreads to

confide to his brother thoughts which may be registered against him, and meet at some future period with retribution, sure, if slow; the very bridegroom often questions whether the bride does not open to him her arms, to worm from him some secret which may be supposed to exist.'

In writing the above, Henningsen has not exaggerated the condition of social intercourse in Russia. It is well known that after the outbreak of the 26th of December 1825, the conspirators were delivered up by their own friends and kin; and there was found a father who betrayed his own son to the secret police, and the czar rewarded the 'patriotism' of the man, and had his name inserted in the papers for the sublimity of his devotion and virtue; but the reward was not a mitigation of the son's punishment, but a higher rank in the official hierarchy for the unnatural parent, who did not even make request that his son should be dealt with leniently: he knew the mind of Nicholas, who might well say with Shakspeare's Cæsar:

I could be well moved, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaken of motion: and, that I am he,  
Let me a little shew it, even in this:  
That I was constant Cæsar should be banished,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

The secret police extends its web all over the empire and even beyond it. Every man of any importance put down in the books of that office, and the information of the spies appended to his name. These spies receive no regular pay, but their reward is commensurate to the reports they make. They often get instructions to watch this or that man, and to inquire into his actions, as well as into the opinions he is supposed to entertain. But the great bulk of the information received by the chiefs of the secret police—Count Benckendorf and General Kleinmichel, both of them Germans—is not paid for. It consists of secret denunciations, sent voluntarily to these inquisitors by persons who wish to prove their patriotism (!) and loyalty, when they suspect that they have themselves been denounced; by those who seek office and promotion; and by those who wish to revenge themselves on their enemies.

'It is to be observed,' says Henningsen, 'that as the reports of spies are naturally compared, and subjected to additional scrutiny where widely dissimilar, these men as seldom utterly deviate from the fact, or build up their accusations without a shadow of foundation; as they ever tell the plain, unvarnished, and unadorned truth. Thus somewhat of truth is always mixed up with calumnies and colourings of facts which usually distort them, and all stand arrayed against the accused in black and white, to be raked up should he ever, innocently or culpably, give umbrage to the secret police, or incur the serious displeasure of any of its innumerable agents.'

"Man forgets, and God forgives," whispered a Russian; "but the secret police neither forgets nor forgives." The frivolous conversation which took place years ago at the dinner-table, over the punch-bowl, or in a moment of vexation or anger, all are noted, with the malicious comments of those who reported it. All are thrown into the balance when the victim's sin is weighed, unknown evidence thus influencing the



decision by unknown judges as to the destiny of a man who has, perhaps, in reality never offended even against the peculiar code of political and social morality which is the standard of this fearful institution. When the Russian subject has been found wanting in this balance, disgrace overtakes him as suddenly and unaccountably as the doom of fate; and he may often waste the remaining years of his dreary existence in vain attempts to guess the cause of his punishment, or his friends and relatives in conjecturing the nature of it. The grave is not more incommunicative as to what passes in the unknown regions beyond its bourne than the secret police. It is true, the enmity of private individuals, the anger or the vindictive spirit of princes may die before them; or die with them; changes of party, and the warp and woof of fresh intrigues, may render meritorious what a few years before was odious in the eyes of those who have been replaced or superseded; but all these eventualities seldom bring relief to those who suffer.

Secrecy is the great maxim of the high police; and its Machiavelian spirit finds it better that these individuals should die in the mines, the dungeons, and the deserts in which they have already wasted so many years, than that the scandal of their return should be given to society. Already, notwithstanding every precaution, too much truth, too many details escape to the world, notwithstanding the atmosphere of mist and silence with which Muscovite society is enveloped and pervaded. There is another thing: if all men are too apt to forget the unfortunate, fear and policy in Russia enjoin the most rapid oblivion of those whom the government has made so. Like the famous Iron Mask, the names of prisoners and exiles are always unknown to their jailers or guards; they become numbers. There is no chance of their ever becoming acquainted with any political change, if such occurred, that might affect their fortunes. And what purpose would such knowledge serve, when the wailing and gnashing of teeth of years have now subsided into despair or idiocy?

The sword of Damocles hangs always over the head of the Russian. Were it only for a few days, the danger would stun him, or drive him to rebellion; but human nature becomes accustomed to every fixed condition; the state of anxiety cannot last for ever. The Russian, therefore, endeavours to be as little reminded of his danger as possible; and hence most of them rush into dissipation, and seek to forget their abject state of dependence in sensual pleasures. Love-intrigues, gambling, drinking, and every kind of extravagance, are winked at by the court, where only those are thought dangerous who think, who read, who observe, whose ambition is unconnected with the official hierarchy, and who appear to seek happiness elsewhere than in the vicinity of the scorching rays of imperial majesty.

Count K—, a Hungarian nobleman, had in former years a most curious experience in respect to the 'peculiar institution' of Russia. He had made the acquaintance of a highly accomplished Russian lady in one of his summer-excursions in Germany, who invited him to her estates in Southern Russia. Count K— obtained a passport, and went to visit the lady. Having himself the experience of a great landed-proprietor, he soon discovered that the lady must have been robbed to an enormous extent by the agent of her estates, and requested to be allowed to look into the accounts. He quickly proved to her that she was the victim of a conspiracy amongst her overseers, who despoiled her of nearly one-half of her income. The lady, by his advice, dismissed her principal agent, and took steps for suing him at the provincial court for the recovery of her property. A few days later, the count received an invitation to attend the governor of the province, who told him, it might be better not to interfere with the affairs of the lady; especially, added he, since a

foreigner cannot appreciate the *peculiar institutions* of Russia. If the count was interested in the lady, it might be safer for her to make a compromise with the faithless agent, and to intrust him once more with the management of her affairs, since all the judges at the court were bribed; and if she pressed the trial against him, it would be her ruin. The judges could not condemn the culprit without condemning themselves for having connived at his frauds for so many years. The count expressed his astonishment at this cool disclosure from the governor of the province; but was again met with the reply, that a foreigner cannot comprehend the character and the institutions of Russia. The count returned to his house at dusk; and on his way was struck by a bullet fired from an ambush. Of course he did not waste his time in denouncing this attempt on his life to a court of justice concerning which he had received such curious information. He communicated to his fair hostess the advice of the governor, and his firm belief that his excellency was likewise bribed, and took his departure immediately. He had had enough of the order and morality reigning in the empire of the czar.

The extravagance of the aristocracy, the venality of the officials, and the fear inspired by the terrible secret police, naturally act in a most demoralising way upon the landed gentry, who in Russia constitute the bulk of the middle classes. These petty landed-proprietors imitate the prodigality of the higher aristocracy in a more barbarous way. Gambling and drinking are their principal amusements; they squeeze as much as possible out of the peasant, and spend their incomes in revels, lacking even the superficial polish of the St Petersburg and Moscow society, which they hate because they envy it. Middle classes, such as we are accustomed to see in the west of Europe, do not exist in Russia. There are only three cities in the empire—St Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw—with a population exceeding 100,000; only five others exceeding 50,000; only twenty-two exceeding 25,000. One ninth of the population of Russia dwells in towns, and one-half of this town-population is devoted to agriculture; many of the cities, as is the case all over the East, and even in Poland and Hungary, being only villages of some considerable extent. Commerce, in the eyes of the Russian, degrades the nobleman—that is to say, the freeman, the shaven class: it is, therefore, altogether in the hands either of foreigners, Jews, Germans, or of serfs and freedmen, who, when they become first-class merchants, with a capital of more than £10,000, are free from corporal punishment, and have the privilege of driving in a carriage-and-pair. Wo to the unhappy merchant who should drive in a carriage-and-four: it is the privilege of nobility! Manufactures are not so degrading, according to Russian notions, as commerce; the rich families—as mentioned already—are often forced, by the advice of the czar, to carry on cotton-mills, wool and silk manufactories, and iron-foundries; but the workshops are conducted by foreign overseers, and surveyors, and engineers, and the work is performed by the peasants, who do not receive wages but only their food and clothing, just as the negro slave in the southern states of America. Considerable capital is invested in such enterprises, and the czar bolsters them up by the prohibitions of his tariff, since, in spite of the cheapness of labour, the products of native industry could not compete with English fabrics in European Russia. It is only in Central Asia, and the north-western parts of China, that Russian articles enter into competition with English ones, the wares being more cheaply conveyed on sledges during winter over the frozen snow, which converts all the country into one continuous highway, than by ships and on the backs of mules and camels, by the way of India or of Shanghai. The manufactures of Russia are kept up solely by the will of the czar, and his system of prohibition.

In the novel of Lermontoff—*The Hero of our Days*, lately published in three different translations—we find displayed nearly all the features of the picture we have given of Russian society: the antagonism between the court of St Petersburg and the sullenly opposing Moscow; the frivolous tone of both; the roughness of the gentry; the complete absence of chivalrous spirit both in the higher and lower ranks of the people; the want of earnestness and aim even in the most highly gifted; the resulting feeling of the emptiness of life, and the utter hollowness of a social state in which the mind being without any object for a noble ambition, seeks pleasure only in sensual gratification, having lost all energy to resist a despotism powerful to crush, and ready to punish on mere suspicion.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Among the subjects brought forward at the meeting of the British Association, to which we briefly alluded last month, there are a few not to be passed over in silence, as we have from time to time noticed their progress, and they have now reached a further development. Dr Tyndall, as the result of a series of experiments in what Mr Faraday calls the 'magnetic field'—that is, the space between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet—states, that although objects, when attracted, are drawn into a line passing from one pole to the other, this line is not that of maximum force, but of minimum force. This conclusion, which has already been warmly discussed, is at variance with the commonly received notion. Mr Croese shewed that 'the slow deposition of crystals by electro-galvanic agency' might help to throw light on the formation of crystalline minerals in certain rocks. Mr Hopkins, continuing his inquiry as to the way in which pressure effects the melting-point of different substances, has, with the aid of Mr Fairbairn, subjected wax, spermaceti, stearine, and sulphur, to a pressure of 11,000 pounds to the square inch; and finds in each case that the higher the pressure, the higher must be the temperature before the substance will melt. Herein are suggestive hints for geologists. During the experiments, there was a waste of the material operated on, which could not be accounted for, until it was found escaping in almost invisible jets from the pores of the brass cylinder that contained it; and only by most careful casting, and a hammering of the surface, was it possible to construct a cylinder that would resist the immense force exerted. Mr Fairbairn, with his well-known skill and ingenuity, has carried the experiment still further, even to a pressure of from 80,000 pounds to 90,000 pounds to the inch; and under this he found that 'clay and some other substances had acquired all the density, consistency, and hardness of some of our hardest and densest rocks.' Another hint for geologists. Following up their researches on vegetation, Mr Lawes and Dr Gilbert are led to believe that the nitric acid and ammonia in the atmosphere are 'about equally efficient in supplying nitrogen for plants'; and Mr Warrington has discovered what will be interesting to all who keep an aquarium, that by placing coloured glasses between the sun and the plants, the red algae, which hitherto have been known to thrive at great depths in the sea where only but little light penetrates, may be made to grow in a glass jar. As these are among the most beautiful of marine vegetation, a new subject of study and pleasure will now be available to the cultivator.

Much talk, and more than was wise, was held concerning deviations of the compass, especially in iron ships. The question is of high importance. The loss of the *Philadelphia* steamer on the coast of Newfoundland is said to have been caused by inaccurate

compasses; but why should people forget that the Admiralty caused the subject to be properly investigated some years ago, and issued the needful instructions? Whatever may be the amount of permanent magnetism in a vessel at the commencement of a voyage, it varies with every change of geographical position, and its disturbing effect on the compass-needle is only to be ascertained by daily observation and reference to a good standard compass. To take nothing for granted, both with chronometers and compasses, is the only safe rule for those who navigate the ocean. We may add here, that M. Rubinkoff has just come over on a flying visit to arrange for bringing into use a new electric-printing telegraph of his invention. It is simpler than any other, and will print six words a minute. A Swedish gentleman, too, has arrived with a calculating-machine, that not only calculates up to any number of logarithms, &c., but prints them off in columns as fast as they are produced. Mr Babbage's machine thus finds a rival.

Something has at last been done towards economy of fuel in sea-going steamers. The *Pacific*, a vessel of 1469 tons burden, and 500 horse-power, launched at Millwall in September, has been half-way down the Channel on a trial trip. Sixteen miles an hour was the speed promised by her builders, and more than accomplished. At full speed, a ton of coal was burnt for each ten miles; but at half-steam, the same quantity sufficed for twenty miles. This fine ship, therefore, will steam 4000 miles in ten days, with a consumption of 400 tons of coal, or in fourteen and a half days, with 200 tons. A remarkable saving. With the shock of that terrible event, the foundering of the mail-steamer *Arctic*, fresh in our mind, we cannot forbear from expressing a hope, that when the *Pacific* goes to sea, some means will be taken to establish efficient signals for the prevention of collision. Many people still prefer sailing ships; and seeing that the *Red Jacket* sailed to Melbourne in sixty-nine and a half days, and came home again in seventy-three and a half, including sundry detentions, and that the *Lightning* has made the voyage from Melbourne in sixty-three days, and may be trusted to for celerity as well as vapour. Of course the ship is built on the most approved scientific principles, and we see the result—round the world in five months and eleven days! The quickest circumnavigation on record.

Narrow as is the Isthmus, the surveying of a route from one side to the other has not been accomplished without great privation and loss. In the latest attempt, we learn that Lieutenant Strain, of the United States ship *Cyane*, who with a party had struggled for nearly a month from Panama towards Darien, would have perished from starvation on the upper Chucumaque but for the timely assistance afforded by a boat's crew from the *Virago*, a British vessel lying at Darien. The difficulties encountered from dense forests, shallows and rapids in the rivers, want of food, and the hostility of the natives, were extreme, and fatal to eight of the party—two of whom were the commissioners appointed by the government of New Granada. Four men from the *Virago*, as some of our readers will remember, were lost a few months ago while employed on similar service.

Further south, the Americans have been more successful: a fourth steamer of 250 tons has just been launched at New York, for the navigation of the great river Orinoco. She is of light draught, being intended for that important branch the Meta, up which she is expected to make her way to within thirty miles of Bogota. What a prodigious trade will some day be developed in that marvellously fertile region! It is already considerable, and would be more so but for the unstable temperament of the inhabitants. The other vessels run from Bolivar, which is 800 miles up the river, to Nutrias, some 700 miles further; too vast a

route to be monopolised by any one nation. The trading season lasts from May to November; during which months the river rises, reaching its maximum in August. It is then fifty feet higher than in May.

About the time that the Bomarsund batteries were demolished, a nobleman, distinguished for his scientific attainments, communicated to government a plan for building floating-batteries of iron, with which any fort, however strong, whether granite or solid rock, might be comfortably reduced. Experiments have been made to test the plan, and with such satisfactory results, that the batteries are actually in hand, to be cased ere long with six-inch iron, from which ninety-nine balls out of a hundred will fly off innocuous. With half a dozen of these in the Baltic next spring, it is expected that Helsingfors and Cronstadt will be effectually astonished.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have given their Telford Medal to Mr Hobbs, the American, for his improvements in locks; and to Mr James Yates, for his paper 'On the Means of attaining to Uniformity in European Measures, Weights, and Coins;' and a 'Council Premium of books,' to Mr J. Simpson, for his paper 'On the Prevention of Smoke in Engine and other Furnaces.' As regards the latter question, an important solution has been effected at Messrs Cubitts' establishment, near King's Cross—nothing less than complete suppression of smoke. To give an idea of it: the old flue is closely stopped at seven feet above the fire, and opens into a new flue at a right angle, about nine feet in length, which terminates in a descending shaft, that communicates with a water-tank and drain underground. Where this flue joins the shaft, a small jet of water plays through a rose, and falling in a continual shower, creates a downward current, which carrying the smoke, leaves it condensed on the surface of the water in the tank, from whence it may be collected for consumption, or floated off by the drain. Besides the entire prevention of smoke, this method effects a large economy: eleven bushels of coal a day used to be burned in the furnace, but now only *four* bushels.

Gas, in common with so many other products of industry, is finding its way round the world: an apparatus has been sent to Hong-Kong; and the Chinese will perhaps remember in years to come, that the wonderful light flashed upon them in the year of the great revolution. We hear in many quarters of experiments, having the improvement of gas for their object. At Paris, M. Chenot finds that by impregnating gas with certain carbonates during the process of manufacture, the heating and illuminating power is largely increased. And in the United States, Mr Drake, of Boston, has patented a domestic gas-apparatus, which, occupying a space no more than two feet square, will supply gas as fast as wanted, and no faster, whereby all necessity for a receptacle for storing up a quantity is dispensed with. His gas is made from vapour of benzole combined with atmospheric air, and by the heat of the burning coal-tar from which it is derived. The gas is thus cheaply produced, and the apparatus is said to be so simple, that even the 'dullest' servant would be able to manage it.

The Society of Arts have published their list of subjects for premium for 1855. It includes most of the desiderata as regards gas and smoke; among which a 'smokeless fuel' is mentioned. This would appear to be provided for by the proposition now talked of, for a company to convert peat into a solidified coal, which from trials already made will be nearly, if not quite, smokeless. There is besides the advantage, that the gas made from it will be free from the impurities now so much complained of; and Dr Letheby says it will yield 14,000 cubic feet of gas to the ton. To return to the list: premiums are offered for the best methods of separating metals from different ores; for improvements

in the manufacture of metals; for the production of colours by electricity; for new textile substances, and improvements in cloth and leather; for fireplaces; for new esculents from foreign countries; for a pipe of wine, the produce of Australia; for the simplification and improvement of instruments used in navigation—among which one 'that will detect the local attraction of a ship at sea, with reference to the compass, by direct observation of the heavenly bodies, *without* the process of turning the ship.' This, it will be seen, has a relation to what we have said above concerning the proceedings at Liverpool. The best answer would be for some ingenious mechanic to make M. Foucault's gyroscope available for use on ship-board. Success would bring him both fame and fortune. All the papers or specimens are to be sent in by March 31, 1855.

Dr Stenhouse has so simplified his charcoal respirator, that the specimens now made are not more than half the weight of the ordinary respirator, and can be sold at 4s. each. In this the layer of charcoal is a quarter inch thick, which, as the doctor explains, has manifest advantages: 'Where the breath,' he says, 'is at all fetid, which is usually the case in diseases of the chest, under many forms of dyspepsia, &c., the disagreeable effluvia are absorbed by the charcoal, so that comparatively pure air alone is inspired. This, I think, may occasionally exercise a beneficial influence on diseases of the throat and lungs.'

The Commissioners of Sewers, while preparing for their great drainage scheme, have employed Mr Wicksteed to draw up a report on 'the most advantageous method of dealing with the sewage matter of the metropolis.' Allowing for increase of population, he estimates the daily liquid discharge from the sewers of London for some years to come at 102,048,588 gallons, the solid contents of which would amount to 333,438 tons a year—enough to manure more than a million acres; and he proposes to pump from the sewers into a large reservoir, where the solid matters would be precipitated and deodorised by admixture with lime, while the water would flow away comparatively pure. The solid portion would next be placed into a centrifugal drying-machine, making 1000 revolutions a minute, to expel its moisture, after which it would be in a condition to be cut up into cubes for sale, worth at the lowest estimate two guineas per ton. Whether so great a scheme, requiring a million sterling, can be beneficially set agoing, is a question. It has succeeded on a small scale at Leicester; but opinions are much divided as to the value of sewage manure. Some experimentalists assert, that before it reaches the fields the fertilising property is well-nigh washed and manipulated out of it. At anyrate, we hope the course of improvement in London will not be stayed till the question is decided. Above all, we wish to see the drainage diverted from the Thames, and spacious quays and terrace-walks constructed along the banks. Why should not London get rid of its nuisances and deformities as well as Paris?

A project has come before the Commissioners of Paving, which we are glad to notice. The secretary of the Post Office has inquired of them, whether they object to the erection of 'pillar letter-boxes' at intervals along the streets. Boxes of this description, made of iron, have for some time been in use in Paris and Berlin; and as the cost of the 'receiving-houses' would be diminished by their introduction here, there is good reason why we should have them. If the answer be favourable, as it doubtless will, the first trial will be made along the line of streets extending from the post-office to Charing Cross. We have no doubt that the posting of letters will be greatly facilitated by the contemplated arrangement.

At the Fort Pitt Works, near Pittsburgh, the United States' government are casting cannon of extraordinary

dimensions—10-inch bore, to throw a 124-lbs. ball. They are cast hollow; and while cooling, a continuous stream of water is forced into them, by which the inside being cooled before the outside, greater tenacity is insured. These monster-guns are to be called 'Columbiades': in the trials already made, they have been found to bear a charge five or six-times heavier than guns made in the usual way. An important machine, too, has been submitted to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia: a 'rotary dredger,' which is said to excel all others in the removal of shoals and sand-banks. It is moored by a rope from the head, and this winding round a barrel, draws the vessel forward, while the machinery admits of being shifted to suit the work to be done—the softer the soil, the quicker the movement. One of these machines, having 'a wheel twenty-four feet in diameter, with four buckets, dug out 1200 cubic yards of gravel bottom in a day.' What will become of shallow harbours after this?

From what has transpired within the past few weeks, we may conclude that arctic expeditions are at an end; henceforth the polar regions will be left to the dominion of frost. Captain Inglefield, who went out last spring with the *Phoenix* steamer, has returned, bringing Sir Edward Belcher, Captain McClure, and other officers; he was soon followed by the *North Star*, with the remainder of the officers and all the crews employed in the recent searching-expeditions. Five vessels—the *Investigator*, *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, *Assistance*, and *Pioneer*—have been abandoned, fast frozen in the ice. This is so different from what was expected, that much surprise and dissatisfaction has been expressed at the untoward result; and some of the younger officers do not hesitate to declare the abandonment to be premature. Commander Osborne, who came home under arrest in the *North Star*, was released by order from the Admiralty as soon as the vessel arrived at Woolwich—the authorities thereby expressing non-approval of the superior officer's proceedings. As usual, the chiefs have been tried by court-martial for losing their ships; and though all were acquitted, the leader was not exonerated from blame. A further inquiry into the circumstances is to take place at the Admiralty. It appears, that after sundry explorations, in which it was ascertained that Jones's Sound communicates with Wellington Channel—that the shore in places rises into hills 1500 feet high—that a 'Victoria Archipelago' was taken possession of—that the Polar Sea was seen; after all this, Sir Edward Belcher's ship was frozen in, September 10, 1853, and not being extricated in August of the present year, was then abandoned, as well as the others. Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, is believed to be retracing his route to Behring's Strait, as his only chance of escape; and we hope ere long to hear of him from the Pacific. And Dr Kane, with the American expedition, who, when last heard from, was far away up the western coast of Greenland, when are we to get news of him?

While writing the above paragraph, information has reached us concerning Sir John Franklin's expedition. It is of the most painful nature, and unhappily there is no reason to doubt its truth. We mentioned last year that Dr Rae was going out at the charge of the Hudson's Bay Company to explore part of the shores of Boothia. While engaged in this work during the past summer, he met a few Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from whom he learned that early in 1850 they had fallen in with a party of about forty white men, dragging a boat and sledges, headed by an officer who had a telescope strapped across his shoulders. The strangers reported to the natives that they were the survivors of a larger number, and having lost their ships among the floes, had been compelled to take to the ice, in the hope by travelling to reach some place of succour. The hope must have been cruelly disappointed, for the forty met with were but the survivors of 158; and they,

in turn, perished a few weeks later. After the interview with the Esquimaux, they had struggled on till they reached the mainland, not far, as is supposed, from Point Ogle, discovered by Sir George Back when he descended the Great Fish River in 1854; and there, not finding the deer they had hoped to shoot, they all died miserably of starvation. They were reduced to such extremities, as is said, as to have resorted to the dreadful expedient of cannibalism.

Thus, after nine years of suspense and anxiety, the mystery comes to a terrible solution. Dr Rae has brought with him a number of silver spoons and forks, bearing well-known crests and initials, which he purchased from the natives, and a circular silver plate on which is engraved the name of Sir John Franklin—relics from the death-encampment. The Esquimaux report that muskets, powder, and books were left; among the latter there is probably a journal, giving the melancholy history of brave men who, after ungodly endurance to the utmost, at last lay down to die—victims of the grim Frost King. Though five years have elapsed, we doubt not that every effort will be made to recover every relic. There is reason to believe that Sir James Ross and the lamented Lieutenant Belot must have been at one part of their march within a few miles of the Franklin party. As to the spot where they perished, it is the dreamt of the Arctic coast. In his descent of the Great Fish River, nearly 600 miles, Sir George Back did not see a single tree; and the sea-shore presented scenes of utter desolation.

#### THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

THERE was a house—a house of clay—  
Wherein the inmate sang all day  
Merry and poor;  
For Hope sat likewise, heart to heart,  
Fond and kind, fond and kind,  
Vowing he never would depart,  
Till all at once he changed his mind:  
'Sweetheart, good-by!' He slipped away,  
And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in  
With smile that pierced like sunshine thin  
Through wall, roof, floor,  
Stood in the midst of that poor room  
Grand and fair, grand and fair,  
Making a glory out of gloom;  
Till at the window mocked old Care—  
Love sighed—'All loss, and nothing in'—  
He shut the door.

Then o'er the barrèd house of clay  
Kind jasmine and clematis gay  
Grew evermore;  
And bees hummed merrily outside  
Loud and strong, loud and strong,  
The inner silentness to hide,  
The steadfast silence all day long,  
Till evening touched with finger gray  
The close-shut door.

Most like, the next that passes by  
Will be the Angel whose calm eye  
Marks rich, marks poor;  
Who, pausing not at any gate,  
Stands and calls, stands and calls;  
At which the inmate opens straight;—  
Whom, ere the crumbling clay-house falls,  
He takes in kind arms silently,  
And shuts the door.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Pump,  
Fleet Street, LONDON, and 329 High Street, Exeter.  
Sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Backville Street, DUBLIN,  
all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## DOWN STAIRS IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

THERE are curiosities enough all around us, if we choose to look out for them. Even the penny receipt-stamp which John Jones gives to William Smith, in acknowledgment of the payment for 'Mending tiles on top of house,' is a curiosity, in respect both to the mechanical and fiscal arrangements connected with it. It is of these penny receipt-stamps, and of stamps of various other kinds, that we wish to gossip a little; and the reader will probably find the gossip not wholly without interest or novelty.

In the principal thoroughfare of London stands a large quadrangular building, of Grecian style and beautiful proportions, known far and wide as Somerset House, and containing many public offices, besides apartments for the accommodation of learned societies. The Government Offices, generally so called, are those more immediately under consideration. In walking round the interior quadrangle, and through various passages which present themselves, sundry inscriptions over sundry doors meet the view, denoting that here is the 'Duchy of Cornwall Office,' there the 'Audit Office,' at another place the 'Registrar-general's Office;' and so on. But the most busy of all is the Office of the 'Board of Inland Revenue,' more familiarly known as the 'Stamp Office.' Men and boys, broadcloth and fustian, are incessantly pouring in and out of the door leading to these offices. And well they may, for no inconsiderable portion of the national revenue is here managed. The probate-duty and the legacy-duty, the land-tax and the assessed taxes, the income-tax and other taxes, the newspaper-stamps and the postage-stamps, the receipt-stamps and the bill-stamps, the licences and the stage-coach duty—these, and many other matters, are superintended by the Board of Inland Revenue; and a notable portion of the south side of Somerset House is devoted to the business of the Board.

Down stairs—our business is down stairs, to one, and even two stories below the level of the Somerset House quadrangle; and here a scene of utter bewilderment is presented. How anybody can find anybody else is a perfect marvel. Passages lead in every direction, and doors are thickly congregated on both sides of every passage; and if we penetrate to the end of any one passage, we find ourselves only at 'the beginning of the end;' for there is another labyrinth beyond. Young lawyers' clerks are popping in and out of two of the rooms, with lawyer-like looking papers in their hands; law-stationers' boys are elbowing them; errand-boys and porters from mercantile firms have their budgets of papers; and Somerset House officials are

passing to and from the almost numberless rooms. Penetrating to the remoter depths, we come to an unmistakable workshop, with unmistakable workmen employed in it by scores. Presses of very curious kind; inking-rollers of diverse sizes; inks of varied colours; stamping-dies of different sizes and devices; perforating-machines of exquisite construction—all are here; and a rare clatter they produce: though, like factory clatter generally, it is perfectly conformable with strict order and system.

This down-stairs region is devoted to the Stamp Office, as one department of inland revenue. Its machinery, material as well as official, is really gigantic, considering the small items wherewith the sum-total is made up.

What is the use of stamps? Do they render us any good? If they, as stamps, are useful, it is only in a secondary sense; for unquestionably their primary purport is to transfer money from the commercial pocket into the Treasury pocket. Mr Gladstone, or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, wants money for public purposes, and he invents stamps as a means of obtaining some of this money. Many of the stamps are really of no public use, except as a means of bringing money into the Exchequer; while other stamps are available in paying for portage, carriage, or transport. Let us see how this arises, by comparing receipt-stamps, document-stamps, postage-stamps, and newspaper-stamps. A receipt-stamp is valuable to the payer and receiver of money, only because the legislature has chosen to declare that a stamp upon the receipt is legally necessary. A document-stamp—by which we mean the stamps on probates, leases, indentures, bonds, and such like legal instruments—is in like manner perfectly useless to the parties who have had to pay for it, except in so far as the legislature has rendered the use necessary. But in respect to the postage and newspaper stamps, the case is different. Unquestionably the government thinks of the revenue in these matters, rather than of the convenience of letter-writers and newspaper readers; but this convenience is not lost sight of nevertheless. The royal postman says: 'If you will put a penny-stamp upon every letter, I will convey any one or more of them for nothing, whether from the Strand to Cheapside, or from Penzance to the Shetland Islands'—and he *does* it. And again: 'If you will consent to pay an additional penny for every newspaper you buy, I will convey any such newspaper, even thirteen thousand miles to Sydney, for nothing'—and he *does* it. Hence the various stamp-duties are very unequal in their incidence on the public.

By the courtesy of Mr Edwin Hill, who presides

over the stamping-machinery, we are enabled to say a little concerning this beautiful machinery, and also concerning the official routine by which the public is brought into contact with the Stamp-office Department.

Let us suppose that a solicitor has a legal document which requires to be stamped in order to give it validity. He takes or sends it to Somerset House, where a 'Receiver's Office' initiates the official routine. The receiver takes the money, say for a twenty-shilling stamp, and is responsible to the Board for this money: he makes out a warrant or kind of receipt. The document and the warrant pass from room to room, and from hand to hand, to undergo certain verifications. The document, in its travels, finds its way into the stamping-room, where Mr Hill's subordinates subject it to a process of dry stamping with a die. When all is ready, the solicitor—perhaps without having left the building, perhaps in two or three hours, perhaps the next day—takes away the stamped document, which is ever after treated reverentially at Westminster Hall. The dies employed for this kind of stamping are engraved on brass or some other metal, and are worked by an embossing-press, full of ingenious contrivances. The dies, of course, vary greatly in devices, and many niceties of adjustment are necessary to suit the size and thickness of the document to be stamped. This, however, is perhaps, mechanically considered, the most simple of the stamping processes, although it brings in by far the largest amount of money for individual stamps. If we remember rightly, the executors of a celebrated London goldsmith paid L.20,000 for stamping the probate of a will—a creation of twenty thousand pounds' worth of wealth to the Treasury by one blow of a stamping-press!

Pass we on to newspapers. Every one knows, that at one corner of every newspaper a red stamp appears—commonplace in its appearance, and a blot when mixed up with the black printing. The die employed in this kind of stamping has often certain movable pieces, which can be changed from time to time—indeed, such is the case in many other dies, where the price of the stamp or the day of issue is indicated. But whether changed or not, the die stamps the name of the newspaper. For instance, if we look at the second page of any number of the *Illustrated News*, we see a sort of heraldic device stamped in red ink, with 'One' at the top, 'Penny' at the bottom, 'Illustrated London News' at the left hand, and 'Newspaper' at the right. As to the question, 'What constitutes a newspaper?' the public have had pretty nearly enough of that in quarrels, and lawsuits, and parliamentary discussion; but in regard to our present subject, it is well to bear this fact in mind, that every newspaper must be stamped, and that other periodicals—like the *Athenæum* or *Notes and Queries*—may be stamped. The *Athenæum*, for instance, sells largely in the country; and it saves trouble to all parties if the Post-office authorities will convey the respective numbers to the homes of the respective purchasers in the country; this they will do if a penny-stamp has been impressed upon each number. Hence the stamping of periodicals is chiefly compulsory, but in part voluntary: newspapers are stamped whether to go by post or not; other periodicals are stamped if, and only if, they are to go by post.

In the news stamping-rooms we have to steer our course between reams and bales of paper. From the *Morning Post* we have to dodge round the *Economist*; then the *British Banner* lies in the way of the *Standard of Freedom*; the *Witness* is standing on its edge, and the *Guardian* is lying flat down; the *News of the World* is nearly hidden behind the *Westleyan Times*; and in trying to avoid the *Patriot*, we stumble upon the *Watchman*. Not that these are actual bales of newspapers which we see, but there are red marks

to indicate the ownership of each. Newspapers are stamped before, not after, being printed—for reasons that will be obvious, when it is considered how quickly the papers are distributed to our breakfast-tables as soon as the printing is completed. The newspaper proprietors send reams of paper to the Stamp Office, cause each sheet to be stamped, pay for the stamping, and then fetch them away by horse and cart, or by any other means. From Monday morning to Saturday night, there is thus an incessant arrival and departure of bales of paper for the newspapers, to suit the various morning, evening, and weekly issues.

This kind of stamping has recently undergone a signal improvement. Until lately, all was performed by hand-process, and some of it is still so conducted. A man is stationed at a kind of table, on which a heap of paper is placed; he holds in his right hand a metal die affixed to a small boxwood handle; while near him is a bowl containing several layers of flannel saturated with red printing-ink. He dabs the die upon the ink-bowl, and then dabs it upon one corner of a sheet of paper, and the stamping is done. This is all a spectator can see; but there are sundry little movements which only the man himself can appreciate. How to turn over the leaves so quickly as to stamp 700 or 800 in an hour, and yet not allow the corners to be crumpled back, is a feat left to the delicate movements of his left hand. But ingenious as the process may be, it is certainly too rude for our go-ahead age; and Mr Edwin Hill has invented a beautiful machine for effecting it by steam-power. Little inking-rollers feed themselves with red ink from a little reservoir; they deposit a little ink upon a little tablet; the die carries off a little of this ink; and by a very remarkable swinging motion, it hurls over and dashes upon the paper. All the movements are rigorously timed, so as to occur in their proper order; and by a slight movement of the foot, an attendant can stop the machine instantly. Mr Hill assures us, that it cost him days and weeks of anxious thought to devise a means for effecting the very simple process of turning over the successive leaves as they are stamped: he effects this completely by—what shall we call it?—say a little wind-mill, the sails of which strike down the corner of each sheet after being stamped, something analogous in action to the sails, or paddles, or vanes of the American reaping-machine.

One newspaper, the great leviathan of the press, is in this, as in many other particulars, in advance of its brethren: the *Times* stamps itself, instead of going to Somerset House to be stamped. When the daily impression of this extraordinary journal became twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand, the daily carrying to and fro of so many tons of paper became an onerous work. A cure has been found—a very rational cure, available in other directions when circumstances render it desirable. The proprietors of the *Times* have been furnished by the Stamp Office with a die, which is fixed to the form of type on the great printing-cylinder. This die prints its impress at the same time, and in the same manner, as the rest of the printing is effected. A correct balancing of accounts between the proprietors and the Stamp Office is effected by the aid of a tell-tale or register, a species of clock-work which shows how often the cylinder has rotated, and how many pages are payable for the number of sheets stamped. All other newspapers are thus stamped before the printing; the *Times*, during the printing.

Among the busy workers in the busy rooms are those devoted to the Postage-stamp Department. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the varieties of stamping, on account of the enormous numbers with which we have to deal. The postage-stamps may be regarded as of four kinds—penny adhesive stamps, adhesive stamps of higher value, stamped envelopes, and stamped covers not in the form of envelopes. The



last three varieties, however, are relatively small in quantity: the 'penny adhesives' being in an overwhelming degree the most important. The envelopes and the covers are stamped each with the impress from a single die—not worked by hand, like the primitive newspaper-stamping, but by a stamping or embossing press worked by steam. The die feeds itself with ink, and stamps the impress, by one movement of the arm of the press; and it is curious to see how the men, by spreading out a number of envelopes like a fan in the left hand, can subject them successively, and with amazing rapidity, to the action of the press.

The 'adhesives' have occupied a vast amount of ingenuity in bringing them to perfection. The engraving of the plates, the printing of the sheets, the gumming with adhesive composition, and the perforating, have all called forth many experiments, much mechanical ingenuity, and a large expenditure of capital. And here we may usefully refer to an article published in the Journal about eight years ago,\* concerning postage envelopes, a perusal of which will render unnecessary anything more than a slight notice of the postage-stamps and envelopes here. Be it recollected, then, that the ordinary penny postage-stamps are not printed at Somerset House. The government have a contract with a house in the City for printing the sheets at so much per thousand. The engraving is conducted in a very peculiar manner. A small piece of steel is softened, and while in a soft state, it is engraved with the 'Queen's-head' by hand, and with the kind of engine-turned ornamentation by a peculiar engraving-machine. The die, thus engraved, is hardened by a careful application of heat. A small circular steel roller is then softened, and is rolled with intense force over the steel die, receiving in *relief* the device which the die contained in *intaglio*. This roller, being in its turn hardened, is rolled forcibly over a steel plate, on which it leaves an impress in *intaglio*; and this is done 240 times on one plate, to give the 240 stamps which form a pound's worth of penny Queen's-heads. One original die will impress many rollers, and one roller will impress many plates, so that the original engraving becomes almost imperishable; and it is to this that the exact similarity of all the Queen's-heads is due. The printing of the stamps does not differ essentially from ordinary copper-plate printing, except in the use of coloured instead of black inks. After this, the backs of the sheets are gummed with a composition, in which potato-starch is said to be a component.

But we have now to speak of a Somerset-House process, which has cost a wonderful amount of trouble, ingenuity, and expense—we mean the *perforating*. Every one knows that the separation of the earlier stamps one from another was a tiresome affair, and every one is grateful to the inventor, whoever he was, of the method of making the little rows of holes which now render the separation so easy. Oh those little rows of holes, what a sea of troubles they have occasioned! In 1847, Mr Archer invented a machine for this purpose, and offered it to the government; and for several years there was a kind of paper-war going on between Mr Archer, the Treasury, the Post Office, and the Stamp Office. Each wrote to all of the others; each made proposals, which some of the others objected to; and—like four forces acting in different directions—the resultant was not satisfactory to anybody. To see how Mr Archer was referred from the Treasury to the Post Office, from the Post Office to the Stamp Office, and from the Stamp Office to the Treasury, over and over again, would be a marvel to those who do not know how woefully slow the management of such things is in the hands of government departments. The result, we believe, has been this—that Mr Archer has

received a sum of money for his invention, and that Mr Edwin Hill has introduced the last finishing-touches to the machine, which renders it so delicate and beautiful a piece of mechanism. We do not at all pretend to be able to divide the praise fairly among those claiming it: all we know is, that the perforating-machine now employed works admirably.

There is one little matter which few would dream of. All paper is wetted previous to steel-plate printing; among the rest, the sheets for postage-stamps. Now, this wetting is not and never has been equal in different sheets, or in different parts of the same sheet. Whether it ever will be equal, let future experimenters determine. Now, as all damp paper stretches, unequal damping produces unequal stretching; and when the sheets have dried after the printing, the 240 Queen's-heads may be all awry. If these were pierced with straight lines of holes, and these lines parallel and equidistant, some of them might run into the engraved device, and might cut off the word 'Postage' at the top, or the two words 'One Penny' at the bottom. Even to this day the difficulty presents itself; and the way it is surmounted is this—a boy stationed at a table receives the sheets as they come from the printers, and measures each sheet rapidly by a gauge, separating the respective sheets into four groups. The sheets of each group differ from those in the next by perhaps a twentieth of an inch in width. The parallel lines of perforations are then adjusted to these widths by a slight change in some of the working details of the machine. The perforating-machine has a number of pins arranged in a row, and fixed downwards to a steel block. The sheets, piled four together, are placed in the bed of the machine; the pins descend and pierce them; the pins rise again; the paper shifts onward to the width of one Queen's-head; the pins descend again—and so the process continues. It is useless to attempt to describe here the delicate mechanism by which all this is effected; even to pull the pins out of the perforations which they have made, has called forth no small amount of ingenuity. Near one of the machines is a box containing that which would puzzle many an inquirer: some would say it is seed, some sand, some dust. It is the assemblage of little circular bits which have been cut or punched out of the perforations, and each is a perfect little circle, smooth on one side and gummed on the other. What a pity it is that such prettinesses are of no use!

One word more about postage-stamps. We have observed that some writers on this subject have talked of *billions* of adhesive stamps. Now billion is an equivocal term: 'according to Cocker,' it means one thing; according to other authorities, it means another; but if it mean a million of millions, then there have *not* been billions of adhesive stamps issued. The number, nevertheless, is surprisingly large; in 1853, it reached about 380,000,000—much more than 1,000,000 a day.

The new penny receipt-stamps—a recent development of the penny-system—have a history of their own, and that history is peculiarly connected with the Stamp Office at Somerset House.

It is of course well known that, until about a year ago, the receipt for money received was written on a stamp, which varied in value according to the amount of money to which the receipt related. There were threepenny, sixpenny, shilling, eighteenpenny, and so on, up to ten-shilling stamps. It is not quite so well known, perhaps, that this tax was very extensively evaded by persons who found many crooked ways to do a crooked thing. The very fact that the average of all the receipt-stamps issued was found to be only fourpence each, shews that the higher stamps must have been ill attended to. The marked success of the uniform penny-post system, led to the suggestion of a uniform penny-receipt system. We forget who made the suggestion; but the government gave in its

\* Second Series, vol. vi. p. 57.

adhesion to the plan, and an act was passed relating thereto in 1853. The act came into operation on the 10th of October in that year. By its provisions, the old and 'costly' rates were repealed, and a new and uniform rate of one penny imposed as a stamp-duty on receipts, and on drafts or orders for the payment of money. The stamp may be either impressed on the paper, or affixed by an adhesive composition, at the option of the parties; but where an adhesive stamp is used, it must be cancelled by being written over, so that it may never be used again. The old receipt-stamps in the hands of any person at the time when the new act came into operation were to be allowed for, or exchanged for new at the full difference of value. There were other changes made at the same time in the stamps for legal documents; the amount of duty in most cases being much reduced.

No one has been more surprised than the stamp commissioners themselves at the wonderful success of this change. Only one short year has passed, and yet the penny receipt-stamps have brought in more than twice the much revenue as the higher-priced stamps of former years. The penny-post stamps were long increasing in importance: they brought in £810,000 in 1840, and gradually rose to £1,780,000 in 1853. But the penny receipt-stamps jumped into favour at once. Nearly 6000 persons in the metropolis alone applied for the substitution of new stamps for old at the time of the change; and we have been informed that 2,000,000 adhesive stamps, and 2,500,000 of non-adhesive, were required for this substitution. Some of the large firms apply for £50, £100, £200 worth of penny receipt-stamps at a time. Taken in the aggregate, there are rather more adhesive stamps than stamped papers used by the public for receipts; but the two classes approach pretty nearly to an equality. From October 1853 to October 1854, the issue of penny adhesive receipt-stamps exceeded 50,000,000; and the two kinds together did not fall far short of 100,000,000—a wonderful proof of the vast number of separate money-payments involved in one year's trade of our busy country. These new features do not relate simply to penny receipt-stamps; commercial bills and promissory-notes have recently come under the operation of a law whereby the stamp-duty is lessened; but the lessening of the duty is accompanied with an increase of strictness, and the stamping achievements of Somerset House will become more and more busy.

With respect to the manufacture of the penny receipt-stamps, there is a peculiarity which is not at present permitted to meet the public eye. An eminent firm prepares them by a process of surface-printing, involving many new and remarkable characteristics, of which we know little, and can say less. The printed sheets reach Somerset House, where Mr Hill's invincible perforators stab them right and left, and then they are ready for sale—like a batch of hot-cross buns, united, yet easily separable. Every Queen's-head on an adhesive postage-stamp has a square border of seventy little perforations; and those on a receipt-stamp are equally close together. Many wholesale stationers provide books of blank receipt-stamps, partially engraved or not; these books are sent to Somerset House to be stamped, and are then saleable to the public in a very convenient form, and at a small advance on the actual price of the stamps themselves.

Every story has, or ought to have, a moral; and so has ours. Our moral relates to the odd forgetfulness of the many-headed public respecting stamps. There are moneys and documents in the hands of the Stamp-office authorities, left there through the sheer negligence of those to whom they belong. A worthy man, but no lawyer, being told that a stamp-duty is payable on a certain document, straightway goes to Somerset House, pays the money, receives a kind of warrant for

acknowledgment, but does not have the document stamped after all; he either does not know or does not think about it, until, perhaps, some time afterwards he is astonished at finding his document wanting in validity. But worse than this, scores of documents have been left at the Stamp Office by solicitors, paid upon, and stamped in proper form, and never called for! Bonds for sums of money, deeds, legal and equity instruments of various kinds, have been thus lying for years unclaimed. The Registrar of one of the departments has given himself a great deal of trouble, out of the daily routine of business, to endeavour to discover homes for these foundlings: in most cases he has succeeded; and in some instances, the owners were truly astonished to find that such documents were a existence. This is an example, analogous on a small scale, to the astounding negligence often displayed by the public in respect to post-letters, with and without money in them.

### AN EPISODE IN MONKEY-LIFE.

I HAVE had some experience of what a jungle-life is in India, and cannot therefore ignore a certain amount of familiarity with a class of animals which, from the days of Eve's temptation, has acquired a character for cunning, malignity, and spite, from which its aspect—at times, indeed, the very beauty of ugliness—by no means exonerates it. Emblems of the revolting and the terrible have serpents always been, and yet who can deny that a certain singular fascination belongs to them, which renders the slenderest details about them strangely interesting, even to those who regard them with utter abhorrence? Not only in the kingdom of Snakedom have I freely wandered, without, alas! having acquired that magical mastery over the reptile men of which George Borrow naturally boasts, but I have also had some dealings with the monkey-tribe; and the other day, as I was hunting up a parcel of old manuscript journals for some records of my ancient soldiery, I came upon a page or two that contained anecdotal reminiscences of facts which I had myself witnessed in reference to both snake and monkey, of sufficient singularity to warrant publication. Let it not be supposed that I am a naturalist, a scientific judge of the creatures of the woods, be they crawlers or mounters, mice or monkeys. I intend simply to relate what fell under my own observation, without pretending to describe classically, or even to classify methodically, the peculiar races to which the individuals of my text belonged. A soldier from early youth, rudely trained in camp and cantonment; I was far more eager to study the gazels and *rehiras* of the love-sick Hindoo poets, or charmed by the sweet-voiced dancing-girls of the Deccan, than to acquire even a superficial knowledge of that useful branch of natural history which would have taught me to distinguish at sight a poisonous from a harmless reptile, a useful and edible from an unwholesome or deleterious vegetable.

Many years ago, in the year 1823, I happened to be with my regiment—a battalion of Madras native infantry—on the march from Bangalore, in Mysore, to Kulladghee, in the Doab. We had reached the hills of Badaury, in the province of Bejapoor, where we halted for a day; and at any place more strikingly picturesque we had not stopped during the three hundred and odd miles we had traversed. Yet it has curiously escaped the observation, and description of which it is worthy: as far as I know, the only mention of Badaury on record are the few lines in *Hamilton's Gazetteer*, that

give it a lat.  $16^{\circ} 6' N.$ , a long.  $75^{\circ} 46' E.$ , and term it a place of some strength, which can be taken only by a regular siege, which would require a heavy equipment. To this scanty and vague account I will only add, that not only from its position, on and among strangely shaped mountains, and the capabilities it possesses, and which have been taken advantage of by the Mahatras, as a fortified station; but likewise from its being a noted stronghold of Hindoo idols, in caves and temples, and mysterious crypts, reached only by winding subterranean stairs and passages cut through the cliffs, it deserves a close survey and scrutiny from some individual willing and able to describe, fully and truthfully, the place and the marvels it contains.

I have never witnessed the wonders of Elora or Elephanta, but though on a diminished scale, the lions of Badaumy are of the same nature, and compel admiration from the least enthusiastic observer. The hill-forts themselves, comprising two different sides or peaks of the same mountain-ridge in whose recesses the small town is built, are specimens of what art can do when nature has prepared the foundation for its labours. At the very top of the steepest precipice, a pool of excellent water supplies that element from sources which no amount of heat has ever exhausted; and down in the narrow valley, amongst the houses of the village, a large and well-built *zabab*, or tank, of delicious water—cool and wholesome, though of a bright emerald green—affords unfailing refreshment. On each side of this pond are houses or gardens, and over two ends of this mountain-gap lower the twin-fortalices, opposite each other—the highest precipice, called Rummundle, being grotesque in shape, and terrific in gloomy grandeur. Encamped outside the town, no sooner had night descended upon us, ere the reports we had heard of the number of sacred monkeys that abounded in the neighbourhood were confirmed. Had we reached the place at night, ignorant of this fact, we might have concluded that we had fallen upon some terrible Armageddon, haunted by rebellious ghouls and afrits in venomous conflict; for from every peak and jutting promontory arose such a discord of monkey-voices, as, in other circumstances, one would have been only too ready to ascribe to diabolic agencies. Yells, shrieks, hootings, indescribably wild, detained us as if by a spell for more than an hour; and presently when the moon rose, we could distinguish the imp-like creatures springing from tree to rock, and from stone to stone, up among the cliffs, and, as we supposed, exercising some warlike evolutions, or engaged in some fierce gala of animal life, until by dint of observation we really came to think they had got up a dramatic representation for our peculiar amusement. We were afterwards informed, that the opposite ridges of the mountains were severally occupied by two distinct families or clans of monkeys—the very Montagues and Capulets of the order *Sinise*—between whom reigned a perpetual feud, which often terminated in blood and death.

Some months after our arrival at Kulladghee, I applied for a few weeks' leave; which being granted, I resolved to revisit Badaumy. I reached it at a season when the surrounding country was arrayed in the brightest livery of summer; and in addition to the attractions supplied by the wild windings and subterranean passages to the hill-forts, with the cavernous temples in the rocks, containing the whole Hindoo Pantheon in beautifully carved images of an amazing size, I found great pleasure in traversing the jungles around, climbing the rocks, and penetrating into the ravines, in search of plants and wild-berries, whose nature and native names were revealed to me by my faithful Mussulman moonshee, or teacher, who had

consented to accompany me. To this truly excellent man, Noor-ood-Deen, I owe my first introduction to the art of simple-gathering; and in after-days, during a campaign, when the addition of a single wholesome vegetable to our wretched meals became a rare luxury, I had reason to remember with gratitude that his advice and teachings had suggested the utility as well as loveliness of the study of botany.

He taught me likewise to observe the habits of those very mankeys, whose nocturnal orgies had startled us on our first arrival at Badaumy, as well as to distinguish the speckled gray and white tree-snake, which is so fatal, from the spotted brown and green one, which haunts the same bowery recesses, yet is harmless. He told me that venomous serpents are generally marked by a greater width of cerebral formation behind, which gives to the neck the appearance of being smaller than it really is; and he warned me to beware of dark and briery paths, where the track of snakes was discernible—such being a sure indication of the vicinity of snakes. From him I learned, that some of the deadliest when taken unawares, roll themselves up spirally, the head elevated, when suddenly uncoiling, they spring forward on their disturber, man or beast, with surprising velocity. Strange things he related of the *dacca*, or revengeful feeling, retained by the cobra *da capello* against any individual who has pursued, or tried to kill it; and of the odd antagonistic feeling of the ape against the cock; the serpent, and the apparently harmless tortoise. A monkey has, indeed, a ridiculous horror of the latter; and I have often tested its more legitimate terror of the viper, by enclosing one in a *chatty*, or earthen-pot, with a covered lid, placed near poor Jacko. Ever inquisitive, he instantly flies to scrutinise the contents of the vessel; but the moment he slowly and cautiously raises the lid, and the serpent's head becomes visible, it is ludicrous to watch the mixture of dread and prudence which agitates him. With a quick motion, he shuts down the lid, screams, and makes the most hideous grimaces, dances round the pot, and presently returns to it, touches the lid, but too wise to lift it, makes a sudden exit from the scene.

But now I come upon that point in my sketch which bears upon my promised anecdote. The moonshee did not accompany me, as I set out one bright morning to ramble about my favourite rocks, where I found ample store of wild plants and flowers, whose names and qualities I better know now than I did then. Amongst the most striking of these may be mentioned the beautiful bael-tree (*Egle marmelos*), which bears a hard, rinded, apple-shaped fruit, of aromatic smell, and covered with a slimy exudation. It has recently been introduced into medical practice in England, as an astringent of efficacy in diarrhoea. Up and around this fine tree clambered a magnificent parasite, the *Cesalpinia paniculata*, festooning the glittering leaves of its supporter with dark glossy foliage and gorgeous racemes of orange blossoms. A shrub, which seemed to be a favourite food of the monkey, yet which belongs to the deleterious oleander tribe, had a peculiarly striking appearance, from bearing at the same time a profusion of snowy blossoms and a grotesque fruit, not unlike twin-pods of a bean, their narrow extremities united together. The whole plant is full of a slimy milk; and if, as I conclude, it be the *Nerium tinctorum* of Roxburgh, and of the order *Apocynæ*, it possesses very powerful qualities as a medicine and as a dye. The *Datura*, too, abounded, scenting the air with an oppressive odour, too luscious for enjoyment. The seeds are frequently conveyed into the potions prepared by the Thug and the Dacoit to stupify their intended victim. But a long article might be made about these Oriental plants, whilst I must proceed with my story.

I was climbing one of the steepest ascents of the Rummundle cliff, when I became aware that an unusual

commotion reigned amongst my friends the monkeys, which had by this time got so familiarised with my appearance, that they seldom condescended to honour me with a snarl, or a bough flung towards me in sport. I was conscious that something went wrong with them; and as I knew that sentiments of superstition, if not of humanity, preserved them from the persecutions of the natives, I became curious as to the cause of the prevalent excitement. Creeping round a rock, behind which they appeared to congregate, and on which grew a large gum-arabic tree, completely golden with the abundance of yellow blossoms which covered it, and which, like Tennyson's lime-tree, was in sooth

A summer-home of murmurous wings—

I at once found myself on the stage of a strange tragedy in simian life. In the voluminous folds of an enormous boa constrictor was being slowly inwrapped a beautiful brown monkey, whose last cries and struggles denoted that I came too late, even had I been prepared to do battle with the reptile in the cause of oppressed innocence. The monkeys, in evident alarm, ran hither and thither, moping and mowing, and chattering; but not one advanced near the spot, where presently their poor companion became almost quite hidden from view in the embraces of its destroyer. Determined to watch the process of the affair, I quietly sat down, until gradually the monkey had been moulded, as it were, into a proper condition for deglutition, for I could hear the bones crack as they broke beneath the pressure to which they were subjected; and ere long, as the serpent began to untwist its folds, I could admire at leisure the magnificence of its glittering scales, that shone like some richly variegated metallic substance. I shuddered as I beheld its grand and awful head—the prominent orbits of the eyes—and the eyes themselves large, and luminous with a fiery light. The creature was at least twenty feet in length, and was apparently famished by a long fast. Perfectly heedless of the noise made by the monkeys, it unwound its coils till the victim, now an unrecognisable mass, lay before it lubricated and fit to be received into the destroyer's stomach.

When the reptile had fairly commenced its repast, and the before flaccid body began to fill and swell, I retired from the arena of conflict and hall of banquet, desirous of summoning my friend Noor-ood-Deen to assist me in capturing the sated giant. I knew that when gorged to repletion, there would be no difficulty in making a prize of the serpent; and the moonshoe entered into my plans right willingly. Accompanied by a stout lascar, bearing a strong cudgel and a sharp knife, for slaughter and skinning, we lost little time in reaching the scene, where, however, fresh marvels were being enacted, proving that the passion of revenge is not confined to the human breast. Keeping aloof, we resolved not to mar by any interference the by no means mystifying operations in which the monkeys were engaged.

The boa constrictor lay, thoroughly gorged, and like a log of wood, beneath the same projecting mass of cliff where I had left it. On the summit of this rock a troop of monkeys had assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of the massive stone, already loosened by time and the elements, from the rest of the ledge. This mass almost overshadowed the reptile. By enormous exertions, made in a silence that was rare with them, they at last succeeded in pushing it onwards until it hung over the boa's head, when uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled until it took a diapason of undescribable discord, by a vigorous movement they shoved it sheer down. The heavy mass fell right on the serpent's head, crushing

it as if it were a cocoa-nut; and as the reptile heaved its fearful tail about in the final struggles of life, we could not refrain from joining in the singular chorus of rejoicing with which the monkeys now celebrated their accomplished vengeance. Truly, from the feats of the malicious baboon that gloried in the name of Major Weir, to the amiable creature of which Philip Quarles tells, I can remember of no recorded facts that surpass this evidence in favour of monkey-memory and monkey-wisdom, and I vouch for its truth as far as it goes, knowing well that my friend Noor-ood-Deen, still flourishing in the Black Town of Madras, will add his testimony to any applicant for confirmation of the anecdote.

### THE AMERICAN GLENCOE.

In travelling through Nova Scotia, the tourist is struck with the numerous memorials of the early French inhabitants. Along the roadsides are seen ancient orchards, which had been planted by those industrious and peaceful settlers. Rows of tall Lombardy poplars, also, remind us of France; and in the alluvial plains of Cornwallis and Annapolis, our attention is called to long green mounds, or dikes, which had been constructed by the old French proprietors. Wherever, indeed, there is any old work of art, it is French, unless it happen to be a decayed blockhouse or fort, which had been erected for the purpose of oppressing that ill-treated people. One hears so much of the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, that it would almost seem as if there were nothing to be admired in any other class of American settlers; and yet in the original French occupants of Nova Scotia would have been found an example of great integrity, with a kindness of manner and a depth of piety seldom equalled; while the sufferings to which this people were subjected at the hands of the British government must ever command the utmost sympathy and regret.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that Nova Scotia, under the name of Acadia, was the earliest French possession in America. There, a few adventurous families from the north of France had built their dwellings about sixteen years before the Puritans landed in Massachusetts. In process of time they had cleared the forest, multiplied in numbers, and in all respects approved themselves a thriving and peaceable community. Through a long succession of years, nothing appears to have disturbed them in their solitary and hard-earned possessions. As French subjects, and professors of the Roman Catholic religion, they may have been to some extent obnoxious to the narrow English settlements, the inhabitants of which, from strong hereditary reasons, had a fierce abhorrence of 'popery;' but with these the Acadians had too little intercourse to be much influenced by the feelings or opinions they might entertain respecting them. Nor were they, for a long time, much disturbed by the contest in which the French and English governments became engaged for the acquisition of further territory and the consequent limitation of the power of the nation. This contest, however, was frequently interrupted by treaties and arrangements respecting boundaries, some of which had reference to the occupation of Acadia; and at length, by a stipulation made at the Peace of Utrecht, the province was finally ceded to Great Britain.

The change of sovereignty does not appear to have first effected any material alteration in the

condition of the people. It was intended to secure their obedience by intermixing them with English colonists; but the presence of a feeble garrison at Annapolis, and the emigration of hardly half-a-dozen English families, were for many years nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, scarcely conscious that they had changed their rulers. They took, indeed, an oath of fidelity and submission to the English king; but in return they were promised indulgence in 'the true exercise of their religion, and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians.' On account of this, they became known under the name of the 'French neutrals.' For nearly forty years from the Peace of Utrecht, they were left undisturbed in the possession of their prosperous seclusion. 'No tax-gatherer counted their folds; no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from the alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded fifty and thirty fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed and comfortably furnished; and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle. Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbours of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company with the monopoly of the fur-trade, counted perhaps 16,000 or 17,000 inhabitants.\*

At length, however, England vigorously undertook to colonise the country, and from that time the independence of these simple people began to be seriously affected. In March 1749, proposals were made to disbanded officers, soldiers, and marines, to accept and occupy the vacant lands; and before the end of June, more than 1400 persons, under the auspices of the British parliament, were conducted by Colonel Edward Cornwallis into the harbour of Chebucto. 'There, on a cold and sterile soil, covered to the water's edge with one continued forest of spruce and pine, whose thick underwood and gloomy shade hid rocks and the rudest wilds, with no clear spot to be seen or heard of,' rose the present town of Halifax. Before winter, 300 houses were covered in. At a place now called Lower Horton, a blockhouse was also raised, and fortified by a trench and a palisade; while, on the present site of Windsor, a fort was soon erected, to protect the communications with the town. These positions, with Annapolis on the Bay of Fundy, secured the peninsula to the English, a part of which had now again become matter of dispute between the French and British governments.

To make sure of the submission of the French inhabitants, it was suddenly proclaimed to their deputies convened at Halifax, that English commissioners would repair to their villages, and require them to take the oath of allegiance unconditionally. This placed them in a perilous predicament. They could not pledge themselves to join in war against the land of their origin and love; and so, in a letter signed by a thousand of their men, they pleaded rather for leave to sell their lands and effects, and abandon the peninsula for other homes, which France, as they supposed, would generously provide. But Cornwallis would offer them no choice, save between unconditional allegiance and the total confiscation of their property. 'It is for me,' said he, 'to command and to be obeyed;' and as he had the power to enforce his unjust exactions, the poor Acadians were subjected to the most merciless severities. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken from them. In cases where their property was demanded for the public service, they were informed that 'they were not to be bargained with for payment.' An order to this effect, says Mr Bancroft, may still be read in the council records at Halifax. They were told that they must comply, without making any terms, and that 'immediately,' or 'the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents.' And when on some occasions they delayed in providing firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the government, that if they did not do it in proper time, the soldiers should 'absolutely take their houses for fuel.' Under pretence of fearing that they might rise in behalf of France, escape to Canada, or convey provisions to the French garrisons, they were ordered to surrender their boats and firearms; which, accordingly, they did, leaving themselves defenceless, and without the means of flight. Not long afterwards, orders were given to the English officers to punish the Acadians at discretion, should they in any case behave amiss; if the troops were annoyed, vengeance was to be inflicted on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not, after the rate of 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

These, and similar severities, were in course of perpetration for nearly seven years. Meanwhile, the French, who disputed the right of the English to a portion of the country which they claimed, took military occupation of the isthmus that formed the natural boundary between Acadia and the province of New France. Hence, however, their forces were ejected with little difficulty in 1755, and thenceforward the Acadians seemed to be left without the possibility of redress. In their extremity, they cowered before their masters, hoping forbearance; not unwilling to take an oath of fealty to England, yet in their single-mindedness and sincerity, still refusing to pledge themselves to bear arms against the land from which they sprung. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could have exercised clemency without the slightest apprehension. But the men in power shewed no disposition for acts of generosity or conciliation. Indignant at the obstinate consistency of the people, they sought only to reduce them to a humiliating dependence, and in the plenitude of their tyranny, resorted to a project which the judgment of humanity must denounce as treacherous and dastardly. It was planned in secret, and no whisper of a warning was given of their purpose till it was ready for being put into execution.

It was, in fact, determined, 'after the ancient device of Oriental despotism,' to carry away the French inhabitants of Acadia into captivity to other parts of the British dominions. In August 1754, Lawrence, the lieutenant-governor of the province, had written to Lord Halifax in England: 'They have laid aside all thought of taking the oaths of allegiance voluntarily. . . . They possess the best and largest tract of

\* Bancroft's *History of the American Revolution*.

land in the province; if they refuse the oaths, it would be much better that they were away.' The Lords of Trade in reply, veiled their wishes under the form of decorous suggestions. 'By the treaty of Utrecht,' said they, referring to the French Acadians, 'their becoming subjects of Great Britain is made an express condition of their continuance after the expiration of a year; they cannot become subjects but by taking the oaths required of subjects; and therefore it may be a question, whether their refusal to take such oaths will not operate to invalidate their titles to their lands. Consult the chief-justice of Nova Scotia upon that point; his opinion may serve as a foundation for future measures.'\*

In the day of their affliction, France remembered the descendants of her sons, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands and homesteads to their conquerors; but in his answer, the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused them the liberty of transmigration.

Some of the inhabitants pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and guns, promising fidelity if they could but retain their liberties, and declaring that not the want of arms, but their consciences, should engage them never to revolt. 'The memorial,' said Lawrence in council, 'is highly arrogant, insidious, and insulting.' Nevertheless, the memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. 'You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy,' said he deridingly, 'though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity.' 'Guns are no part of your goods,' he continued, 'as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restrained from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses.' It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity, as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the council.†

To this demand the deputies replied; that they would do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine. The next day, however, foreseeing the sorrows that awaited them, they offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told, that by a clause in a certain British statute, persons who have once refused the oaths cannot be afterwards permitted to take them; but are to be considered as popish recusants; and as such they were immediately imprisoned. The chief-justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many innocent families, insisted that they were to be looked upon as confirmed 'rebels,' who had now collectively, and without exception, become 'recusants.' Besides, as they were still 8000 or more in numbers, and the English did not exceed 8000, they stood in the way of 'the progress of the settlement;' 'by their noncompliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown;' and after the departure 'of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out.' 'Such a juncture as the present might never occur,' so he advised that the French inhabitants should not be permitted to take the oaths, but that the whole of them should be removed from the province. After mature consideration, it was resolved in council to act on this suggestion; and in order to prevent the ejected people from attempting to return and molest the settlers that might be set down on their lands, it was determined that it would be most proper

to distribute them amongst the several colonies on the continent.

To secure the success of the scheme, an ingenious artifice was adopted. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, they were peremptorily ordered—'both old men and young men, as well as all the infants of ten years of age—'to assemble in specified localities on the 5th day of September (1754). Not knowing for what purpose, they innocently obeyed. For example at Grand Pré, 418 unarméd men came together. They were marched into the church, and the doors were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, came up, and thus addressed them: 'You are convened together to manifest to your majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.' And he thereupon declared that the king's prisoners. What a confused mocking irony there must have rung through that expression, 'his majesty's goodness!' The pitiful privilege which that goodness granted might as well have been withheld since in effect it did not render them any the less destitute. Their wives and families were also the king's prisoners—numbering with themselves 1000 persons. The doom which had been some time preparing for them took them completely by surprise. They had left home, as they supposed, but for the morning, and now they were never to return. Their cattle were truly wasted in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

But a still more bitter day was coming. It was fixed that on the 10th of September a part of the exiles should be embarked. 'They were drawn up six deep,' writes Mr Bancroft, 'and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the sturdy rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarméd youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and singing hymns. The seniors went next: the wives and children trust wait till other transport vessels arrive. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-starved, broken-hearted sufferers before the last of them were removed. 'The embarkation of the inhabitants went on but slowly,' wrote Monckton from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; 'the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.' Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, 100 heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. 'Our soldiers hate them,' wrote an officer on this occasion; 'and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will.' Did a prisoner seek to escape? he was shot by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than 8000 had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwags of the natives. And

\* Halifax and his Colleagues to Lawrence, 20th Oct. 1754. Quoted by Bancroft, i, p. 227.

† Record of Council held at Halifax, 3d July 1755. Quoted by Bancroft.



3000 of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia alone; 1020 to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; having the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as labourers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

Poor wanderers! how they sighed for the pleasant villages whence they had been so cruelly driven out, and where they had so long dwelt so peacefully! But the hand that had expelled them was sternly raised to hinder them from returning. Their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were heaps of ruins. In one district, as many as 250 of their houses, and more than as many barns, were entirely consumed. Their confiscated livestock, consisting of great numbers of horses, sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the unscrupulous officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows. The whole land was cast back into the wilderness, and had the dispersed inhabitants gone back to it, they would have hardly recognised a spot within its boundaries.

The exiles could not rest in their captivity; but relentless misfortune pursued them, by whatever way they sought after deliverance. Those sent to Georgia, driven by a love for the spot where they were born, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting on from harbour to harbour till they reached New England; but just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St John's, were once more driven out from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, the 1800 who remained south of the Ristigouche were pursued by the scourges of unrelenting hatred. Those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and in return, his lordship, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be consigned to service as common sailors on board of ships of war, and thus be kept from ever again becoming troublesome. No doubt existed of the king's approbation of these proceedings. 'The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that the zealous endeavours of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success.' Wherever they turned, or whatever they did, these despoiled and outcast people encountered nothing but calamity. In their abject desolation, it even seemed to them that their cause was rejected by the universe. 'We have been true,' said they, 'to our religion, and true to ourselves, yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.' Their hard fate might well impress them with even that disheartening conviction; yet it was not nature's doing, but man's inhumanity to man, which in so many other instances 'has made countless thousands mourn.' Theirs, truly, is as sad a story as it can readily fall to one's lot to read; and as such, it cannot fail to excite interest and sympathy in all who can feel compassion for the desolate and oppressed.

By these deeds of violence, the French were extirpated from Acadia. Only a few in obscure nooks escaped; and the descendants of these till the present day retain the language, the manners, and the religion of their forefathers—a curiosity in the present social system of Nova Scotia.

## M A R E T I M O.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ON BOARD THE FILIPPA.

WHAT had happened to Walter Maasterton is emblematic of a great deal that takes place in this world. Endeavouring to carry out by his own strength and ingenuity a complicated plan, he found himself crossed and hustled at every step by others whose objects were precisely similar. Most men grope towards their goal in the dark; and by shrinking from contact with things they do not understand, wander often into tortuous paths, and lose their way. However, if Walter had opened his heart to Luigi Spada on the road from Trapani to Palermo, he would have gone direct to Naples, and never have seen Bianca—never have felt his mind quickened with that sentiment of mingled joy and distrust, of hope and anguish, which formed his companion during all that night of mysterious imprisonment in the chief cabin of the *Filippa*. Under other circumstances he might have given way to despair. As it was, he resigned himself to his fate, with tolerable philosophy, as the best of us do when we have done our utmost to promote the happiness of others and have failed. A few days before, he desired nothing very ardently save the deliverance of Paolo about the beginning of the next month. The horizon of the future closed in there. Now it seemed to have retired to an infinite distance, whilst becoming far more undefined and shadowy. This is an unfavourable mood of mind for action. We tread rapidly along a winding road, which offers new though narrow prospects at every turn; but on reaching the skirts of a boundless plain, we falter, hesitate, and sometimes sit down faint and disheartened.

A bright gleam of light—the first ray of the sun rising over the Calabrian hills—had just burst through the narrow window of the cabin where Walter was well bolted in, when he heard voices without, exchanging rapid phrases that seemed the end of an animated discussion. The door opened, and two persons entered, one of whom he at once recognised as Giacomo, under whose command he had sailed from Maretimo, whilst the other had features that were not unfamiliar, though he could not at first remember where he had seen them.

'May I hope your excellence has passed a good night on board the *Filippa*?' said Giacomo, with a sort of forced familiarity. He was not quite sure that his courtesy would be responded to.

'As good a night,' replied Walter, who was too much a man of the world to shew any useless anger—'as good a night, Signor Giacomo, as a man can pass who has been kept sleepless in trying to account for his strange reception.'

'We owe you a thousand pardons,' quoth Giacomo, more at his ease; 'but if you had not shewn so decided a wish to escape our company, we should certainly have relieved your mind before we were out of the Faro. Cospetto! a man like you was capable of leaping overboard and swimming for shore. You have done something more difficult still. I should have been drowned myself in that frightful caldron under the rocks of Maretimo.'

It is needless to say that Walter began to have some respect for Giacomo's good sense.

'Well,' said he, sitting down on his bed, whilst the others took position on a bench opposite, 'how far are we on our way to Naples?'

'That entirely depends on your answers to our questions,' said the other person, who had not yet spoken.

'That voice,' exclaimed Walter, 'I have heard it before!'

Then looking steadfastly at him, he added:

'I hope the abbate has recovered from the fatigues of his journey.'

Luigi Spada bit his lip, for he was very proud of his cleverness in assuming disguises. What Walter added put the finishing-touch to his displeasure, and threw him into a hostile state of mind.

'Spectacles and wig make a change for the worse in your appearance. How a handsome young fellow like you can look so much like a wizened old gentleman passes my comprehension.'

This was meant for irony, and was taken as such. Luigi remained silent.

'Per Bacco,' said Giacomo, scratching his head in a meditative way; 'a man who can see so easily what is meant to be hidden is dangerous. Do you know, sir, that frankness of that kind in some cases might lead to an introduction to the fishes? We cannot abide in Sicily that our garments should be transparent.'

Walter felt that his safety depended a good deal on the impression produced of his personal character. He determined to appear bold and reckless.

'Bah!' exclaimed he, with a gesture of indifference. 'You Sicilian pirates or banditti—[he disregarded their affected indignation]—never, I am told, commit a crime without necessity. Now, until you can shew me a better motive for putting me out of the way—as I am a bird of passage, and shall most likely never see your faces again—allow me to consider myself perfectly safe.'

'But you have money,' said Giacomo, exceedingly amused, and trying, without much success, to look sombre.

'If you had wanted that, I should have been over-board long before daylight.'

This was just the way to master Giacomo's confidence. He smiled approvingly, and made no comment on this answer, save by an encouraging nod. It now became the turn of Luigi Spada to speak. Since this eccentric young man had first met Walter, he had regarded him in alternate hours as a concealed friend or an artful foe—as one interested in the fate of Paolo, or as an agent employed by the Sicilian government to penetrate the plots which were known to be in permanent existence, and which tended to take a political character, though professedly aiming only at the liberation of the Prisoner. Di Falco, of course, knew nothing that had been going on during his year's imprisonment; but scarcely a month had passed without some arrest taking place, or some perquisition being made, in connection with a real or supposed plan of rescue. All the energies of Sicilian patriots had been turned in this direction. Most of them knew not, or had forgotten, that the object of their sympathy was the victim, not of his political opinions, but of a sentimental passion—that he was suffering in the cause of Angela, not of Liberty. He had become the martyr of the day; and all Sicilians—except such as were content to bask through life like lithe lizards in the sun, without ever exerting the privilege of thought—were divided into the friends and enemies of Di Falco. The former were in the majority; but wealth and influence were on the other side. Both parties, however, bestowed little thought or sympathy on the actual condition of the poor Prisoner. He might have been dead. They had come to speak of him quite as an abstraction. It was only when Luigi Spada exerted his talents for combination and conspiracy, that anything like a practical scheme was set on foot. Up to the time at which our narrative has arrived, no actual attempt at rescue had been made—real or false alarms having always intimidated and dispersed the little parties that had been got

together for this purpose. With all due respect to Luigi Spada, there seemed every likelihood that as long as he had the management of matters, they would continue in the same unsatisfactory state.

Most conspirators err by being too clever, and attract attention by the very precautions they take to hide their movements. Luigi had been successful only in concealing the part he played and the influence he exerted. The object of his intrigues was further off than ever; for the police, hearing every now and then the name of Paolo di Falco in men's mouths, and not knowing whence the impulse came, were ever on the alert, especially towards the western end of the island. Long before the period at which our narrative has arrived, the worthy bishop of Trapani had been denounced as an accomplice in some mysterious plot, and nothing but his well-known timidity had saved him from arrest.

Luigi, a little irritated by the facility with which he had been recognised, was disposed now to put the worst interpretation on the circumstances that seemed to connect Walter with the Marchese Belmonte. The politeness he had received from the commandant of Maretimo, his eagerness to reach Messina, his visits to the palace, the unusual amenity of the governor—were facts quite sufficient to counterbalance the ingenious inferences of Giacomo. That straightforward fellow, indeed, had nothing whereon to ground his original belief that Walter was a friend, not a foe, except his own theory of the excellence of human nature. The Englishman had been saved from a miserable death by Paolo, therefore he must be interested in his fate. It would be dangerous, friend Giacomo, in this world to trust much to conclusions drawn from such premises as that. So had argued Luigi, who affected to understand men—that is, to have a very bad opinion of them; and yet he himself had been on the point of confiding in Walter, precisely on account of the frankness of his demeanour. In the course of the previous day, several plans had been proposed and rejected. Giacomo, convinced at last by circumstantial evidence that Walter was nothing but a spy, had seriously recommended the intervention of a Sicilian poniard; and it is quite possible that his recommendation might have been carried into effect, but for the series of accidents by which the intended victim had been led on board the *Filippa*.

'Sir Englishman,' said Luigi sternly, 'we do not recognise your nationality in this interchange of sharp sentences. It may be you have learned cunning in these latitudes. But you must not think to fight Sicilians with their own weapons.'

'As to fighting, I have no wish for it,' replied Walter, 'except just enough to set me free if I see my way. I am your prisoner, here—out in the open sea. Be frank, therefore, and let me know what you expect to gain by me.'

'Nothing by you—perhaps much by your temporary absence from the scene of your manoeuvres—it may be, a little by the confessions you may be led to make. We do not use threats; your position is a sufficient threat. It will continue until we know with certainty what your movements have to do with the fortunes of Paolo di Falco.'

Had it been possible for Walter to guess the motives and the position of Luigi Spada and Giacomo, he could now at once have come to an understanding with them, and have obtained two valuable auxiliaries. But the idea forcibly suggested itself, that their objects were diametrically opposed to his, and that it was necessary to display all his powers of dissimulation. He denied, therefore, having any acquaintance with the Prisoner, though he admitted the obligation he lay under to him, because he knew that so far Giacomo was well informed.

'Gentlemen,' said he, without feeling much compunction for the falsehood, 'for he thought he had

to do with pirates or police-agents, 'it must be evident to you, if you reflect a moment, that my journey has nothing to do with that unfortunate person. I am an Englishman, travelling for my pleasure. Signor di Falco saved my life—true—and I feel grateful; but my gratitude must be sterile, for I know not how to serve him.'

'Then why,' exclaimed Luigi, producing a folded paper which Walter at once recognised—'why were you going to Naples with this letter to the Princess Corsini, in whose house the wife of Paolo di Falco dwells?'

Giacomo was not aware until that moment of the existence of the tell-tale document, which had fallen from Walter's pocket during the struggle on the deck. He felt now convinced that they had to do with a traitor, and went away, gruffly saying that Luigi knew best what course to follow. The detestation felt in Sicily for the police, and all who are supposed to be in their pay, is so great, that even in cold blood, if ordered by the captain, not a man on board the vessel would have objected to throw their prisoner overboard, on the very doubtful chance of his being able to swim ashore—a distance of several leagues. The idea had, indeed, been warmly discussed all the morning; and several sailors, who would not have consented to actual murder, tried to persuade themselves that a man who had passed safely through the breakers under the rocks of Maretimo, might possibly reach the curved beach of Pizzo, then in sight towards the east, if he were gently dropped into that smooth sea. At anyrate, half-smugglers, quarter-pirates, and quarter-patriots that they were, there was a very general agreement that the *Filippa* was too respectable a place to harbour such a worthy; and the deck of the little vessel soon began, on a small scale, to assume the character of a continental street when an emeute is brewing. The sailors first talked two and two; then collected in larger groups; and then coming all together, excited one another by words and gesticulation.

Walter, finding what he called his diplomacy a decided failure, had resolved to remain silent, and await whatever ill's fortune might have in store for him; so that Luigi in vain endeavoured to obtain a further insight into his character and plans. The young Sicilian, who had a very lofty idea of the part he was playing in the world, and looked upon himself as the representative of an injured people whom he was ultimately to serve on a much grander scale, felt perfectly satisfied for the present with the course things had taken. If he had himself failed in bringing into any shape his project for liberating Paolo, and had returned discomfited from Trapani, he had, as he thought, discovered the existence of a dangerous counter-project—a base conspiracy working by an agent who, from his appearance and nation, would have been unsuspected save by the very clever, and having for its object, no doubt, to act on the mind of Angela by means of false news from Maretimo, in order to induce her to consent to the known desires of her father, and acquiesce in the dissolution of her marriage. Luigi left the cabin, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and already, in the activity of his mind, arranging some wonderful new scheme which was to result in the liberation of the Prisoner. He carefully put by the letter of Bianca, intending to use it for his own purposes. When he had decoyed Walter on board the *Filippa*, the possibility had been contemplated by himself and Giacomo of landing him at some distant point—on the island of Corsica, for example—just to take time for counter-acting whatever evil designs he might entertain. This proceeding, however, now promised to be dangerous, Walter having recognised Luigi so easily through his various disguises. When the young conspirator, therefore, went on deck to give orders that the vessel's course should be shaped for the Bay of Naples, he was

in a state of great perplexity, and felt rather relieved on hearing a general murmur that the spy must be 'put overboard.'

The influence of an expression is wonderful. No one present would have entertained the thought for a moment of assassinating Walter by steel or lead; but all by this time, having excited themselves by talk, were quite prepared to throw him into the sea, at a distance of at least two leagues from land, and so consign him to certain death. There was a curious state of mind. With the exception of one or two, they had no knowledge whatever of the private or public interests which so occupied Luigi and Giacomo. But they were Sicilians, firmly united, not in any common object, but in hatred of the Neapolitan oppressor. Their captain, who paid them well, and his employer, as Luigi was supposed to be, chose to mingle a little conspiracy of their own with the illicit trade in which the *Filippa* was generally engaged. Whatever its object, they sympathised in it, and wished its success; and as Walter seemed to be an impediment, and was supposed to wear round his neck the millstone of Neapolitan protection, why they naturally regarded him as an enemy—that was all.

That was all, at first. But evil passions, caressed for awhile, take unexpected developments. Talking for an hour or so under that hot sun of the English spy, whose features even were known to none, these half-savage sailors began by degrees to feel strangely anxious to deal roughly with him. Sitting in a circle on the deck, as the *Filippa*, bending under a gentle breeze, steadily pursued its northern course, they talked more and more fiercely, until many an eye began to flash, and all cheeks grew red with excitement. Giacomo had thrown out an expression of anger and disappointment in passing. The appearance of Luigi was the signal of explosion; and, as we have hinted, no sooner did he appear, than every one shouted: 'The spy to the water!—the spy to the water!' Then first one rose, and then another; and suddenly, before Luigi, who did not expect matters to come to a point so rapidly, could collect himself and reflect on the horrible nature of the act which he encouraged at first by his silence, half-a-dozen men had rushed down into the cabin.

'Giacomo—where is Giacomo?' cried Luigi, looking anxiously around for the captain, who had taken his turn at the wheel, and performed the duty mechanically with his eyes half shut. We cannot say whether he had approved the intentions of his crew or not. He had felt kindly towards Walter, on account of the bravery of his bearing; but once convinced that he was a spy, he had suppressed the sentiment, and probably pondered anxiously on the danger, both to the cause in which he was engaged and to his own interests, if one who knew so much were allowed to escape. If he had wished to allow the prejudices of his crew to have free play, he could not have done better than thus to go apart, and leave their uncultivated heads to grow hot and giddy under their red caps, which soon were not redder than their faces. Walter, therefore, when he came to know all, was perhaps not wrong in regarding Giacomo as one who had, at least for a moment, tacitly consented to murder.

Such was the true nature of the act, which had been commenced when Luigi sprang to the side of the captain, and insisted on his resuming the command of the vessel. The crew, made drunk by their own words, had broken into the cabin where Walter was confined; and without attempting to explain their intentions, or giving him leisure to collect his thoughts or his strength, had seized and forced, or rather carried, him up the ladder. He appeared suddenly on deck, his hair streaming in the wind, his garments disordered, just beginning to understand that his life was in danger, more from the infuriated looks of the sailors, and the

violence of their gestures, than from their attack; for he had supposed they had neared some land, and that he was about to be put ashore. There was nothing but an expanse of green waves around; the Calabrian hills shining in the distance. By a violent effort, he threw off those who held him, and endeavoured to retreat below; but several men filled up the way. Then springing aft, he met Giacomo, who had abandoned the wheel, and was coming rather tardily to the rescue. The sails flapped against the mast, and the schooner swung round, for a moment in imminent danger of a capsize. One of the most furious of the sailors ran instinctively to the wheel, and others hastened to master the tackle, which was dashing to and fro. Walter was entirely forgotten for awhile; and when, a second or two after, the *Filippa*, under a breeze that had freshened unnoticed within the past half-hour, went sweeping along, her full complement of canvas spread—just as much as she could bear—there were a great many heads hung down, and sheepish glances interchanged. No one could remember on what grounds that fine handsome fellow, who stood against the mast, and looked with resolute glance around, as if now fully prepared for another attack, had been condemned to death.

But for this episode, which definitively gave Walter a high place in Giacomo's estimation, the misunderstanding that had until then continued would probably never have been explained.

'Signor Luigi,' cried the captain, without any further attempt at disguise, 'we have to do with no spy. One of that brood would have begged for life, and crawled. This man did no such thing. Sir Englishman, am I right?'

'I a spy!' exclaimed Walter, to whose mind a perception of the true state of the case began to come. 'For whom did you take me? I know nothing of your Sicilian plots; but I am the friend of Paolo di Falco.'

'Did I not say so?' cried Giacomo, forgetting that he had said the contrary likewise.

Luigi, not to lose credit for perspicacity, answered by referring to his own frequently expressed favourable opinion. It would have seemed, to hear these two fine diplomatists, that never for a moment had they doubted the friendliness of Walter's intentions.

'Yet they were very near letting us make tunny-bait of him,' murmured a sailor, expressing public opinion as it was then on board the *Filippa*. The refined intriguers wisely allowed this genuine remark to pass unnoticed; and, accompanying Walter down into the cabin, listened with surprise to his narrative. They both saw at once that for the first time there was now a reasonable chance that their projects, in so far as Paolo's personal welfare was concerned, could be carried out; and to their credit be it recorded, that as Walter explained the practical details of his plan, both ceased for a time to be mere amateur conspirators; and Luigi especially felt the old friendship, which had prompted him at the outset, revive in full force. It was now really the freedom of Paolo that he desired, and not to give a check to Neapolitan pride.

When Walter explained the object of his voyage to Naples, both Luigi and Giacomo expressed the greatest surprise. In the first place, they had never heard of the Lady Bianca, and could not understand what influence a few enigmatical words, hastily written by a person of no apparent position, could have with the Princess Corsini.

'She is a proud, inaccessible woman,' said Luigi; 'and we know has received strict orders to keep Angela in perfect seclusion. I have myself been to Naples to attempt an interview, and without success. You Englishman may be more fortunate. The gates of palaces seem to open for you as if by magic; and you find unknown princesses to give you advice and assistance.'

The satirical tone in which Luigi Spada spoke of Bianca only half pleased Walter, who had sense enough, however, to know that he must not exhibit any symptoms of annoyance. He asked for his letter; and carefully put it away, observing, with a self-satisfied smile, that he had no doubt of its proving a passport to the presence of Angela.

'It is quite proper,' said Luigi, 'to prepare Angela for flight before the news come of her husband's escape. She would otherwise be so closely confined, that his freedom would be worth but half its price; and he would be sure to come fluttering like a moth round the candle. Are we certain, however, of success? If not, it would be a sad thing to provoke that poor lady to wander forth into the world alone.'

'True,' said Walter. 'We must leave the matter to her own choice. For my part, I have no doubt the plan will succeed. We have made a certain progress this day by some rather odd steps. All I wanted was a vessel with a trustworthy crew. The *Filippa* was evidently made for the purpose. She lies off a mile or two from shore, and sends in her boat as soon as darkness comes on. Paolo is at his post.'

'Of that we must not be sure,' said Giacomo. 'I do not like to hear that Carlo Mosca is even half in the secret.'

'He volunteered his good offices.'

'So much the worse. I knew the man. He is by nature a jaller; and fancies he was destined to be a prince. He will sell himself to the highest bidder; and be mastered by the instinct of fidelity, even if it be too late to save his own neck. Let us hope that Paolo will not trust him further. Even as it is, depend upon it, he suspects all, even if he overheard nothing.'

Walter was not the man to lay much stress on these forebodings; but he refrained from saying what his thoughts—namely, that it was probably by listening too much to such refinements that the friends of Paolo had allowed above a year to pass without doing more than give the police a few restless nights.

'Well,' said he, 'we must trust something to Providence. There is no merit in playing a game if we are certain to win. Let us do our parts at any rate. What are our plans for Naples? When shall we arrive?'

'We shall enter the bay, if this breeze continue,' replied Giacomo, 'early to-morrow morning. Then we shall land you in due form at the custom-house; have our papers examined, and proceed to Cirio Vecchia. To do otherwise, would attract suspicion. Then we shall try and get a cargo for Palermo; or if not, it will be safe to go to Trapani, under pretence of the tunny-fisheries. You must do what business you have at Naples, and be back at Palermo at least a week before the appointed night. How shall we meet?'

'It will be necessary to bring the Castelmare into the field again,' said Luigi, smiling at the thought of renewing his little private negotiation on the subject of Antonia. 'The old gentleman is timorous, but he cannot refuse to allow a distinguished stranger to visit his gallery. That is a good excuse for getting into any house in this part of the world,' he added, giving Walter a sly look, which revealed that he understood something of the impression produced by Bianca.

It was accordingly agreed that Luigi and Giacomo should prepare the way for the Englishman, who was to act at Palermo precisely as he had acted at Messina—pretend to be very much interested in pictures, and make an opportunity for seeing the Castelmare gallery—'which contains nothing,' quoth Luigi, 'worth looking at; but an Englishman may be supposed by the ignorant—to be very indifferent about the quality of the pictures shown to him, provided they be pictures.'

The remainder of the voyage elapsed without incident. Walter was now glad to retire early to rest, and found himself, indeed, so overcome by fatigue, that

he had scarcely thought of Bianca a minute, and of Paolo half a second, before he was rocked to sleep by the easy motion of the vessel.

On that very night, Paolo di Falco, after remaining long in a state of almost stupid discouragement, began to revolve in his mind the possibility of preparing a means of escape from the cell in which he had been confined. Although not a rumour reached him of the movements of Walter—although the busy world had again been removed an infinite distance from his solitary life—he felt confident that what friendship could, would be accomplished. He must not lie supine whilst others were labouring for his deliverance. On the 5th of June he was to be down beneath the precipice at the western point of the island two hours after sunset. That rendezvous he must keep; for if he failed, there was no chance, he thought, of meeting Angela, save in eternity.

His first step was to examine more carefully than he had done before the construction of his prison. The door was of solid oak, plated, inside and out, with iron, and moving on rust-hinges let deep into the stone. Beyond it, he remembered, was a short passage, and then another door, equally strong. Probably a guard passed the night there within hearing—a soldier, or Mosca himself. It would be absurd, therefore, even if he had more than a month to spare, to endeavour to break out that way. The small window, placed high in the wall, seemed to offer fewer obstacles; so few, indeed, that he was afraid it must be closely watched. The bars were not very firmly set; and he even imagined that by a vigorous effort he might loosen them. He afterwards ascertained, that a little below the window-sill a number of sharp spikes were driven into the wall, in such a manner that it appeared absolutely impossible for any one to drop down into the moat without being torn to pieces. He could see the points shining by standing on a platform which he made with a chair and table. The moat was about ten feet deep from the window, with mud at the bottom, far more difficult to cross than water. On the other side, the wall rose twenty feet; and along the edge a sentinel occasionally paced.

Paolo calculated that he had twenty-five days to contrive a plan of escape, but only an hour to execute it. Mosca usually made his last visit at sunset, although sometimes, from mere caprice, he returned much later. It would take nearly an hour to reach the place of rendezvous; so that the first part of the attempt must be carried out whilst it was yet partially light. 'Perhaps,' thought Paolo, 'there will be less suspicion at that hour. At any rate, the attempt must be made; for in our foolish confidence, we did not provide against failure, and I shall never have an opportunity of communicating with Walter again. Luckily, my jailers have so great a confidence in the impossibility of my escaping from the island, that they will not much fear that I should risk life or limb for the mere pleasure of wandering a few hours among the rocks. Yet even for that delight, what would I not do! I stifle in this cell. The sight of these bare stones breaks down my spirit. Oh! for the free air around, and the blue sky above; and Angela!'

He was unreasonable in his castle in the air; and after a short time of ineffable delight, fell back into despondency, not to resume his brave project of escape until the next day.

Meanwhile, on sailed the *Filippa*, dashing through the foaming waters before a breeze that swelled by degrees almost into a gale. Ere morning broke, there appeared in the west, far up, a huge flickering flame—a wonderful beacon—the burning breath of Vesuvius. They ran in between the island of Capri and the heights of Sorrento, forming a defile of black shadows in the starlight. Here the fair brisk wind forsook them, though they were not becalmed. Before

they were half across the bay, Walter, whom they had called on deck, could see all the wonderful outline of peaks and precipices, and woody ranges in the dim light of dawn. Then his eager eyes made out white phantom-like villages and cities nestling at the feet of the hills, and casting their pale reflection in the waters as they warmed into life. At first, Naples itself was shrouded in mist; only the ungainly form of the Castel del Ovo advancing into the sea, and the towers of St Elmo high up in the air, looming through, like fragments of a city that had melted away. A long white cloud stretched, like a beam of marble from the tops of Procida and Ischia to the summits of Capri; and beneath could be seen the open sea—smoothed into a level plain by distance—outstretching to a sharp horizon. A brig—all sails set, a mountain of canvas—came towards this wonderful gateway, and caught the first beams of the sun that started up just behind the peak of the volcano, from which then only a pale blue smoke, like a huge feather leaning northwards, ascended. In a few minutes, mist and cloud were seen retreating in one mass, as it were, by the northern channel; and mountain and plain, lava-stream and olive-yard, the forested slope and the bare island rock, scattered villas and clustering hamlets, palace and temple, column and spire—all were refulgent in the golden light of morning; and Walter remained in speechless admiration, until suddenly the *Filippa*, which had progressed all this while, swept gently into port, and noises of all kinds—shouts of fishermen, hails of sailors, and the sharp commands of the custom-house officers—recalled him to himself. With an involuntary sigh, he remembered that he came not to that beautiful land as an artist or a poet, but something in the character of a conspirator.

## THE MONTH:

### THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

#### THE LIBRARY.

THE 'season' has now fairly commenced, rich in promises, which, if realised, will yield us a good literary harvest ere its close. New books are announced in abundance. Some are already passing through the press; others are receiving the last corrections of the writers; while not a few are at present merely dawning above the mental horizon of their authors, and are not likely to shed their light upon the world for many months to come. Among books preparing and prepared, may be mentioned two more volumes of Moore's *Life*, and one of the Fox Papers, by Lord John Russell; *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Sir David Brewster; a Christmas-book, by Mr Thackeray, who has also in preparation another course of lectures upon English literature, for next spring; a Note-book of Adventure on the Wilds of Australia, by Mr William Howitt; a *Life of Montaigne*, by Mr Bayle St John; a new work by Mr John Foster, whose mastery and eloquent *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* is one of the finest biographies in our literature; a new poem by the Laureate, upon the subject of the Battle of the Alma; a History of Domestic Life during the Civil War, by Mr Hepworth Dixon; a new work, entitled *The Scale of Nations*, by Mr Horace St John; and the concluding volume of *Grote's History of Greece*.

Mr Macaulay is said to have two more volumes of his *History of England* nearly ready; but the same statement has been frequently made, and as frequently proved incorrect. Mr Macaulay has, however, been very hard at work for the last three weeks at the table set apart for him in the King's Library of the

British Museum. It may be hoped, therefore, that he is making progress with his work, and that the result of his industry will be kept from the public but a short time longer.

Books upon the East still continue to be issued, but without commanding much attention or success. People are growing tired of such reading. All the authors profess to give the result of personal experience; but a very cursory examination of the one or two volumes, as the case may be, frequently shews that their travels in the East have extended only as far as Mudie's Library or the British Museum. One book, purporting to be a narrative of travel in the Crimea, has recently been published by a highly respectable London house, and professes to be a translation from the German. No further information is vouchsafed; but as the German writer speaks of the admiral in command of the English fleet in the Baltic as 'our Charley,' and as, moreover, much of the information in the book has a good deal the air of the matter in the London daily papers, it seems by no means improbable that the 'German' traveller is a native of Great Britain, who may have performed his journey in the spirit, but who has been bodily present in London the whole time.

One work upon the subject of the East, however—namely, that just published by Lord Carlisle\*—must not be ranked among such books. Lord Carlisle's work is a gracefully written production, not remarkable for much depth or originality of thought, but for a certain good sense and refinement exhibited throughout. The writer of the *Diary* went to the East in the early part of last summer, by way of Vienna, and wrote his book as he journeyed. Armed with the passport his title afforded him, Lord Carlisle, as may be imagined, met with few difficulties or annoyances on his way. He did not even experience the usual vexations that fall to the lot of ordinary travellers, so that we have no chapters of fiery eloquence against bad soup, dishonest landlords, ill-arranged sitting-rooms, or any of the thousand important grievances of which English travellers are so fond of complaining. Lord Carlisle evidently, however, did not like the Turks. He describes the higher classes as without principle—grasping, avaricious, utterly corrupted; the lower classes so ignorant, that they fully believed the allied forces were paid by the sultan to fight; and all classes alike addicted to the most unprofitable and indolent habits. Lord Carlisle is, on the other hand, very favourably disposed towards the Greeks. He considers them the life-blood of Turkey. It is by them, he says, that trade is carried on, and the operations of industry conducted. While the Turkish villages present nothing but broken walls and crumbling mosques, the Greek villages increase in population, and teem with children. Lord Carlisle evidently writes with an unprejudiced mind; and while the ease and elegance of his style will not fail to interest the general reader, there is much in the *Diary* that will command the attention of the more thoughtful. Another book, very unlike Lord Carlisle's, although upon the same subject, is Commander Oldmixon's *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera*.† This naval officer seems to have lost his temper at starting, and never thoroughly to have recovered it during his entire journey. His book is like the echo of one huge grumble. He finds fault with everything, or if he praises, it is only that faults may be brought out the

stronger by contrast. There is a sneering, satirical spirit running through the book, which is particularly displeasing. The reader has no sympathy with Commander Oldmixon, when he finds that Commander Oldmixon has no sympathy with others. The volume makes no pretension to be considered of an instructive description. It was perhaps intended as a kind of companion to those amusing books of travel which Mr Thackeray has given to the world. Indeed, the title is an obvious paraphrase of that author's *Corakili to Cairo*. It is fair to add, however, that in no other respect does Commander Oldmixon's book resemble Mr Thackeray's.

While upon the subject of the East, it may not be uninteresting to state, that Mr Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*, was present at the battle of the Alma, and is still with the British forces. He is a great favourite with the officers, and is described by one of them as a very unassuming, quiet, gentlemanly man. Whether Mr Kinglake, seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth, intends to give us a narrative of the campaign in the Crimea, or whether he is merely travelling for his own personal gratification, has not been stated. A book from him upon any subject is certainly a desideratum. It is said, however, that the success of *Eothen* has rendered him unwilling to try again, lest he should not sustain the great reputation he has gained. Mr Layard was also a spectator of the battle, from a rather confined but tolerably secure position—the mast-head of the *Agamemnon*—and wrote a letter to the *Times*, describing what he saw. Mr Russell, the correspondent of that journal, seems to write his admirable letters in the midst of danger. At the Alma he had a horse shot under him; and on more than one occasion, when before Sebastopol, shells fell within a few yards of his tent. 'Our own correspondent's' post in the East is just now one of danger as well as difficulty.

One of the active but comparatively little-known workers in literature, Mr Samuel Phillips, is no more. The particulars of his life are interesting. He was born in London of parents engaged in trade. Discovering at an early age a talent for the stage, he was, when only thirteen years old, produced at Covent Garden Theatre as a prodigy, but was soon afterwards sent to the London University, and ultimately to Cambridge, at the suggestion of friends, who considered that he had talent which fitted him for something more distinguished than an actor's life. After leaving college, he studied in Germany, and returning to England, was for some time private tutor in the house of the Marquis of Aylesbury. He there resolved to adopt literature as a profession, and wrote in *Blackwood* a novel, *Caleb Stukely*, which was accepted and liberally paid for just as he was beginning to lose all hope. After this his career was one of continued success. An accident led him into communication with the *Times*, and shortly afterwards he was engaged as the literary critic of that journal. That post he continued to hold until the day of his death, contributing many of those powerful articles for which the *Times* has of late years been distinguished. Recently he became connected with the Crystal Palace, and compiled the general shilling-handbook. Mr Phillips, although young in years—only thirty-nine at his death—and in literature, had acquired considerable property simply by the exercise of his pen, and leaves a wife and children well provided for. Consumption was the cause of death. It is some evidence of his heroism of character, that he worked on to the last although aware that the malady from which he was suffering might at any moment terminate his life.

Lord John Russell has been raising his voice in the cause of education at the Literary Institutions of Bedford and Bristol. At the latter place, he delivered to the members a speech, in which he recommended these

\* *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Longman & Co.

† *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera*. By John Oldmixon, Commander, R.N. London: Longman.



to study our national history, and then went on to shew that there was no history worth studying. There was much, however, in the speech of Lord John that was sound and sensible, and it was of a kind likely to do good to those who heard it. Another incident in connection with the education movement, and the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate, is the establishing in London of a Working-man's College. From various causes, Mechanics' and Literary Institutions have not answered the expectations of their originators. Starting with the best possible intentions, they have in many cases either failed outright, or become little better than mere reading-rooms and lecture-halls. The Working-man's College, let us hope, will not follow in the same path. Classes are to be commenced for the study of Biblical and Secular History, Geography, Geometry, Grammar, Law (the Law of Partnership especially), Politics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Mechanics, Drawing, Arithmetic, and Algebra, Vocal Music, and Public Health. These classes are to be conducted by well-qualified teachers, under the general direction of the Principal Professor Maurice. To render them really accessible to working-men, the classes will be held in the evening, and a very moderate fee will secure admission. Any working-man of ordinary elementary education will be qualified to enter. The Drawing-class will, it is said, be under the direction of Mr John Ruskin. The first term commenced on the 31st of last month. Every friend of education must wish well to a project which, a few years ago, would have been laughed at as Utopian, but which, whether ultimately successful or otherwise, cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most remarkable and gratifying evidence of the advancing intelligence of the present day.

A book that deserves to be mentioned ere closing this notice, is the *History of Turkey*, by Sir George Larpent, from the Journals of Sir James Porter.\* Sir James Porter was intended for commercial pursuits, and commenced active life in a mercantile house. Circumstances led to his introduction to Lord Carteret, who was so much pleased with his abilities, that he employed him in various diplomatic business. Apt and diligent, Lord Carteret's pupil acquitted himself so well, that after a short term he was appointed to an office with Sir Thomas Robinson, then British envoy at the court of Vienna. This mission ended, he became ambassador at Constantinople, and held that post from 1747 to 1762. Returning to England, full of wealth and honour, he was knighted, retired from active life, and died at the age of sixty-six, in the year 1786. While an ambassador at Constantinople, he collected a vast amount of information respecting the state of Turkey—a portion of which was published in his lifetime. In addition to the materials he has derived from Sir James Porter's papers, Sir George Larpent presents us with the result of his own investigation and reading—Ubicini being one of the writers he is most indebted to. Thus we have in the book before us a picture of the past and of the present state of Turkey, its resources, its religion, its population, its government, its manners, and its customs. The statistics given are evidently from good authority, and are carefully compiled. The work contains an amount of information that will be a useful addition to what we already know of Turkey, and will certainly be read with interest at the present moment.

#### THE STUDIO.

There is little to notice under this heading; for although our painters and sculptors are just now busily occupied in executing commissions and preparing new works, their labours will not be visible to the public eye until two or three months of the new

year have passed away. A scheme for the encouragement of art is stated to have been recently projected in Paris. The object of it is, to establish an association somewhat similar to that of the Art Union, but on a much larger scale. All the world is to be invited to subscribe, and the artists of all nations are to reap the benefit of the subscriptions. It is proposed to enrol 1,000,000 members, who are to pay on entrance 25 francs each. This one payment will constitute life-membership. The sum thus raised would be 25,000,000 francs; and this sum, invested in the four per cents., would yield about £40,000 per annum, which it is proposed to expend in the purchase of works of art, to be distributed among the members in prizes. Mr Blanchard Jerrold, who has been for some time residing in Paris, is said to be one of the promoters. The difficulties inseparable from the management of such a gigantic undertaking seem to forbid, for the present at least, any hope of the idea being realised. The experience of the Art Union, which certainly has not increased in popularity of late years, does not afford much hope that the proposed undertaking would be more successful.

Mr MacIise's picture of the Marriage of Strongbow has been purchased for 2000 guineas by Lord Northwick, and has been added to his collection at Thirlestane House, Cheltenham. Mr MacIise will be in good company, for the collection contains about 100 of the best specimens of the modern school, and a large number of the works of the old masters. Mr MacIise is now engaged preparing his fresco for the House of Lords from the design of this picture.

The approaching Paris Exhibition is a subject of interest in connection with art; and the *Art Journal* has thrown out a novel hint in reference to it, which is well worth attention. It proposes that art workmen—such as are employed in studios—and the higher class of masons, should form themselves into clubs, somewhat analogous to the public-house goose-clubs, but with a very different object—namely, that of collecting enough of money by such payments to enable the subscribers to visit Paris during the Exhibition. There is no doubt that what might be seen in a single week in Paris, at the Louvre alone, would be of the utmost service to many of the higher order of workmen. But the idea is too good to be confined to any one class. All workmen would derive benefit from such a visit; and almost everybody, by such means as the *Art Journal* suggests, might make it. If money can be subscribed, week after week, for a goose, surely it could be spared in like manner for a visit to Paris without any stinting of the ordinary domestic expenditure. There must be many workmen who, if the idea were once acted upon, would willingly forego the luxury of a turkey at Christmas, and, in fact, all the delicacies of the public-house clubs, for such an enjoyment as a sight of Paris!

A monument to Wallace, to be erected on the Hill of Barnweill, near Craigie, has been proposed, and funds have been already collected to give solidity to the suggestion. Mr Patrick Park has been spoken of as likely to produce a suitable design. Marshal St Arnaud is about to have marble honours paid to him at Versailles by the Emperor of the French. The sculptor has not yet been decided on. A very interesting Architectural Exhibition is to open in December, and continue open until February. It will consist of models of buildings, churches, &c., designs in lithography, photography, and specimens of manufactures, carvings, gildings, and new mechanical inventions. A monument to O'Connell has just been commenced in Ireland. We stated in a recent article, that a sale of spurious pictures was reported to have taken place at Birmingham a short time ago. We have since been assured by the conductors of the sale, that the statement is without foundation; and that an action for libel has been commenced against the journal whose

\* London: Hunt and Blackett. 2 vols.

statement we alluded to. The result of the trial will of course place the matter in a true light before the public.

#### THE CRIMEA.

The Crimea is a peninsula of about 8000 square miles, possessing a greater variety of natural resources than perhaps any territory of equal extent in Europe. Three sides of it are washed by the Black Sea, and the north-east side by the Sea of Azov. It forms part of the Russian government of Taurida; and its present condition, as a country neglected, depressed, and debased, is a standing testimony to the evil influence of Russian rule. So far from keeping pace with the progress of the age, the Crimea has sadly retrograded. Her products are shipped off in considerable quantities to Russia, much of them extorted from her in return for the czar's protection. The fertility of some parts of the Crimea is so great, that several of the most valuable of the fruits of the earth can be cultivated, with but slight labour, in the greatest perfection, and to an astonishing extent of increase. This was known to the ancient Greeks, and was taken advantage of by Greece under her system of colonisation. Six centuries before the Christian era, they had begun to form colonies on the northern shores of Asia Minor; and we learn from Strabo, and other writers of antiquity, that they preferred this peninsula, from its containing so many inducements to industrial enterprises, particularly in the richness of its soil, which, it is affirmed, was found to yield a return of fifty times the seed. At one time, indeed, it was considered the granary of Greece, especially of Athens, whose territory, being of small extent, and of indifferent fertility, was unable to maintain its large population by its own produce. There is a deep classical interest in this subject. Demosthenes has, more than once, had his eloquence excited by it. Besides breadstuffs, it still exports hides, morocco, and other fine leathers, silk stuffs of Eastern fabric and pattern, camel's hair, wool, skins, dried fruit, wines, and an endless variety of other products, for which the Crimea, with its appurtenances, has comparatively inexhaustible resources. The population has become a very mixed one, and on this account is only the more likely to sustain an advanced civilisation and industrial progress. The largest proportion, no doubt, consists of Moguls and Turks, united under the common designation of Tatars; but there are Greeks and Russians, and even Germans, in considerable numbers among them, and these latter have for some time past, it is said, been rapidly increasing.—*Journal of Commerce.*

#### POWER OF WOMEN IN TURKEY.

A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her: they seem to detect an impudent woman, to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have discussions or altercations with Turks, if he has a woman of spirit, or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and browbeat them, and by these means not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do, is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his divan; the officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

#### GUNPOWDER.

The source of power in gunpowder lies with the salt-petre. This substance, termed nitrate of potash, consists of nitric acid and potash. Now, the nitric acid is, as it were, an immense volume of atmospheric air, condensed into a solid, ready on demand to assume the air form by the touch of a spark of fire. When sulphur and charcoal are mixed with nitre (saltpetre), and a spark is applied,

the sulphur (brimstone) ignites, setting fire to the charcoal. Air is supplied to these substances by the decomposition of the nitre; the atmosphere condensed therein instantly unites with the combustibles, and the result is an intensely hot gaseous compound, two thousand times the bulk of the original solid. The English government gunpowder is composed of 75 parts of nitre, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. The Russian government powder consists of 73 parts of nitre, 13 of charcoal, and 12 of sulphur.—*Septimus Piesse.*

#### THE REPLY OF THE FAIRIES.

WHERE do we hide when the year is old,  
When the days are short and the nights are cold?  
Where?

When the flowers have laid them down to die,  
And the winds rush past with a hollow sigh,  
And witches and fiends on their broomsticks ride,  
Where do we delicate faeries hide?  
Where?

Some of us borrow the white mouse skin  
(Our gossamer-dresses are far too thin);  
And get up a ball in the palace of ice,  
With a hap and a skip we are there in a trice;  
And we don't go home from these midnight balls  
Till the sun lights up our diamond halls.  
We don't go home till morning.

The queer old elves of the Northern land  
Welcome our beautiful fairy-band,  
Praise our eyes and our curling hair,  
Our nimble steps and our music rare,  
Our golden crowns and the gems we wear,  
And all our rich adorning.

Sometimes we fly to the noonday isle,  
Where summer for ever unfolds smiles,  
And crumple the tropical flowers for beds,  
Where faeries needle their small tired heads;  
But when the stars of the South shine bright,  
We chase the firefly through the night;  
When the tigers growl and the lions roar  
We fly over their heads and laugh the more,  
And pinch their ears and their tails for spite—  
These are our games on a tropical night.

Sometimes we visit the children of earth,  
And take up our stand at the social hearth;  
We hover and sing by the couch of pain,  
Till the frightened dreamer smiles again;  
We polish the lash of a deep-blue eye,  
And hush the troublesome baby's cry,  
And make mushrooms grow on our velvet ring,  
Are not we faeries good little things?

As the dormouse curled in its darkened gran,  
As the mermen and maid in the ice-bound sea,  
As the poor scarlet-breast when it longs for a crumb,  
As the naked woods when the birds are dumb,  
As the torrent peened up in its glittering stream,  
We welcome the sight of the first green leaf.

\* From *Poems*, by B. R. Parker. London: Chapman.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret to be under the necessity of intimating, that for the future we must decline answering inquiries on subjects mentioned incidentally in *The Month* and other articles. In most cases, to obtain and forward the required information costs us a complicated correspondence, interfering sadly with duties which have the general interests of our readers in view. We believe that those requiring the information would, in almost every instance, find it for themselves as easily as through us, if they would take the trouble—which we trust they will henceforth do.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Place, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 48.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## WHIST REVELATIONS.

THE constitution of our town suffers six months of the year from fever, and the other six from collapse. In the summer-time, our inns are filled to bursting; our private houses broken into by parties desperate after lodgings; the prices of everything are quadrupled; our best meat, our thickest cream, our freshest fish, are reserved for strangers; our letters, delivered three hours after time, have been opened and read by banditti assuming our own title; ladies of quality, loaded with tracts, fusillade us; savage and bearded foreigners harass us with brazen wind-instruments; coaches run frantically towards us from every point of the compass; a great steam-monster ploughs our lake, and disgorges multitudes upon the pier; the excursion-trains bring thousands of curious vulgar, who mistake us for the authoress next door, and compel us to 'forge her autobiography'; the donkeys in our streets increase and multiply a hundredfold, tottering under the weight of enormous females visiting our water-falls from morn to eve; our hills are darkened by swarms of tourists; we are ruthlessly eyed by painters, and brought into foregrounds and backgrounds, as 'warm tints' or 'bits of repose'; our lawns are picnicked upon by twenty at a time, and our trees branded with initial letters; creatures with introductions come to us, and can't be got away; we have to lionise poor, stupid, and ill-looking people for weeks, without past, present, or future recompense; Sunday is a day of rest least of all, and strange clergymen preach charity-sermons every week with a perfect kaleidoscope of religious views.

The fever lasts from May until October.

When it is over, horses are turned out to grass, and inn-servants are disbanded; houses seem all too big for us; the hissing fiend is 'laid' upon the lake; the coaches and cars are on their backs in outhouses, with their wheels upwards; the trees get bare, the rain begins to fall, grass grows in the street, and Haukside collapses.

Our collapse lasts generally from November to May. During this interval, we residents venture to call upon each other. Barouches and chariots we have none, but chiefly shandrydans and buggies; we are stately and solemn in our hospitalities, and retain fashions amongst us that are far from new; we have evening-parties very often, and at every party—whist! Not that it is our sole profession, not that it is our only amusement: it is simply an eternal and unalterable custom—whist! We have no clubs to force it into vigour; the production is indigenous and natural to the place. It is the attainment of all who have reached years of maturity; the dignity of the aged, and the ambition of the young; a little whirling in the dance, a little

leaning over the piano, a little attachment to the supper-table, a little flirting on both sides—all this is at Haukside as elsewhere; but the end, the bourn to which male and female alike tend at last after experiencing the vanity of all things else, and from which none ever return, is—the whist-table.

The programme of it all is this—we are asked 'in a friendly way,' to tea at seven punctually, at Mrs A's or B's. We come through the rain—it always rains—in the shandrydans (arks upon wheels), or in close cars, like bathing-machines. Parish-clerk at the door, gravely yet domestically introduces us; small room, with large fire, large piano, large pictures, and excessively small chairs. There are assembled a great number of young ladies, nearly arrived at whisthood, and a very few young gentlemen; these last, too, are hopeless as regards the matrimonial matter; they have stood siege for years at Haukside, and it is well known, have too much discretion to surrender now. The atmosphere is warm even before the urn comes. Three cups of tea have to be taken, and a barrow of heaped-up muffins consumed by each before any diversion is effected. Ladies aforesaid sitting round the walls of the apartment as in the catacombs, and hopeless bachelors doing meaningless civilities; at last our detachment of nine players adjourn to the business of the evening.

Ah, beautiful and solemn sight! four kindred souls at their first winter rubber. I am out at present, but waiting to 'cut in,' and not as yet sufficiently impatient to mar the harmony of the picture. Let us observe together the philosophic and meaning spectacle.

A little conversation of a stately sort, while the cards are being dealt, about the game in March last, which was clearly lost by the finesse in clubs; but immediately that the trump-card is turned, a sublime silence, broken only by the last shuffle of the unused pack, and by the sorting of the remaining hands. I will introduce to your favourable notice the four players (if you have any question to put, speak, if you please, as softly as possible): ladies first. This one with her back to us, with the feather in her hair—which, by the by, I remember to have been white and blue before it assumed its present pink appearance, and can swear to it by the mend in the middle—is Miss Moffat. She is the best player, to my thinking, though some prefer the doctor, in all Haukside. She has a wonderful memory, and tremendous luck! Observe her lots of trumps, and her pictured cards; she never sorts her hand, omitting this upon principle. 'When we sort,' she says, 'we are too apt to alter the position of our suits when one is exhausted, and by that means instruct our adversaries.' On her right is Miss Euphemia Moffat, commonly called, Miss Femmy, who plays

almost as well, but runs great risks with ace and ten; she is at this moment pretending to look happy, in order to deceive, but she has only one good suit in diamond—'a smiling villain,' if it were not that she is a lady. Mr Odin, the partner of Miss Moffat the elder, is a new and untried addition to our squares at Haukside; he has just settled in our neighbourhood, and holds his hand down: Miss Femmy has a sharp eye.

'Hand up, partner,' says Miss Moffat sharply; 'my sister's looking at it!'

Mr Odin blushes, catches it up hastily, and drops a card face upwards upon the table, which, it being his turn to lead, Miss Femmy instantly 'calls.' Her partner, the fourth player, is, or was thirty years since, Captain Fronde of the 101st, King's Own, a kindly officer, who plays a steady game; observe the grace with which he will deliver the smallest card, with a delicate skimming motion, as though he were cutting brawn. He mildly suggests that Mr Odin may be excused his carelessness and its penalty; but Miss Moffat herself—who is as much for 'the rigour of the game' as Sarah Battle—disdains the obligation, and remarks that 'We are not children;' which we certainly are not. The offender is the youngest of the present party, and his head is as shiny and hairless as the knob in the centre of our street-door. The characters of all Haukside may be decided by the manner in which they play at whist. For instance, in poor Mr Odin's case, his appealing look to his partner when in doubt (and, as a general rule, he is always in doubt); his forced and painful smile at his own depravity in holding nothing above a knave; his ill-concealed astonishment when he has won a trick; the hover and uncertainty of his fingers over all the suits when it is his turn to lead, declare to us at once indecision, dependence, and (particularly in his mode of shuffling, thrusting half the cards perpendicularly and slowly into the other half) imbecility.

Look at Miss Femmy's finesse there of king; nine! Her cards sorted a full minute before her neighbours; her everlasting perseverance in 'ace, king, and a little one;' her swift, impatient play; her bitings of the lip, and fretful frowns; and who can doubt her hopeful and fanatic character, her 'speckled enthusiasm?'

Mark, again, the wariness and caution of her sister, in that mistrust of her partner, and in the leading out of all the trumps at once, to make a certainty of her long suit; serene wisdom sitting impassive on her brow. Only once, when Mr Odin pertinaciously refuses to return trumps, and gets his ace of spades into difficulties, you will observe a shadow cross it. How every coin is looked to that she parts with and receives; how just and honest is she in all her dealings; unlike frail sister Femmy, she would not look over Captain Fronde's hand for worlds.

See how he ranks his suit, and 'dresses' the cards in fittest order and rotation; none of the pips inverted, none of the queens permitted to stand upon their heads; he arranges his plan of attack beforehand, and goes into battle with calmness and intrepidity; defeat does not discourage nor incapacitate him—the old soldier and the old bachelor combined.

Now turning to the other table—for there is only one rubber as yet concluded, and we do not 'cut in' until the second—the tall man in moon-spectacles is our Haukside vicar. He plays one invariable game, which no peculiarity in his own or his partner's hand will ever induce him to swerve from. He is always 'forcing' his adversaries; playing unpleasantly small cards, in order to compel the fourth hand to trump. I need not tell you he has through life seen but one

view of any subject; that he is not of a conciliating disposition; and that dissent is rampant at Haukside. He plays very slowly, though everybody knows what is coming; and preaches very long sermons, of which the same may be observed.

His partner is our young squire: youth is some excuse for him, but he certainly approaches whist with a too great levity. I believe in his heart of hearts he prefers what he calls Vanjohn; I have known him deliberately turn round during the progress of a game, and enter into conversation with a bystander; I have seen him lead out from the highest sequence of a suit of eight with a 'Yoick, tally-ho!' that has convinced me he expected every one to go round; I have a serious suspicion that he never counts the trumps; on this occasion, you observe, he trumps all the cards that are intended to force his adversary; he has no faith in any card under a knave. When the parson and he are against me, I estimate my winnings for the two rubbers at three shillings and ninepence, our points being invariably 'threepennies;' he encourages us by words and gesture while at play; he uses expressions now and then that draw 'Gently, gently, Sir Archie,' from the good captain at the other table; he calls the ace of spades irreverently 'Mossy Face.' Our good squire, it may be concluded, is one of the old sort, and a fox-hunter.

One of the two foemen of the parson and squire is our sole attorney: he plays a steady, plodding game, and can quote you precedents from Hoyle and Major A. for every card; one of these volumes is generally in his right-hand coat-tail pocket, along with his tortoise-shell spectacle-case and his purse: this I know, because they are all brought out together, and arranged upon the whist-table like documents.

The fourth person I would much rather not speak of; and yet in that case there would be a hiatus, if not to be deplored, certainly not to be filled up by any other in Haukside. It is Mr Jerminham, the young doctor, who has bought our old friend Wilson's practice, and whose skill is spoken very highly of. Dr Wilson has been confined to his bed for some months; and, of course, only male whist-players are admitted to him, though I do hear it said that the Miss Moffatts have applied for that distinction. Mr Jerminham supplies his place at our parties: he designates the four leading cards by the names of Asces, Kings, Queens, and Bishops; he invariably calls the two 'the deuce.' After having experienced bad fortune, and upon entering on a new game, he makes a pretence of turning back his sleeves, and makes as though he would spit on his hands; he lays down his cards with emphasis, and shuffles the pack in a most strange and juggling fashion. Having won an unexpected game on a certain occasion, in partnership with Miss Femmy, he is actually reported to have complimented that lady herself as a 'great trump.' For all this, he plays exceedingly well. 'A savage,' observes Miss Moffat, 'but with most excellent instincts.' Knowing these things to be then, it did not surprise me to hear that he has two wives still extant, and that he retires to rest, upon the average, more often in his boots than without them; nor that, upon the other hand, he attends the poor for nothing, and supplies them too from his own scanty purse.

Some people have more general and uninterrupted views of mankind than we in Haukside; for me, the characters of my neighbours are sufficiently mirrored, as I have described, at whist. A stranger, less transparent than Mr Odin, may puzzle me for a couple of rubbers, but that is the extreme limit. To be sure, there are people even in Haukside who don't play whist at all—an inferior order of beings, who, I suppose, have occupations of their own, to be tested by some other touchstones. The dissenting minister, for instance—But, see, they have done their rubber: Miss Femmy is

rubbing her hands, and Mr Odin grows a deep carnation under his partner's eye; I hope I shan't cut with him. Don't look over my hand, please—I hate it!

### INDUSTRIAL PATHOLOGY.

ABOUT a quarter of a million of people are this day working underground in the mines of England. Of these, 30,000 are doomed to untimely death. This is not a mere conjecture: it is an average of the casualties of past years. The average age of the Sheffield grinders is hardly more than thirty-five years. Although exhibiting, as this does, a mortality that chills the heart, it is old age compared with the lives of a special branch of the trade—the 'dry-grinders.' The 'grinders' complaint' carries off its victims up to this day, despite the progress of medicine and the inventions of science.

There are scores of men throughout England with frames palsied from head to foot, and constitutions irremediably shattered, from inhaling the mercurial fumes incident to the gilding and looking-glass trades.

Dr T. K. Chambers exhibited, some weeks ago, at the Society of Arts, the jawbone of a man engaged in the Congreve-match manufacture. He had submitted to a most perilous operation, as a *relief* from the more enduring and more excruciating agony of carious jaw. Multitudes in Germany, Austria, France, and England, similarly employed, are victims to this peculiar but frightful malady.

Statists have not yet put down in figures how many tailors, seamstresses, and shoemakers suffer from chronic dyspepsia. The nearest approximation would be obtained by giving the whole number of the followers of these crafts. Sitting for many hours every day with the body bent, thus cramping or pressing the lungs into less than their natural space, produces indigestion in its worst forms, and pulmonary disease.

A sensible man in one of the great Manchester and Glasgow houses assures us, that in his department alone—namely, the packers—forty young men have died of consumption in his time; a period of ten or twelve years. How many poor washerwomen suffer from varicose veins, brought on by long standing over the tub, or from poisoned hands, through the venom of bleaching-powders and strong alkalis? How many saddlers, and other artisans, court weak sight by working with a jet of gas close to their eyes—how many compositors invite the same calamity, by an uncovered flame flickering over their work at night—how many glass-blowers become blind from the glare of their furnaces—and how many, or rather how *few*, poor girls apprenticed to the gold chain-making escape the same dire calamity, let the records of ophthalmia say.

We boast of our progress in art and science, but forget the cost of progress. Ships are burnt and founder at sea, despite their air-tight compartments. Mariners are drowned, though a thousand 'life-preservers' are in use—from the simple plank or rope, up to the life-boats, that can't be got off when wanted. Scaffolding is still built open, clumsy, and insecure. Labourers still fall and are killed. White-lead and 'turps' still carry off the victims of colic. Brewers are stifled in their own vats. Soapmakers are boiled in their scalding coppers. Men are caught up by unboxed machinery, to be dashed against rafters and shafts, or torn to mince-meat. Sparks fly into the blacksmith's eyes, and dust blinds the mason. Navvies, puddlers, and brickmakers, are racked with rheumatism. Coal-whippers overtax their giant strength, and are decrepit at forty years. The 'tailor's fistula,' and the 'baker's scrofula' are not things of the past. Drug-grinders and preparers of chemicals are poisoned with impalpable powders, or with acrid fumes.

Is there no remedy for these evils? Must the many

be sacrificed for the few? Surely God, who ordained man to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, 'did not ordain that he should eat it in suffering, in the rotting of his vitals, the perilling of his soul, and the welcoming of premature death?'\* Manifold have been the remedies proposed for these grievances. A respirator has been lately introduced for those whose calling leads them into noxious places. A thin layer of charcoal, whose deodorising and disinfecting properties are well known, is quite sufficient in this new respirator to render innocent the most powerful acid fumes. But the question still remains—will this be used?

Drug-grinders delight to muffle their mouths in a thick shawl one half-hour, and do without a covering the next. Protecting the lungs will not avail much in another case, where a man at a chemical work will climb to the top of a retort with a flaring candle, to discover a fracture indicated by a strong smell of hydrogen. Such a circumstance was reported by the press only a short while ago. The reward of such temerity was, of course, a terrific explosion, whereby great damage was done to the apparatus, and three men were seriously injured.

Bakers, we are told by the industrial pathologists, might prevent their scrofula, or cure it, by rubbing with raw meat their hands or other affected parts. Flesh, maybe, has the same healing properties as oils and fats. Tallow-melters' hands are remarkably soft, and free from blains and chaps; doubtless owing to the constant anointment they receive.

Is there any reason why proper apparatus should not relieve the coal-whipper of at least half his toil? The Chancellor of the Exchequer took off the Excise lids of the soap-vats. These lids used to offer a slippery facility for climbing; and although a slip was fatal, the feat was worth the risk, as it was a means of getting to the hook-gear suspended above. With this temptation removed, we hear of accidents even now—from overbalancing, and other causes—but the number is greatly reduced, and the few occurring are traceable too often to inebriety.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the day, to see masters caring for their men—endeavouring to increase their comforts, and to lessen their dangers. Painters are, more than others, at the mercy of masters. Messrs Cubitts, and kind-hearted employers following their example, are both strict and lenient towards their painters: strict, in requiring cleanliness from them; lenient, in giving them extra time for the purpose. If a Brush in their employ ever feels—to use the descriptive phrase of one of themselves—'his inside twisted as a washerwoman twists her sheets,' it is not from the masters' want of care. 'It depends a good deal upon the shop one's in whether we can be clean,' says the same informant; but it depends in a far greater degree upon the workman himself. Constant cleanliness is the best cure for colic. The accumulation of paint in the system, from dirty hands at meal-times, and from dirty clothes after work, is pregnant with future agonies.

The most pernicious part of a painter's occupation is 'flattening.' White-lead and turpentine, a heated and closely-shut room, are regarded as necessary to give our walls and ceiling the dull surface so much more admired than the glare of oil-paints. As an antidote to the poisoned atmosphere, copious bibations of raw spirits are common, which, of course, only aggravates the evil. We are assured that the work can be done equally well with open doors and free air. Indeed, it is not essential that white-lead should form part of the painter's stores. Sulphate of zinc, 'white-zinc,' or 'zinc-lead,' as the workman calls it, is a perfect and harmless substitute. It is hard to wage war against prejudice and habit. You will hear those whom the

new substance would most benefit cry out against it. 'It won't work,' or, 'It won't mix up well,' or, beaten on these points, 'Well, then, it won't do for the finest work.' The fact is, 'zinc-lead' is in every respect equal to white-lead, except in baneful properties. Were it in general use, it would banish a material most pernicious to health, both in its first manufacture and in its after applications.

We mentioned scaffolding. Our ingenuity has been exercised in making that heavier and more awkward, without gaining any additional strength. If we turn to China, where we find all our new inventions at least 10,000 years old, scaffolding is fenced with a light bamboo trellis-work, to prevent an inadvertent fall.

With respect to machinery, legislation has that in hand. Would that it were in the power of legislation to touch the consciences of such masters as were recently pilloried in the police-reports of London—masters who could turn out poor wretches to shift for themselves who had had their hands or arms dragged off at their work, only permitting them to remain twelve months or so after the accident, that the dismissal might itself seem accidental!

Most of the affections of the eyes could be avoided. It is only immemorial habit which prevents many an artisan from covering a flaring naked flame. The light of the sun is called white light, and is produced by the blending of the primary blue, red, and yellow rays. The eye receives this light with pleasure, and without harm. Artificial illumination is deficient in blue rays. To remedy this defect, glass chimneys are sometimes used, tinged with blue. Work-people would find these glasses give a clear, white, harmless light.

In that interesting community, the Belmont Candle-works, Mr Wilson, the manager, has caused a young troop, who use the blow-pipe, to mount blue spectacles. Odd as these appear, they save them from weak eyes, to which they were formerly subject. Would not a similar plan relieve the gold chain-makers?

Sanitation is a science to which we must look for remedies for many grievances. Plenty of air, fewer hours, and abundant exercise, would annihilate warehouse consumption. Our informant on this point attributed the mortality in his house to the prejudicial odours from dyed goods. Dyed cottons are packed wet. They are thus made up in small bulk, and the colours at the same time are kept bright. Unfolding a hundred bales in the course of the day is very uninviting. The smell of the dyes, and of the size used to face the fabrics, is to a stranger unendurable. 'When we unpack the hanks of dyed wools,' said a packer to us, in his own strong but expressive way, 'you would think there were a dozen open cess-pools close at hand.'

Sewing-machines bid fair to emancipate the tailor from fistula, and seamstresses from consumption.

For the shoemaker, an upright bench has been invented. When his inexplicable prejudices are got over, he will find that the treadle and strap, and leather 'lapstones,' give him as good 'purchase' as ever did his knees and chest. If Crispin can but be persuaded that there is good in a new plan, that a standing-bench is really better than the conjunction of nose and knees, we shall hear no more of hollows in his chest as large as the heel of a boot.

Pegged boots are trying to supersede the stitched sole. The appeal of the cordwainers to the public on behalf of these boots will prove, we fear, of little effect. We are hard-hearted in what concerns our comfort. We think little of the artisan and his wife and his family when we wear his productions. Pegged boots are doubtless good, but it is not public sympathy that will bring them into use.

We alluded to Congreve-matches. If the common phosphorus be subjected to a higher temperature, it changes its appearance, and also some of its well-known properties. It may with impunity be handled and

carried in the pocket. If used in making matches, it cannot by any chance bring about the dreadful jaw-disease. In its analysis, the allotropic or amorphous phosphorus, as it is called by chemists, is identical with the common substance. Sturge of Birmingham makes matches of it, and contends that they might be made as cheap as the others; yet the manufacture is not common. We think they require rougher friction to ignite; but what is that to the danger of the common match? Even if the common phosphorus was still retained, danger would be lessened by constant cleanliness, and a good draught to carry the deleterious vapours up the chimney where the ingredients were mixing. In very few manufactories is this care taken.

Electricity has already signed the death-warrant of the palsy of the gilders.

The history of the grinders' complaint shews with what pertinacity men will keep to old custom. A magnetic mouthpiece was introduced, for the purpose of intercepting the particles of steel that fly off from the points of the forks. The result was a great outcry amongst the operatives. No one would wear it. It made them look comical. It was an insidious design to lower wages. Far preferable was it to fill the lungs with steel-dust, to live licentious lives on large wages, to be ever ill, to die soon. 'Short lives and merry ones,' *Merry*, save the mark! An air-shaft has since been invented to carry off the dust as it is generated. Can it be credited that this simple device is far from being general? Steel-dust is still inhaled. With the masters rests the criminality where they are able to control their men.

With this strange indifference to health, the grinder, it may be supposed, is callous to danger of other kinds. He sits before a huge stone, turning with terrible velocity by steam-power. Not unfrequently such moving masses of rock start apart, as though blasted with gunpowder. Precautions are, of course, used to protect men working in such jeopardy. One piece of the stone invariably flies direct at the man before it; and unless he is protected with a shield or strong iron plate chained down between him and the wheel, he is inevitably killed, and most likely other men in the vicinity meet the same fate. Yet, if you go into a grinder's, you will not find one shield in twenty fastened down. It is too much trouble!

In the case of the miners, they themselves, the last to take alarm, begin to feel that the mortality amongst them is excessive. They have presented to the legislature a petition, whose simple facts and figures need no colouring to add to their pathos. To provide safeguards against accidents ought to be imperative on all proprietors. Complete ventilation, constant inspection of gear, and prudence on the part of the workman, would make disasters almost impossible. Expense, however, outweighs the risk to life. Danger meets us at the very pit's mouth. A flaw in the iron, the snapping of a link, the bursting of a cord, may send the bucket, with all its human freight, headlong to the bottom of the shaft. A curious feature in the character of the miner is developed by this familiarity with danger. You will see a man at work with an improved Davy on one side, and a blazing candle on the other. Speak to him about it, and 'He will be glad to drink your honour's health.' Ask him if he ever unscrews his lamp? He will tell you, if inclined to friendliness: 'O yes, we do when we want more light. Them lamps ain't much good. Yer jest as safe with 'em open. They do say they prevent you from being blowed up; but if you are to be blowed up, you will be, all the same for that.' Such is the fatalism of the miner.

Culpable as such recklessness is, ignorance accounts for it. Ignorance obstructs the most simple, the most perfect, the most ingenious designs of science. We have not yet been able to make explosions impossible. The



Industrial pathologists propose, as a simple expedient in every mine to prevent explosive gases collecting, that a small stream of water should flow through every passage; for wherever water flows, a current of air will go with it. In so far as this would act without the care of the miners, it would be far better than a misused safety-lamp.

We have explained the meaning of the title of our paper by illustrations. It is the purpose of industrial pathology to decrease, by every means, the number of preventable accidents in trade and business.

The Society of Arts closed its last session, and a century of usefulness, most gracefully by making this subject the basis of the concluding discussion. No surer encouragement to art could have been given than this exhibition of care and sympathy for the artisan. Nor was the meeting satisfied with mere discussion. A pathological committee was formed, and is now earnestly at work. This committee has sought the co-operation of all the affiliated societies—now numbering several hundreds in various parts of Great Britain—in the investigation of the subject. Information from working-men has been especially aimed after. They, if any are able, could detail their troubles and describe their remedies. There is no doubt that a thousand inventions to preserve human health are almost unknown, from the difficulty of making them public. It is the hope and effort of the committee to remove this difficulty. In the course of next spring, a collection of instruments, that have for their object the preservation of sight, is to be made and formed into a temporary museum in the Adelphi—perhaps the nucleus of a permanent exhibition. In addition to this, it is purposed to have a series of annual exhibitions, each in turn to take under its care some peculiar species of disease or danger incidental to handicraft. Contributions to these displays will be welcomed from all. This is taking up the matter in a right spirit. Every one must hope that such philanthropic projects may be eminently successful.

The practical teaching of these museums will aid the lessons of the schoolmaster. Truly he in his turn has enough to do. Our illustrations suggest some scientific remedies; but the schoolmaster is the great physician for the evils arising out of ignorance. Special education in the value of life can alone teach men to be careful of it.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### WALTER ENGAGES IN A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

THE *Filippa* was no sooner anchored in the port of Naples than Giacomo and Luigi began to treat Walter as a perfect stranger, although more than an hour passed before any one came on board. There was a great fuss made about exhibition of papers, bills of health, and so forth, before free pratique was granted; but at length Walter obtained permission to get into a little boat and go ashore—not at liberty, of course, but under the watchful eyes of the police into a dark little building, where he had to exhibit his passport, and account for his arrival in that abnormal manner. In Italy, however, as elsewhere abroad, there are several modes of affixing a *visa*, expressive of various degrees of confidence; and it would appear that Walter had been recognised at Messina as a good-natured Englishman, travelling to improve his uncultivated mind by contact with southern treasures of art. He and his valise were soon, therefore, passed into the hands of a crowd of *faccini*, who seemed furiously disappointed at having no more than one victim. They rushed around him—much like a pack of dogs round a stag at bay—and began vociferating praises of themselves and the hotels they patronised with gestures that to a timid man might have suggested danger of assassination.

Luckily, one of the police-officers had given Walter a card of the Globe Hotel, by means of which he contrived to get rid of his persecutors—all but four, two to carry the valise, and two who assisted each other to guide him three or four hundred yards to his destination. Being yet young in Italy, our hero thought to escape more readily from their hands at the hotel by giving each about twice as much as he would have had a right to expect had he been alone; but this imprudent conduct threw them all into frantic spasms of avarice. One dashed the money he had received on the ground; the other began to shed tears; a third appealed to the bystanders; and a fourth pretended to clutch at a knife under his waistcoat. The waiters of the hotel looked calmly on. Walter felt inclined to empty his purse into the gutter. But suddenly a person, who had witnessed this scene from the door of a café opposite, crossed the street, seized the valise, and, using it club-wise, soon dispersed the *faccini*, who yelled with impotent fury, and a minute afterwards were squatting a little way off in the sun—all grin and white teeth—as comfortably as if nothing had happened.

'That's your sort, sir,' said the stranger, an unmistakable Englishman, with broad face and broad shoulders—a broad man, in fact, altogether—in white hat, white jacket, white trousers, and white shoes. 'A carline and a blow, but never a word; or Naples will soon be too hot to hold you.'

Walter was not inclined to accept this as a general theory, but profusely expressed his gratitude for the timely rescue.

'I am a stranger here, as you see,' he added, 'and delighted to meet a countryman. Have you breakfasted? I have not.'

'The invitation may be considered as accepted,' said the Englishman, shouldering the valise, and rushing into the portal of the hotel. 'Here—you son of everything that is bad—shew this gentleman a room. What say you, sir? Am I to introduce you as a prince, or a simple traveller? Profuse expenditure, or economy?'

'Economy, of course,' replied Walter, who was too experienced to pay people for laughing at him as a fool.

'You rise in my estimation, sir,' exclaimed his new-found friend, who forthwith set to work in Italian on the principles agreed upon; so that very shortly they were both seated in the best apartment of the hotel, waiting for the contemplated breakfast.

The stranger now introduced himself as Mr Joseph Buck, many years head-clerk in the firm of Thompson, Pulci, & Co., sulphur-merchants, having a decided belief that he ought long ago to have risen to the dignity of partner, but still satisfied with his past, with his present, with his prospects, with his employers, and with himself. From boyhood upwards, to live in sight of the Bay of Naples had been his ambition, which early in life he had left a good situation in London to satisfy; and strange to say, having obtained what he desired, he was content. He loved the bay, and everything in its neighbourhood, and knew more about it even than Sir William Gell. It stood him instead of friend, relative, wife, and family; and with an intolerance not very surprising, he could not but speak rather contemptuously of those who were incapable of appreciating the source of his enjoyment.

Walter at once understood that he had made a very precious acquaintance; and when half a bottle of *Lachryma Christi* had completely warmed up his confidence in human nature, did not hesitate to account exactly for his presence at Naples. Luigi Spada had somewhat shaken his reliance on the efficacy of the introduction given by Bianca. According to him, the Princess Corsini was a woman of caprice and suspicion, devoted to the interests of her brother, the Marchese Belmonte, and more eager than any one else to annul the marriage of Angela. The letter of Bianca contained simply these words:—'It will console many

persons, and answer the purpose of the marchese, if you allow the stranger who presents this letter to see your wayward niece, and bear testimony, if called upon, that she is under no restraint. Many rumours, which the stranger does not know of, circulate among the discontented here. I write on my own responsibility, because there is no time to lose. You will do as you please.

BIANCA.

Walter had read this letter, which Luigi had unscrupulously opened, with some repugnance. He understood from it that the course he had intended to pursue—namely, to present it, and affect to ignore both its object and its contents—was that which had been expected of him. He could not help thinking, despite the sentiment of admiration, which might almost have been called love, Bianca had aroused, that her advice and assistance had been ungraciously or insincerely given. Without taking the trouble to scrutinise his motives—acting on mere impulse, or with some incomprehensible design—she had sent him to Naples on what Mr Buck very properly called 'a wild-goose chase;' and having said just enough to make sure of his departure, had disappeared, without even giving him time to ask one word of explanation.

'I distrust that young woman,' said Mr Buck, being in perfect ignorance of the sentimental part of the story; 'and I make it a rule to distrust all Italian jades. They are as slippery as eels, and like to lie in the mud.'

'Yet she appeared frank and honest.'

'All the more dangerous. I have always had the greatest possible suspicion,' exclaimed Mr Buck, generalising recklessly, 'of all people who appear frank and honest.'

'What shall I do?' said Walter, speaking rather to himself than his companion.

'Do? Why, take my advice. I have a little cutter of my own, built in regular English style—a perfect gem. I will have it ready in an hour. We go aboard. No fear of police interference. They know me all round the bay. We start. Egg Castle behind—Vesuvius ahead. Portici near at hand on the left—heights of Sorrento far away to the right. Finest scenery in the world—pass Torre del Greco—slip into Annunziata. We can take a trip to Pompeii, whilst we are about it—no? Well, another time will do for that. They are making discoveries every day. Once at Annunziata, as there is but one great house, nothing is easier than to find what we want. We make inquiries; and—after that we can do as we please.'

This scheme so exactly agreed with Walter's impatience, that he accepted it eagerly; and accordingly, not long after breakfast, the cutter, manned by a couple of lads, besides Mr Buck, who looked after the rudder, was gliding out of port. A schooner, all sails set, had just cleared the mole. It was the *Filippa*, bound for Civita Vecchia. How gallant its bearing, as it bent slightly under the breeze, shooting past beneath the guns of the Castello del Ovo! Walter's heart throbbed at the thought of what misery or what joy depended on its fortunate voyage. It seemed almost too presumptuous to suppose that all seas would continue to prove merciful, all winds favourable, all circumstances kind—that men and elements would combine to allow safe and speedy passage to that little bark, laden with the last hopes of so tender an affection as that of Paolo and Angela. Walter did not endeavour any longer to conceal from himself, that without the new coadjutors he had found, it would have been next to madness to attempt carrying out the scheme of rescue. Where could he have procured a boat and a trusty crew? At what port would he have ventured to seek them? To have admitted these difficulties before, he would have considered pusillanimity. Now he saw their magnitude; and as he watched the *Filippa* gradually growing less upon the shining waters, he accompanied her with earnest prayers, and never once thought of the

dangers he had passed, except to rejoice that they had introduced him to such necessary auxiliaries.

'By your face,' said Mr Buck, touching Walter on the sleeve, 'I should say you are very anxious to bring these two young people together. Do you know it is a very fine thing to take pleasure in making other people happy?'

'I do but my duty. He saved my life. I endeavour to make his life happy.'

'Very good; but I once, when a lad, drew a drowning man to shore, and he hastened to get rid of the obligation by offering me half a sovereign.'

'Perhaps that was as much as his life was worth,' said Walter laughing.

'That was the value he put on it when safe on land. But life, sir, is of more worth than the whole world. How can you put a price on the privilege of breathing this air?'

Mr Buck—whose face, eyes, forehead, nose, mouth, and all, was beaming with smiles—inhaled a long breath, and leaned back with an air of inexpressible satisfaction. It was evident that he considered himself a consummate Epicurean.

They sailed on; the purple waters—purple and transparent as a Damascus blade—gradually ceasing to curl, but still gently swelling in smooth billows. The wind continued to serve, and the white villas of Portici, trellised with vines, were soon dim in the distance on the left; and the cone of Vesuvius, toward the base of which they were steering, grew higher and higher; and the lava-fields, red and rugged, like glaciers of fire, came in sight; and the vineyards, and the hamlets, and the low jutting rocks on the inner shore of the bay, grew more distinct every time the prow of the cutter rose and dipped. The sun, however, was hanging over Ischia island in their rear—a globe of fire—not long before its setting, when they reached Annunziata. The village lay, amidst trees and rocks intermingled, along the shore, forming two rows of houses, between which the high road ran. On the slopes of the hills above, half buried in trees, and surrounded by a lofty wall, an old mansion, with turrets and many irregularities, could be distinguished.

A man was lying on a heap of nets upon the shingle.

'That is the Villa Corsini—is it not?' inquired Mr Buck.

'Si, signor,' replied the man, who, as all Italians are cicerones by nature, instantly added: 'But there are no pictures there—nothing worth seeing; not a statue except the broken Triton in the garden, and that is of the seventeenth century. Will your excellencies go to Pompeii?'

Mr Buck, entering into Walter's feelings, expressed the greatest contempt for both Pompeii and the Triton.

'Let us go to the albergo,' said he; 'we must put up there for the night. It is kept by a stout but worthy woman, who fries fish to perfection. She must know everything about the Corsinis; and I am a great hand at pumping.'

They went to the Albergo del Sole. The man, leaving his nets, followed them, to claim payment as a guide; and, much to his surprise, obtained a carriage. He blessed them profusely, and went to treat all his brother fishermen to macaroni. A few dogs barked in rather a jealous tone. There was no one else sitting. The albergo seemed not to have had a visitor for a month. The door stood open; but the hostess was down the street, spinning thread with a neighbour under a porch. She left her wheel, and came waddling after the strangers into the public-room, which opened by a large window into the kitchen. It was the old story. Everything they liked for dinner—in general—but in particular, nothing save eggs and macaroni. As neither Walter nor Mr Buck were travelling with gastronomic views, they were satisfied to take what they could get, especially as the wine, though heavy,

was good; so they were soon at table, on a charming little terrace, some twenty feet above the sea, which broke upon the pebbles with a noise as if bubbles of glass were perpetually shivering there. The shores of the bay, with their thousand varieties of form, stretched away on either hand; and the sentinel islands at the mouth stood out in black relief against a vast expanse of red sky, which brightened by a succession of flushes as the sun sank lower and lower.

The hostess was as stout, and as gracious, and as communicative, as Mr Buck had expected; but she had not much to say. The Princess Corsini did indeed occupy the mansion on the slope of the hill; and there was with her a young person, some said her niece, reported to be a very amiable, saintly lady, about shortly to commence her novitiate at the Convent of the Assumption, at Castellamare. Walter's countenance darkened with a rush of blood as he heard this intelligence, because it explained, he thought, an allusion in Bianca's letter. Angela was supposed by some to be under restraint. The family wished to remove this impression. An Englishman, a Protestant, might be a useful witness, in case at some future time violence were talked of. He was admitted, it would be said, freely to see the lady. Had she been a prisoner, why not have appealed to him? The argument would be only specious, because no delicately-nurtured maiden would venture to appeal against domestic tyranny to a stranger; but it would be satisfactory with most people. While the hostess went on with many insignificant remarks, Walter indulged in these reflections; and Bianca's conduct began to appear very black indeed. Her emotions were factitious. They were exhibited in order to make him an unwilling accomplice in a cruel family intrigue. All this was improbable, but it seemed true.

Although it was manifestly too late for strangers to present themselves at the Villa Corsini, Walter and his companion determined at anyrate to stroll in that direction—both pretending that it was merely to pass the time, but both secretly trusting in the favourable disposition of goddess Chance.

The evening was singularly calm. Not a breath of air stirred. There was no sound, save the buzzing of the mosquitoes about an old wall, half buried in verdure, that bordered a side of the lane by which they ascended, zigzagging; the bay, now tranquil and uncrinkled as the sky, but dim as a shadow in winter, being ever in sight. As the hour darkened, the stars bloomed into view like flowers of fire; and before they reached the gate of the Corsini garden, the moon, nearly at full, appeared like a balloon of silver hanging near the cone of Vesuvius. Mr Buck, in his white dress, preceding Walter, began to look like a corpulent phantom. Walter himself felt a sweet presage of success steal into his mind. He thought of the anxious Prisoner in his cell; of Bianca, as he had conceived her in his most generous mood; of Angela, the widowed wife, standing on the threshold of eternal seclusion, and casting back a look of yearning anguish on the world that might have been so beautiful to her. They reached the great iron-gate, and looked through the bars, up a long avenue of trees that led to the villa, a black and sombre mass, except where the moon's rays, falling nearly from behind, touched some of the pinnacles with silver.

Walter, who had abandoned all idea of making any progress in his scheme that night, leaned against the gate, and was surprised to find it give way and open. Though not usually superstitious, being in a somewhat exalted mood of mind, he took this slight circumstance as a warning that he must act at once; that, perchance, his aid was wanted; that something was going on in which he was called upon to interfere. He was about to enter, when his companion plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered:

'Do not be rash. Here are people coming up the lane.'

'Let us enter, and conceal ourselves under the trees,' answered Walter. 'Our being seen at the gate will excite suspicion.'

The massive shade of a vast chestnut-tree, that thrust its branches over the wall, rendered them for a time invisible to the two persons who were approaching. Walter entered, followed unwillingly by Mr Buck, who had not bargained for an adventure of that kind. As the door creaked when they pushed it, they left it ajar, and hastened to conceal themselves. The lane seemed to end at the gate, so they inferred that the strangers must be going to the villa. They were right; for scarcely had they reached a place where fell an impermeable shadow, when in the half light near the gate they saw two persons.

'I am afraid, padre, that some of the villagers are in stealing wood,' said a voice. 'I left the gate close to, and it is now ajar.'

'You had better lock it, my son,' replied the other person. 'If it be a woman, she will not be able to climb the wall, and you can catch her, and remonstrate in the morning.'

'Whether man or woman, it will not be easy to climb,' was the answer; 'for the sharp flintstones have been newly set. Your advice is good. I will certainly catch the malefactors, and remonstrate with them in the morning.'

'A comfortable prospect,' whispered Mr Buck, when the two persons, after having carefully locked the gate, had proceeded some distance down the avenue.

Walter apologised for having led his companion into the scrape, and spoke with contempt of the lofty wall and the flintstones. 'The fellow swelled his voice, to frighten any one who might be near,' said he; 'but I have robbed too many orchards before now to be stopped by so little.'

Mr Buck admitted also having committed depredations of that kind, and seemed inclined to relate one or two juvenile adventures; but Walter was already in motion towards the villa, following the edge of the avenue, but carefully keeping where the shadows were thick and the grass soft. As may be imagined, he had no particular project, desiring simply to make an accurate survey of the place for future use, should he be reduced to obtain admission to the presence of Angela by stratagem.

'Provided there are no dogs,' suggested Mr Buck, who may be excused if he felt some alarm at the serious aspect assumed by an adventure in which he had no concern whatever, but which threatened to lead him into real danger.

In front of the villa was a broad open space, paved with small stones, upon which Walter thought it would be imprudent to venture. But the trees brushed the two wings of the house, and promised to allow the adventurous Englishmen to reconnoitre without being observed from the windows. They now remembered that the hostess of the Albergo del Sole had mentioned a circumstance which at the time had appeared of no moment—namely, that there was but one male servant in the villa, all the rest being women. That servant was probably the man who had negligently left the gate open. The other person was evidently an ecclesiastic; and Walter was inclined to consider his presence at that hour as rather a mysterious circumstance.

They went round by the south wing of the villa, and found all silent. The place seemed perfectly uninhabited at first. An owl hooting in a niche was the only living thing they heard. The ground rose abruptly under their steps; and they soon found themselves climbing a rugged slope, covered with bushes. The Villa Corsini, as they now understood, was built on the steep face of the hill, in a series of steps; so that the lower windows of the eastern façade were on a level

with the upper windows of the western. On arriving at even ground, they further discovered, by the light of the moon, that in the rear of the villa was a small garden, carefully surrounded by tall iron-palings, and by a hedge of small trees and shrubs that emitted a faint fragrance. Mr Buck had now become quite enthusiastic; and venturing his conspicuous form out of the shadow of the trees, went along the palings, peeping, like a great school-boy, to find some aperture by which he could obtain a view of the villa. At length, by a dangerously loud 'Hist! p'st!' he attracted the attention of Walter, and brought him to a place where, through a little gateway, could be seen a semicircular portico, lighted partly by the moon, partly by a lamp that shone from the interior of a vast apartment on which it opened. Two or three persons were sitting or standing there, but at too great a distance to be clearly distinguished. Walter, however, thought that one of them was the ecclesiastic who had entered the park at the same time with themselves.

He now began to reflect, seeing no means whatever of ascertaining what was passing in the interior of the villa, that his presence in that place was a mistake that might prove dangerous. If he were discovered prowling about like a thief in the dark, he would be effectually precluded from approaching Angela by any other means than force—not likely to be successful.

'We had better retire,' said he to Buck; 'there is nothing more to be done.'

'What! run away like scalded cats!' replied indignantly that gentleman, who had by degrees risen to the height of the situation. 'That would indeed be a falling off. Stay; here comes some one in this direction. Keep close; we may hear something.'

Two persons advanced along the garden-path, at first silent; but when they came near the gate, out of hearing of those who remained in the portico, they began to talk freely.

'What say you, padre?' said a firm imperious female voice. 'If we act strictly on the information given us, there can be no sin. Have you reason to suppose that the very reverend bishop of Trapani can be guilty of falsehood?'

'That is a harsh way to put it,' said the padre in an embarrassed tone. 'He mentions the death in a very positive manner, but not as being within his own knowledge.'

'Why should you doubt it?'

'I do not doubt, princess; but I am troubled, sorely troubled in mind. If it should not be true'—

'You will still have done your duty—nothing more.'

'But why am I chosen to be the bearer of this bad news? Why not communicate it yourself?'

'Because'—

'Perhaps you announced it on some former occasion?'

'Padre!'

'That, however, is nothing. It appears, then, that he is really dead at last; and I am to break the news to poor Angela?'

'Yes.'

'And express sympathy with her?'

'Yes.'

'That will not be difficult.'

'No matter.'

'Next, I am to press on her the necessity of devoting herself to the service of God?'

'You are the best judge.'

'O yes, I am the best judge of that,' said the good priest with fervour. 'I will urge her to take refuge from this wicked world, where only there can be rest for her now. Poor widowed thing! What business has she longer in this dismal vale of tears—wandering through paths of sorrow in search of a grave? There is but one place of consolation for such as she.'

'Your words are excellent!' said the princess with some irony.

'I am a Protestant; yet I belong to the religion of that man!' whispered Buck energetically to his companion, who on his part was listening with intense eagerness to this accidental unfolding of a plot, by which Angela—having in vain, no doubt, been tempted to abandon Paolo—was to be decoyed into a seclusion where no report of the world's doings could ever reach her.

'And is it possible,' he thought, 'that paternal pride, and the ferocity of vengeance, can be pushed thus far?'

He did not know that vengeance is, as a whirlwind, that clings to the forest-tree, and struggles in its branches, and roars more furiously as long as resistance endures, until the roots give way, and there is a giant ruin of verdure on the earth; and that then only it abates its anger, and sighs itself into stillness over the devastation it has made. The true punishment of the implacable is success. There is no more miserable man than he who has killed what he has loved, and feels his love revive when it can no longer be responded to.

The princess and the padre went towards the house. Walter's first impulse was to cry aloud, and conjure the man of God not to be the unconscious bearer of a falsehood. But he trusted in the firmness of Angela. She had endured persecution so long, and had been so often deceived, that she must now be quite on her guard. The authority of the padre, no doubt, would be great; but she would not accept the dreadful tidings without suspicion; and to-morrow, he might be enabled—certainly he would be able—to disabuse her mind.

He felt it impossible, however, to stir from that spot, though it did not seem likely that any new incident could further enlighten him, or contribute to appease his agitation that night. He remained silent, with bent brow and compressed lips, gazing at the villa, which now became dark, for the door was closed that led into the portico. Suddenly there rose on the air a terrible cry—a cry of anguish and despair—like that of a Hebrew mother from whose arms an innocent has been torn by murder. It vibrated long and shrill through the night, and might have been heard far out into the country. Walter felt his arm firmly grasped by his companion.

'Come away, come away,' whispered he hoarsely; 'they have stabbed her to the heart with a word!'

## THE LAST DAYS OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE inhabitants of the metropolis are about to part company with an old familiar face, whose beauties and deformities have been well known any time these last 500 years. Smithfield Market is about to die. Its days are numbered. It will die in giving birth to another and a better. Very shortly after the present sheet reaches the hand of the reader, the old market will cease. Let us, while it yet remains, say a few parting words respecting it. Perhaps, in spite of the exertions of contractors, the new market may not be ready for the grand Christmas display of 1854, and in that case the old spot will have one more day of its old glory; and the world—the London world—should go and take a last glance at the most extraordinary of cattle-markets in the most anomalous of localities.

Whether Smithfield was named after a person or a trade, is not now known; but the open spot so designated has been used for a fair and a market during very many centuries. A fair, to be held in Smithfield, was granted as a privilege or monopoly to the Prior and Convent of St Bartholomew in early times. There was also a charter granted to the city by Edward III. in terms of which no other cattle-market than one belonging to the corporation should be held within seven miles of the metropolis. Thus, the fair and the

market grew up side by side; the one belonging to the convent, and the other to the corporation. The fair was not a holiday-fair, in the sense understood by most Londoners: it was for clothiers, drapers, and dealers in other goods. The fair lived on till our own day. It remained the property of the convent until the time of the Reformation, when the convent shook the fate of all other monastic establishments. The conventual rights in the fair were sold to Sir John Rich, attorney-general to Henry VIII., and were held by his descendants till the year 1830, when the corporation purchased them from Lord Kensington, the then owner. During this long period the fair had been held for three or more days in September; and by degrees the custom grew up of mingling gaieties with business. Wonderful conjurors, pig-faced ladies, babies with supernumerary arms or legs, tight-rope dancers, spangled fairies in muslin dresses, wild beasts, theatres upon wheels, dancing-booths, toys and trinkets, gingerbread-nuts, oysters, fried sausages—all became part and parcel of Bartholomew Fair. The corporation received licence-fees from those who occupied ground for these purposes, and the fees seem to have closed the corporate eyes to the mischief and demoralisation attendant on the fair. At length, however, the propriety of putting an end to the fair became strongly felt; and the corporation having purchased the old priory rights, it was finally suppressed a few years ago, whereby Smithfield was shorn of some of its attractions for the apprentice-boys of London.

All this, however, had nothing to do with the market. The fair and the market were two institutions—associated, yet separate. Both have lived at least 500 years; and both die within a few years of each other. The market has been held here for even 700 years; for Fitzstephen mentions the sale of horses and cattle under the date 1150. The area of Smithfield, or Smith's Field, was fully adequate for the purposes of a market when metropolitan population was relatively small; it is only in more modern times that the inadequacy of space has been felt. The charter from Edward III. has made itself felt with mischievous force in later days, when all attempts to establish cattle-markets in or near other parts of the metropolis were met by distinct and determined claims of vested rights on the part of the corporation. About the reign of Elizabeth, the cattle sold at Smithfield were estimated at about 70,000 annually. Even at that time, the area of Smithfield was deemed too small; and Charles I. granted a supplementary charter to the corporation, empowering them to enlarge the area of the market from time to time.

Some writers have doubted whether the sale of cattle at Smithfield in the time of Elizabeth could have been as high as 70,000; for the sale scarcely exceeded 75,000 cattle and 580,000 sheep in the middle of the last century. In more modern times, the numbers have been easier to estimate. Between 1820 and 1840, the annual sales of cattle rose from 140,000 to 175,000, while those of sheep rose from 1,200,000 to 1,850,000. For a whole century, there has been a pretty near approach to this ratio—eight sheep to one bullock. The calves and pigs have always been much less numerous at Smithfield: they averaged, during the twenty years just named, about 20,000 of the former, and 250,000 of the latter annually.

We need not trouble ourselves with statistical details concerning the steps by which the numbers have increased. Suffice it to say, that Smithfield has had lately to accommodate a quarter of a million cattle, and a million and three-quarters, or more, of sheep, besides a proportionate number of calves, lambs, and pigs, in the year. And on some particular days, the supply and sale are truly enormous, rendering it almost inconceivable how so much can be done in so small a space. The 'great day,' in each year, occurs a few

days before Christmas, and is understood to comprise the livestock whose flesh is to form the substantial part of Christmas dinners in the metropolis. It is not unusual on this day for 5000 to 6000 cattle, and 80,000 to 85,000 sheep, to enter Smithfield, and to be nearly all sold within a few hours. It is not like the great tryst at Falkirk, or the great fair at Ballinasloe, where a large area in space, and two or three days of time are available, and whence the animals are dispersed over the three kingdoms; here the whole is done in a few hours, within a few acres, and nine-tenths of all the animal food sold will be consumed within a distance of four or five miles from the market.

Very few persons, Londoners or others, know Smithfield Market in its true characteristics. He who would understand a cattle-day at that busy spot, must rise betimes in the morning, or must not go to bed at all. During the night, or during the preceding evening or day, supplies have been arriving from all quarters. Steamers bring over cattle from Rotterdam and Hamburg, and the Danish coasts; other steamers bring the Scotch supply from Berwick, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness; the North-western Railway collects its herds from the northern and midland districts, and pours them out at Camden Town, whence they walk to Smithfield; the Great Northern brings the stores from Lincolnshire and the Fen counties, and turns them over to the care of the drover at somewhere about Pentonville; the Eastern Counties freight their trucks with the abundant produce of the East Anglian district, and turn the livestock adrift at Shoreditch. So likewise the luggage-stations at Paddington, Nine Elms, and Bricklayers' Arms, receive their contributions, and send them up to the great centre. As for the road-traffic of old times, that has greatly lessened. The poor animals used to arrive at Islington footsore and exhausted by their long journey from the grazing counties; they required a few hours' rest at the lairs, and were then driven on to Smithfield. Railways and steamers have lessened this traffic in two different ways—they bring up livestock, whereby the animals are saved from the fatigue of a long walk; and they bring up country-killed meat, which lessens the quantity of livestock required to be brought into London.

Be the mode of arrival what it may—road, rail, or steamer—the scene at Smithfield is very exciting. The Smithfield drovers are a peculiar class of men, having trying duties to perform, and shewing much skill in performing them well. They are divided into two sets—the salesmen's drovers and the butchers' drovers: the former pioneer the livestock into Smithfield, and the latter out; and it is difficult to say which is the harder task of the two. The Smithfield salesmen are another peculiar class. They have no cattle, no shops, no stores; but they know all the graziers and all the butchers, and they manage the sales so quickly and fairly, that it is believed both graziers and butchers make better bargains than if they dealt without the intervention of the salesmen. The graziers pay the salesmen a small commission-fee, and the salesmen employ the salesmen's drovers. The Smithfield bankers, too, are a peculiar class. Their chief if not their only business, is to receive from the butchers the money for livestock sold by the salesmen, and to transmit that money to the seller, whether he is the grazier or a dealer. The seller, say in an inland county, sends up cattle to Smithfield; he consigns them to a particular salesman, on whom he implicitly relies for making the best bargain he can; the salesman sends one of his drovers to marshal the beasts into Smithfield before the market begins. And as all the salesmen have similar commissions to execute—similar in principle, though different in details—the scene becomes very extraordinary. During the entire night, the animals are arriving, the drovers are shouting, the dogs are barking, the torches are flaring, the

animals are bellowing, bleating, and squeaking, blows are falling, imprecations are passing round, the mud and filth are ankle-deep, and the whole is a theatre of din and confusion. The area being very small, the drovers have great difficulty in bringing such a mass of livestock into orderly array. Whether to be tied up to rails, or to be formed into rings, or to be enclosed in pens, the animals frequently shew much disinclination to the desired arrangement. It is during this adjustment that the cruelty occurs which has so often been condemned. Smithfield drovers are not more cruel than other men: they have insufficient room wherein to do their work; and it is scarcely upon them that blame should fall if they subject the poor animals to rough treatment. It is only fair to mention, that great improvement has been wrought in this matter within the last few years; but nothing less than a vast increase of space can possibly remove the evil. Well; the cattle and calves, the sheep and pigs, are by great labour brought into their proper places; and then the salesmen narrowly examine their consignments, to see what may probably be the average prices which they may obtain during the day. The butchers arrive in all kinds of carts and chaise-carts, and clothed in all sorts of rough and care-for-nought garments. They leave their carts in the various streets branching out of Smithfield, and then plunge into the thick of the market. The butchers know and care nothing about the sellers; they deal with the salesmen; they pay over to the salesmen, or to the bankers in presence of the salesmen, the purchase-price; and the salesmen remit the whole of this, with the exception of a few market-fees, and the trifling commission of something like half-a-crown per bullock, and a proportionate fee for smaller animals. Then, the money being paid, the butchers employ another set of drovers to bring the animals to their respective slaughter-houses—a duty which entails more danger and discomfort to the inhabitants than any other part of the whole affair. Let justice be done: let the market be condemned on proper grounds of condemnation; but let us admit that the general arrangements between sellers, buyers, salesmen, bankers, and drovers, are admirably managed. One of the bankers frequently takes £40,000 for one Monday's sales; and about seven or eight millions sterling are supposed to be paid annually at Smithfield for livestock!

This, then, is the market against which society has cried out, and which is about to be replaced by a better. The complaints against Smithfield Market are not of modern date alone. Ninety years ago, a pamphlet was published, in which the very same kind of objections against it were urged as those with which we have lately been familiar. From that time until 1851, the corporation had always something to say against every proposal for reform: they either did nothing, or they enlarged the old market by a few additional yards here and there; but as for building a cattle-market elsewhere, they would not think of it. The utmost that can be accommodated, after all the enlargements, is about 4000 beasts and 25,000 sheep—to say nothing of the inefficiency of this so-called accommodation—so that, on the busier market-days, it is difficult to know where to place the poor animals at all. In fact, the space, in its greatest enlargement, is less than half the area of the Crystal Palace. In 1849, under the influence of powerful pressure from without, the corporation brought forward a plan for appropriating Smithfield to fountains, baths, and wash-houses, and expending an enormous sum of money in building a new market north-westward of it; but this, if any improvement in some particulars, would still leave untouched the evil of holding a cattle-market in the heart of the metropolis.

A singular episode in connection with this subject, is the fate of Mr Perkins's Islington Cattle-market.

This market was opened in March 1836, and had a brief career of only seven months. It enclosed fifteen acres within the walls, and had open and covered lairs for 8000 cattle and 50,000 sheep. The market was established in virtue of the Act 5 and 6 Will IV, cap. 111. The capital was provided chiefly by one individual, Mr Perkins, with a view to a sale to a market company. The superior nature of the accommodation, and the large number of animals that could be accommodated, gave to this undertaking a promise of great success; and at the opening dinner, flourishing speeches were made, and warm anticipations expressed. But the opponents were formidable: unless both buyers and sellers will consent to make use of a particular market, the market will fail; and the corporation used every possible means to bring about this result. Most of the Smithfield bankers and salesmen, all the shopkeepers around Smithfield, and large numbers of the London butchers, aided the corporation; and the result was, that the country-dealers were induced to continue to send their livestock to Smithfield, rather than to Islington, simply to obtain a better market. An attempt was made to get an act of parliament for suppressing Smithfield Market altogether, and transferring the trade forcibly to Islington; but the attempt failed; and soon afterwards, the Islington Market ceased altogether. Since then, the area has been chiefly occupied as lairage for cattle on the way to Smithfield.

Nothing but very powerful means could have compelled the corporation to adopt the reform now in progress. The weight of parliamentary committees, of a royal commission, and of the secretary of state, were all brought to bear upon the matter, and the act of 1851 was obtained. By the terms of this act, the corporation were to do certain things within six months; and if they did not do those certain things, a commission of five persons was to be appointed by the crown, to be called the Metropolitan Cattle-market Commissioners. These commissioners were to provide, subject to the approval of the Home Department, a cattle-market, a meat-market, abattoirs, and lairs; they were to let out the abattoirs, stalls, and shops, at annual rentals; they were to determine on tolls and sales, subject to the approval of the Treasury; they were empowered to borrow £200,000 to effect the works. When the new market was finished, the secretary of state was to announce in the *London Gazette* the closing of Smithfield Market on a particular day. On the 1st of December, in the year following the opening of the new abattoirs, all other slaughter-houses were required to be licensed. All this was to be the result, if the corporation delayed for more than six months the expression of their willingness to take up the matter: the market would then be national property, and the city could no longer demand its fees. If we remember rightly, the corporation withheld its assent to this bold reform until the very day before the expiration of the six months. They did, however, give the assent at last; and most of the powers are now exercised by the corporation, which would otherwise have been exercised by the commissioners.

Driven as they have been into it, the corporation seem to be doing their work thoroughly. Such a market does not exist in the United Kingdom as this will be when completed. Of course, the first consideration was: where shall the new market be located? The situation of the old market, in the centre of the town, has been the great bar to all improvement, and therefore it was necessary to select a new spot very little occupied at present with houses. The choice was difficult to make, for many considerations and requirements had to be taken into account. The arrival as well as the departure of the animals; the convenience as well of the buyers as of the sellers; the slaughtering as well as the sale—all had to be calculated for. The spot chosen was a field, or series of fields, around the



well-known tavern called Copenhagen House, bounded by Caledonian Road on the east, and by York Road—*ci-devant* Maiden Lane—on the west. In a very few years, it would probably have been nearly covered with houses.

At the moment when we write this, the area in question is a scene of wonderful activity. Men are at work, not merely by hundreds, but by thousands, forwarding the operations, so as to render the market fit for business at the earliest possible period. The area is very irregular; but its irregularity has been skilfully taken advantage of. The corporation have appointed a Market Improvements Committee; and this committee, with Mr Bunning, the architect, are carrying on the operations in a very complete manner. The entire area comprises about seventy-five acres—about twelve times the area of Smithfield. The inhabitants of the Camden Road villas are somewhat annoyed by the near approach of the northern side of the market to their habitation, but a new road has been formed to somewhat sever the contiguity; and on the other three sides, the market, until lately, does not abut upon houses. The central portion of the whole area, or the market proper, comprises about fifteen acres, and will afford accommodation and rails for tying up about 7000 cattle and 42,000 sheep; besides a covered calf and pig market, the roofs of which are supported by columns, which act at the same time as water-drains. In the centre of this portion of the establishment, is an elegant twelve-sided building for the bankers, so planned as to provide eleven distinct banking-houses, and an entrance to an inner court common to them all. The plan and arrangements of this compound banking-house are very complete and ingenious. A lofty octagonal bell-tower surmounts the centre. In other portions of the area are abattoirs of two kinds, public and private, arranged something like those in Paris, and far superior in every respect to the usual slaughter-houses in this country. The public abattoirs are for the use of those who kill their own meat at the market; while the private abattoirs are to be rented to the regular slaughtermen, who kill livestock for butchers at so much per animal. The lairs or resting-places for the cattle, just before or just after market, are most extensive. The bullock-lairs south of the enclosed market will accommodate 3000 beasts, and are much larger than the whole of the present Smithfield. The whole of these lairs are covered with slated roofs, floored with vitrified bricks, provided with haylofts and water-troughs, and planned with every attention to ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort to the animals during their brief sojourn within the walls of the establishment. The sheep-lairs, in a different part of the area, are equally well provided. So large is the area, that, after providing for bullock, sheep, lamb, calf, and pig markets, lairs, and abattoirs, there will be room for other conveniences, such as a hide-market, a meat-market, and an establishment for the exhibition and sale of agricultural implements.

There is a plentiful supply of entrances at various sides; and when the railway arrangements are completed, the facilities for bringing livestock into the market itself will be great indeed. The market is contiguous to the Great Northern and the North London Railways; and a short branch, already planned, will carry those lines into the market. Moreover, a short branch from Hackney to Stratford, lately opened, connects the North London with the Eastern Counties systems; the North London is already connected with the North-Western at Camden Town; and the North-Western is connected to the South-Western near Brentford: so that, very shortly, cattle and sheep from almost any part of England, will be able to travel by railway into the very heart of the market. It is almost impossible to overestimate the advantage of this arrangement, in respect to the overcrowded state

of the London streets and suburban roads; and it is believed that the value of the animals themselves will be greater, when thus spared the hazard and fatigue of struggling through busy thoroughfares.

To any one who knew the Copenhagen Fields as they were a year ago, the change is truly astonishing. The buildings of the market are rapidly approaching completion; five or six taverns of enormous size have been built in immediate connection with it; several other taverns have been built by private persons; streets of houses, and rows of shops, are becoming conspicuous in all directions; and the whole place will become a busy hive before long. There is a talk of an expenditure of about £350,000 by the corporation; this is a large sum; but so completely and thoroughly is everything being done, that it may be regarded as money well laid out.

It is pleasant, then, to think that, in taking leave of an old acquaintance, we have so grand and rich a new one to look forward to. Only a few more cattle-days will occur at Smithfield; and those who are curious in these matters, would do well to ramble thither on one of these days. It will be something to talk about in future years, to say that we saw the last of a market at which more butcher's-meat has been sold than on any other spot in the world.

#### J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

THE Muse of Mr Westland Marston is evidently herself possessed by one absorbing idea, and has duly inspired him, her votary, with its ever-present significance—and that is, the antagonism which so frequently exists between the heart and the world. There is a strife going on, neither seldom nor feebly, between man's natural instincts and man's artificial laws—between his emotions and impulses on the one side, and his conventional usages on the other—between the sentiments implanted by his Creator, and the traditions and social rules created by himself. This strife, in a variety of phases, it is Mr Marston's characteristic to illustrate in a series of 'modern instances.' It is the key-note of nearly all his strains. Ever since the formation of society, a conflict of the kind has been an almost chronic evil, sometimes acute: but as society becomes subject to more and more complex interests—as its relations multiply, and its circles find increasing points of contact and intersection—the collision between what is of nature and what is of art becomes necessarily more common and complete. In choosing the drama as his medium, the poet may appear to some judges to have devoted himself to a form of art to which his genius is not quite adapted—his dramas being often open to the charge of deficiency in that rather material condition to success, the dramatic element; and being again and again marred by superfluity of 'talk,' and paucity of incident and action. As dramatic poems, however, studied in the closet, rather than witnessed on the stage, they certainly have merits of a high and distinctive order; they are rich in poetical feeling, and thoroughly informed with a spirit of sympathy with whatsoever is true, and lovely, and ennobling; they give fine expression, at no rare intervals, to manly resolve in its bursts of high endeavour, and to the tenderness of meek endurance, the 'still sad music of humanity,' in tones 'of ample power to soften and subdue.' Nor are his works without repeated evidence of the inventive faculty, in respect of 'stage effect' and the crisis of 'situation,' though a more liberal culture of this faculty might add greatly to the interest and animation of his plays.

If his earliest production of this kind—*Plighted Troth; or, a Woman her own Rival*—failed on the stage (being withdrawn after one night's performance), it is meet to bear in mind that it was not intended to undergo the glare of the footlights, but was published

as a 'dramatic tale,' and addressed to the denizens of the library, not of the playhouse. The story belongs to the time of the Revolution of 1688, and tells how a maiden of seeming low degree is betrothed to an adventurous gentleman, who, on his return from years of foreign service, finds, but does not recognise her, in the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of rank and wealth. It was to the lowly orphan girl, Maddaline, that he had long ago plighted his troth; and now he is fascinated by the splendid Countess St Auriol, 'little dreaming of the identity of the twain; while, on her part, the lady is jealous of the charms and the rights of her past self, and becomes, according to the title of the piece, 'a woman her own rival.' The perplexity occasioned by this state of things is ingeniously contrived and forcibly portrayed—the adjustment of all difficulties being finally brought about by the introduction of two portraits of the lady, one in her past tense of meek orphanhood, the other in her present, of august nobility. And a pleasant presence is hers, in any tense, and almost any mood:

Now may the heavens shower their blessings on her—  
With her sweet-scented breath, and rustling locks,  
And her blooming cheek, and her streaming eyes—if 'tis  
Not like as though one pressed a little rose  
All covered o'er with dew unto their lips!

So says Winifred, *à propos* of bestowing a kiss on winsome Maddaline, the smack and zest whereof seem to have passed into the very letter-press of the description, so lively and graphic is the similitude of that 'little rose.' There are some stirring scenes occasioned by the doings of Maddaline's wicked guardian, a revengeful Cumberland knight, and his villainous steward, Wormall—the frenzy of the one when foiled in his malignant schemes, and the cool treachery of the other, being made to cross and contrast with signal effect. The interview, again, between the maddened Sir Gabriel and the priest, may be cited as full of energy and passion—the knight eager to buy revenge on any terms:

—Command  
What more ye will—the scourge—the shirt of hair—  
The bed of poniards—ought or all can mortify  
Both body and soul, command forthwith, I say,  
And forthwith be obeyed; but leave me, leave me  
The hope and solace of my deep revenge!

While the priest advances by slow gradations—from tranquil remonstrance to sentence of excommunication—  
—from urging to a holy sorrow, and a habit of soul

Childlike, and penitent, and pitiful,  
Till that our meek and chastening tears invite  
A hand parental from on high to stanch them;

to the stern anathema

Away, inheritor of ruin, and  
Be henceforth excommunicate!

pronounced in the hope that, as Sir Gabriel's 'fears alone make up his faith,' priestly wielding of spiritual terrors may succeed where counsel and appeal and entreaty had failed:

In the bleak  
And howling waste of the seared conscience, we  
Must e'en content us with the troubled spring,  
If nought more pure be found wherein the weak  
And perishing soul may taste of penitence.

Many telling 'bits' of description might be culled from this dramatic tale; such as this picture of Sir Gabriel's chamber, at the time of its master's incipient frenzy:

I saw a desolate chamber—naked walls—  
Unto one side some sordid rushes huddled,  
As for a leazar's wretched pallet—here  
And there, a chest, a bench, and ruder board,

Whereon, in motley neighbourhood, lay mingled  
Fragments of broken vinctuals—rosaries—  
Wine cups and tankards—waxen images  
Of saints and martyrs; whilst in the midst thereof hung  
A bleak and dismal lamp, whose throbbing flame  
But served, as 'twere, to let the gloom betimes  
Discern itself and shudder.

How graphic the simile in the following fragment, applied to one half paralysed by the sudden arrival of dreadful news:—

Stricken he stands, and rigid, like unto  
The stark Egyptian swathed erect in death!

But we must pass on to other of Mr Marston's dramatic tales.

'The next in order is that by which he is perhaps best known—best, whether in the sense of most widely, or of most favourably. This is *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy of modern life, set to music in blank verse. The fundamental idea is like that in the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, of Mrs Browning—the clashing of aristocratic prestige with world-wide instincts, but with an unprosperous dénouement. The plebeian lover of Lady Mabel is repulsed with scorn, though she is all his own in her heart of hearts; and, in his wrath, he vows deliberate revenge. Rising in the world, he renews his suit, and is now accepted; the marriage settlements are drawn up, and the guests of the proud Norman family are assembled, and then, with bitter words, the bridegroom abruptly retracts his troth, declares his long-cherished purpose, and exults in its cruel triumph. The bride languishes and pines away, even unto death; and her friends and her bridegroom are left to chew the cud of such bitter fancies as may grow on her early grave. The poet's aim was to deal an effective blow against conventional prejudice; but it may be doubted whether he has directed it aright. One of his critics remarks, that so ill has he managed the strife between the aristocratic and popular principles, 'that the patrician [Lord Lynterne], as well as his daughter [Mabel], who is the victim, attract respect, if not admiration; while, on the contrary, the hero of democracy [Mordaunt] excites unmitigated aversion and disgust.' It is, indeed, a sad drawback on our interest in the hero, to witness the unheroic tactics to which he has recourse. Such a case of malice prepense is a little too bad on the part of one challenging our admiration as a model of manly worth. Otherwise, the character is a striking one, and is made the exponent of much eloquent philosophy, of the kind which, as we have said, Mr Marston has most at heart. As Bertram, the peasant-poet, 'plucked up' the Lady Geraldine's 'social fictions'

—bloody-rooted, though leaf-verdant;  
Trode them down with words of shaming—all the purple  
and the gold,  
And the landed stakes and lordships—all that spins  
pure and ardent  
Are cast out of love and reverence, because chancing  
not to hold.

And as he thus passionately addressed the beautiful heiress—

What right have you, madam, gazing in your shining  
mirror daily,  
Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others must  
adore—  
While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers  
to vow gaily,  
You will wed no man that's only good to God—and  
nothing more!

So does Edgar Mordaunt protest against the conventional distinctions by which he, the plebeian, is walled off from the patrician's daughter. For his soul he mused deeply on the essential unity underlying a

human inequalities of rank; and his reasoning is, that

However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant,  
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, the sun  
From age to age has watched their honours end,  
As man by man fell off; and centuries hence,  
Yon light unto oblivion may have lit  
As many stately trains as now have passed—  
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,  
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,  
Shall shine on undecaying. When men know  
What their owd natures are, and feel what God  
Intended them to be, they are not awed  
By pomps.

We only regret that Mordaunt himself is not a finer actor of his ably-enforced doctrine—that 'life's great play may, so it have an actor great enough, be well performed upon a humble stage.' A jury impanelled to sift his part in the death of the patrician's daughter, would be slow to give in a verdict of justifiable homicide. If the play must be a tragedy, 'tis a pity to find the catastrophe traceable to him: so far the didactic import of the piece is depreciated greatly.

The author's mastery of pathos was clearly evidenced in the two foregoing dramas. And as it generally holds, that a master of pathos has also a corresponding command of humour, so his skill to move to laughter as well as tears was proved in his next stage production, a comedietta, with the title *Borough Politics*. The story turns on the struggles of an honest English farmer between irritated pride and natural affection—the 'heart and the world' again—personal resentment urging him to oppose himself, as rival candidate for the mayoralty of Bumbleton, to an obnoxious M.D.; while the happiness of his daughter, imperiled by this opposition—she being betrothed to the doctor's son—becomes in the end a weightier influence. The mental workings of the bluff yeoman are intimated with a precision only to be gained by close study of the mind and affections. Nor were touches of pathos wanting to commingle with and refine the comedy of the action.

To this succeeded *The Heart and the World*, a graceful re-presentment of the poet's favourite theme. It tells how

A maiden gave her faith in trust to one  
Who after found its custody a burden.  
Fame, courtlier manners, more instructed smiles,  
Made his vows fetters. When she heard, she wept not.  
Her whole heart was one frozen tear. Alas!  
She was a simple girl, and had not learned  
The fashion of the times.

Simple, faithful Florence has given up her heart long since to Vivian Temple; but *his* heart, though in reality her own, has become rifled of its freshness and fervour by commerce with the world: a titled damsel has partly bewitched him, and before the world he has cast off his first love. In an agitated interview with Florence, wherein she upbraids his heartlessness, and scatters abroad the sophisms of his self-defence, Vivian is driven to own himself convicted of wrong, and exclaims:

I concede

Your triumph here! But shew the vanquished pity.  
*Flor.* Ay, pity! There's the loss, that we must learn  
To pity what we worshipped. Vivian Temple!

What is the master-pang—there is but one—  
That wrecks a woman's future? Pours the world  
Scorn on her chosen? Well, she takes *his* hand,  
And drops the world's. Is want that crushing pang?  
I tell thee, when of nights her slender hand  
Smooths his brow's anxious lines, and soul-filled eyes  
Glorify pale, worn faces—she thanks Heaven  
That taught her, through her very penury,  
How love can grow by suffering. Is it death?—

*Temple.* (*Breaking in with much emotion.*) No, no!

*Flor.* (*Rising.*) I say so too. Then what?

*Temple.* Oh, nothing, nothing!

*Flor.* Yes; *his full from work!*

Faith rides o'er mountain-billows by one light

We deem a star. Prove that a meteor—then

We strand, we strand!

Elsewhere she thus expresses to another the depth of her indignant grief at the unworthiness of him she has loved, intensified by her persuasion of his natural worth and stifled virtue:

Oh, didst thou know, like me,  
What lofty tones sleep in those chords which now  
Harsh folly jars! If o'er his head had met  
In one fell constellation all ill stars,  
And poured at once their pitiless vials down—  
Scorn, sickness, poverty—I could have borne it;  
But thus in self-degraded! Oh, what shame  
Like that which cankers self-respect! What death  
Like that which sears the heart, and makes the frame  
An animated tomb!

But Vivian is finally emancipated from the toils in which he had been caught: there is some 'heart' left in the 'world' to which he has been in bondage; and if the fifth act excite 'some natural tears,' yet it is *not* a tragedy, and we 'wipe them soon,' with all kinds of good wishes valedictory for hearts that have overcome the world.

The fine tragedy of *Strathmore* illustrates, with dramatic power as vigorous as it is delicate, the conflict of Love with Duty, and the victory of the latter. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more,' said or sung the *preux chevalier* of olden time. The hero of this tragedy, whose lot is cast in the troublous times of Claverhouse and the Covenanters, exemplifies, in life and death, the spirit of that strain. His heart is given to Katherine Lorn, child of the loyalist Sir Rupert, while his honour is bound up with the cause of the Covenant. Strathmore and Kate have been brought up together; 'twas he upheld her steps when both were children: 'on the hillside still flowers,' she reminds him, 'the golden gorse from which he plucked the thorn that else had harmed her; in the brook still float lilies like those they wove' together, in the past and pleasant piping times of peace. But fell discord has separated Kate's sire from Kate's lover; and in the chances of war, the life of Strathmore is seemingly in the power of Sir Rupert, and depends on his avowing himself a traitor, and his cause a crime. Seemingly, not really; for in the conflict which has thus subjected the Covenanter to the Cavalier, Strathmore has been mortally wounded. But of this Katherine is ignorant; and the grand effect of the tragedy turns upon this fact. For in his dying moments, Strathmore appeals to her to bid him choose between the life which she supposes can be secured by her father's nod, so soon as ever the young prisoner shall have renounced his principles, and the death which otherwise—and this, too, by her father's nod—awaits him. And having heard him, Katherine bids him—die! The climax is most impressively worked up:

*Strathmore.* (*Feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds.*)

You shall decide (*she kneels by his side*): two paths before me lie,

The one through death to honour—

*Katherine.* Hulbert!

*Strath.* Nay,

There are but two! First, say we choose the nobler—

Then wilt thou think of Strathmore, as of one

Who, by his last act, fitly sealed a life

He would bequeath thee spotless.

*Kath.* Ah, *bequeath!*

And I shall never see thee more!

*Strath.* Yes, Katherine! (*Pointing upwards.*)

*Kath.* The other path?

*Strath.* It leads to life through shame!  
 Wouldst have me take it?—live to own no bond  
 But with dishonour, feel remorse consume  
 My hope in ashes; when I hear the tale  
 Of heroes, vainly groan—*such once I was!*  
 And when the cowards shudder—*such I am!*  
*Kath.* This gloom will melt in a bright future—  
*Strath.* No!  
 He has no future who betrays his past!  
*Kath.* Still live!  
*Strath.* To give the lie  
 To my true youth; shrink, when thy straining breast  
 Throbs to a traitor's; read in those dear eyes  
 The temptress, not the wife! All springs of joy  
 Reflecting my own brand, the ailment  
 Of every blessing poisoned, age's frost  
 Numbing the pang it cures not—to crawl down  
 The steep of time and to the grave—that last  
 Dark shelter for disgrace—bear a dead heart!  
*Kath.* Cease! cease!  
*Strath.* (Rising.) Speak, shall I sign? \*  
*Kath.* (Starting to her feet.) No—DIE!

And anon the maiden's bidding is fulfilled, though she is spared the anguish of seeing a father's hand the instrument of its fulfilment. The interest of this scene is said to have told with thrilling effect on the stage, when first brought out some five years since.

The same year appeared *Trevelyan; or, the False Position*. Partnership in dramatic composition is a custom that was in vogue before Beaumont and Fletcher, and is still adopted both here and abroad. In France, for instance, it is nothing rare to hear of two, and three even, being engaged in the authorship of a mere one-act farce; while some of the most successful hits in our own contemporary stage annals are joint-stock affairs—witness the composite dramas due to the united labours of Messrs Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. *Trevelyan* was of the joint-stock class: Mr Marston contributing the serious, and Mr Bayle Bernard the comic 'business.' The 'false position' intimated in the title is that of a low-born wife, whose 'antecedents' have been concealed from her noble sensitive husband—the abrupt discovery of them on his part occasioning a sad series of embarrassments and mutual distresses, though all is made right at last. The poetical rendering of these domestic difficulties is managed with the author's wonted delicacy and tact. Some of the situations are deeply moving, and the dialogue is marked by sustained passages of tenderness and genuine utterances of passion.

In the following season was produced the historical play of *Philip of France and Marie de Meranie*—the 'points' of one scene in which have been thus summed up: 'A gray castle, a summer solitude, a forsaken wife, an affianced bride, a dying gift; childhood, the dead, love, hope, forgiveness, blessing, memory, tears, passion, curses;

Philip near,  
 Crownless, perchance, and vanquished;

and over all an atmosphere of sorrow, bright with the sunset of decay, and stirred by wedding-bells. Marching legions, the hoarse tide of war, victory, a conqueror, wild hope, frenzied fear, the shadow of the grave, the resurrection of love, the despair of passion, united lovers, a recrowned queen, three vanquished realms, a broken heart, a husband widowed, a victor kneeling, warriors grieving, lances vailing, solemn music, and the Angel of Death, with Marie on his breast, looking impassive upon all.' With images so unwontedly crowded is the closing scene animated—'that terrible closing scene,' as it has been called, 'into which, with the tactics of Napoleon, the poet pours his masses in overwhelming prodigality.' But taking the play as a

whole, its incidents are noway complex, nor its plot intricate. Its theme is, once again, the old quarrel between the heart and the world; the soul of Philip Augustus being made, in this instance, the platform of the contest. Marie is the monarch's good genius:

Her love is not alone his fortune's crown;  
 'Tis Nature's need! not to his branch of life  
 An added blossom, but the vital essence  
 Replenishing the root.

The impetuous, yet vacillating prince, feels that she has 'changed his being,' and he tells her how:

I measured glory once by daring deeds,  
 Extended empire, and by prostrate foes.  
 You taught me, first, to think *Deliverer*  
 A holier name than *Victor*—that the rod  
 Of terror rules but shrinking clay, while love  
 Sits throned in living hearts! I thought of thee,  
 And from the captive dropped his chain—of thee,  
 And pardoned rose the traitor at my feet—  
 Of thee, and bade the tyrant-stricken serf  
 Look up, and greet a father in his king!

Such has been the sway of a woman's unworldly heart over a man's worldly one—such her influence to snatch him from the toils 'of selfish brains, the chill of frigid hearts, the infected air that stifles and corrupts the soul that pants to live.' It must be added, that those who had carefully watched the progress of Mr Marston's dramatic compositions, applauded the construction of this play as a great advance upon any of its predecessors.

Last in the series comes *Anne Blake*. Here, however, there is rather a falling off than an improvement in the constructive art. The five acts are far too sparsely provided with action. The value of the work consists mainly in a certain psychological study of character, too subtle and delicate to hit the taste of 'full houses,' but highly interesting to such as love to ponder the reflective evolutions of a poetical mind, skilled in the 'various readings' of the soul of man, and gifted with artistic talent in rendering the *nuances* of light and shade. But we have no space to dilate on these finely-developed qualities. And the same 'negative quantity'—speaking mathematically rather than grammatically—forbids any detailed mention of Mr Marston's poems of a miscellaneous kind; his *Gerald*, dramatic sketches, romances, ballads, and lyrics. Of these many are forcible, some only forcible-feeble; nearly all are distinguished by a meditative beauty, and a generous tone of sentiment, deeply engaging to all, what Wordsworth calls, 'thinking hearts.'

#### A SCRAMBLE AMONG PRAIRIE-WOLVES.

THE prairie-wolf (*Canis latrans*) inhabits the vast and still unpeopled territories that lie between the Mississippi River and the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Its range extends beyond what is strictly termed 'the prairies.' It is found in the wooded and mountainous ravines of California and the Rocky Mountain districts. It is common throughout the whole of Mexico, where it is known as the coyote. I have seen numbers of this species on the battle-field, tearing at corpses, as far south as the Valley of Mexico itself. Its name of prairie-wolf is, therefore, in some respects inappropriate; the more so, as the larger wolves are also inhabitants of the prairie. No doubt this name was given it, because the animal was first observed in the prairie country west of the Mississippi by the early explorers of that region. In the wooded countries east of the great river, the common large wolf only is known.

Whatever doubt there may be of the many varieties of the large wolf being distinct species, there can be none with regard to the *Canis latrans*. It differs from all the others in size, and in many of its habits. Perhaps it more nearly resembles the jackal than any

\* Sign—namely, the scroll of abjuration.

other animal. It is the New-World representative of that celebrated creature. In size, it is just midway between the large wolf and fox. With much of the appearance of the former, it combines all the sagacity of the latter. It is usually of a grayish colour, lighter or darker, according to circumstances, and often with a tinge of cinnamon or brown. As regards its cunning, the fox is 'but a fool to it.' It cannot be trapped. Some experiments made for the purpose, shew results that throw the theory of instinct quite into the background. It has been known to burrow under a 'dead fall,' and drag off the bait without springing the trap. The steel-trap it avoids, no matter how concealed; and the cage-trap has been found 'no go.' Further illustrations of the cunning of the prairie-wolf might be found in its mode of decoying within reach the antelopes and other creatures on which it preys. Of course this species is as much fox as wolf, for in reality a small wolf is a fox, and a large fox is a wolf. To the traveller and trapper of the prairie regions, it is a pest. It robs the former of his provisions—often stealing them out of his very tent; it unbait the traps of the latter, or devours the game already secured in them. It is a constant attendant upon the caravans or travelling-parties that cross prairie-land. A pack of prairie-wolves will follow such a party for hundreds of miles, in order to secure the refuse left at the camps. They usually lie down upon the prairie, just out of range of the rifles of the travellers; yet they do not observe this rule always, as they know there is not much danger of being molested. Hunters rarely shoot them, not deeming their hides worth having, and not caring to waste a charge upon them. They are more cautious when following a caravan of Oregon or California emigrants, where there are plenty of 'greenhorns' and amateur-hunters ready to fire at anything.

Prairie-wolves are also constant attendants upon the 'gangs' of buffalo. They follow these for hundreds of miles—in fact, the outskirts of the buffalo-herd are, for the time being, their home. They lie down on the prairie at a short distance from the buffaloes, and wait and watch in hopes that some of these animals may get disabled or separated from the rest, or with the expectation that a cow with her new dropped calf may fall into the rear. In such cases, the pack gather round the unfortunate individual, and worry it to death. A wounded or superannuated bull sometimes 'falls out,' and is attacked. In this case the fight is more desperate, and the bull is sadly mutilated before he can be brought to the ground. Several wolves, too, are laid *hors de combat* during the struggle.

The prairie traveller may often look around him without seeing a single wolf; but let him fire off his gun, and, as if by magic, a score of them will suddenly appear. They start from their hiding-places, and rush forward in hopes of sharing in the produce of the shot.

At night, they enliven the prairie-camp with their dismal howling, although most travellers would gladly dispense with such music. Their note is a bark like that of a terrier-dog, repeated three times, and then prolonged into a true wolf's howl. I have heard farmhouse dogs utter a very similar bark. From this peculiarity, some naturalists prefer calling them the 'barking-wolf,' and that is the specific appellation given by Say, who first described them (*Canis latrans*).

Prairie-wolves have all the ferocity of their race, but no creature could be more cowardly. Of course no one fears them under ordinary circumstances; but they have been known to make a combined attack upon persons disabled, and in severe weather, when they themselves were rendered unusually fierce by hunger. But they are not regarded with fear either by traveller or hunter; and the latter disdains to waste his charge upon such worthless game.

I knew one exception to this rule, and that was a trapper of the name of H—. He was the only one of his sort that shot prairie-wolves, and he did so 'on sight.' I believe if it had been the last bullet in his pouch, and an opportunity had offered of sending it into a prairie-wolf, he would have despatched the leaden missile. I once asked him how many he had killed in his time. He drew a small notched stick from his 'possible sack,' and desired me to count the notches upon it. I did so. There were one hundred and forty-five in all.

'You have killed one hundred and forty-five, then?' said I, astonished at the number.

'Yes, i'deed,' replied he, with a quiet chuckle, 'that many dozen; for every 'un of them natches count twelve. I only make a nutch when I've throwed the clar dozen.'

'A hundred and forty-five dozen!' I repeated in astonishment; and yet I have no doubt of the truth of the trapper's statement, for he had no interest in deceiving me. I am satisfied, from what I knew of him, that he had slain the full number stated—one thousand seven hundred and forty!

I became curious to learn the cause of his antipathy to the prairie-wolves; for I knew he *had* an antipathy, and it was that that had induced him to commit such wholesale havoc among these creatures. By careful management, I at last got him upon the edge of the story, and quietly pushed him into it. He gave it me thus:

'Wal, sir, about ten winters ago, I war travellin' from Bent's Fort on the Arkansaw, to Laramie on the Platte, all alone b'myself. I had undertook the journey on some business for Bill Bent—no matter now what. I had crossed the divide, and got within sight o' the Black Hills, when one night I had to camp out on the open parairy, without eyther bush or stone to shelter me. That war, prehaps, the coldest night this nigger remembers; there war a wind kim down from the mountains that wud a froze the har off an iron dog. I gathered my blanket around me, but that wind whistled through it as if it had been a rail-fence. 'Twan't no use lyin' down, for I couldn't a sleep, so I sot up. You may ask why I hadn't a fire? I'll tell you why. Fust, thar wan't a stick o' timber within ten mile if me; and, secondly, if thar had been, I dasen't a made a fire. I war travellin' as bad a bit o' Injun ground as could be found in all the country, and I'd seen Injun sign two or three times that same day. It's true thar war a good grist o' buffler chips about tol'ably dry, and I mout have made some sort o' a fire but for that; an' at last I *did* make a fire arter a fashion. I did it this a way.

Seeing that with the cussed cold I wan't agoin' to get a wink o' sleep, I gathered a wheen o' the buffler-chips. I then dug a hole in the ground with my bowie, an' hard pickin' that war; but I got through the crust at last, and made a sort o' oven about a fut, or a fut and a half deep. At the bottom I laid some dry grass and dead branches o' sage-plant, and then settin' it afire, I piled the buffler-chips on top. The thing burnt tol'able well, but the smoke o' the buffler-dung would a choked a skunk. As soon as it had got fairly under-way, I hunkered, an' sot down over the hole, in such a position as to catch all the heat under my blanket, an' then I was comf'table enough. Of coorse no Injun kud see the smoke arter night, an' it would a taken sharp eyes to have sighted the fire, I reckon.

Wal, sir, the critter I rode war a young mustang colt, about half-broke. I had bought him from a Mexikin at Bent's only the week afore, and it war his fust journey, leastwise with me. Of coorse I had him on the lariat; but up to this time I had kept the eend o' the rope in my hand, because I had that same day lost my picket-pin; an' thinkin' as I wan't agoin' to sleep, I mout as well hold on to it. By 'm by, however, I

begun to feel drowsy. The fire atween my legs promised to keep me from freezin', an' I thort I mout as well get a nap. So I tied the lariat round my ankles, sunk my head atween my knees, an' in the twinklin' o' a goat's tail I war sound. I jest noticed as I war goin' off, that the mustang war out some yards, nibblin' away at the dry gras o' the parairy.

I guess I must a slept about an hour, or tharabouts—I won't be sartint how long. I only know that I didn't wake o' my own accord. I wus awake; an' when I did awake, I still thort I war a dreamin'. It would a been a rough dream; but unfort'nately for me, it wan't a dream, but a jenwine reality. At fust, I cudn't make out what war the matter wi' me, no how; an' then I thort I war in the hands o' the Injuna, who were draggin' me over the parairy; an' sure enough I war a draggin' that a way, though not by Injuna. Once or twice I lay still for jest a second or two, an' then away I went agin, trailin' and bumpin' over the ground, as if I had been tied to the tail o' a gallopin' hoos. All the while there war a yellin' in my ears as if all the cats an' dogs o'—anywhere—were arter me. Wal, sir, it war some time afore I comp'rended what all this rough usage meant. I did at last. The pull upon my ankles gave me the idea. It war the lariat that war round them. My mustang had stampeeded, and war draggin' me at full gallop across the parairy!

The barkin', an' howlin', an' yelpin' I heerd, war a pack of parairy-wolves. Half famished, they had attacked the mustang, and started him. All this kim into my mind at once. You'll say it war easy to lay hold on the rope, an' stop the hoos. So it mout appear; but I kin tell you that it ain't so easy a thing. It wan't so to me. My ankles were in a noose, an' were drawn close together. Of coorse, while I war movin' along, I couldn't get to my feet; an' whenever the mustang kim to a halt, an' I had half gathered myself, afore I kud reach the rope, away went the critter agin, flingin' me to the ground at full length. Another thing hindered me. Afore goin' to sleep, I had put my blanket on Mexikin-fashion—that is, wi' my head through a slit in the centre—an' as the drag begun, the blanket flopped about my face, an' half smothered me. Prehaps, however, an' I thort so arterward, that blanket saved me many a scratch, although it bamfoozled me a good bit.

I got the blanket off at last, arter I had made about a mile, I reckon, and then for the fust time I could see about me. Such a sight! The moon war up, an' I kud see that the ground war white with snow. It had snowed while I war asleep; but that wan't the sight—the sight war, that close up an' around me the hul parairy war kivered with wolves—cussed parairy-wolves! I kud see their long tongues lollin' out, and the smoke steamin' from their open mouths.

Bein' now no longer hampered by the blanket, I made the best use I could o' my arms. Twice I got hold o' the lariat, but afore I kud set myself to pull up the runnin' hoos, it war jirked out o' my hand agin. Somehow or other, I had got clutch o' my bowie, and at the next opportunity I made a cut at the rope, and heerd the clean 'enig' o' the knife. Arter that I lay quiet on the parairy, an' I b'lieve I kinder sort o' fainted. 'Twan't a long faint no how; for when I got over it, I kud see the mustang about a half a mile off, still runnin' as fast as his legs could carry him, an' most of the wolves howlin' arter him. A few of these critters had gathered about me, but gettin' to my feet, I made a dash among them wi' the shinin' bowie, an' sent them everywhich way, I reckon.

I watched the mustang until he war clur out o' sight; and then I war puzzled what to do. Fust, I went back for my blanket, which I soon rekindered, an' then I follered the back-track to get my gun an' other traps whar I had camped. The trail war easy, on

account o' the snow, an' I kud see whar I had sign through it all the way. Having got my possibiles, I then tuk arter the mustang, and follered for at least ten miles on his tracks, but I never see'd that mustang agin. Whether the wolves hunted him down or not, I can't say, nor I don't care if they did, the scarey brute! I see'd thar feet all the way arter him in the snow, and I know'd it wan't no use follering farther. It war plain I war put down on the parairy, so I bundled up my possibiles, and turned head for Laramies foot, had a three days' walk o' it, and prehaps I didn't see a few.

I war right bad used. Thar wan't a bone in my body that didn't ache, as if I had been passed through a sugar-mill; and my clothes and skin were torn considerably. It mout a been wuss, but for the blessing of the sprinkle o' snow that made the ground a leek slickerer. Howsomever, I got safe to the Fort, whar I war soon rigged out in a fresh suit o' buckskin an' a hoos. But I never arterward see'd a parairy-wolf within range o' my rifle, that I didn't let it into him, an' as you see, I've throwed a good wheen in thar tracks since then. Wagh!

#### TAILED MEN.

The Niam-Niams, or Ghilanes—their name signifies cannibals—form a race of men who have a great similitude with the monkey. Shorter than other negroes, they are rarely more than five feet high. They are generally ill-proportioned; their bodies are thin, and upper and lower limbs are long and lank; their feet and hands large and flatter than those of other races of men; their lower jaw is very strong and very long; their cheek-bones are high; their forehead is narrow, and falls backwards; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes small, brilliant, and remarkably restless; their nose large and flat; the mouth large; the lips thick; the teeth big and sharp, and remarkably white—they sharpen their teeth. Their hair is curly but not very woolly, short and not thick. What, however, peculiarly distinguishes this people, is the external prolongation of the vertebral column, which in every individual, male or female, forms a tail of from two to three inches long.—*Literary Gazette*.—*Voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams*; by C. L. du Couret, sent by the French government to explore the least known parts of Africa.

#### DRESS OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

With respect to the state-dress of the women, black silk is the favourite material for the robe, which is generally braided with gold or silver, and confined at the waist by a girdle similarly ornamented, fastened with a large silver or gold clasp; and if to this we add a light shawl of some grey colour, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, with a thin muslin veil, sufficiently large to envelop the entire figure, we have the gala costume of one of the daughters of Circassia. The reader may imagine the effect of such a lovely apparition, attended, like Diana, by a favourite dog in the midst of the charming scenery of that mountainous land. If the fair vision should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell, by the colour of her tresses, whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow: virgin white being worn by the young girls; red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron; and blue by the hapless one who mourns the death of her lord. In everything else their dress is similar, except that the hair of the young ladies, instead of falling on the neck and shoulders like that of the married women, is arranged in a thick plait behind, crowned at the end by a silver cord.—*Spencer's Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia*.

Printed and Published by W. and B. CHAMBERS, 3 Brick Lane, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 389 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASSMAN, 50 Upper Beakville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Art.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## 'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.'

THIS proverb was forcibly brought to my remembrance when, a short time ago, I found myself the inmate of a tiny lodging, so close to the edge of the sea that I had opportunity of observing every action of the tides, every movement of the human beings who came either to enjoy the influence of the sea-breezes, or to make their living by any of the various means which offer themselves to those who live by the sea-side.

It had been brilliant and lovely weather, more like June than October; and the sea, of glassy smoothness, and reflecting every tint of the heavens on its bosom, had been more beautiful in its dreamlike stillness than words can express. Then came one of those sudden changes which are so often encountered on our coasts in the autumn; a strong easterly gale set in, with squalls of rain; the wild tempestuous wind came pouring over the sea, and lashing its mighty waters into madness; causing them to flow, 'rolling in foaming billows,' far, far above their accustomed bounds, and to cover the sands, and even a great part of the green-sward above them, with creamy foam. It was from a cottage on Paington Sands, the exact centre of Torbay, that I watched this scene; and any one who is acquainted with that part of the Devonshire coast, will be aware that an easterly wind has great power in this otherwise sheltered haven. The bay, which is contained between the two fine promontories, Berry Head to the south, and Hope's Nose to the north, opens directly east; and between these two headlands, which are from six to seven miles apart, the waters pour in when the wind blows from that quarter with such force as is never experienced there in any other wind.

Torquay, that place of refuge for consumptive patients, is safely nestled under the northern hilly promontory; but the opposite shore, and especially that point of which I speak, Paington, receives the full force of an easterly storm. It was spring-tides, and for three successive days, as the waters rose, the waves swept wildly over the sunken rocks, then flowed onwards for a moment, and being anew dashed on high by the obstruction formed by the wall of the little pier, rose in a sheet of spray, washing over the whole fabric of the pier, and clearing away, as it retired, every loose rope or other articles that had been left on that usually safe resting-place.

On the third night came thunder—'that deep and dreadful organ-pipe;' and broad sheets of blue lightning blazing across the heavens and over the sea, lighted up every wave with glittering splendour. But nature will assert her claims, even in the face of

the most grand and brilliant spectacles; so after watching the progress of the storm for a considerable time, I grew cold and weary, and shutting the window, went to bed and to sleep. The next morning early, before I dressed, I drew back my blind to observe the state of the sea and of the weather. What a scene did I behold! How entirely different from that of the night before; the sea lay as calm and placid as a lake—there was scarcely a ripple on its surface. Not a sign was there of the elemental strife which had raged for the three previous days; and the little wavelets which broke on the shore left but a mere stripe of white spray, as if just to mark where sea ended and wet sand began—a needful mark, for the sunbeams lit up every object with such beaming lustre, that sand and water were almost equally shining and glittering with light.

The whole beach was alive with the poorer inhabitants of the place, come out to gather in their harvest—to collect the 'good' which this to them not 'ill wind' had brought. I was myself not at all aware of the many sources of profit which are derived by the inhabitants of a sea-side village from a storm; and it may not be uninteresting to some who have not had the opportunities of observation, which this equinoctial gale afforded me, to hear a little on the subject.

The first and most prominent groups which attracted my notice were composed of men, six or seven in a party, who were busily employed in raking something from the waters. Each had a rake with a very long handle, and strong iron teeth, of four or five inches in length. They were securing for manure the masses of the larger algae, which floated in immense quantities on the water. For about two hours after high-water they were thus employed; the quantity they collected was enormous, but nothing to compare with what the ebbing waters bore back again, to be cast ashore at other places, or to return to that beach at another time. The men raked it just so far as to be out of reach of the waves, then placing it in mounds, went off to other toil. For the few hours it lay there, I amused myself with examining the heaps, which consisted chiefly of the larger tangle—that broad olive-green weed we so often find on the shore, with immensely long and broad fronds, the margins waved as if they had been frilled; and of the broad flat-leaved laminaria, with its yellowish inflated air-vessels, terminating each forked extremity. These had been uprooted from the rocks by the force of the waves, and had borne away with them clusters of mussels, which still, moored by their long and strong fibrous filaments, kept their position, closely packed together, as they had been lying in the mussel-beds from which they had been torn. I took home a root or two of weed,

and put them in a vessel of sea-water, in the hope of seeing the mussels open. In this hope I was disappointed; but I found after a day or two that I had unawares secured many treasures, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Towards mid-day came throngs of people—men, women, and children—with carts and horses to remove the valuable heaps of weed, before the returning tide should again scatter them; but there was far too much to be carried further than just out of reach of danger, in case the storm should again set in; so it was collected into one heap—and a huge one it was—on the green, and many days passed before the whole quantity was finally carried away.

Before the weed-rakers were gone, a new scene was begun. I saw two or three places on the beach where many dozens of people were assembled, digging in the sand, and carting off something, I knew not what. There were men with huge hampers, into which they were throwing something which they picked up by the handful, and men and women, boys and girls, all with baskets collecting. I hastened to the spot, at about the centre of the sands, where the largest group was assembled, and the extraordinary scene that met my view baffles description. The whole ground was entirely covered with different kinds of shell-fish; the men dug deep into the sand, or rather, I should say, into the heaps of mollusks—for there was little of the former in comparison with the latter—and threw them up by the shovelful. Cart-loads, dozens of cart-loads of cockles of several kinds, razor-fish, mussels, and other species of edible bivalves, lay in all directions, mixed with whelks, small crabs, and an infinity of small shells, some empty and some with the fish in them. Each person seemed to have enough to do to collect the object of which he or she was in search; for although some of the people filled their baskets indiscriminately with various kinds of wares, the greater number seemed to have a single definite object. Two boys were intent on filling a large basket with what are vulgarly called 'razor-fish,' a pursuit in which I found some pleasure in helping them, by pointing out the creatures where they lay, and poking in the sand with my walking-stick, or turning over the heaps in search of them; and 'Here's one,' and 'Here's another, and another,' was echoed from mouth to mouth, till in a few minutes the great brown basket was full to overflowing. This mollusk (*Solen siliqua*) is the inhabitant of those long porcelain-like shells which are so often found empty on the sea-shore, but which seldom are taken with their inmates, except after a storm, or by those who know how to look for them. The shells are six or seven times longer than their breadth, partly coated with a thin olive-green epidermis; but where this does not prevail, they are, like china, white and smooth, beautifully waved, and lined with buff and purple. The shell is sharp at the edge, whence, in conjunction with its shape, it is called razor-shell, and by the French, *manche de couteau*. An interesting little book, *Common Things of the Sea-coast*, gives so pleasing an account of the habits of this creature, that I cannot do better than transcribe it as it stands: 'The animal is provided with a cylindrical foot, admirably adapting it for burrowing in the sand. This organ tapers at the end, and is, however, shaped more like a *tongue* than a *foot*. Destitute of a cable to moor it, or a strong shell to protect it, this little foot supplies all the needs of the mollusk; and the depth into which, by its help, the animal can retreat into the sand, is truly wonderful. It often buries itself several feet below the surface, rendering its capture scarcely possible. When about to enter the sand, the foot of the

solen takes the form of a shovel, with a sharp-pointed end. With this it digs a hole, turning its point into the form of a hook, to facilitate its descent, and again widening it into the spade-like shape, to shovel away the sand. If it wishes to remove to a little distance, the solen can double up its leg into the form of a ball, which prevents it from slipping back, while the action of powerful muscles impels it forward. Supplied with so admirable an organ, the solen is by no means an easy capture; and buried upright in the sand, the fishermen who catch them need both skill and practice.'

This species, the *Solen siliqua*, is much in request for food in Ireland: it is taken at high-tide by pushing a long wire, bent and sharpened at one end, suddenly into the little hollows in the sand which mark the spot where the fish lies; this passes between the valves, and the barbed part fixes in the animal, which is thus brought to the surface. Professor Forbes says: 'They are among the most delicious of shell-fish when properly cooked—broiling is the best method—and are eaten in many parts of Britain, as well as abroad.' This is his report of the whole solen family. My little dirty boys were, therefore, it would seem, skilled gastronomists, or else sent out by those who were so; for I observed that they cast aside all the other varieties of mollusks which lay around them, selecting only these razor-fish. One of them, however, picked up one of a kind of cockle, very abundant on the shore, called red noses. 'You do not eat these?' said I inquiringly. 'Ees we does,' was the answer, as the young gentleman tore open the shell, and to my dismay proceeded to bite off the coral-red foot of the living fish, and eat it with great glee!

These cockles (*Cardium rusticum*, or, as some authors name it, *Tuberculatum*) lay among the other relics of the storm in thousands and tens of thousands; the people were loading carts with them and others, to sell for manure, and dozens of people carrying them off in baskets for hours; yet the number did not seem to be decreased, for there they lay in heaped ridges at the different tide-marks for days afterwards—their scarlet-fish and brown shells quite colouring the beach. Thousands were carried back to the sea by the retreating waves, and for two or three days pigs were grubbing about amongst the shells, and feeding voraciously on the half-decomposed animals; yet still nearly a week after the storm many thousands remained. I took home a couple of them, and kept them for a day or two in a plate of sand and water. They are very curious and beautiful. The shell is brown, and filled with prickly tubercles on the ribs; white and polished in the inside. Round the edge of both the upper and under shell is laid an edging of fleshy substance, of a soft orange red, beautifully toothed; this is part of the mantle; and at one side are two tubes, with little fibre-like fringes, which form the breathing-apparatus of the fish. The foot, of which I have spoken, is long, and of a very brilliant red, exceedingly like a piece of solid coral, fleshy and shining, and bending like an elbow about the middle; with this the animal scoops a hole in the sand, wherein to bury itself in time of danger, and with it also it is able to disinter itself at pleasure. To do this, or if it wishes to move forward or backward on the sand, it thrusts out this foot, then doubles it up, pushing downwards towards the sand, and thus jerks itself strongly in the direction it wishes; or on occasion, it can leap high into the air by the same process. Forbes says: 'As a British species, it is essentially local, and by no means frequent in collections. These shells, however, abound at certain seasons.' He quotes further from Turton: 'On the Paington Sands, in Torbay, where at low spring-tides they may be observed with the fringed tubes appearing just above the surface, the neighbouring cottagers gather them in baskets and panniers, and after cleansing them a few hours in cold spring-water, fry the fish in a better made of

crumbs of bread, producing a wholesome and savoury dish. The inhabitants call them red noses.'

Immense quantities of mussels were cast ashore, but to my surprise, I did not see a single one picked up, though I believe it to be the same species (*Mytilus edulis*) of which such incredible numbers are eaten in Edinburgh and other places. Dr Knapp states, according to Forbes: 'As an article of food, there cannot be used fewer than ten bushels per week in Edinburgh and Leith for forty weeks in the year—in all, 400 bushels annually. Each bushel of mussels, when shelled, and freed from all refuse, will probably contain from three to four pints of the animals, or about 900 or 1000, according to their size. Taking the latter number, there will be consumed in Edinburgh and Leith about 400,000 mussels.' He proceeds to calculations of the numbers used for bait, and shews that 80,000,000 or 40,000,000 mussels are used yearly in the district of the Firth of Forth alone. He says also, that the best are got north of the pier at Newhaven, and sell for about 8d. per bushel, and that the beds are private property; nay, that in many places they are kept in artificial beds, called 'mussel-gardens.' We have heard of cockle-shells in a garden in the nursery song:

How does my lady's garden grow?  
With cockle-shells and silver bells,  
And pretty maids all in a row;

but never before of mussel-gardens. However, Torbay is certainly full of mussel-beds, though no one seems ever to gather the fruit.

Besides the red-noses, which I have described, there were two other kinds of cockle in large quantities on the beach—one much larger, containing also a red fish, and its shell spiny; and another considerably smaller, and devoid of spines.

Besides the weed-collectors, the parties gathering mollusks in general for manure, and those picking them up with more careful discrimination for food, there were many with baskets gathering the small lumps of coal which had been washed from the different wharfs by the lashing of the waters; and many a good fire was no doubt maintained that day from this fuel, and the bits of sticks and chips which had been sent afloat in the same or other ways. Thank God! there was nothing that looked like the portions of boat or ship; no broken timbers or dead bodies came ashore to damp the enjoyment of this marine-harvesting: all was sunshine and glee—all 'good,' and no 'ill.'

I had my own particular 'good' from the effects of this wild wind. What a harvest is such a time for the zoologist, or marine botanist! and even for one who, without having a claim to either of these respectable names, has a right to that of a lover of nature and natural objects.

I have said that from the root of sea-weed in which the mussels were clustered, several interesting objects were procured. One of these was a species of diminutive 'sand-star,' of which there were not less than five or six specimens washed out all alive, and writhing their long arms about with great energy. These creatures were none of them above half an inch in expansion, each possessing five arms, radiating from a round imbricated centre. These arms are flexible and jointed, furnished with spines and membranous tentacula. There was also a curious annelid, of which at least a dozen specimens appeared: a long thread-like worm it was, which, under a small magnifier, appeared as if it were yellowish-white, spotted with black. It was furnished with an immense number of bristles, arranged along the side, which served the creature as instruments of progression, and by means of which it writhed about and climbed up the sides of the glass in which it was placed with wonderful ease. Another animal, of which I obtained three specimens from the same source, greatly delighted me. No doubt,

a true naturalist would have known what it was at a glance; but I did not, nor have I found it described or delineated in any of the works I have consulted. Examining the vessel one day in which my ever-increasing treasures were placed, I perceived a sort of net-work of almost imperceptibly thin silky-looking fibres, not at all thicker than the finest silk-worm silk, wrapped over the bottom of the glass. I watched them for a minute or two, and saw that they were in motion; and on further inspection, found that they proceeded from two tubular cases of soft substance, each about three-quarters of an inch long; one was green, one yellow, and both not unlike in form to the tubular spur-shaped petal of the columbine, only that they were not so much knobbed or carved at the end, and less wide at the mouth. The yellow hair-like processes were fully an inch and a half extended from the mouths of these tubes, closely intermixed, so as to form one net, and of immense number. I gently agitated the water, and touched the threads with the feather-end of a pen, on which they instantly contracted, and the animals presented the appearance of such a torch as we see depicted in representations of Hymen; the filaments waving with most graceful movements from the mouth of the tube of each insect, and forming a thick flame-like tassel of rich amber colour. These filaments were all tentacula; and by means of them the creatures were able to inflate their bodies with water, and spring suddenly with a graceful, but most eccentric movement, to the top of the water—a feat they were continually performing, rising suddenly with their plumes depressed into a mass, and a wriggling motion of the body, and then as suddenly dropping in a winding direction to the bottom, their beautiful hair-like tentacula floating out on the water in a most interesting and peculiar manner. I afterwards found a third and smaller specimen in the same cluster of weeds. These pretty and graceful things I kept for a fortnight, watching them daily with great pleasure.

No doubt, had I had a microscope of sufficient power, I should have discovered many more objects of interest in this vase; but as I had not, I was obliged to go further afield for my observations, not half of which, however, will space allow me to record. In the drift-heaps, I found, amongst other curious things, two varieties of 'cross-fish,' or, as they are sometimes called, star-fish, of the *Asteriadae* family. One was the common cross-fish (*Uroster rubens*), the other (*Asterias aurantiaca*) the bat-thorn. The former of these has five rounded, tapering, fleshy rays, surrounding a disk at equal distances, and covered with blunt spines. It is variable in tint, ranging from deep-yellow to scarlet. Under each ray is an avenue of short, whitish cylindrical tentacula or suckers, possessed of great powers of retraction. The other species was more light and elegant in form, its rays being narrower, and very regularly arranged; the colour, a light drab; and the surface of the disk and rays so closely set with tubercles crowded with minute spines, so as to give a firm compactness to the whole, quite different from the former species. All round the edges, the rays were studded with a row of bead-like protuberances, which formed an exceedingly accurate and beautiful border to the upper part of the animal, marking the regularity of the star very curiously. I found several specimens of each of these genera. It is said that the fishermen in some localities have a strange superstition about the bat-thorn. 'The first taken is carefully made a prisoner, and placed on a seat at the stern of the boat. When they hook a but (halibut), they immediately give the poor star-fish its liberty, and commit it to its native element; but if their fishing is unsuccessful, it is left to perish.' This species inhabits deep water, and is usually dredged up from sandy ground. Star-fishes are often found feeding on shell-fish; they wrap their arms round their prey, and 'suck the fish out of its shell with their mouths,

poking out the lobes of the stomach. They can project the central parts of their stomachs in the manner of a proboscis.' In Cornwall, some of these creatures are called 'clam-fish,' and some people call them 'dead-men's-hands,' others, 'five-fingers.'

Plenty of the empty shells of the heart-urchins (*Amphidotus cordatus*) were washed up, denuded of their beautiful spines, but exhibiting the small orifices in the shell from which the suckers of the animal, when in life, were protruded; these form a curious sort of pattern on the otherwise solid shell. The woman where I was lodging assured me that these shells were gulls' eggs, and that the gulls dropped them on the water! I found one lovely little specimen of the sea-egg (*Echinus sphaera*), a delicately beautiful and curious object, alive, and its multitude of brittle spines all erect; but these creatures are so fragile, that before I could get it home, the greater part of the spines had been rubbed off. The shell of the sea-egg is spherical, but flattened at both ends. It is completely covered with tubercles, arranged longitudinally, in regular rows, to which are affixed the spines; 'most wonderfully suited,' says the author I have before quoted, Miss Pratt, 'to the wants of the living creature within the cell, is the structure of these spines. No rock is so smooth or so rugged but that by their help the animal can make its way. Its meal lies before it among the rocks; the zoophytes, the shell-fish, the crabs, are all welcome prey; nor are they longed for in vain. To look at it, it would appear a mere ball, incapable of attacking or of seizing any living thing that had limbs wherewith to walk away, or fins by means of which it could glide out of its presence. Not so; it can climb to places where animals which seem better fitted for locomotion would find access impossible. Cased in a coat-of-mail, and furnished with hundreds of spines, which serve as legs, the ball moves gently onwards. If an approaching enemy gives notice of danger, it can either withdraw behind some nook, or with the spine dig a hole in the sand, and lie there till it is past. Besides the spines, countless suckers aid the progress; suckers which, like those on the star-fish, emerge from the calcareous case, and which are as long as the spines themselves. These suckers are like little feet, and adhere firmly to rocks, and serve, too, as means of offence and defence to the animal; for if the crab or fish is touched by them, the touch proves fatal, and the victim is at once dragged to the mouth and devoured.' Its mouth is an aperture, round which is a fleshy ring set with very sharp teeth, and jaws acted on by powerful muscles, which enable it to bite through hard substances.

One other object, and but one, must I notice of the many beautiful and curious things which formed my portion of that day's spoil—and that is the sea-mouse (*Aphrodita aculeata*). This strange little animal certainly ranks more with the curious than the beautiful, unless we except the long silky hairs, of every hue of the rainbow, with which parts of it are covered. The animals, of which I found two, are from three to four inches long, tapering at both ends, and about an inch thick; queer-looking creatures, the first of which, as I found it lying amongst the weeds, I at first took for an old brush; and it was not till I more closely inspected it, that I perceived that the stiff bristly black hairs, which are arranged in tufts along each side, belonged to a living animal. These black bristles surrounded little fleshy protuberances, which are the breathing-tubes of the animal; and the coloured hairs, which were indeed most beautiful, seem to be a mere clothing, though they may have some function to perform of which I was not aware. This animal is of the order *Annelata*—a term suggesting the general form, which is that of a series of rings.

Truly, it is 'an ill wind that blows nobody good;' and it will be long before I forget the lesson which

those days at Paington taught me, or lose the pleasant recollections of the interesting contrast afforded by the raging billows and the lightning flash, succeeded by the glorious calm blue summer-like sea and the joyous outpouring of the villagers.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER X.

#### ANGELA.

We have already, by implication, conveyed to the reader an idea of how Angela had spent the sad time of her separation from Paolo. At first the Marchese Belmonte, by violence and threats, had endeavoured to tear from her a public denial of the marriage, which yet everybody knew had taken place. For his own part, he affected to disbelieve it utterly, pretending that his daughter, by false representations, or even, as he insinuated, for the benefit of credulous Sicily, by magical incantations, had been led into a sentimental correspondence with the young heir of Di Falco—who did not love her, but sought merely to gratify hereditary hatred. Day by day he announced that her illusion was dispersing, that she was almost ready to confirm his testimony, that she was withheld only by false shame. But the public declaration did not come; and even intimate friends began to use the expression 'Angela's recantation' as synonymous with 'the Greek Kalends.' Then the marchese, baffled by a will equally powerful with his own, though manifesting itself in more gentle forms, amidst tears and supplications, as firm as steel, even when she lay at his feet, bathing them in tears, her hair dishevelled, a suppliant with the spirit of a martyr—this father, whose love became auxiliary to his violence, for he really believed that his daughter's happiness was as deeply wounded as his own pride—resolved, perhaps because some bitter moments of compunction came to him at times, to trust the task of coercion to other hands, and to remain alone in that palace of Messina, feeding on his anger and disappointment.

Angela arrived at the Villa Corsini in a mood of mind hostile to its owner, to whom she did not admit the right of surveillance over her sentiments and actions. To her father's authority she yielded, until required to sacrifice not only her affections but her duty. Had it been put forth before her marriage, with all its cruel and passionate claims to absolute disposal of her life and fortunes, probably she would have bent before it. There were times, indeed, when poignant regret came to her that she had entered upon womanly existence in the midst of a romantic episode, carrying out completely, in her ignorance of the world and its duties and obligations, the sentimental aspirations of every school-girl; unconsciously allowing a very faithful but very uninstructed servant—poor Lisa, whom she was not allowed now to see—to assist in modelling her life rather according to a theatrical than a practical theory; and hastening, it could not be denied, with blameable self-love, to meet the happiness without the responsibilities and the public sanction of matrimony. 'After all,' she sometimes thought, 'do a few whispered words, in the presence of trembling witnesses, in defiance of family tradition, apart from the smiles of a parent, and where public applause and consent could not penetrate—do these words constitute the blessing that makes me a wife?' So far, in her sceptical moods, did

she go; but then the remembrance of Paolo, whose whole soul to its very innermost depths had been laid open to her, and who had absorbed her, as it were, in his being, rose up. She saw him for a time as he used to come with swift step to their moonlight meetings; but then he was borne suddenly away, and stood afar off, on a bleak point overlooking the raging sea, beckoning to her in despair, or lying pale and down-cast on the damp floor of a dungeon. These apparitions that peopled her slumbers, did not abandon her in her waking-hours. They never failed to convince her that her faint-heartedness was blamable, and that, the die being cast, she was bound to live faithful to the memory of Paolo—dead to her in his prison-tomb.

The intimate meditations of this young wife, who, as her early actions tell, was prone by nature to seek the enjoyment of the present hour, to substitute the impulses of her own heart for the lessons of worldly wisdom which she had heard without learning, to fly into the embraces of experience as the moth does to the candle, because of its brightness; her thoughts and hopes, and fears and doubts, and hesitations—the alternations of petulant despair and meek resignation; the moments when she felt moved to bruise her bosom against the bars of her cage, or shrank mentally, almost to the loss of reason, from the fearful prospect of a whole life spent in mourning over a flash of joy—moments that soon became of rarer occurrence; the gradual process by which she rose to the level of her position, taught herself at any rate to conceal the agitations that sometimes still disturbed her—learned to look not only without terror, but even with hope, to the future—the history of this education in sorrow, accomplished silently, without scandal, without useless scenes of reproach and anger, would be too long to relate. Suffice it to say, that Angela, having at length brought herself to believe that, despite all impediments, the time of consolation would come sooner or later—perhaps whilst youth was still bright, certainly when calm and meditative age found them abandoned by the enemies of their happiness—that Angela having acquired a fanatical confidence in this future, when she had been assured more than once on former occasions by the Princess Corsini that Paolo was dead, she merely answered by a smile of incredulity, that soon changed into one of confident hope.

The princess had all the prejudices of her brother, and believed as firmly as he did that the secret marriage of her niece was an ineffaceable stain on the family. Better versed, however, in the character of her sex, she soon understood that Angela had loved once for all; that it was impossible to shake her faith in Paolo; and that she would ever consider herself his until persuaded of his death. The marchese, more violent and unreasonable, had entertained hopes that the marriage, in the absence of certain formalities, might be broken by the forced consent of both husband and wife; and although the story, to his infinite grief and anger, had become known far and wide in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, he did not abandon until very late the idea of a more honourable establishment for his daughter. It was only by degrees that he was brought to consent provisionally, that if Angela remained obstinate in rebellion, means should be taken to induce her to enter a convent—not at first, he stipulated, as a novice, but as a guest. The Princess Corsini after this, troubled herself very little about his views; and being old, and idle, and proud, made it the business of her life to conquer the resistance of her niece, growing warm, like a gambler, in the contest, forgetting even the motives that at the outset actuated her, and fitting

her measures exactly to the amount of resistance she encountered. There is no more terrible struggle than that of two feminine wills; and the woman who defends her happiness is but a trifle stronger than the woman who first obeys her pride, and then seeks victory for victory itself.

The Padre Maximo was, as we have seen, but the half-conscious instrument in the last grand attempt to shake the confidence and hope of Angela. He believed that several false reports of the death of Paolo had been communicated by the princess, and been treated with indifference; but though he went through moments of doubt, he hesitated to admit the possibility that the Bishop of Trapani, long revered for his mild piety, would consent to write a deliberate untruth. Nor would the bishop perhaps have done so, but for the presence of his nephew Luigi, whose endeavours to force him to join in a conspiracy made him only the more anxious to please the powers existant. His letter, based on information derived from the commandant of Maretimo, which he would not take the trouble of examining, was dated the day previous to the arrival of Walter and the departure of Luigi.

Angela was sitting in a retired room, in a distant part of the villa, when the padre, after his interview with the princess, overheard by Walter and Mr Buck, went to break to her the sad tidings contained in the bishop's letter. A lamp, placed on a small table of white marble, threw a bright light on the piece of embroidery on which her fingers were busy, whilst her mind was far away, hovering over the surf-encircled island of Maretimo. Paolo would have found her much changed had he been permitted to watch her in secret, whilst her countenance was not lighted by that glance of undying youth which first assured him of her love, and which she had promised should always be ready to greet him, no matter what ravage years might commit upon her features. People often talk as of a wonderful thing, that some rare old couples, from whom all beauty of form has vanished, should still continue to gaze at each other with admiration; but, in truth, they have never ceased to behold what at first charmed them. Wrinkles, visible to bystanders, are not visible to them. Indeed, they never saw the material lines, which have always some defect, but only an image cast into their minds, they know not how, and which remains unchanged, as if by some magical trick the shadow of a tree in deep water should persist in all the loveliness of spring the summer through, and even in autumn, when the real leaves are shed upon the breeze. There is not much mystery in this if we think well of it. The shape we really love is but the symbol of a soul; and whilst the soul varies not in its devotion, we have no leisure to mark the progress by which the body advances towards decay.

Angela, as we have said, was changed even in one year; but whilst losing some of the graces that had lingered about her from childhood—some of the tints, fresh and bright as those of an infant's cheek that has lain too long and too closely against its mother's breast—some of that heavenly purity of the eye which speaks of a soul never yet disturbed by too great joy or sorrow—though her countenance was not that of one in the dewy dawn of life, watching cheerfully for the rising sun, yet perhaps she was more truly beautiful then, as she sat with her heart full of memories and regrets, than when first she won the love of Paolo. There is a kind of sorrow that seems to sanctify the human frame, to purify it from the earthliness that clings to youth and happiness, however lovely. The Padre Maximo, as he stood in the half-open doorway and gazed, thought that it was well this spiritual thing was no longer bound to the world by any chain, and rejoiced almost that one word would bring her, humbled and bruised, to his feet, imploring him to take her away to what he really believed was the ante-chamber of Paradise, the waiting-

room of eternal joy—the Convent of the Assumption at Castellamare.

She was not much surprised to see him standing there, although his pallid face contrasted more than usual with his black garments, and his eyes were full of pity—the menace of those who suffer, but have hope. She rose to meet him; but he led her back to her chair, and remained silent. He had prepared many words of consolation, such as those by which the prudent are accustomed to usher in evil tidings; but they fled away from his memory, and he stood long by Angela's chair holding her hand. She understood partly; for at length, hanging down her head, she said in an anxious voice:

'You have something to tell me.'

The padre placed the bishop's letter in her hand, and looked towards the doorway, not to witness her first start of anguish. He beheld the princess standing on the threshold with folded arms, contemplating the scene triumphantly; and a strange suspicion came again to him, that he was perhaps the bearer of a falsehood.

Then rose that fearful cry that rushed through the villa, and was heard, if any were abroad, far out in the fields.

Angela fell against the padre, as if life had quite forsaken her, and then down upon the floor—not in one of those languid swoons that give time for the sufferer to take a graceful attitude, but like a mere inanimate thing that is never to move again. Her face lay upon the marble; one hand was pressed to her heart, as if she had been stabbed there; the other was outstretched, convulsively clutching the fatal letter.

'Our first care must be to send for a doctor,' said the princess, whilst calmly taking the most necessary preliminary steps to bring back Angela to consciousness.

'I will despatch Andrea at once to the village,' murmured the padre, who felt, and indeed looked, as if he had committed murder.

He was glad to be out of the room, and hastened, feeling his way, down to the hall, where Andrea and several women-servants were standing in a frightened group, believing that they had heard the voice of a spirit. At sight of the poor priest, whose face was livid as that of a corpse, they all crossed themselves, and crowded back from him. But he was soon recognised.

'Go, Andrea,' said he, 'to the house of Dottore Pizzo; tell him you come from me; and that he must leave all other duties, and be here at once.'

The serving-man hesitated. He was smitten by a superstitious terror, and could not believe that the sound he had heard was the voice of a human being in pain or in trouble.

'The night is dark,' he muttered, looking forth through a broad window on the great mass of trees that surrounded the house; 'and Maria here thinks she has seen strange forms gliding to and fro near the avenue.'

The padre instantly understood that he must be the bearer of his own message. At any rate, he could not resign himself to put the old man to the torture of superstitious fear by forcing him abroad in that mood of mind.

'Give me the key of the park-gate,' said he, 'and I will go myself. Besides, it is true that my words will have more weight with the doctor, who does not like to be disturbed at this hour, and would perhaps not wake up sufficiently to understand you.'

Andrea, though he felt ashamed of his cowardice, gave the key, and led the good priest to the front entrance.

'I would accompany you to the gate,' quoth he hesitating; 'but you know the way, and—I should have to come back alone.'

All the women declared that they should die of fright if Andrea went.

'Besides,' said the priest, chiding them, 'instead of being foolish here, you should be assisting your mistress to recover the Lady Angela.'

They let him out, and all went in a body to ascertain what was the matter, and offer their tardy aid.

The padre had not proceeded many steps down the avenue before he distinguished in the gloom two figures coming towards him. Despite his courage and confidence, we cannot be surprised that his heart seemed to leap into his throat.

'It is the priest alone,' whispered Mr Buck. 'Could there be a better chance?'

Walter instantly spoke in a cheering voice: 'Good father,' said he, 'be not alarmed; continue your journey: we are not robbers, but friends.'

'How came you here?' replied the padre, not quite reassured, but advancing, as he was directed, down the avenue.

'Is the Lady Angela in danger?' inquired Walter.

'Of her life, stranger, though it cannot interest you.'

'Be not sure of that, father. But tell me first, since the news smote her down, has she spoken?'

The padre stopped full in the midst of the avenue, and began to cross himself. Who could these people be, who knew so well at once what had taken place in a retired chamber of the villa?

'I do not know who you may be,' he faltered.

'You shall know all, as we do. We know that you have been the unwilling bearer of false intelligence; that you have spoken of the death of Paolo di Faino, who yet is living.'

'Living! Then it is unnecessary for me to go to Annunziata. Indeed, if he be dead, it seems to me there can be no hope. If he be living, a word will cure her. Tell me what you know.'

They led the padre beneath the trees, and in brief hurried sentences explained how sorely he had been deceived, and admitted the object of their presence there. Actuated partly by his good feeling, partly by indignation at having been made the dupe of so abominable a scheme, the excellent priest became their accomplice at once.

'We must be cautious,' said he; 'but we must be energetic. There is no time to lose. Let us go and open the gate, and spend a little while more in talk. Then I will return with you, sir (addressing Walter), as if you were a foreign physician whom I had encountered by chance—the Dottore Pizzo being away. You will easily contrive to have speech of Angela. Your companion must keep away; but we shall probably want his services to-morrow. You say you have a letter to the Princess Corsini. Let him present it. Heaven forgive me if I am doing wrong! But this poor child must be rescued from the hands of her persecutors; and if evil come, let it fall on me.'

The plan suggested by the padre was the most feasible one that could be adopted, although Mr Buck, who had grown warm in the adventure, would have preferred some more active part at once. However, he resigned himself with a sigh, and promised to remain at the gate until his companion should return.

They went towards the house, where the substitution of Walter for the Dottore Pizzo excited no remark—was indeed scarcely noticed. Angela—who had not spoken since she had received the news that had stricken her down, but who had recovered her senses partially, for she looked round with a stony gaze as if in search of some one—was lying on a couch, attended by the women; whilst the princess, frightened at what she had done, paced anxiously up and down the adjoining room, looking in now and then, but not daring to enter. Walter rapidly examined the ground; and then, after looking with unaffected earnestness at the beautiful patient, began by ordering every one to retire from her.



'What she wants is air, pure air,' he said, 'and perfect silence.'

The servant-maids were not sorry to go away; for each one had fifty ingenious surmises to communicate, and fifty questions to put to Andrea, who sat on the stairs outside, that he might not be left quite alone in a distant part of the house.

At a glance from Walter, the padre went into the next room, to engage the attention of the princess, and half-closed the door as he passed. Angela looked on Walter with a surprised and inquiring air. There was no time to lose. He bent towards her, and speaking low, but in clear measured accents, he said: 'Utter not a word, not a sound; but listen, and believe. You have been the victims of a conspiracy. Paolo lives, and has sent me to you.'

An expression darted across Angela's countenance, that revealed the passage of what may be called a pang of joy through her heart. Then she closed her eyes, and fainted again; but this time with a smile upon her lips.

'This is nothing,' said Walter to the princess, whom he called to his assistance. 'A little water will bring her to. There is no danger—none whatever.'

He watched the effect these words would have; and was scarcely surprised to find that the expression of womanly solicitude, which had taken place on the princess's countenance, instantly vanished and gave way to one of stern resolve. Once assured that there was no fear of death, this implacable woman reverted to her plan, when it seemed to have been broken off, and already in her mind pondered how she should communicate to her brother that Angela had been induced to abandon the world, and bury her sorrows in a convent. Perhaps she was eager to secure this recruit to the army of faith, as an atonement for some sin of her own formerly committed.

Walter was again left alone with Angela when she recovered; and although he would have thought it more prudent to defer further explanations until she was better able to bear them, he could not resist the mute supplication of her eyes. He spoke to her of Paolo long and enthusiastically—still in the same measured accents, which fell like dew upon Angela's wounded spirit. He endeavoured, then, to make her comprehend the necessity of concealing her new-born joy, and affecting a semblance of grief.

'How can I seem sad,' murmured Angela, pressing her hands to her bosom, 'when I have paradise here?'

Walter then explained to her, that they wished to remove her from that villa—she assented with smiles; to take her with them—still she assented; but when he talked of leaving her in some place of safety whilst they attempted the rescue of Paolo: 'No,' said she firmly; 'the first hour of his liberty must be the first hour of my joy. I will accompany you.'

They agreed that Mr Buck should present himself next day, and seek an interview with the princess. But Walter, as yet, did not see very clearly how he could take away Angela, without creating a great rumour in the country, which he wished to avoid. However, he trusted a good deal in the suggestions of the night, and not a little in those of the worthy padre.

The princess thought, perhaps, that the visit of the physician was somewhat prolonged, for she came into the room, and said rather stiffly: 'Perhaps it will be well to let her rest now; although you seem, Sir Stranger, to effect your cures by words.'

Walter was afraid that some suspicion had crossed her mind, and hastened to take his leave in company with the padre.

'Don't forget to draw the gate after you,' said Andrea, who still objected to go down the avenue at that hour.

'We shall not fail, my son,' said the priest. 'Good-night.'

Mr Buck was waiting eagerly for them at the gate. It seemed to him that they had been away several hours; and, indeed, it was now long past midnight. They had much still to say to each other; and the padre took them to his little house, situated under the shadow of the church, at the entrance of the village. He contrived to let them in without waking his servant. And they passed the remainder of the night debating what they should do.

The padre now proved himself to be of good counsel.

'Strictly speaking,' said he, 'we might go to-morrow to the villa, obtain sight of Angela, ask her to accompany us, and take her away, whether the princess pleased or not. The wife of Paolo has courage enough to play any part we bid her; and there is no one at the villa strong enough to resist. They have, indeed, never contemplated the necessity of using violence. Angela came here in obedience to her father's commands, and has remained, simply because it was indifferent to her where she abided, Paolo not being with her. If she had ever shewn the slightest wish to escape, coercive measures would perhaps have been taken; but there has never appeared any necessity. To-morrow, therefore, we might, as I have said, lead her away without any stratagem at all. This, however, would not suit my purpose. I cannot put myself, without absolute necessity, so openly in opposition to so powerful a family. Listen to my plan. Signor Buck must present that strange letter to-morrow. Let him speak to the princess as if he had heard a rumour of Paolo's death. She will be delighted to give him an interview with Angela. When he obtains it, let him suggest, as his own opinion, that nothing now remains but absolute retirement from the world. Angela will understand, and acquiesce. I will be there, and will find an opportunity to speak to the poor thing in secret. She will ask to be led immediately to Castellamare. The princess will order out her old carriage, and accompany her. I shall be there, but not as your accomplice. There is a spot where the road comes quite down to the edge of the water, and is not divided in any way from the beach; banditti have often stopped travellers there; and,' said the good priest, smiling maliciously, 'if two strong men, who have sailed in their boat faster than we have travelled, happen to be there, and insist on carrying off Angela, Andrea will remain on the box, the princess will storm, and I, not being a man of war, shall be able to do nothing but implore you to desist, which you, heretics that you are, of course will not do; and I shall not be sorry if you put me rather in fear of my life.'

The two friends laughed at this sketch of a plan of elopement, which, however, seemed feasible enough. They resolved to attempt it; and having slumbered for awhile in a couple of chairs, bade adieu to the padre, and hastened to their albergo. The hostess received them with good-natured reproaches. Mad Englishmen that they were, to spend the night wandering about the country, admiring dreary scenery, whilst the softest beds in all Italy had been prepared for their reception! They willingly admitted the absurdity of their proceedings, and did justice to a breakfast which, if not quite so delightful as the beds were supposed to be, extorted from them numerous compliments that quite won the hostess's heart.

Mr Buck went down to his boat, to give some necessary directions; and when the morning was sufficiently advanced to authorise a call, started to penetrate in his turn into that mysterious villa, which had begun to assume in his mind almost the character of an enchanted castle. He had never been engaged in any adventure so extraordinary before, and felt his breast swell with pride at finding himself an indispensable agent. Having recommended to him the utmost discretion, Walter, not caring to remain at the albergo, where a number of inquisitive people began to collect, went on board the cutter, pursued by several beggars, and pulling out a

little way, endeavoured to make the time seem short by the use of Mr Buck's fishing-tackle.

In all his life Walter Masterton never remembered so long a day as that. The sun seemed ever to remain poised in the same place, and the shadows of the hills were as motionless as marble blocks. Excepting the piece of coast near at hand, that rose abruptly and concealed the cone of Vesuvius, all the shores of the bay, which he gazed at over the waters trembling with light, appeared to be dim as the land we see in dreams. A few sails came gliding from various points, and then floated as it were stationary. Walter began to fear that there would not be breeze enough to take them to the point agreed upon, but the lads said they would row, if necessary. Time passed. At length it could not escape observation, that the day was far spent; for the sun hung over the entrance of the bay. Still there was no sign of Mr Buck. No messenger beckoned from the shore. Walter became uneasy. Had he misunderstood the plan? Had his companion been induced to accompany the carriage? Had it passed; and was Angela, believing herself betrayed, already in sight of the sombre walls of the convent? Had the priest faltered? All these questions, and many more, tormented him, until the sun sank so far, that the brilliance which had hitherto been shed over the whole scene gradually withdrew, and seemed to collect in one glow towards the west.

At length Mr Buck appeared on the shore, beckoning anxiously to be taken on board. They shipped the oars, and rowed in at once.

'All right?' inquired Walter anxiously.

'All right. They have started already, and all depends now on our finding them alone at the bottom of the hill. The padre is a brick.'

Mr Buck, who was in a state of great enthusiasm and delight, related, as they got under-way, that the letter of Bianca—especially as he accompanied it by stating plumply that at Messina everybody talked of Paolo's death—caused him to be received with the highest honours by the princess, and led at once to an interview with Angela. Matters passed exactly as the padre had anticipated, except that the young wife, though prepared for this visit, was overcome for a time by the excessive earnestness with which Mr Buck played his part, and actually fainted again. The padre, however, soon took an opportunity of restoring the tranquillity of her mind, and let her into the whole secret of his plan. Thenceforward she allowed herself to be guided like a child, or rather entered into the intrigue as if it had been a mere sport. Love taught her dissimulation. Her request to be instantly taken to the convent, that she might intomb her sorrows there, was, said Mr Buck, a consummate piece of acting.

'These women,' quoth he, 'even the best of them, are dangerous creatures. 'Tis no wonder that I deceived her—I am a man of the world; but 'pon honour, even knowing what I did, she deceived me. I was on the point of upbraiding her, and of saying: "Madam, what will your husband think of this?" However, I soon remembered all about it; hoped she would never have occasion really to conceal anything from Mr Paolo, for I defy him or anybody else to guess her thoughts; and then submitted during three mortal hours—three whole hours and a quarter, sir, by my watch—to be preached to by the Princess Corsini, who nourished the vain hope of converting me to her faith by all manner of ingenious arguments and learned citations. She is a very eloquent woman, but if ever I were to become a missionary, I should take lessons from the padre, not from her.'

Walter did not pay much attention to Mr Buck's account of his controversy with the princess. He was too much absorbed in anxious calculations, the results of which the slightest accident might derange. Between

Annanziata and Castellamare the coast describes a great curve, at the centre of which was the spot where the padre had given them a rendezvous. Before they had traversed half the distance, darkness had come on. The moon, though already up, was shrouded in white clouds. Very irregular was the motion of the boat; for the wind came only in puffs, and sometimes died away so entirely, that they were compelled to use the oars. At one place, they were so near the land, that they heard, or thought they heard, the roll of carriage-wheels, and the cracking of a whip. At length a longer and more vigorous puff of wind than usual carried them gallantly towards a bit of pebbly beach, that guided them for some distance by its whiteness. The sail was furled; and the prow of the boat grated upon the stones as it touched the shore.

The undertaking in which they were engaged had many chances of failure. If any travellers—not to speak of the Guardia Campana—happened to pass, their presence in that unusual place could not fail to attract attention; and those they waited for might be warned or defended. Walter began to regret that, in order to save the priest from suspicion, he had consented to this roundabout way of proceeding. Every one, he thought, should bear the responsibility of his own actions. At times, indeed, in the idleness of suspense, he debated whether it was not possible either that the padre was playing false from beginning to end, or that, suddenly fearing the consequences of what he was doing, he had resolved to obtain forgiveness by betrayal. As for Mr Buck, he was in high glee. He had taken his fowling-piece out of the boat, and had put a pistol in each pocket of his white trousers. As he paced up and down the road, he tried to give himself the attitude of a Calabrian brigand; and, in truth, felt quite lawless and desperate. He was aware that at that time, in most countries of the world, to stop a carriage on the highroad at night—no matter under what pretence—very much resembled a hanging matter. Walter also had armed himself; and the two lads in Mr Buck's employ, huddling near the mast, began to whisper to one another, and to discuss in what criminal affair they were about to be engaged against their will.

The road from Annanziata curved with the bay, but only at that point came quite down to the beach. After an interval that seemed considerable, two lights were seen coming slowly along.

'Here they are,' said Mr Buck, drawing a long breath, as if relieved from an immense weight. 'I did not like to say so before, but I really began to fear that we had arrived too late.'

Walter did not answer. The moon was shining on the road; and his eager eyes had distinguished the presence of a person on horseback moving near the carriage.

'They have a companion,' said he. 'I am now in for it; and Angela must go with us this night, even if there be bloodshed. I am sorry to have brought you into this business, my friend, which may prove a serious one.'

The only answer which Mr Buck made to this rather untimely observation, was contained in one word—'Bother!' The broad little man felt all the imminence of the bandit become suddenly developed in his breast.

At length the carriage drew nigh, and it was evident that a gentleman was accompanying it, and was acquainted with those within, for he sometimes approached the window to speak. It was Anacanis, the cousin of Angela, who had ridden all the way from Naples to see her. He still retained his old passion for her, though until now he had been ashamed to confess it. They told him of the death of Paolo; and he was exerting all his eloquence to dissuade Angela from retiring from the world, when Mr Buck, seizing the bridle of his horse, and forgetting many circumstances in his confusion, levelled a pistol at his head.

and in a tone which he remembered to have heard used amid the brilliant glare of a line of footlights, exclaimed:

'Your money, or your life! No, I don't mean that; but just gall off, and leave the coast clear.'

Ascanio did not understand a word, but the action was unmistakable. He made an effort to disengage his bridle, and even gave Mr Buck a severe slash across the face with his whip. The stout Englishman uttered an exclamation of rage, and would probably have turned the adventure into a tragic one, had not Walter—who had hastened to the carriage-door, opened it, and handed out Angela, perfectly ready and agile, despite the feigned remonstrances of the priest, and the indignant exclamations of the princess—passed by and exclaimed:

'Let go, Buck. All is right.'

'My niece—my niece!' exclaimed the princess. 'Ascanio, save your cousin.'

The clear voice of Angela answered:

'It would be cruel to leave you both in despair. Farewell, aunt; farewell, cousin. I go with perfect good-will. Paolo lives!'

So saying, she allowed Walter to lift her into the boat, which had been already shoved off from the land. Ascanio, who felt that he was playing a rather ridiculous part, seized hold of a rope, and tried to bring Andrea to the rescue; but Mr Buck, remembering the slash he had received, struck him a smart blow over the fingers with a boat-hook. He let go, and had the mortification to see the cutter dart out into deep water, impelled vigorously by poles. Then the sail flapped; and taking the wind, the vessel glided rapidly away.

'Throw stones at them—throw stones!' cried the valiant Andrea from his seat. 'Oh if I had had time to get down!'

The princess first recovered her presence of mind.

'They cannot land anywhere without being tracked,' said she. 'We must take care that they do not leave the bay. To Castellamare, Ascanio; the commandant, Lucar, will best know what to do.'

Ascanio understood, and remounting his horse, he galloped, trembling with rage and mortification, along the road, whilst the old carriage followed rumbling in the rear.

About two hours afterwards, Walter, happening to look back towards the land, saw a bright flash from the shore, and presently heard the prolonged boom of a great gun.

'What is that?' said he to Mr Buck, who was sitting near Angela, as she lay dozing at the bottom of the boat, watching her with a sort of paternal solicitude.

'That, if I mistake not,' was the reply, 'is no other than a warning to the revenue-boats, at the entrance of the bay, to stop all outward-bound vessels until further orders. If so, the signal will be answered and repeated.'

And sure enough, before very long, all round the immense curve of coast, there were similar flashes, followed by similar sounds—each battery firing a single gun, from Sorrento even to Baia.

'They were leading the celebrated bandit Andrea Pisanì, by the land-road to Naples to be shot,' said Mr Buck, grimly remembering how like a bandit he had just acted. 'He broke away, and got into a boat prepared by some accomplices at Torre del Greco. The guns were fired, and three hours afterwards he arrived at Naples by water instead of by land—that was all.'

Two or three flashes were seen at the same time towards the entrance of the bay, and before any sound reached their ears, Mr Buck had leisure to exclaim:

'The *Re Ferdinando* is answering the signal by a broadside, to tell that she is awake.'

A prolonged report came rolling past over the waters, and faint echoes murmured all round the shores of the bay. Then darkness and silence closed

in on all sides; and they sailed on until all the lights of Naples threw down their reflections like golden arrows into the waters ahead.

## ONE-SIDED LAW.

READERS of the London newspapers will have observed by the police reports, that an energetic effort has lately been made to put down 'betting-houses.' These establishments are usually public-houses in crowded neighbourhoods, the resort of what are called 'sporting characters,' who meet together for the purpose of drinking and betting on the result of horse-races. In Drury Lane, Long-Acre, and thereabouts, there are some well-known houses of this kind; and such is the popular mania for betting, that on the occasion of important races at Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket, crowds collect about the doors, to await intelligence from the scene of action. At these times, the public-houses in question would be crammed to suffocation, but for the precautionary measure of charging sixpence for admission to the betting-room 'up stairs,' where the grand conclave, with betting-books before them, sit at the receipt of custom—that is, administering loss and disappointment on wonderfully easy terms to the silly gulls who venture within the precincts.

Of course, so gross and obvious a vice could not escape legislation. A recent act of parliament makes a dead-shot at betting-houses; and against such establishments, and the betting within them, as well as against public gambling in other forms, the police wages a constant war. Only a few days ago, an officer made a clean sweep of a betting-room connected with a public-house in Long-Acre, apprehending no fewer than 114 sporting characters, and lodging them in the court-room at Bow Street, to await the decision of magisterial justice. Few persons will object to the due execution of the law against betting; nor will much sympathy, we believe, be extended to the '114 sporting characters' aforesaid. But public indignation, in this as in similar instances, is necessarily much restrained by the consideration, that the law against betting-houses is one-sided; and is so in more senses than one. It seems tolerably plain, that betting on horse-races is a consequence of there being horse-races to bet upon; and that, therefore, the true way to put down the betting, is to put an end to the racing. The states of the realm, however, would not like to go this length. The members, in general, do not by any means object to racing, because it happens to be an entertainment of which they are themselves rather fond; and neither do they object to the genteel betting that goes on upon the spot, since they know that without this, racing would long since have been put down as a nuisance.

Surely we are warranted in thinking, that parliament did not come quite up to its wisdom in thus addressing itself to the business of mending popular manners, while it not only does not refrain from mending its own, but actually encourages the vice it pretends to condemn in others. On every recurrence of that annual saturnalia, the 'Derby Day,' we see Lords and Commons rushing from their posts, like a throng of school-boys, to indulge in the frolics of Epsom—to attract, by their presence, a promiscuous concourse to a spot on which the principal entertainment is betting—that is, winning and losing money by gambling. Nay, does not royalty itself, not only by its presence, but by the offer of purses and plate to be run for, invest horse-racing with a halo of respectability; and thereby seduce the humbler order of people into practices to be put down by the police? But is not horse-racing a respectable and useful amusement in itself, whatever be the vices with which sporting characters have surrounded it? Just about as useful and humane as was the practice of bear-baiting, which formed a courtly entertainment a few reigns

back, or was more recently, within the memory of men still living, the practice of cock-fighting not far from the royal mews. Everything has its day. We do not now care for bear and bull baiting, or cock-fighting, or boxing-matches; nor do many people go to enjoy the fun of rat-killing. Even pigeon-shooting is looked upon as a cruel 'sport,' and we shall probably live to hear considerably less bragging of the butcherly feat of killing so many hundred head of game in so many days. It is time that horse-racing should be resigned by the nobility and gentry, and left to die of its intrinsically vulgar reputation. Legislative acts might help it into the grave; but we are no admirers of plans for making people virtuous by act of parliament. In this country, example is almost above law; and 'the people,' prone to follow where fashion leads, would, we apprehend, soon vote horse-racing to be 'low,' and shun it accordingly, provided it met first with discouragement in high quarters. Let there be no 'good company' at Epsom or Ascot, and we should very shortly hear of there being no company at all. As to any benefit to the breed of horses by horse-racing, that must come under the category of vulgar errors. Nobody now cares a straw for excessive speed in horses. The locomotive, with a speed of forty miles an hour—fifty to sixty, if required—supersedes the fleetest horse, with the additional advantage of sparing all animal suffering. In this view of the matter, the railway is an instrument of humanity; and, like all other applications of mechanical science, the friend of social improvement. To talk of horse-races being useful, since the kind of horses which run such races are practically of no utility—a mere fanciful variety of the equine species, of value to nobody but 'black-legs'—is a little too absurd. At all events, as horse-racing is the acknowledged parent of betting, with its mean and villainous details of betting-houses, idleness, intemperance, and crime, one would expect that it should come in for a share of general contempt and execration. Legislative repression, of course, will not be thought of till only the poor require to be cared for. When no more dukes and lords rush to the Derby, then—and not till then—we shall have a law against 'the turf.' Meanwhile, any one of the hundred and fourteen unfortunates figuring at Bow Street might have sarcastically sung with Macheath:—

Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me;  
*I wonder we've not better company*  
At Tyburn tree!

#### A COSSACK OF THE DON.

AN intelligent young German, Herr Wagner, travelled lately among the Cossack tribes of Russia—sojourned, as a French critic expresses it, 'beneath the wide-spreading wings of the two-headed eagle.' He has published an account of his adventures in two very pleasant volumes, entitled *Der Kaukasus und das Land der Kosaken*. From it we translate the following episode:—

At one of his stations in the Crimea, Herr Wagner met and gradually became intimate with a major in the Cossack army, who wore on his breast the Order of St Anne, and spoke French with remarkable facility. One evening, while sitting together after dinner, their conversation turned on the manners and customs of the native tribes. 'If you wish,' said the major, 'to form a just idea of the Cossacks of the Don, do not be satisfied with viewing them in their capital city, but penetrate into the steppes of the south. There still exist specimens of the real original wild Cossacks, but in our town of Novo-Tcherkask you will find a degenerate population.'

On the left bank of the Don, he continued, are a great number of families who pass the winter in red-

thatched cabins; but who, during the summer, encamp under tents, and are almost as thoroughly nomadic in their habits as their neighbours the Kalmucks. From one of these families was descended my maternal grandfather, Wassili Tguroff, surnamed the 'Devil of the Steppes.'

Although the tribes of the steppes formed a free commonwealth of soldiers, amongst whom formerly neither lords nor serfs were recognised, yet certain families were raised above the others, not by a patent of nobility, but by the honour which they had acquired in various encounters, by their alliances, and by the number of combatants whom they could bring to the field. Such was the family of my mother, the Tguroffs.

Frequently, without consulting their hetman, they attacked the Nogai Tatars, and were usually joined by a number of other Cossacks, attracted by the love of war and the hope of plunder. This family was believed to be under the special protection of the god of war, and it was thought that all their enterprises were certain to succeed. Emboldened by good-fortune, the Tguroffs continued to penetrate more deeply into the steppes. On one occasion, during winter, they advanced as far as Perekop, and were returning in triumph with a flock of fine sheep, when suddenly they found themselves assailed by a formidable host of Tatars, who were lying in wait. They were surrounded, and massacred. More than a hundred Tguroffs were slain; my grandfather alone escaping from the slaughter. He received a sabre-cut across the skull, which laid him senseless on the ground; his wounded horse fell on him, and by concealing him from his enemies, saved his life. The Tatars stripped their victims; cut off their heads, to be carried to the Khan of Baktschi Sarai, who rewarded them liberally; and then went away. After some time my grandfather revived: he rose from his couch of snow, and recognising the body of his father, he managed to bury it, in order to save it from the teeth of the wolves, which already were approaching in droves. He then succeeded in catching a stray horse, which brought him back safely to his village.

Amongst the Cossacks, death is not accompanied by sombre mourning. When one of them falls bravely in battle, they do not weep or lament for him. We leave tears to the women, prayers to the priests; and when we have thrown a few shovelfuls of clay over the grave of our departed friend, we meet together to drink, smoke, and talk of his bravery and virtue. Thus were celebrated the funeral rites of the brave warriors whose terrible end Wassili Tguroff came to announce. By the death of his father and of his nearest relatives, he inherited a quantity of horses and oxen, considerable sums of money, and an ample supply of brandy. Crowds of Cossacks assembled around him, to hear the recital of the disaster from which he had so miraculously escaped, and to render homage to the memory of their companions by plentiful banquets and deep libations. While they were emptying his tuns of liquor, and devouring his roasted sheep, he lay stretched on his bed, suffering cruelly from his wound. In a few days, however, he rose up with fresh vigour, and summoned all his friends to follow him in a fierce expedition. At their head he entered one night a Tatar encampment, and destroyed every living soul within it, not sparing even the women, and carrying off the children transfused on the points of their lances. Then Wassili led his friends to the place where his people had perished, disinterred the body of his father, and carried it to his *stanitz*, in order to celebrate the funeral rites amidst with libations of brandy. This occurred about the middle of the last century. My grandfather was then young, but already renowned for his intrepidity. He married three times, had thirteen sons and one daughter, who was my mother.

I wish I could describe to you his appearance as it

remains engraven on my memory. Fancy a broad-chested man of six feet high, with Herculean shoulders, a bronze-coloured visage, a thick beard falling on his breast, and large eyes, whose strange expression few could sustain unmoved; a head covered with thick curled hair, and surmounted by a fur-cap, adorned with a raven's feather. He used to ride a half-wild horse, whose mane nearly reached the ground; and he was universally proclaimed the best rider of the Don, and the most skilful manager of the sabre and the lance.

His numerous grandchildren felt for him respect, largely mingled with fear. Before the catastrophe which was so near ending fatally for him, he was gay, jovial, fond of singing and dancing; but after it he became taciturn and gloomy. He loved his grandchildren, especially myself, but his affection was manifested not by caresses, but by frequent presents.

Near my father's cabin he caused to be constructed on piles a more spacious habitation. In a niche in a recess in the principal room, he placed an image of the Virgin. It stood on a wooden pedestal, and was veiled by a silken curtain. Before it a lamp burned night and day, and around it were suspended crowns of flowers and various ornaments in gold and silver. My grandfather required that whoever came into his house, should pause and make the sign of the cross before his venerated niche; and after every meal, we children were commanded to do the same. Wo to him who should neglect doing so! I shall never forget the terror I felt one day, when my cousin Michael, a child of ten years old, while amusing himself with a sling, by chance hit the Virgin's pedestal with a stone. Our grandfather's countenance assumed a diabolical expression, his eyes sparkled, he gnashed his teeth, and seizing the boy by the hair, he dashed him outside the door. Some time afterwards, Michael was found drowned. Some of our family said it was a chastisement from God; others did not scruple to assert that my grandfather himself had thrown him into the water. He was certainly quite capable of doing it.

From that day, Wassili kept stretched across the room, in front of his altar, a cord, which no one was permitted to cross. He himself always trimmed the lamp. He had particular respect for a *moihille*,\* which stood at some distance from his dwelling. He planted a cross on it, and forbade us to approach it. Although this tumulus was covered with rich thick grass, his shepherds dared not let their sheep approach it. Wassili often went there, but always in the most gloomy weather. When the thunder rolled, and torrents of rain descended from black clouds, then we used to see him saddle his horse, wrap himself in his *bourka*, and hasten to his *moihille*. One of my cousins, Peter Tguoroff, an especial favourite of his, wanted one day to see what attracted the old man towards this ancient place of sepulture, and nearly lost his life through his rash curiosity. Remarking one morning that our grandfather was preparing to set out, he went by stealth across the steppe, and hid himself amongst the thick grass, at the distance of a few paces from the mysterious mound. My grandfather soon arrived, rode round the tumulus, then ascended it, tied his horse to the cross on the top, and taking a hatchet from beneath his cloak, began to turn up the soil. Peter made some involuntary movement; my grandfather perceived him, and threw the hatchet at his head. The child happily avoided the blow, escaped at the top of his speed, and during more than a year dared not reappear before the terrible old man. From his recital, we conjectured that Wassili had treasures hidden within the Mongol tombs.

\* A species of tumulus, of which many are scattered along the steppes. They are attributed to the Mongols, who bury their dead in them. On opening them, earthen vases and rudely formed darts and hatchets have been found.

He followed Suwaroff in his campaigns against the Poles, and in each battle signalised himself by his impetuous bravery. When the Russians marched against the French in Italy and Germany, he was, by his age, exempt from serving. But when, in 1812, Napoleon crossed our frontiers, when the czar summoned all his subjects to the defence of their country, Wassili declared that he would go to the war. He committed his house to my mother's care; charged her especially not to allow any one to approach the holy image; and to keep the Virgin's lamp continually lighted.

He set out, accompanied by his thirteen sons and fifty of his grandsons, and joined the army of Kutusoff before the battle of Borodino. As he could neither read nor write, he could be enrolled only among the sub-officers; but our hetman, Platoff, gave him the command of a squadron. I served under him as a private soldier, although I had already made two campaigns, and attained the rank of lieutenant.

My grandfather was then ninety years old; yet he shewed all the vigour of a young man. While pursuing the French during their retreat, he bore without a murmur wind, cold, fatigues, and privations. To see the old man, his long lance in his hand, riding through a heavy snow-storm, you would have said that his muscles were covered with buffalo-skin.

In the morning, he used to rouse us all from the bivouac with a voice that sounded afar off like the roaring of a bull. The Tguoroffs enrolled in his squadron used to assemble around him every night, and offer him the various spoils which they had taken from the enemy. Sometimes he divided these prizes equally amongst them; sometimes he reserved a portion for himself. He cared little for silver; but when he was presented with a few pieces of gold, he seized them with an eager hand, and a smile of satisfaction lighted up his face. To procure him this joy, we frequently risked our lives; for we loved him, wonderful old man that he was, and felt proud of pleasing him. In the commencement of the campaign, we used to slay without mercy all the French soldiers whom we found defenceless; but the czar having proclaimed that he would give a ducat for every prisoner brought to him alive, Wassili enjoined us to spare our captives, and we thus obtained many ducats.

Without suffering from the slightest illness, or receiving a single wound, he traversed Russia and Germany; but when we reached the banks of the Rhine, the sight of the river recalled to him his beloved Don. Although there certainly is not much resemblance between the smiling German stream and the dark river of the steppes, yet Wassili felt himself seized with a sudden home-sickness, and determined to return to his village. He found no difficulty in obtaining his discharge, and set out with two of his sons; while we went towards France. During this long expedition, he had lost six of his sons and fifteen of his grandsons. Some had fallen under the sabres of Murat's soldiers; others had died of fever in Germany.

Eight years afterwards, I returned to our stanitz, with a mutilated leg, and two decorations on my breast. Death had carried off my mother and several of my relatives; but the invincible Wassili yet lived, and I found him seated as usual in the chimney-corner, smoking his pipe and drinking his brandy. As formerly, he shut himself up every day with the image of the Virgin, and frequently rode to visit his *moihille*. When his sons married, he bestowed on each but a very small sum of money; yet we knew that, during his long life, he must have amassed considerable sums, and we frequently asked each other what he could have done with them.

One day he was present at the baptism of one of his great-grandchildren; all the members of our family and a number of friends were assembled. Just as the

priest was plunging the child into the water, Wassili uttered a terrific cry. The Virgin's lamp, forgotten that morning, had just gone out. Striking his hand in the wound which he had long ago received on the forehead, he fell on the ground, and in a few moments was dead. We immediately dismissed our guests, and, according to an ancient custom, opened all the windows. It was in December; the wind was blowing violently, and in one of its sudden gusts it caught the curtain hat veiled the Virgin's statue, and overthrew the figure. While trying to replace it, we were surprised at its weight: it proved to be the treasury of our grandfather, and being hollow, contained a quantity of gold pieces. This discovery led us to visit the umulus, where, on turning up the soil, we also found a considerable amount of specie.

I have now given you a description of my grandfather. The race of men of which he was the type is extinct among the Cossacks. Our hetman now inhabits a palace on the banks of the Neva, and is the hereditary grand-duke. The free proud Cossacks now resemble registered and disciplined conscripts. My grandfather never received more than a simple soldier's cross, while I wear the decoration of St Anne; but he was more respected than any major or colonel, and our brave Platoff held him in high esteem.

My son resembles me still less than I resemble my grandfather. Educated in the College of Cadets at St Petersburg, he wears an elegant uniform, cultivates a dainty moustache, and talks of balls, theatres, French ovals, and champagne. From the history of my grandfather, from what you know of myself, and from the recollections of my young heir, you may form a correct idea of the past, present, and future of our Cossack tribes.

#### VIEWS OF LIFE FROM A FIXED STAND-POINT.

I AM not a philosopher. I know nothing of logic and metaphysics, and abstract sciences and speculations; wasn't brought up to it, or else I might perhaps. But I see a good deal of human life and human nature, and other nature too, without being a philosopher; and there is many a story I could tell that is as well worth the telling, if I knew how to tell a story to purpose. I am an Omnibus Conductor, and the stand-point—I can't be very far wrong in calling it that, for I stand on it sixteen hours a day, and no sitting allowed—the stand-point from which I contemplate men and things is the 'monkey-board,' as it is called in the profession, at the tail of my 'bus. I consider that that's not by any means a disadvantageous position from which to regard my fellow-creatures: if not a very elevated one, it is sufficiently so to exalt me above the general level, and enables me to look over the heads as well as into the faces of all that section of mankind that comes in my way. I travel through six miles of city and suburbs, and I do it, there and back again, six times a day. If there is a great sameness in leading this sort of life—doing the same journey, one way and the other, four thousand times and more a day—there is also a great variety, taking into account the times and seasons, and changes in the aspect of the weather. Seven years' experience in the position occupy, have enabled me to make some observations upon that portion of man and womankind that rides in omnibuses; and a very respectable class they are, upon the whole, though I say it that gets my living by them. But it is a class that comprises a good many classes—an omnibus is everybody's coach-and-pair, and everybody gets into it that's tired of walking, or afraid of the wet, and has threepence or sixpence to spare; notwithstanding that it belongs to everybody, it is curious to note how regularly it is monopolised by

certain people at certain hours of the day, days of the week, and weeks and months of the year. Thus, the first journey to town of a morning, all the year through, winter and summer, wet or dry, is the quickest journey of the whole day, because the 'bus carries a corps of office-clerks, the old gentlemen inside pushing about their silver snuff-boxes and exchanging the news, and the young ones outside smoking cigars. The second journey is pretty much the same; with a mixture of masters and merchants, bankers, and so on, who are as regular as time itself; so that I see the same faces inside, and mostly sitting in the same places, about three hundred times in the course of the year at these morning-trips.

Now, I dare say any one of the gentlemen that gets out every morning at ten o'clock, or thereabouts, at the Bank, or within a quarter of a mile of it, would be taken aback a little if he knew how much I know of him—though it would do him no harm, for the matter of that. Only just look at one gentleman—for instance, Mr Philpotts—and mark what I know about him, though neither he nor anybody else ever told me a word of it intentionally. Mr Philpotts was born at Truro, in Cornwall; his father saved money in the pilchard-fishery, and ardeled his son to a drysalter in Thames Street, with whom he did business forty years ago. Young Philpotts turned ship-broker when he attained his majority. The old man died, and left him his money; and he lost every penny of it in unwise speculations before he was thirty; and had to begin the world again, with a wife and two daughters—and nothing else. His wife's father, who was a wealthy cotton-spinner, got him a Manchester agency, and he had to put the screw on pretty tight to make both ends meet: he worked the screw so long, that he couldn't leave off working it when there was no longer any occasion for it; and he works it now as tight as ever—living in a two-storied cottage in a second-rate street, when he might live in a mansion, and riding in a 'bus when he might keep his own carriage. His two daughters are in danger of growing old maids, because he won't come down with a portion as long as he lives; and he has kept them in seclusion until their juvenile charms are vanishing. Philpotts has more money than he knows what to do with, and is deep in every well-paying speculation of the day; he is verging on sixty, and is rather fond of good living when it costs him nothing or not much—and is so likely to live ten or fifteen years longer as not. All this I learned concerning Mr Philpotts from the conversation of his companions chiefly during his own absence. Now, I never wanted to learn a word of it; and it doesn't concern me a morsel, though I do feel sorry for the young ladies that ought to have been married years ago. I could tell a tale almost equally particular with regard to nearly every one of the middle gentlemen whom I pick up and drop down every morning, though they little think of it; and I have a notion there is not a single one of them who knows as much of the private history of either of the others as I do of that of the whole twelve.

After the purposes of business are served in the morning, come those of pleasure. I have a suspicion that more people ride for play than for work; judging from the fact, that during summer and fine weather my family is always larger than it is in the wet and wintry-days. Towards mid-day, the ladies begin to honour me with their company; if the sun shines fair, they are abroad shopping in multitudes, and I am continually taking up and setting down at the most splendid shops on my route the wives and daughters of the identical clerks, merchants, and gentlemen, who make up the cargoes of the morning. That younger Miss Philpotts, by the way, let me say, is not an old maid yet, if I'm anything of a judge. I set her down at the new bonnet-shop yesterday.



afternoon, and she don't look as if she had seen seven-and-twenty yet.

The ladies, when they are mammas, are fond of taking the children a ride in the 'bus. Sometimes I get a whole family of children; the other night I had eleven young mothers, each with a baby in arms, and only one gentleman—twenty-three altogether, though we're only licensed to carry twelve. Summer afternoons and evenings are the children's holidays; not a week passes but I take out a dozen or two to the fields, and bring them back again at sundown, loaded with butter-cups, cowslips, daisies, or May-blossom, which makes me feel like a nosegay all the way to the Strand. My 'bus is always pretty full as business-hours draw to a close. There are people going out in the suburbs to spend the evening; there are more going home to dinner, or it may be an early tea; there are people going into the City to theatre or concert—so that, travel which way I will, I mostly travel full of an evening. If I'm not full before I get so far as the railway station, I'm sure to fill there, especially in excursion-times, when the train is just come in. If you was to look into my 'bus then, you wouldn't know it for the same—twelve people up to their chins in egg-baskets, boxes, carpet-bags, and packages, look so different from twelve city gentlemen, with nothing bigger than a snuff-box apiece. Poor Mr Philpotts hailed me the other night when I was full of excursioners, and would have had to ride outside if a civil young fellow hadn't offered to turn on to the roof, to make room for him. It was odd, I thought, that after old P. had got out, and turned up the lane to his cottage, the young fellow got down and joined the younger Miss P. not a hundred yards further on—but, of course, that was no business of mine.

People talk, and write, too, sometimes, about the influence of the weather and the state of the atmosphere upon people's nervous systems. I don't profess to understand nervous systems myself, but I know, from pretty good experience, that wet weather is very trying to the temper, not to mention the rheumatism. It's mostly gentlemen that ride in rainy seasons; and the few ladies that get into my 'bus, do so because they can't help themselves, and must go the distance. Politeness, I have observed, like many other things that are more for ornament than use, is very much damaged by moisture: civility, which is all we conductors pretend to, is a much tougher article, and more waterproof, though it won't keep out the rain any more than the other. Rain is a wonderful damper to sociability as well as to broadcloth: when the water is dropping from people's clothes, conversation drops too; and as for a joke, it isn't always safe to venture upon one in the wet, because when folks are dripping, they won't stand roasting—which, of course, is natural enough. There's a prodigious rush sometimes of a splashy night to catch the last 'bus; and then it is that your model-gentleman stands at one side, and lets others be accommodated before he takes thought for himself—though I've never had the pleasure of being introduced to that gentleman yet.

It came down dismally this morning, more like a water-spout than a storm of rain. We pulled up as usual at Grinder Lane for Mr Philpotts, but he never came. I thought it was the foul weather kept him at home. It wasn't though, as I found out before we'd gone a mile farther. It's a fact that the young fellow that was so civil to him the other night, has bolted off with the younger Miss Philpotts, and married her clean out. He's a lawyer, they say, and in doing business for the father, has found out that the Misses P. have each fortunes in their own right, inherited from their mother's father, of which the old gentleman has the management. Young Ciremit has taken his choice of the two; and now the thing has got wind, it is thought the other will go by hook or by crook, in spite of all the unwilling

father can do to prevent it—and very proper too. I shall look out for the old gentleman when he has got over the surprise, and see how he bears it.

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF WIELICZKA.

When Russia, Austria, and Prussia were dividing Poland among them, there was one plum in the share that fell to Austria which the others could not behold without envy, and part of which they therefore secured to themselves. This plum was the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka; for Poland had her Crystal Palace hundreds of years before London dreamt of hers, and which, although the industry of the world was never represented within its precincts, is nevertheless a noble trophy of Polish industry, and presents many points of interest to the historian, the philosopher, and the statistician. Several of the crowned heads of Europe have honoured it with their presence, and one of the most famous generals of modern times has dated dispatches from within its walls. Grand as were the dimensions of our Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and grander still as are those of its more beautiful sister on Sydenham Hill, they dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with the extent of the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka, with its suites of vast and lofty halls, its vaulted chapels, its long range of spacious galleries, the quiet lakes spread like mirrors within its walls, and its deep, dark, mysterious museums of natural wonders.

But some of our readers who happen never before to have heard of this Crystal Palace, are perhaps already indulging in suspicions of a poetic fiction; and we may therefore as well convince them at once that we are speaking of a reality, by mentioning, that we are alluding to the salt-mines which nature has deposited at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, and in which the hand of man has scooped out a palace such as we have described.

Not in a tub, or a basket, or clinging to a rope, like one of a huge swarm of bees—as is the usual mode of ingress into mines—is the favoured traveller admitted into this subterranean fairy palace. To make the descent easy, broad flights of steps have been cut through the superincumbent strata of marl, clay, sand, far into the depths of that mineral that gives its savour to the earth. It seems, indeed, like desecration to enter in any less dignified way this wonderful labyrinth of crystal halls, one hundred of which measure from 100 to 150 feet in height, and from 80 to 100 feet in length and breadth, each having its peculiar name, derived from some event connected with the mines, or from some Polish king or Austrian emperor who may have honoured the place with his presence, or from some Catholic saint who may have been an especial favourite with the miners. Some of these chambers of the deep have, indeed, been especially devoted to religious worship; others to the worship of the muses of dancing and of music, being set aside as ball-rooms and concert-rooms; and others, again, are used as stables for horses, the inequalities of the upper world having thus found their way down into this subterranean world also. The largest of these salt-chapels is dedicated to St Anthony, to whose kind intercession, tradition says, the country is indebted for the discovery of the salt-mines. A sister of St Casimir—so goes the story—lost a precious ring, and in her dismay, prayed to St Anthony to help her to find it. The complaisant saint, though refusing to help to restore to the lady a mere token of earthly vanity, appeared to her in a dream, and designating to her the spot where the mines were discovered, told her that by digging there, she would find a treasure greater than the one she had lost. The chapel of St Anthony, however, was not built, or rather excavated, until 1680, from which period, until the reign of Joseph II., a mass

was said here every morning for the miners. At present, divine worship is celebrated in the chapel only once a year, on the 3d of July—a great festival among the miners, who, clad in holiday attire, attend the mass, and then dine together at long tables spread in some of the adjoining halls. In this Gothic chapel, as well as in the smaller ones in the mines, not only the walls, the doors, the niches, are hewn out in salt, but so likewise are the altar and the crucifix in front of it, the statues of the saints, as large as life, that grace the niches and kneel around the altar, and even the little lamps, of antique form, that burn before their shrines.

The grandest of these crystal halls is, however, the ball-room, adorned with slender columns with ornamented capitals, with friezes of sculptured foliage, and with a chandelier formed of salt-crystals, sixty feet in circumference. In this hall are given the fêtes which, on occasion of the presence of emperor or king, have made these subterranean regions resound with the music and the mirth of the children of the earth—no doubt much to the disgust of the elfin sprites who reigned as sole masters here, until busy bustling man ferreted out the secret riches of their realm. The effect produced when the hundreds of lights in the chandeliers are reflected from the myriads of saline gems which form the walls, ceiling, and floor of these halls, is wondrously beautiful; and the fête given here to King Augustus II. of Poland, in particular, is described as surpassing in splendour and magnificence anything ever witnessed in the richest stone-built palaces on the surface of the earth. Among the sculptured works of salt that adorn the various chambers, a trophy formed of all the tools and instruments used in the mine, is particularly interesting; but the work of most artistic value is a statue of King John Sigismund of Poland, cut out of a single block of crystal. In the stables for the horses, that spend their lives in this glittering palace, the boxes, mangers, and troughs are all cut out of salt; and the very air you breathe is impregnated with the mineral. But however monotonous this realm of salt may seem to some, to others it has strange attractions; and the eccentric Suwarrow, for instance, on one occasion established his head-quarters here during three days, dictating dispatches to secretaries, writing on blocks of salt, and directing the movements of troops in the world above by means of adjutants hoisted up and down through darksome shafts.

Like the colonists in Australia, who for years wandered over gold-fields without noticing the glittering treasures at their feet, the various tribes who by turns inhabited the Carpathians, for centuries drew from distant sources scanty supplies of that salt which is as essential to barbarous as to refined nature, while, 100 feet beneath the soil they were treading, lay supplies of this wholesome mineral, sufficient for the world's consumption; for although it is only in Bochnia and Wieliczka, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cracow, that extensive mines have been opened, there is every reason to believe that the salt-fields, of which these form part, extend in one continuous bed below the whole range of the Carpathians, and through Transylvania and Moldavia, because, wherever mines have been worked in these regions, it has been found that not only are the crystals of exactly the same structure, and the salt of the same qualities, but that the superincumbent strata of rock and earth follow each other in the same order. The precise date of the discovery of the Wieliczka Mines is not known; the first mention of them in the annals of Poland occurs as early as the year 1237; but even then they are not alluded to as a new discovery, but as an established enterprise. The first working of the veins was in accordance with the rudeness of the times; and the yield, no doubt, remained insignificant, until the establishment of regular mining enterprise, in the middle of the

fifteenth century; but even after this period, the amount of salt extracted bore no proportion to the inexhaustible richness of the mines; for these were farmed out to ignorant Jews, who worked them by means of unskilled Polish labourers, and who, being merely intent upon enriching themselves, took no heed as to whether or not the excavations were carried on so as to impede the labours of their successors. At the period of the partition of Poland in 1772, the mines were, however, considered of sufficient importance, to induce Russia and Prussia to introduce an article into the treaty of partition, stipulating for a certain share in the produce; and of the 900,000 hundredweights of salt at present produced annually in Bochnia and Wieliczka, Austria, in compliance with this article, cedes 300,000 hundredweights to Prussia, and 150,000 hundredweights to Russia. However, even the 900,000 hundredweights extracted annually, by no means give the measure of the productive power of the Wieliczka Mines, which are at present worked upon the highest scientific principles, under the superintendence of mining-engineers educated for the purpose, at the academy of Chemnitz, in Hungary; but the Austrian government has reserved to itself the monopoly of the salt-trade, and consequently takes care to regulate the production according to what it considers its own interests. On an average, the salt is sold by the government at five gulden the hundredweight, but the expenses of production are kept strictly secret; however, the general opinion at the mines is, that the government realises no less than 400 per cent. profit, and thus derives from these mines an annual net revenue of 2,200,000 gulden; an amount considerably exceeding the revenues of the whole kingdom of Lodomeria. So anxious is the Austrian government that none but itself shall enjoy the advantages to be derived from these rich mines, that the miners are searched every evening before leaving the work, lest they should carry away with them some of the precious mineral, beyond the fifteen pounds a year allowed them in addition to their wages; and the water pumped up from the mine is conveyed through a subterranean pipe into the Vistula, 600 pails of rich brine being daily wasted in this way.

The works at present extend over an area of 35,000 square fathoms, the length of the galleries and passages making together seven and a half German miles (about thirty-seven English miles). They consist of three divisions, or 'fields,' as they are termed in the technical language, corresponding to the three epochs in the history of the mining enterprise. The 'Old Field' comprises the first irregular pits sunk; the 'Jesuit Field,' called after King John of Poland, comprises the improved works, dating from the fifteenth century; and the 'New Field' comprises the work commenced under Austrian superintendence, and carried on according to the most advanced principles of mining science. These fields consist of five stories, or 'contignations,' as they are called in Galicia, the one below the other, and each comprising vast ranges of chambers, communicating with each other by numerous horizontal galleries or 'levels;' while the various contignations communicate by means of perpendicular and oblique shafts, besides the staircases already mentioned. The first contignation is 84 fathoms below the surface, the lowest 145 fathoms, intervals of 10 or 15 fathoms being left between each story; and the lowest level of the mines is thus 800 feet below that of the sea, and 500 feet below the bed of the Vistula. Lower, it is considered dangerous to proceed, on account of the salt-springs that gush forth when the salt is excavated at a greater depth. The first traces of salt are discovered at a depth of about fifteen fathoms below the surface, where it appears in 'banches' of various dimensions imbedded in the clay. Here and there, also, it appears already at this depth in very thin veins, which are not, however, worked. The deeper one descends into the bed

of clay impregnated with the salt, the larger become the masses of the latter. At first, they measure from 5, 10, to 15 feet in diameter, and subsequently reach as much as 50 and 100 feet; but not until a depth of 500 feet below the surface is reached does the salt appear in regular beds; the masses already alluded to above forming, on the contrary, immense cubes, lying heaped up in all directions and in all positions. The lowest beds do not occupy a horizontal position, but incline at an angle of 85 degrees southwards, towards the Carpathians. Some of the beds are indeed quite perpendicular, forming, as it were, great walls of salt. In some places, the beds are only 20 to 30 feet thick; in others, from 70 to 100 feet. The quality of the salt varies with its place of deposit. That nearest the surface, and sparingly intermixed with the clay, is called *blotnik*, or 'dirt-salt,' and is used only for building purposes in the mines, or when sold for cattle; that forming the large cubiform masses, is called green salt, and is the most important, from the commercial point of view; that occupying the lowest position, and found in regular beds, is called *szymbikowa* salt, and is the finest in quality. Intermixed with the other salts, are also found blocks of crystal-salt, or *sal gemma*, as it is termed in science, which is so precious, that it was formerly reserved exclusively for the kings of Poland, who used to make presents of it to persons on whom they wished to bestow a favour. Even at this day, it is deemed a rarity fit 'to set before a king'; and 2 hundredweights are yearly set aside for the king of Prussia; 2½ hundredweights for the emperor of Russia, as such, and 2 hundredweights as king of Poland; while the emperor of Austria, as such, receives 3 hundredweights, and as king of Hungary, 1 hundredweight yearly. The statue of King John Sigismund, before alluded to, is hewn out of the largest block of this crystal ever extracted from the mines. In general, the blocks are not much above one cubic foot in size; and various little articles and toys are carved out of them, and sold at the mines. Sometimes, also, this crystal is found in plates of such faultless purity, that they equal the finest plate-glass, and attempts have been made to convert them into mirrors. The green salt consists of many small salt-crystals, so firmly incorporated with each other, as to present to the eye a substance as clear and transparent as common green bottle-glass. It varies much in quality, according to the composition of the crystals; but to enumerate and describe its various subdivisions, would occupy too much of our space. The finest quality, as before said, is called *szymbikowa* salt. This is not so dark in colour as the common green salt, and is even more compact.

Where the salt occurs in large masses, the miners prepare, with chisel and pick, a perpendicular surface or wall, in the chamber in which they are working, rendering it smooth and uniform to a height of about twenty feet. Such a surface is called a *mirror*, and along the whole face of this mirror are then cut narrow grooves or furrows of 20 or 30 inches in depth, and at intervals of three feet from each other. By means of these grooves, a number of small iron wedges are then introduced on each side of the strips marked off; and the wedges being all raised at once, the huge mass of salt is thus loosened from the wall, but remains standing until thrown down by main force. In the fall, the salt-pillars of course break into fragments, and these are subsequently cut on the spot into different forms, according to their size. It is calculated that 400 cubic fathoms of rock give 100,000 hundredweights of salt; and the annual yield in Wieliczka being on an average 700,000 hundredweights, an additional space of 2800 cubic fathoms, or a chamber measuring 80 feet in height, length, and breadth, is added every year to the mines. By means of these numbers, it has further been calculated that, supposing the mines to have been worked to this extent for 400 years, they have furnished a sufficient

quantity of salt for the consumption of 800,000,000 of human beings, allowing 10 pounds of salt for each person; and if each hundredweight be rated at three gulden, according to the present value of money, they have caused a circulation of 800,000,000 of gulden. Such, indeed, is the number of pits, chambers, galleries, passages, cross-cuts, shafts, &c., opened during the 600 years that the mines are supposed to have been worked, and such the carelessness with which the works were conducted for a length of time, that no clue at present exists to part of the older fields; and the mining officials of Wieliczka are acquainted only with certain divisions of this great subterranean labyrinth.

Among the peculiarities of the Wieliczka Mines is, that although they hold in their depths about twenty small lakes, each several hundred feet long, and from eighteen to twenty-four feet deep, there is a total absence of that moisture and slushiness which render mines in general so disagreeable. No water here trickles from the walls, gathering in pools around the workmen's feet; the greatest cleanliness and neatness reign throughout the subterranean chambers; and although pools of water are sometimes discovered in some little cavity, they are speedily and quietly drained off, so as to create no discomfort. Fresh water from the upper regions, however, flows in pipes through the various chambers and passages for the use of the miners as well as the horses, which do not, like the former, return to the regions of fresh air and water when the labours of the day are over. The air in these mines is exceedingly dry, as is proved to demonstration by the sculptured works of salt which have stood there for centuries without having suffered any sensible deterioration; but although dry, the air is by no means stagnant, for rapid currents circulate through all the galleries and passages, and at some points, from causes unknown, increase to quite a tempestuous wind. In the year 1745, a most extraordinary whirlwind, caused by the falling in of the roof of a great cavern, created the utmost consternation in the mines. The condensed air escaping from this veritable cave of *Æolus*, shot through the galleries, upset the labourers found on its passage, carried away their tools, broke down pillars and doorways, and finally rushed up one of the perpendicular shafts, destroying in its exit the building that covered the mouth of the shaft. The deleterious gases that often prove so fatal in coal, copper, silver, and other mines, are, however, unknown in the Wieliczka Mines; and, indeed, as a general rule, the masses of salt are so closely packed, as to leave no room for their development. At long intervals, a species of combustible hydrogen gas, denominated *saletar* by the Poles, makes its appearance; but it generally burns out without causing any explosion. The miners of Wieliczka are not, therefore, exposed to the dreadful accidents which so often spread desolation through our colliery districts; but their health suffers, in some measure, from the inspiration of the fine particles of salt that float upon the air, and which act injuriously on the lungs. Upon the whole, however, they attain a fair average age, and among them are many who have worked as long as forty years in the mines. Upon dead bodies, the air of the salt-mines acts as a natural preserver; so much so, indeed, that had the Egyptians possessed such mines, they need not have gone to the expense and trouble of making mummies of their dead; at least, the carcasses of horses that have died in the works at Wieliczka have been found, after the lapse of many years, in a state of perfect preservation.

At a future period, many a still unknown secret of nature will, no doubt, be revealed by a study of the salt-mines of Wieliczka; but hitherto the Austrian government has guarded, with a jealousy difficult to account for, not only the secrets connected with the working and administration of the mines, but even the geological facts relating to them. A glimpse of the

many interesting subjects for speculation offered by the mines may, however, be obtained in the museum formed on the spot, containing various objects found in them, such as shells of divers kinds, shewing that the ocean from whose waters these immense deposits of salt were precipitated, was already inhabited by animals similar to those that at present strew our sea-beaches; and charred and petrified trunks of trees, proving that the neighbouring lands were already clad with verdure. But the task we had set ourselves was to describe the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka, not the events that preceded the formation of the materials of which it is built—speculations upon these we leave to others more likely to work them to a profitable issue.

## RAILWAYS IN RUSSIA.

The carriage allotted for my special use was about ten feet square; it was furnished with two sofas and chairs, a small card-table, and two side-tables. On the sofas I could have reclined at full length—a convenience very desirable, and generally denied us on English railways: the sofas and chairs had air-cushions, and were very comfortable. I looked into several first and second class carriages, and they all appeared nicely fitted up, although not like the one assigned to me: the second-class carriages had seats and cushions superior to those of the first-class on English railways, and afforded plenty of room to each individual, allowing of his sitting without cramping his knees upon those of the person opposite to him. We left Moscow at eleven o'clock precisely; Mr Sharman, my servant, and myself, occupying this little room to ourselves; our luggage was stowed away in another carriage. . . . I was pleased to perceive that there was no unnecessary hurry in the railway movements, such as those which annoy the English traveller: plenty of time was allowed at every station to the passengers to take their meals, and in each there was all that could be required in the way of refreshments. The time allowed for the train to pass from one station to another is carefully fixed for the driver, who dare not arrive a minute sooner or later; so that in some cases we had to go very slowly, in order not to arrive before the time. This, however, is not unpleasant, as people on the continent do not give way to that nervous hurry which fidgets us and shortens our lives. Who in England has time to look around him? Rich and poor seem to be urged along by an impetus which prevents their thinking of anything except of their next appointment; and as soon as that is kept, their thoughts fly to the next.—*Royer's English Prisoners in Russia.*

## RUB SOFTLY.

'Tis all very well,' said my godfather, putting in his oar—'tis all very well, that rubbing down and polishing off, provided 'tis done in moderation; but let me tell you, there is such a thing as *rubbing too hard*. I have seen an American Indian rubbing two pieces of rough wood together; after a little time, they became a great deal smoother, and had a pleasant warm feel; but when he rubbed away some time longer, they took fire, blazed up, and crackled, and sputtered in all directions. Now, 'tis just the same thing, I suspect, in married life. Rub quietly, and only a little at a time, and all will go on smoothly; but if you stick to it, hard and fast, from morning to night, take my word for it, you will kindle up a blaze at last that you may not find it easy to put out.'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE TURKISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

As there are no liberal professions in Turkey, except the public functions, the class of proprietors is the only one which represents our middle classes, and this is gradually dying away. The Turkish gentleman, who lives on his property, either resides on his farm in the country or in a town-house. In the first, he manages his estate, attends to his house, and exercises hospitality; in the other, the education of his children, prayers, alms, and the enjoyment of the kef employs all his time. But he unites with this native indolence and reserve, a dignity, a nobility of feeling, an affection for his children, kindness to his servants and

slaves, and a delicacy in his treatment of the harem, which are truly admirable. He is proud, though without the slightest admixture of vanity, more especially of his religion. He believes that the empire is hurriedly approaching to its end; and if he be rich, he desires that he may be buried in Asia, in the great cemetery of Scutari, in order that the presence of the infidels may not sully the asylum where his bones rest, whenever the Turks have lost Stamboul. He believes in the impossibility of any regeneration of Turkey, and is consequently, as far as his apathy will permit him, a bigoted opponent of reform.—*Sir George Laped's Turkey.*

## OCTOBER.

It is no joy to me to sit  
On dreamy summer eves,  
When from her broad bright shield the moon  
Darts arrows through the leaves,  
And all things through the quiet land  
Rest, love—but nothing grieves.  
Better I like old Autumn,  
With hair tossed to and fro,  
Firm striding o'er the stubble-fields,  
When the equinoctials blow.

When timidly the sun creeps up  
Through misty mornings cold,  
And Robin on the orchard-hedge  
Sings cheerily and bold,  
While heavily the frosted plume  
Drops downward on the mould:  
And as he passes, Autumn  
Into Earth's lap does throw  
Brown apples gay in a game of play,  
When the equinoctials blow.

When the young year his carol sinks  
Into a patient psalm,  
Craves no more for the honey-cup  
But for the cup of balm,  
And all his storms and sunshine bursts  
Controls to one brave calm.  
While step by step walks Autumn,  
With steady eyne, that shew  
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the year,  
When the equinoctials blow.

## NO MORE RANCID BUTTER.

Wild recommends that the butter should be treated with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states, that by this treatment, the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavour as when recently made. He attributes this result to the fact, that butyric acid, to which the rancid odour and taste are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and is then removed.—*Journal of Industrial Progress.*

## PICTURE SALE AT BIRMINGHAM.

In No. 47, we mentioned, in reference to a notice in a former Number, of a sale of supposed spurious pictures at Birmingham, that the auctioneers implicated—but whose names were not mentioned by us—had brought an action against our authority, *The Art Journal*. Since then, the Hall of *The Art Journal* has disclaimed in a public advertisement any intention to cast injurious reflections upon Messrs Ludlow and Robinson; adding—'I have no doubt whatever that they did not lend their aid to any deceit, and that the character they have so long and so honourably borne in Birmingham, supply ample proof that they are incapable of any wrong act in their professional dealings.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bridge Street, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 230 High Street, BIRMINGHAM, sold by J. McGLASSMAN, 50 Upper Backville Street, DUNDEE, and all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE LONDON BANQUET.

THERE is a marked distinction between the west end and the east in the social organisation of London. The former devotes itself to politics, evening-parties, Almacks, the Opera, and excitement; the latter, to plodding industry in the morning, and plum-pudding in the afternoon—extensive commercial speculations by day, and substantial social enjoyments by night. We have 'assisted' at private parties and public *table-d'hôtes* in every part of Europe, and with all our desire to be deemed cosmopolitan and fashionable, we candidly confess our predilections are in favour of old English fare. The Germans have but one meal in the twenty-four hours, their breakfast being a mouthful of tobacco-smoke, washed down with a mouthful of *Kaffee schwarz*; and from the heterogeneous character of the dinner, which lasts only three hours, it requires the remaining twenty-one to digest it. The French are better; but they carry artistic refinement in culinary matters to such a pitch, that all sense of enjoyment is puffed away in a *soufflet* or a *vol-au-vent*. The Italians appear to forget that man is a carnivorous animal, commence with the dessert, and never get to the dinner itself; and as for Russia, the less we say of their abominable caricatures of French cookery the better. It is only in England that the philosophy of feasting has been regularly studied and reduced to a system. It has often been said, by way of a sneer, that the way to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and we know that nothing of importance can be inaugurated, and few things pertaining to the common weal consummated in this country, without a dinner; but this is not an English peculiarity, for the apparently slight circumstance of a twopenny-halfpenny dinner that didn't come off in Paris overturned a dynasty, and carried France through the phase of a republic to that of an empire. Let no one, then, deny what is everywhere regarded as the great business of life; but at this festive season, when adipose sheep, pinguiferous oxen, overgrown geese, and overfed turkeys, are commencing their brief but brilliant career, let us have a little quiet appetitising talk about how this said 'business' is managed on a large scale in the great metropolis.

The head-quarters of good living are certainly east of Temple-Bar, although the Thatched House Tavern, St James's, and the Freemasons' Tavern, form connecting-links in a sort of chain of good-fellowship tending to unite the east and the west. We can call to mind a dozen leading articles in newspapers, and a score of philanthropic speeches, all commencing: 'England is honourably distinguished above all other countries by the number and extent of her charitable

institutions;' and as we find the patriotic phrase pertinent, we press it into our service. These numerous, and, in the great majority, of cases, well-managed and valuable institutions, are the fountains whence flow annually a great amount of festivity, as well as a noble flood of philanthropy and benevolence. Every recurring year an appeal is made by each of these public charities to the liberality of the affluent, and these appeals uniformly take the shape of a public dinner. The first step is the organisation of a committee, and by them a list of stewards is made out, of persons locally interested in the promotion of the good work, or young parliamentary or forensic aspirants for distinction. The business of the stewards is to canvass among their friends for guests to the dinner; and formerly the responsibility rested upon them of defraying certain incidental expenses, but this has been found so objectionable, that it has been abolished, and all necessary charges are now paid out of the general fund. The finding an eligible chairman to preside is the most difficult task, and requires to be set about weeks, and sometimes months, in advance. Upon the selection of chairman rests the pecuniary success or failure of the dinner; and one of the penalties which men of high station, great eloquence, or political standing, have to pay, is the numerous applications from charitable associations to preside at these annual dinners. Taking the chair at one of these convivial meetings is bad enough during the season, when every hour of a public man's time is valuable; but when, in addition to this, the chairman has to put his name down for a round sum, ranging from ten to fifty or one hundred pounds, and when the dose has to be repeated five or six times during the year, it is enough to spoil the digestion of the best served dinner in the metropolis. Local interests sometimes are brought to bear, and in other cases the popularity and the cost are calculated; but few in the long-run hesitate to lend their name, when they know that it is to appear in capital letters in the advertisements, placards, and dinner-tickets, as that of one who has kindly consented to preside at the anniversary festival of so and so.

This is a great point gained, but it is not all—often as many moves as go to a game of chess are required to make the engagements of the Noble Lord or Right Honourable Gentleman and the 'open days' the tavern-keeper can offer correspond. The price of a ticket to a charity-dinner is now by general consent fixed at a guinea; but the tavern-keeper's contract is for some smaller sum, say twelve to fifteen shillings—the difference being to meet the expense of vocalists, who must have their dinner and a guinea each; hire of a piano, or, if the funds can afford it, a military band; invitations

to the press; and a guinea to that indigenous functionary, a toast-master, who, standing behind the chairman, repeats in a stentorian voice his orders and toasts, and gives emphasis and *ensemble* to the rounds of cheering. The eventful day at length arrives: cabs and private carriages about the hour of six roll up to the Freemasons' or the London Tavern; there is a perfect eruption of kid gloves and white neckcloths. The stewards marshal their friends in coteries, and the arrival of the chairman, half an hour after the *precise* time, is the signal to serve up the soup. Headed by the committee and stewards with long wands—part of the 'properties' of the tavern—the chairman enters from the anteroom, takes his seat at the head of the table, and the hungry guests fall to. The dinners, we are bound to say, are generally good and abundant, their character varying with the season. Nevertheless, many persons almost starve in the midst of plenty, from their diffidence in calling for dishes beyond their reach, or their inability to obtain the attentions of a waiter. A *habitué* once gave us a hint: 'I always have an excellent dinner, but then I pay a shilling more than any one else.' 'How so?' 'I get hold of a waiter near me, and shew him a shilling confidentially, with the intimation, "If you take care of me, you shall have that;" and Severn salmon, pea-fowl, ducklings and green peas, the first of the season, white-bait, plain and deiled, and other delicacies which only circulate at the top-table, find their way to me!' A piece of judicious and well-calculated liberality on the part of the committee frequently is, to send round the champagne two or three times in very tall and very thin glasses, illustrating the greatest amount of show with the smallest quantity of substance; but this pays well, combining as it does style, exhilaration, and excitement. The oratory is entirely local, and seldom finds its way beyond the room. The little booklets beside every guest's plate tell the vast amount of good the society has done, and draws a painful picture of its present state of impecuniosity. There is a generous rivalry on the part of all, in the presence of their friends and neighbours, to do the thing handsomely. Showers of blows upon the plates and the pock-pitted mahogany tables greet the reading of the list of donations. The chairman slips away as soon as he conveniently can; a few choice spirits close up the thinned ranks to have another jolly half-hour, and awake next morning with headaches, and an indistinct recollection of having put down a figure twice or three times as large as they had intended the previous morning—and so terminates the charitable festival.

Of these dinners, at which the guests average from one to three hundred, it would be difficult to say how many hundred take place in London between the months of January and July, and how many thousand pounds are subscribed; two, and sometimes three of them, take place simultaneously at the London Tavern, the resources and accommodation of which are on a very large scale; and the Freemasons and the Albion are put upon their mettle to provide for their numerous patrons. But besides the hecatombs annually immolated on the altar of benevolence, the great City companies—which have outlived the object of their original institution—give occasional signs of vitality in the shape of splendid entertainments, to which princes of the blood-royal, ministers of state, and leaders of political

parties are invited; and it is in some of these that the conservative doctrines and protective policy, now nearly as obsolete as these ancient guilds, find a harmless vent. The display of massive plate, and the princely and expensive character of these entertainments, attest the wealth and the munificent hospitality of the city of London; while they are also suggestive of the great amount of good that might be effected by a more judicious application of this wealth. The Merchant Tailors' Company, whose splendid hall is hidden in a narrow lane near the Bank—the Goldsmiths' Company, whose head-quarters are in a still narrower one, behind the General Post-office—and the Fishmongers' Company, close to London Bridge—are among the most aristocratic in their appointments, and the most extravagant in the style of their entertainments; but there are many others, a regular attendance of a few seasons at which will, in a well-conditioned man, produce a fair share of that unctuous rotundity which is one of the usual results of good living, good digestion, and a good status among the citizens of London. It is impossible for a man to tell what he can do in this way until he has tried, although without prudence he may be put *hors de combat* before he has fairly started. He must be acquainted with the considerate concession *etiquette* makes to turtle-soup, to which he may be helped seven times, although it is contrary to all gastronomic rule to ask for any other more than twice. He must leave a corner for 'the meat,' or green fat, which at all feasts of any pretension is served round separately afterwards; he must know the exact quantity of that pleasant but insidious stimulant which, under the name of turtle or pine punch, is administered to restore the internal balance of power; and he must be initiated in the mystery of uncovering and pledging his neighbour in 'the loving cup,' where mulled claret, cunningly spiced, creams up lovingly to the lips of the guest. He must eschew the *pièces de résistance*, and dally daintily with the lighter and more appetitising morsels, reserving his strength for the closing struggle with pump partridges, fascinating pheasants, and those delicate quails, the smell of which, according to *Soyer* the immortal, will call back a dead man to life. The traditional *petit verre* of liqueur is said to keep game from rising; and if he has husbanded his resources, he is now in a condition to enjoy some of those rare vintages which lie buried amidst city sewers and gull-pipes, and rise, phoenix-like, to grace those festive assemblages, flowing like liquid rubies and pearls over the palate, and once more, mayhap, reappearing in considerable carbuncles, when pleasure reigns paramount, and prudence is drowned in 'potations pottle-deep.'

At the head of civic banquets stands the Lord Mayor's inaugural entertainment at the Guildhall, on the 9th of November. This is one of the most extravagant, aristocratic, unsatisfactory, and uncomfortable of all the public dinners within the sound of Bow-bells; and yet it is the one which half London looks forward to for the whole year, and the question of to be or not to be invited to which materially affects the private comfort and happiness and public position of a thousand citizens. The cost of this banquet is defrayed jointly by the new Lord Mayor and the new Sheriffs, and their popularity during their year of office greatly depends upon the extent to which they 'bleed and feed.' One of the most onerous duties of the newly-elected king of the City is the weighing and balancing the claims of those who must be invited, who ought to be invited, and who cannot be invited for want of room. Dignities, and place, and precedence, are as accurately and as jealously adjusted at the Mansion House as at the palace of St James's; and as the wives and families of the citizens are eligible to the Guildhall banquet and ball, the selection is rendered more complicated and puzzling.



The preliminary pageant of tinsel and tomfoolery is so well known, and so generally ridiculed, that we hope it may soon become matter of history. The 9th of November is certainly a great day for the City; policemen and pickpockets are paramount in the forenoon; all business is paralysed, all commerce at a stand-still, and all night long Cheapside stands aghast at the invasion of its precincts by long lines of equipages, nondescript uniforms, and curious costumes—the state paraphernalia of the representatives of all friendly powers of the New and Old World. Before the banquet, a pinchbeck pattern of a drawing-room and levee takes place at the Guildhall, the guests being all duly announced and introduced to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the council-chamber. The dinner takes place in the large entrance-hall, the whole expanse of which is covered with tables, in such a way as to economise space at the expense of comfort. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the fallen star, the late Lord Mayor—who, minus his robes and chain of office, is during the night in a state of total eclipse—sit at the head of the table at the extreme east of the hall. The cabinet ministers and foreign ambassadors take the right, and the judges, serjeants, and chief city functionaries the left; and between this and the other end of the hall nearly a thousand ladies and gentlemen are packed as closely as they can sit, while an adjoining room contains the overflow of about two hundred more. The ladies are, of course, all in full-dress; and the civic authorities, ambassadors, and ministers of state, in their official costumes; while the display of red-coats among the general company would form a regiment in itself, every deputy-lieutenant, lumber-trooper, city train-band, and artillery officer flaming in scarlet, although many of them may be serving you next day in more pacific guise with thread and tape, or 'best mixed at three-and-eight.' The contract for the supplies of this host of diners is taken by one of the large City tavern-keepers, and, as a tailor would say, the style depends upon the figure. The citizens distinguish between the shabby and seedy, and the substantial and 'stunning'; and we have had striking examples of both within the last three years. As a matter of course, the great bulk of the entertainment is cold; but when, as is generally the case, the supply of hot turtle-soup is abundant, one may dine at the Guildhall banquet if he can only find elbow-room. After the cold fowl, ham, tongue, and pies, there are two smoking-hot substantial barons of beef, a supply of game, a dessert which would gladden the heart of a vegetarian, and a flood of wine enough to wash down this formidable array of dishes. The scene of gormandising—for it is literally such—lasts a couple of hours, amidst a din and clatter absolutely deafening; and before the eloquence of the evening commences, one-half the guests—that is, the five or six hundred to the left of the central passage across the hall—are utterly oblivious of everything but animal enjoyment, and neither see nor hear anything beyond their immediate neighbourhood. The fanfare of trumpets behind the Lord Mayor's chair, to apprise the guests that some one is on his legs, never reaches these remote regions, from which come every now and then peals of laughter, the crash of broken glass, and other indications of obstreperous enjoyment. It is not too much to say that not 200 of this large assemblage hear a word of what is said, or know whether it is speaking, singing, eating, or drinking, that is going on at the upper end of the hall. The orators are like the pugilists in a prize-ring: those near them watch the performance sitting; those a little further off stand up, if they would hope to hear; and behind these is a ring of guests standing on the chairs and benches; and in the centre of this oratorical cockpit, the intellectual display, which is usually brief, commonplace, and complimentary, comes off. Upon

the whole, those at the lower end of the hall, where an hour after dinner the fun waxes fast and furious, have the best of the banquet; but it is wisely ordered that the whole affair is 'short, sharp, and decisive,' for at the end of a few hours the strongest aldermanic constitutions shew signs of capitulation. Before eleven o'clock, the ladies retire to the ball-room, carriages are called up in quick succession, and lucky are the owners if they come when they are called; but the weary stars are winking in the gray dawn before the last of them leave the Guildhall yard.

To maintain the proverbial hospitality of the good city of London, the Lord Mayor is allowed £10,000, with carriages, plate, servants, and the Mansion-house, during his year of office; and in the banqueting-room, termed the Egyptian Hall, a succession of very splendid entertainments takes place throughout the season, in the course of which the church and the state, literature and the fine arts, the metropolitan and provincial municipalities, and the mayor's private friends and public supporters, are in turn invited. To do the thing handsomely, it is calculated that the Lord Mayor must spend as much out of his private fortune as he receives from the Corporation. Wo betide him, however, if he exhibits the slightest indication of parsimony or economy—it is a species of shabbiness a London citizen never forgives; and some years back a man was pointed at with unmistakable feelings of disgust and indignation, not because he had been a fraudulent bankrupt, or had committed forgery or felony, but for the more heinous crime—a suspicion of having saved money during his year of office!

If we have not surfeited our readers with all this good living, we must take them one step further. It is Saturday evening—the London Tavern is brilliantly lighted up from the basement to the banqueting-room at the top of the house. The interior wears an unusual holiday aspect. Rich carpets cover the stone-passages and staircases; ranges of pots, filled with odoriferous shrubs and plants, occupy the landings; swarms of waiters in white kid gloves are fitting about; and the drawing and reception rooms on the principal floor are a blaze of wax-lights, which are multiplied in magnificent mirrors. Guests, evidently of distinction, arrive—many of them a history in themselves, or filling a brilliant page in it—and most of them covered with orders, stars, ribbons, and other decorations, the well-earned distinctions of honourable civil or military services. Fresh-looking and fair-haired Saxons, grim and gray-headed warriors, copper-coloured Asiatics, and all the shades of black, brown, and bilious, are here assembled; for the East India Company give one of their state-banquets, a new governor-general, or a new commander-in-chief being about to be sent out, or having just returned, and all the aids of Oriental magnificence, Western wealth, and metropolitan gastronomic resources, are invoked, to do honour to the distinguished guest. The banqueting-hall is brilliant with massive gold and silver plate, and almost as costly crystal, and perfumed with rare flowers and blooming exotics, although the earliest snow-drop may not have yet budded. Every dish is a study, and its cost would feed a moderate family for a month. Hothouse grapes at eighteen shillings per pound; priceless prize pines; strawberries at a guinea a plate; green pease at ditto per pint; Johannisberger and hock; sparkling Burgundy and Moselle; magnams of curious old port, as unique in quality as extravagant in price; imperial tokay, and other foreign vintages, which rarely find their way into this country, and are fabulous in cost, are among the accessories of the banquet, which has no equal in the public or private entertainments of this or any other country. The number of guests generally averages 200, and the cost about 1000 guineas. We think we may fairly rest here upon our laurels, and challenge any country or capital in the

world to produce such substantial social statistics; and now, gentle reader, having catered thus far for your amusement and information, 'to dinner with what appetite you may.'

### FINNISH NATIONALITY AND FINNISH LITERATURE.

THE question of restoring Finland to Sweden has been repeatedly mooted during the present war—if not in the cabinet, at least in the press—and all reasonings on the subject have generally been based upon the supposition, that Finland having for upwards of seven centuries formed an integral part of Sweden, its reunion with that country could not fail to give unmixed satisfaction to both. That this would not be the case, we are by no means prepared to say; but we would suggest that certain thoughts and feelings, that have been stirring in the Finnish mind since the separation from Sweden, may present obstacles to a cordial union between the two countries which did not previously exist; and as the elements to which we allude are as interesting from the literary and philosophical point of view as they are important from the political, we would introduce them to our readers in a short sketch of the history of ancient and modern Finnish nationality and literature.

The Finns, whose name occurs so frequently in the history of the Scandinavian north, are closely allied to the Lapps, but still more closely to the Estonians. Native investigators have proved beyond a cavil that the Lappe—the Norwegian as well as the Swedish—are a side-branch of the Finnish family; that the languages of the two people are nearer akin than the Gaelic and the Irish; and that, in all probability, the Estonians and the Finns were originally one tribe, which spread itself north and south of the Gulf of Finland. Their language, as well as many other circumstances, indicate that the Finns proper, who have given their name to the country they inhabit, early attained to that degree of culture that is involved in the knowledge of agriculture and various handicrafts; but all words in the language having reference to a more advanced state of civilisation can be traced to a Swedish original, and, consequently, must have been introduced subsequent to the conquest of Finland by the Swedes, or to the latter half of the twelfth century. The language of the Finns thus contributes to the history of the gradual civilisation of the people, and shews that, previous to the Swedish conquest, though no longer in a nomadic state, they nevertheless did not constitute a political whole, under one central authority, but dwelt in villages, each of which formed a separate society under its own local authorities. It was a necessary consequence of this low stage of political development as compared with that of the conquering Swedes, as also of the great distinction between their nationality and that of the other peoples who inhabited the Scandinavian countries, that the Finnish nationality could not impress its character on the new civilisation introduced. The country was colonised by Swedes; from Sweden it received Christianity, clergy, monasteries, and, ultimately, schools and other educational institutions, as also temporal authorities—Sweden having imposed her own political constitution on the country. In a short time, Finland thus became externally transformed into a Swedish province; but the country was too extensive and too little cultivated, the population was too thinly scattered over its surface, to allow of the Swedish language and Swedish civilisation penetrating into all localities, and superseding the ancient language and utterly distinct nationality of the natives. This nationality, therefore, was not destroyed, but came to be represented by the mass of the rustic people in the

interior, who, in their isolation from the influences of the progressive civilisation of successive ages, have kept alive not only their ancient language, but also in a great measure their ancient customs and manners, and modes of thought; their traditions, superstitions, and popular poetry; and have remained strangers to the educated classes in the towns; and in those rural communities which, bordering on the sea, have been brought more into contact with the world beyond their own limits.

Thus a twofold nationality, as it were, was developed in Finland: the one clinging to the memories of the past and stagnating in its forms, the other acquiring new life by contact with modern European civilisation and literary culture; but though retaining much of its original character, undergoing considerable modifications by the adoption of a foreign and radically different idiom, the Swedish, as the organ of its mental life, while the Finnish language remained as a monument of the past, vegetating merely in the spoken idiom of the rural population; and all that was known of the original Finnish nationality, even in Sweden, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, was that the common people of Finland spoke an incomprehensible jargon, in which the Bible, hymn-books, and catechisms had to be translated, in order to be made intelligible to them. Towards the close of the last century, however, the treasures of ancient popular poetry existing in this language, and kept alive on the lips of the people by oral tradition, began to attract the attention of some Finland savans to the popular tongue and to the past life of the people, who had until then been looked upon as having no history, and possessing no monumental vestiges of the past, except a few half-forgotten traditions of struggles with their hated kinsmen the Lapps, and with their subsequent subjugators the Goths and Swedes; but after the publication of contributions to Finnish mythology by Lennquist (1782), and Gensler (1789), and a collection of popular poems or *Runor* by the celebrated Professor Portman of Åbo (1804), all endeavours in this direction subsided for a time. Subsequent to 1809, however, when Finland passed from the dominion of Sweden under that of Russia, a new literary and scientific life, connected with the great change wrought in the political and governmental state of the country, was awakened, and an extraordinary interest in everything connected with the ancient history of the nation has gradually struck deep roots in the hearts of the younger generations. The forced cession of the province to Russia broke all the bonds which had been established between it and Sweden; the superinduced nationality, and the concomitant civilisation, with its Swedish forms, were separated from the parent stock, and joined to a country alien in language, literature, and nationality to both divisions of the Finnish nation. At the same time, however, a reunion was effected with those parts of the country which had at various periods been disengaged from it by Russian conquest; and the feelings of the educated classes, flattered by the more important character thus acquired by their country, yet deeply wounded by the separation from Sweden, now sought in the primitive source of the national consciousness and mental activity of the people an incitement to national progress, when they might cultivate without giving umbrage to their new masters. Far from being displeased at this awakening enthusiasm for the original Finnish nationality, the Russian government followed up its wise policy of giving a more extended national unity to the Finnish people, by allowing them a certain degree of self-government, and encouraging in every way the culture of the popular idiom, which was introduced as the medium of instruction in the popular schools; and assisted by the government, and literary associations, formed for the purpose, much of the talent of the country has since then been exerted in endeavours to collect and

throw light upon all matters connected with the ancient language, traditions, and poetry of the people.

The first-fruits of these endeavours was a collection of Finnish Runas, of more or less ancient date, published in 1822 by Dr. Topelius, whose earnest investigations led him into localities never before visited for such purposes, and where he discovered the popular poetry of the Finns preserved in greater purity than in any other part of the country; this locality being a few parishes in the government of Aschmangel, beyond the limits of Finland proper, and where the manners and customs of the people seem to have undergone no change since the earliest times. Guided by Topelius, Dr. Elias Lönnrot, the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of all the friends of ancient Finnish nationality, pushed his investigations further in the same direction, and in the course of his travels among the Finns and Karelians in Russia, succeeded in collecting thirty-two songs, forming part of a mythic spot about the Finnish Orpheus, Weimäminen, the god of song, and his adventures with the smith Ilmarinen at Pajolak. Having brought them together in as perfect an epic connection as possible, Lönnrot published the songs in Helsingfors in 1835, in the original language, and under the name of *Kalevala*. Translations of some of these songs appeared soon after in the *Helsingfors Morgensblad*; and in 1841, a prize offered by the Finnish Literary Association of Helsingfors, called forth a very happy Swedish translation of the whole poem by M. A. Castrén, which attracted the attention of other European nations also to the popular poetry of Finland. Castrén's translation was accompanied by critical notes, in which he confirms the opinion previously expressed by Lönnrot, that the songs were composed at various periods, and by different Runasingers, as these popular poets are called. It must not, however, be inferred from this, that the *Kalevala* is no more than a collection of disconnected fragments, for an epic connection prevails in several of its parts, and the absence of complete continuity is most probably owing to flaws in the collection. As regards its contents and character, it is entirely mythic; and possesses not a particle of the historical colouring or the heroic spirit that pervades the poems attributed to Homer, or which we find in the *Lay of the Nibelungen*, or in the poem of *Beowulf*. If there be any historical elements in the Finnish myth, they are completely concealed under the grotesque creations of fancy; and witchcraft and sorcery play so prominent a part in the songs of the *Kalevala*, that we readily recognise in its authors the same belief in beings endowed with supernatural gifts, and with an unlimited power of metamorphosis, which is a leading feature in the superstitions of all tribes belonging to the Finnish race. In many of the lyrical poems or Runas of the Finns, the same characteristics prevail, but not by any means in all; these poems, on the contrary, bear, as a general rule, the impress of a deep but gentle melancholy, being mostly expressive of sorrow, of unassisted longing, of a feeling of solitude, of mental sufferings of various kind; while the joyous feelings that find their way into them never exceed the tranquil expression of happy love, or some other inward harmony. A native author observes, in reference to one of these ancient lyrics, in which a young maiden says that 'she has a girdle of bad days, and a veil of the web of sorrow,' that the whole collection of Finnish songs might be termed a web of sorrow; that at least the web is spun of sorrow; though the warp may be sometimes of a brighter hue. This tone of sadness is not indeed foreign to the popular poetry of any part of the north, and it rules almost exclusively in the popular ballads of Sweden and Denmark; but here it is the substance, if we may so term it, of the poem that is tragical, and the sadness is objective; whereas in the Finnish lyrics it is subjective, and expressive of the mood of the poet.

Upon the whole, the popular ballads of the Finns differ from those of the Scandinavians in the same degree as the Scandinavian myths differ from the Finnish; and as the nations of the Ural and Altai differ from the Caucasian-Gothic races. In the Swedish and Danish ballads, the events, the representation of character, the action of the will in the outward world, play the principal part; the Finnish Runas, on the contrary, more true to the lyrical character, give expression to the inward life of man: their tones are drawn from the chords of the soul, and take their character from the mode of the feelings. In delicacy, and purity, in innocence and gentleness of expression, they are greatly superior to the Scandinavian ballads; and the latter, in their epic uniformity, are devoid of the variety and diversity which characterise the Finnish lyrics. In these are mirrored, as in a glass, the country—so rich in forests and lakes, so smiling, so easily cultivated, yet so barren, so solitary, so thinly populated; the idyllic-tranquil, friendly, gentle character of the people; of a nationality illuminated by no historic splendours, glorying in no historic past.

In addition to the *Kalevala*, the admirers of ancient Finnish literature are further indebted to Dr. Lönnrot for three volumes, published in 1841 under the name of *Kanteletar* (Harp-songs from Kantela, the stringed instrument of the country), and containing 652 ancient Runas or songs; for a volume of Finnish proverbs, published in 1842, and containing 7000 proverbs; and further, for a collection of Finnish and Esthonian riddles—1648 of the former, and 185 of the latter—published in 1845; all of these materials having been collected by him in the course of travels undertaken at the expense of the Literary Association of Helsingfors. Not content with his zealous endeavours in this direction to promote the restoration and the culture of the ancient language of the country, Lönnrot further published a number of treatises on various subjects in this idiom, and thus laid the foundations of a written Finnish language—an idea which has been enthusiastically hailed and adopted by many of his countrymen. In 1826, already Professor Rennevald had published a Finnish dictionary (*Suomaleinen Sana-Kirja*), but embracing only the West-Finnish dialect—the so-called Bible-Finnish—the only one which until then had been used in writing, but which was neither grammatically nor lexically correct. Departing from this precedent, Lönnrot—who maintained the principle that the language of the people, such as it appears in their traditional poetry and in their speech, ought to furnish the rules for a future written language—set earnestly about purifying and emancipating his style from the Swedish forms and intermixtures which abounded in the Bible-Finnish; and in his numerous writings he has laid the foundations of a form of language which, though based upon the West-Finnish as one of the principal dialects of the country, does not exclude the purer, richer, and more elegant East-Finnish dialect. The Literary Association of Helsingfors has zealously seconded the endeavours to promote the development of a Finnish prose literature by the publication of various popular works; and the interest felt for the Finnish question has been further proved by the foundation in Wiborg of a Literary Association, with the same views and objects as that of Helsingfors, and by the appearance of several native authors, who have published works in the Finnish language independently of the literary societies. In connection herewith, we may observe the poetical vein is by no means extinct among the people of Finland, and that popular poems, similar in form and contents to the ancient songs, are still composed in the remote parts of the country, and are spread thence by verbal transmission to a large or smaller circle, according to the degree of popularity they enjoy. One of the popular poets of our day has become known by name to fame, and his lyrics have

been published by the Helsingfors Society under the title of *Runat by Kohornen*.

Among the many prizes offered by the Literary Association of Helsingfors was one, in 1846, for a complete grammar of the Finnish language, but as far as we are aware, this desideratum has not yet been obtained; but the society has been enabled to publish a complete and critical dictionary of the Finnish language, comprising all the principal dialects, which will prove of the utmost interest and importance to all those who may wish to study this language, remarkable for its antiquity, for its unmixed purity, for its harmony of sound and structure, and on account of the absence in its organism of all modern influences.

The great Danish linguist, Rask, declares the Finnish language to be the most original, the most regular, most flexible, and most musical of all existing languages; yet when we remember that it is only within the last twenty years that this language has entered into the mental sphere of European civilisation, and that for eight centuries Finland has received its mental culture from or through Sweden, we cannot participate in the hopes of those who, overlooking the natural and social obstacles that must impede the realisation of such an idea, dream of the ancient Finnish language and a new Finnish literature entirely superseding the Swedish language and literature in Finland. And indeed we think that, in spite of the ardent enthusiasm for ancient Finnish nationality that characterises a great proportion of Young Finland, soberer thoughts will one day prevail, and the nation will feel that to sacrifice a language, the bearer of many centuries of progressive civilisation, for one that has hitherto only been the organ of a population sunk in a state of rude barbarism, will be to sacrifice a reality to a dream; and they will learn to rest satisfied with that modification of a distinct Finnish nationality which, in spite of the Swedish language that is the bearer of their thoughts, is unmistakably evinced in the works of their best poets—such as Franzén in the last century, and Runeberg in the present.

#### AHASUERUS, THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM.

EVERY one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the particulars of the legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Mathew Paris, monk of St Albans, reports one which was current in the East during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—“This year (1229) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. Having repaired to St Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto-martyr, he was received with honour by the abbot and the convent. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rites and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioned, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who yet exists as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, a native of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord abbot's servants—replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as

follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the prætorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkeepers, pushed him sharply behind, saying in a contemptuous voice: “Walk faster, Jesus, why dost thou tarry?” Then answered the Christ with a severe and sorrowful look: “I walk as it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming.” At the time of the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. Whenever he attains his fiftieth year, he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he awakes restored again to youth. He was converted to the Christian faith, and baptised by Ananias, the same who baptised Paul, receiving in baptism the name of Joseph. He resides generally in Armenia. His conversation is pious and edifying. The bishops are his chief associates. He talks but little, and only when his society is sought by high dignitaries of the church, and by holy persons; then he gives curious details respecting the Passion and resurrection of Christ, &c.

The Western tradition is somewhat different from the above, and it is supposed by some to be more ancient, although we know not upon what grounds. This version supposes the Jew to have been a shoemaker at Jerusalem, named Ahasuerus, and that after his baptism he received the name of Butadeus. Here is the veritable legend, as contained in a letter written in 1618 by Chrysostomus Dydulcius of Wexphala to one of his friends at Revel: “In the year 1541, M. Paulus von Eitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and bishop of Schleswig, was attending service in a church at Hamburg one Sunday during winter, when he saw, most miserably clad, that old Jew who has wandered through the world ever since the passion of Christ. He appeared about fifty years old, tall in stature, with long hair hanging over his shoulders. He remained during the sermon, and listened thereto with much devotion. On leaving the church, the doctor entered into conversation with him. The Jew informed him modestly that he was born at Jerusalem, where he exercised the trade of a shoemaker; that his name was Ahasuerus; and that he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ. Afterwards he talked of the Apostles. Then he added, that Christ, wishing to rest against the wall of his house, on account of the heavy weight of the cross, he had repulsed him rudely, and bade him go his way, when our Lord made the reply which is so well known. This Jew was very quiet and discreet in his manner. If he happened to hear any one blaspheme, he exclaimed with a sigh, and in a deep anguish: “Oh, unhappy man, why dost thou thus abuse the name of God, and of his cruel martyrdom? If thou hadst seen, as I did, how heavy and how bitter was the agony of Christ, for thine own sake and for mine, thou wouldst rather suffer the greatest evils than blaspheme His holy name!” When money was offered to him, he never took more than two shillings, and of that even he gave a part to the poor, declaring that his own wants were ever well supplied by God. He was never known to laugh. Wherever he journeyed, he always spoke the language of the country; thus at this time he expressed himself in very good Saxa. There are many people of quality who have seen this Jew in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries; as also in Germany, at Rostock, Weimar, Danzig, and Königsberg. In the year 1576, two ambassadors of Holstein, and particularly the secretary, Christopher Kraus, met him at Madrid, ever the same in age, manners, and costume. In the year 1599, he was at Vienna, and in 1601 at Lubeck. Many persons also saw and conversed with him in the year 1616, in Livonia, at Cracow, and at Moscow.”

Such is the legend of ‘Der Ewige Jude’—The Everlasting Jew. Like the story of St Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the same

commencement of the fourth century; and it must have profoundly impressed the heart of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melancthon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communions. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of woe, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none; and more wretched in the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

The power to die disproves the right to grieve!

He has passed, 'like a shadow, from land to land,' with the 'pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul.' His memory stretches far back, 'down the long generations,' embracing everything of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whose last reproachful look still haunts his agonised soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can soothe. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, pass over into the 'silent land;' but still the Everlasting Jew shall pursue his 'pilgrimage of woe,' until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chant the death-song of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in unpretending ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as, *L'Histoire véritable du Juif errant, qui depuis l'an 83 jusqu'à l'heure présente ne fait que marcher*; and, lastly, men of genius were fascinated by its mystic grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his *Memoirs*, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the 'shoemaker of Jerusalem' with the careless enjôuèd humour of old Hans Sachs. In so doing, he would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which attaches to the history of the Wandering Jew, as the prey of an eternal sorrow. Another German poet, Christian Frederic Daniell Schubart, commenced a poem on the same subject. He has entitled his fragment *A Lyrical Rhapsody*. It embodies that most affecting portion of the Jew's history—his continual but unavailing efforts to escape from the burden of existence.

M. Edgar Quinet has certainly shewn that he appreciates the true spirit of this wondrous fable, for we believe he is the first writer who has ever thought of considering the Wandering Jew as the type of humanity itself, as the 'incarnated symbol of modern life, the personification of the human race since the Christian era.' His book is called *Ahasvérus, a Mystery*; and, indeed, it could scarcely come within the domain of art in any other form.\* A story like that of the Everlasting Jew, which extends through all climes and ages, cannot well be subject to any rigid artistic rules, or to the undeviating requirements of the poetical unities. The plan of the ancient *Mysteries*, therefore, adopted by Calderon in his *Autos Sacramentales*, was the only one suited to M. Quinet's purpose, for in these compositions 'anachronism is the law.' We are told that when this prose poem of *Ahasvérus* first appeared, it created a 'profound sensation.' People either relentlessly denounced it, or praised it to extravagance. Perhaps the most brilliant critique thereon will be found in a volume of literary miscellanies by M. Magnin. It was first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under

the title of the *Nature of the Poetic Genius*. Speaking of M. Quinet, the reviewer remarks: 'He interrogates the soul of the ocean, the thought of the stars, the song of the flowers, the silence of the desert, with as much love as the spirit of races, the voice of the ages, the murmurs of the crowd, the thought of the cathedrals. It is his vocation to decipher the grand characters which the finger of the Eternal has imprinted upon all things, and to interpret in poetic vibrations the secret music which the world breathes out from all its elements, and from all its creatures.'

The scene of the prologue is in Heaven. Our earth has ceased to exist. Another and a fairer world is about to be created. But before engaging in this new work, the Divine Being orders his angels to represent before his eternal throne the history of the Ages—the grand drama of the Past. The 'first day' is called the 'Creation.' This title is not comprehensive enough, because this section of the poem embraces the annals of the world down to the period of Christ's advent, in addition to the story of the primeval earth. M. Quinet's personifications of natural objects are bold in the extreme. He endows the ocean, the desert, the flowers of the field, and the monsters of the deep, with a soul and an articulate voice. The most interesting portion of the first act—if we may so term it—will be found towards the close. The *dramatis persona* comprise the River Euphrates, the Moon, the Stars, and a Desert Flower—sister to the voice of the latter.

*A Flower of the Desert of Syria.* My head bends beneath the light of stars. My chalice is surcharged with dew, even as a heart is o'burdened with a secret it wishes to repeat. In the night, my flower has been darkened with blood-coloured stains, like the robe of a Levite on the day of sacrifice. The murmur of the stars has dropped into my chalice, and mingled with my perfume. I bear a secret in my chalice—the secret of the universe, which it whispered in a dream during the night, and I have no voice to give it utterance. Ah! tell me which is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem, or Babylon? Let the passers-by come and gather the mystery that weighs down my crown, and causes my head to droop.

*The River Euphrates.* Flower of the Desert, bend thy head still lower over my bosom, that I may the better hear thy murmurs. I will carry thee dancing from billow to billow, as far as the walls of Babylon. Tell me thy secret, I will bear it upon silvery waves, even unto the foot of the Chaldean towers.

*Inhabitants of Babylon on the house-tops.* See how the Euphrates sparkles to-night amid its willows, like the blade of a poniard fallen from a festal board. Its murmurs would be no sweeter if its waters rolled over sacred vessels of silver and of gold.

*A Slave.* Or if a whole people, bending o'er its shores, had poured therein the passion of their tears.

*A King.* Or if an empire, with the tiaras of its priests and the purple of its kings, and with its glittering gods, had been buried in its depths for a thousand years, like a blossom amid the waters.

A chorus of Sphinxes, relating the history of the fabulous Ages, succeeds to the murmur of the Waves, and the whisper of the Desert Flower. Presently the voices of Thebes, Nineveh, Persepolis, Palmyra, and Babylon, are joined therewith; Jerusalem at last gives utterance to the startling news of the Christ-child's birth; Angels sing their songs of triumphant joy amid the Shepherds of Bethlehem; the Kings of the East come from afar, and offer gifts at the infant shrine; a new era commences in the annals of the universe—and so the 'first day' ends. It is followed by a kind of interlude—a dance of demons.

The second act is the 'Passion.' It opens with a lamentation of the Desert. In the next scene, we are conducted to Jerusalem; Christ is on the road to the Hill of Calvary, amid the tumult of an angry people.

\* *Ahasvérus.* Par Edgar Quinet. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1843.

Here we are introduced for the first time to Ahasuerus, who stands as an onlooker at the door of his dwelling.

*Christ.* Is it thou, Ahasuerus?

*Ahasuerus.* I do not know thee.

*C.* I am thirsty. Give me a little water from thy well.

*A.* My well is empty.

*C.* Take thy cup, and thou shalt find it full.

*A.* My cup is broken.

*C.* Help me to carry my cross on this rugged path.

*A.* I am not thy cross-bearer! Call a griffin from the desert!

*C.* Permit me to rest upon the bench at the door of thy dwelling.

*A.* My bench is occupied; there is no room for any one.

*C.* If thou wouldst, thy bench should become a golden throne at the portal of my father's house.

*A.* Go! blaspheme where thou wilt. Already thou hast caused my vine and fig-tree to wither.

*Thou seekest to bewitch me!*

*C.* I wished to save thee.

*A.* Magician, darken not my path! The road is before thee. Go thy way!

*C.* Why hast thou said it, O Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt walk during more than a thousand years—even until the Last Judgment. Take thy sandals and thy pilgrim garb. Wherever thou mayest journey, men shall call thee THE WANDERING JEW. It is thou who shalt find no place of rest, no mountain-source to quench thy thirst. In my stead, thou shalt bear the burden I am about to leave upon the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink the dregs that will be left in the bottom of my chalice. Others will take my tunic, but thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow.

... As for me, I go to Golgotha, but thou shalt wander on from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, unable to attain thy Calvary. ... The portal of the city shall say to thee: 'Further yet, my bench is occupied!' When thou wouldst rest by the side of the river, it shall cry out: 'Further yet, further yet, even unto the sea; my shores for thee are thickset with thorns!' And the sea also shall exclaim: 'Further yet, further yet! Art thou not that eternal pilgrim, who wanders ever from people to people, from age to age, drinking the cup of tears, sleeping neither by night nor day, and who yet cannot choose but pursue his onward path.'

Ahasuerus is struck with a vague mysterious terror. On turning to enter his house, he finds an Angel of Doom keeping guard at the threshold. He obtains permission to take leave of his father, his sister, and his little brothers; and then, in the depth of a shadowy night, he is compelled to set out on his eternal pilgrimage. He journeys westward, with the despair of ages already at his heart. We next behold him in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where he seeks repose; but in vain. Towards him, the accursed one, Nature, forgets her 'silent magnanimity,' repulsing him with cruel scorn:

*Ahasuerus.* At least, let me rest here until to-morrow.

*Echo.* Further on, further on—far as the sea.

*A.* Give unto me, as to the dead, a little water from the fountain of the Arabs.

*E.* My well is empty.

*A.* And thy cup?

*E.* It is broken.

*A.* Give me a little of thy cooling shade?

*E.* Magician, darken not my path. Go thy way!

*A.* Truly this mountain-voice is an echo of the voice of Golgotha.

*E.* Yea, of Golgotha.

The 'third day' bears the sombre title of 'La Mort.' Death is represented under the figure of an old woman, called Mob. Rachel, her servant, was formerly an angel of God; but when the Wandering Jew received his pilgrim-sentence, she forgot the divine in pity for

the human; and so she forfeited the joys of heaven. Rachel, says M. Maghin, is the earthly type of ideal love, of eternal faith; the 'hope that outshines the love that heals.' She is the complement of Ahasuerus. The Jew comes before Rachel in the character of a pilgrim from Palestine:

*Rachel.* You are a baron, returning from the Holy Land?

*Ahasuerus.* Yes, my child; I come from that country.

*R.* How is it that you have brought with you neither falcons on your wrist, nor relics of ivory, nor scallop-shell, nor dates, nor golden sand?

*A.* I have brought with me more memories than I wished. My burden was heavy. I could not add thereto.

*R.* Oh, you ought to have brought with you a piece of the wood of the true cross. The memory is not sufficient.

... And Monseigneur has seen the Hill of Calvary?

*A.* Beneath an angry sky, and a blood-stained cloud.

*R.* And you have gathered flowers in the Garden of Olives?

*A.* When they were bathed with the tears of the star, when they were soiled in the dust, like a parted tunic.

*R.* Oh, the happy seigneur who has seen all this—who has kissed with his lips the stone of the sepulchre. Tell me, what is heard at eventide in those leafy bowers?

*A.* A name—ever the same—the name of an eternal pilgrim, that every leaf murmurs with a groan.

*R.* It must be a joy for one's whole life to have seen what you have. Now you can die content when old age comes. ... At the foot of the olive-trees were old men kneeling angels, singing hymns from golden books?

*A.* No! There were vultures, that screamed above my head; and owls, whose wings fluttered o'er my chlain. (*Aside.*) Mercy! Mercy!

*R.* Were there not little children, glory-crowned, with hands meekly folded, who said, ever smiling: 'My father, my father!'

*A.* No! There were vipers, that hissed beneath my feet. There was a voice from the waves, that cried: 'Accursed! accursed!'

*R.* I understand. You are a holy man. Let me kiss your feet.

The story of Rachel's love is perhaps the best portion of the whole book. The curse weighs less heavily upon poor Ahasuerus, now that he has discovered this fountain of a deep and true affection. It is like a dream of the Holy Paradise brightening the dark clouds of earth's despair. And yet this transitory gleam of happiness is strangely troubled. There is no grand repose therein; all is tumult and excitement. The cruel and relentless mob is ever at hand, to dash the cup of blessing from the lips of the devoted pair. She conducts the betrothed to the cathedral of Strasburg, where, amid the terrors of a stormy eve, the ghost of Pope Gregory rises by the altar to perform the marriage-ceremony. But Ahasuerus is unable to pronounce his name! A voice, too well remembered, thunders it forth; and again, in that solemn temple, the anathema of Calvary is renewed. Nevertheless, 'love that conquers all things' is once more triumphant; and Rachel's cry for mercy strikes at the very gate of heaven.

This scene is followed by an interlude, in which the poet stands before us in *propria persona*, chanting a mournful dirge over the hopes and faiths and buried loves of yore.

The 'fourth day' is the 'Last Judgment.' All the world has received the sentence of good or evil; and finally, Ahasuerus and Rachel appear before the bar of the Divine Being. The Jew has drained the bitter chalice to the dregs, and now he hears for the first time the voice of pardoning mercy, which informs him that henceforth, if he will, the benediction of a sweet repose shall be his. But no; he demands 'life, not rest.' He would commence a nobler pilgrimage, and so



would wander on untiringly, from world to world; until finally he attains the everlasting source of the infinite and the divine. 'And I,' exclaims Rachel, 'would follow him.' Then, in solemn accents, we hear the sentence of this approving Judge:

That voice has saved thee, Ahasuerus. I bless thee, O pilgrim of worlds to come, and the second Adam. Render back to me the burden of thy earthly sorrows. . . . Instead of the pilgrim-staff, bear in thy hand a starry palm. The dew of heaven shall nourish thee better than the fountain of the desert. The universe shall follow in thy track. 1. . . Wander on, therefore, from life to life, from world to world, from one divine city to another, from circle to circle; and when, finally, thou shalt have arrived at the infinite centre, whence all things proceed, and where gravitate souls, and years, and peoples, and stars, thou shalt cry to the stars, to the people, to the universe, if they flag on the upward journey: 'Onwards! ever onwards. It is here!'

Now, if the *Mystery of Ahasuerus* had ended here, depicting the arduous course of humanity—pilgrim and aspirant—all had been well. M. Quinet, however, favours us with a very gloomy epilogue, which really reads like the apotheosis of despair; and yet this is not its meaning. We presume the author intended to prefigure the 'eclipse of faith' in these latter times beneath the clouds of doubt and unbelief. But why is not this clearly set forth? Why does not *Ahasuerus* close with a song of hope and gladness, instead of a wail of solitary woe? M. Quinet's poem reminds us, in a certain sense, of the desolate night of Jean Paul's *Dream of the Dead Christ*, without its succeeding dawn of divine peace, and light, and joy. 'The march of mind is still,' says Philip James Bailey; but here all is storm, and hurry, and excitement. Some of the author's contemporaries have termed *Ahasuerus* an 'epic drama,' a 'grand fresco,' and so forth. It is, however, sadly deficient in the informing soul of a high purpose, and in the fair harmony of proportions which ought to characterise an enduring work. Its general tone is decidedly unhealthy; for it gives us the cloud instead of the sunshine, the silence of a deep despair instead of the rejoicing anthems of an immortal hope.

## THE MOST POPULAR PLANT IN THE WORLD.

Some of our readers may not be prepared for the fact; that tobacco, though not food either for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and, next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of 'by saint, by savage, and by sage:' there is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. Europeans—except in the extreme East—are allowed to be the most moderate consumers, in consequence of its being with them generally an article of import and of heavy taxation; while their form of civilisation agrees to refuse the luxury to the gentler sex. And among Europeans, our own nation figures as one of the lowest in proportion to the population; yet the official returns prove that the consumption here is on an average 16·86 ounces, or considerably more than a poundweight to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, this consumption is greatly on the increase. Between the years 1821 and 1861, the increase was at the rate of about one ounce per head; during the next ten years, it was

somewhat less than an ounce; but from 1841 to 1861, it was three ounces; making an increase of nearly 44 per cent. in proportion to the population within the last thirty years. In Denmark, exclusive of the duchies, the average consumption in 1861 was nearly seventy ounces per head. But this is nothing to what is used in warm countries, where tobacco is grown with facility, and free from taxation. Mr Crawford, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts,\* had occasion to remark its prevalence in Further India during his missions in 1821 and 1828. He says: 'The practice of smoking obtains universally amongst the Burmans of all ranks, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; for I have seen children scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it.' And again: 'Among the Siamese the use of tobacco has become universal; they chew it in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. A Siamese is seldom to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, or stuck behind his ear ready for use.' Mr Crawford adds: 'As a matter of curiosity, I shall attempt to estimate the total annual production of tobacco—a plant, the consumption of which 360 years ago was confined to the scanty population of the continent of America, and which was unquestionably unknown in every age to the people of the Old World. If the population of the earth be taken at 1000 millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which tobacco, as before stated, is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is moreover untaxed.' The value of the quantity thus reckoned, at twopences a pound, amounts to above L.36,000,000 sterling. One cause, no doubt, of the rapid diffusion of this luxury, is found in the wide geographical bounds within which it can be raised. It is grown without difficulty from the equator to the 50th degree of latitude, the finest qualities preferring the region between the 15th and the 35th.

It is now generally admitted, that all the species—about forty in number—are natives of America, and that it was utterly unknown to the Old World before the time of Columbus, who found it in use among the inhabitants of Cuba and St Domingo, as Cortes did among the Mexicans. Either of these individuals may have introduced it into Spain; but there is no record of the exact time when it first became known there. In 1560, Jean Nicot, an agent of the king of France, procured some seeds at Lisbon, transmitted them to his own country, and obtained the honour of giving the plant the generic name, *Nicotiana*, by which it is known to science. It is believed that its first introduction to England was by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586—that is, not till nearly a century after the discovery of the New World. It was received with the highest enthusiasm; and the practice of smoking increased and prevailed so rapidly, that in the short period of thirty years from its first

\* Paper on the History and Consumption of Tobacco, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for March 1862.

introduction, our fathers had, it would seem, become the greatest smokers in Christendom. So we gather from the celebrated *Counterblast*, written by no less a personage than King James, and published among his other works in 1616. As this work is, from its rarity, inaccessible to the general reader, we quote a sentence or two, indicative of the extent of the practice of smoking, and the wrath of the monarch against it.

'Now,' says the king, after alluding to the 'barbarous Indians' as the inventors of the practice, 'to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this tobacco doeth very well agree the foolish and groundlesse first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember both the first author, and the forme of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctour of phisicke.' His majesty is understood to refer to Raleigh, and to stigmatise him as being neither king, conqueror, nor doctor.

And again: 'How you are, by this custome, disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke, which, I am sure, might be bestowed upon many far better uses. . . . And for the vanities committed in this filthy custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleannesse that at the table, a place of respect, of cleannesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco-pipes, and puffing of the smoke of tobacco, one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infest the aire, when, very often, men that abhor it are at the repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchin farre better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes a kitchin also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soyling and infesting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as hath been found in great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened. . . . And not onely meate-time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the publicke use of this unconvillicke. . . . Moreover, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane-complexioned wife to that extremity that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.'

In conclusion his majesty says: 'Have you not reason, then, to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthie noveltie, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the markes and rites of vanity upon you by the custome thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forreine civill nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.'

The royal expostulation, as it would seem, prevailed little against the fascinations of tobacco-smoke: the consumption in England continued to increase; the very colony which the king himself countenanced in Virginia became the chief source of supply; nay, the noxious herb was raised in England with some success, in spite of the direct prohibitions of this monarch and his successor, Charles I. It needed the strong arm of Cromwell wholly and effectually to suppress the cultivation, since which it has been entirely an object of

foreign commerce—a source of considerable revenue to the government, from the heavy duty, and the great staple of contraband trade for the same reason.

Those who, in our days, are viewing with alarm the progress it is making in public favour, have felt obliged to adopt a different strain, addressing themselves to our reason by the scientific demonstration of its noxious tendencies. Professor Johnston, for instance, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, has furnished an analysis of its constituent parts. These, he says, are three in number—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the smell of tobacco, and a bitter taste, producing on the mouth and throat a sensation similar to that which arises from the smoke. Applied to the nostrils, it provokes sneezing; and taken inwardly, gives rise to giddiness and sickness. The volatile alkali has besides the smell, an acrid, burning, and long persistent tobacco taste, is narcotic; and as a poison, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog. So irritating is the vapour of this substance, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where one drop of it has been evaporated. And this, by the way, reminds us of the trial and execution of the Comte de Bocarmé at Mons, for poisoning his brother-in-law with nicotin, and the sensation which the case produced. Well: as a hundred poundweights of dry tobacco yield about seven pounds of nicotin, it follows that in smoking a hundred grains, or about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, there may be imbibed two grains or more of this nicotin, one of the most subtle of all known poisons. The empyreumatic oil has similarly acrid, narcotic, and poisonous qualities. One drop of it applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and death followed in two minutes. The Hottentots are said to destroy snakes in this way. They put a drop of this oil on the tongue of the reptile, and it dies as instantaneously as if struck by the electric fluid.

Mr Johnston proceeds to shew, that the cigar, especially if smoked to the end, discharges into the mouth everything that is produced by the combustion; that the more rapidly the leaf burns and the smoke is inhaled, the greater is the quantity of poisonous matter imbibed; and that, finally, when the saliva is retained, the nervous system of the smoker receives the fullest effect of all the three narcotic ingredients of the smoke. It is thus accounted for that the short cutty has come into favour among inveterate smokers; any other pipe would be tame and tasteless after a strong cigar.

The chewer of tobacco, it is shewn, escapes the action of the poisonous oil which is produced in the combustion of the leaf; and the drug of the snuffer is still milder than that of the chewer. A large proportion of the nicotin escapes, or is decomposed, in the fermentation to which the tobacco is twice exposed in making snuff, and the drying or roasting carries off an additional portion, and also some of the natural volatile oil; so that even the rapses, which are generally made from the strongest leaf, containing 5 or 6 per cent. of nicotin, retain only 2 per cent. when the manufacture is complete.

Professor Lizars, of Edinburgh,\* has followed up these scientific expositions by some practical observations. He proves, by indisputable facts, some of which have come under his own notice, that excessive smoking produces the most direful consequences, both locally and constitutionally. Locally, by occasioning cancerous ulcerations about the mouth; and constitutionally, by inducing, among other effects, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, disease of the liver, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, amaurosis, generally confined to one eye, apoplexy, palsy, and even mania.

\* When a youth commences his apprenticeship to

\* On the Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars.

smoking tobacco,' says Mr Lizars, 'he suffers often the most inconceivably miserable sickness and vomiting—almost as bad as sea-sickness. It generally produces these effects so rapidly, that their production must entirely depend on nervous influence, as giddiness is almost immediately induced. The antidote or cure for this miserable condition is drinking strong coffee or brandy and water, and retiring to bed or sofa. If he perseveres, he has just to suffer onwards, until his nervous system becomes habituated to the noxious weed, and too often to the bottle at the same time. It is truly melancholy to witness the great number of the young who smoke now-a-days; and it is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth, and enfeebled in their minds, before they arrive at manhood.'

We must refer the reader who is in bondage to this custom to the pamphlet itself, as some of the more startling facts are not suitable for the general public. Two cases only we shall notice: one of the local, the other of the constitutional effects of smoking. The former was the case of a captain in the Indian navy, who, from smoking cheroots, had contracted an ulceration of the mucous membrane of the left cheek, extending backwards to the tonsil and pharynx of the same side, having all the characteristic appearances of cancer. Such was his condition when he applied to our author; but the disease resisted every mode of treatment, and he died the victim of the cheroots.

The other is the case of a man—an American, it would seem—who, according to his own statement, began chewing tobacco at seventeen years of age, swallowing the juice to avoid the injury he apprehended might accrue to his lungs from constant spitting. He afterwards suffered much from gnawing at the stomach, a capricious appetite, nausea, vomiting of his meals, emaciation, nervous irritability, and palpitation of the heart. After seven years thus passed, he became the subject of *angina pectoris*. 'One day after dinner,' he said, relating his case to Dr Corson of New York, 'I was suddenly seized with intense pain in the chest, gasping for breath, and a sensation as if a crowbar were pressed tightly from the right breast to the left, till it came and twisted in a knot round the heart, which now stopped deathly still for a minute, and then leaped like a dozen frogs. After two hours of death-like suffering, the attack ceased; and I found that ever after my heart missed every fourth beat! My physician said that I had organic disease of the heart, must die suddenly, and need only take a little brandy for the painful paroxysms; and I soon found it the only thing that gave them any relief. For the next twenty-seven years I continued to suffer milder attacks like the above, lasting from one to several minutes, sometimes as often as two or three times a day or night; and to be sickly-looking, thin, and pale as a ghost.'

All this time the man had not thought of attributing his sufferings to the use of tobacco; but one day he took it into his head to revolt against being a slave to one *vile habit alone*, and after thirty-three years' use, he renounced it at once and for ever. 'Words,' he said, 'could not describe my suffering and desire for a time. I was reminded of the Indian who, next to all the rum in the world, wanted all the tobacco. But my firm will conquered. In a month my paroxysms nearly ceased, and soon after left entirely. I was directly a new man, and grew stout and hale as you see. With the exception of a little asthmatic breathing, in close rooms and the like, for nearly twenty years since I have enjoyed excellent health.'

On examination, Dr Corson found the heart of this individual apparently healthy in size and structure, only irregular, intermitting still at every fourth pulsation. He is now, or was a few months ago, still living, a highly intelligent man, sixty-five years of age, stout, ruddy, and managing a large business.

Facts like these are worthy the grave consideration of those who use the noxious herb, if no better plea can be urged in its defence than that it passes an idle hour, and supplies the care-worn and depressed spirit with a gentle and soothing species of intoxication.

## M A R E T I M O.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A CONFLICT BETWEEN CUNNING AND CHANCE.

WHEN Walter and his new friend, Mr Buck, had plotted with the padre to release Angela from restraint, it was without any very definite idea of what they were next to do. Their resolutions were taken too suddenly to be complete. Foresight would perhaps have checked their energy, suggesting that the success of their *coup de main* would be but the beginning of difficulties. Whither could they hope to sail with the fugitive in that open boat? Angela, in her ignorance of maritime matters, might be forgiven if she believed that they were bound direct for Sicily. Her friends knew, even before they acquired the certainty that they were to be pursued, how very arduous and delicate a task they had undertaken. It was not easy to smuggle out from a kingdom so overrun with police the daughter of one of the most powerful of its families. Their gallant enterprise might lead to imprisonment and disgrace. When, therefore, Angela, surprised at their sombre manner, and making an effort to resist the contagion, began to talk with almost childish glee as she sat wrapped in her cloak, leaning against the gunwale of the cutter, which now and then dipped into the dark water, that seemed to rush by as the breeze blew stronger and stronger—when Angela, we say, impatient to be cheered and justified in her gladness by her new friends, talked of the wonderful stratagems she would invent to bring about her husband's release, Mr Buck could not refrain from saying, with a kind of paternal sneer:

'As you are so very ingenious, my dear madam, perhaps you can suggest two things—first, how we are to get out of the Bay of Naples; and next, how we are to get into the port of Palermo.'

Angela, feeling her invention perfectly at fault, drew the cloak close around her, and soon slept, or pretended to sleep, her soul yearning all the time towards the Prisoner, who was sitting in his cell, intent on his plan for cleaving those massive stone-walls to find a way to liberty.

The signal-guns, fired to warn the cruisers at the entrance of the bay to stop all outward-bound vessels, made it evident, according to Mr Buck, that the Princess Corsini believed that the escape of Angela had been long meditated.

'She thinks us cleverer than we are,' said he bitterly. 'No doubt we ought to have chartered a vessel, and kept her standing off and on near Capri ready to receive us.'

'In that case we should, as matters stand, most certainly have fallen into the hands of the enemy.'

'Yes, if we had been idiots enough to allow the old princess to escape and give the alarm. I wish I had her here—yes, I do,' added Mr Buck, gnashing his teeth, and looking very much as if he regretted not having devoured the noble lady, and her nephew into the bargain.

Their position was certainly very critical. Even if

it had been possible for the cutter to perform the long voyage before them without preparation and without provisions, they knew they could not reach either of the channels leading out of the bay before daylight, when they were sure to be descried, chased, and made prisoners. Walter suggested that they might land at an uninhabited spot, towards Sorrento, cross the promontory, and reach Salerno, where they might freight a vessel for Sicily; but after a little discussion, it became clear that their appearance would excite suspicion, and that they could not fail to be detained by the police. Several other plans presented themselves, but seemed equally impracticable. At last Mr Buck murmured that they might give themselves up, and appeal to the justice of the king.

'There is no word in Naples stronger with Nasons than the word of the Princess Corsini. What she whispers will be done.'

This observation came from a person who had not hitherto taken any part in the discussion—the elder of the two lads who formed Mr Buck's crew. He was sitting near the sheets, ready to let go, in case any more violent gust than usual blew, and had listened very attentively to whatever was said; for they spoke in Italian for the benefit of Angela.

'Alas! the lad speaks true,' murmured the latter. 'My aunt's influence is all-powerful with the king. If it seem that we cannot escape, take me back to Annunziata, where my submission will disarm anger against you.'

'We don't care,' exclaimed Mr Buck heroically, 'what becomes of ourselves. But we have said that we will take you to Sicily, and to Sicily we will take you. *Corpo di Bacco!* we are men of our word. Josefo, you rascal, as you are so clever at frightening us, perhaps you are clever enough to tell us what we ought to do.'

These words were spoken rather as a sneer than in hope, but they produced their effect. The lad had his plan ready long before, and was only waiting for an opportunity to produce it. He advised them to steer straight for Naples, where the news of Angela's escape would probably not arrive before morning. They might land boldly, as if returning from an excursion. The presence of a lady, it is true, would attract attention. Angela, therefore, must don a sailor's dress, and take his, Josefo's, place, whilst he would swim ashore.

'There is a new dress in the chest,' said Josefo, 'which Mr Buck gave me in the Holy Week.'

'All this is very good,' observed Walter, noticing that Angela assented by nods to what was suggested; 'but when we are in the city, how are we to get out?'

'We shall have time to talk of that before the morning,' replied Josefo, who seemed to think he was not called upon to exert his inventive faculties further for the present.

No better plan suggesting itself, they continued to steer, as we have already related, with a favourable breeze towards Naples; and not long after midnight arrived off the port. Angela had retired behind the sail, and was busily engaged assuming her disguise. There was a splash in the water.

'What is that?' she exclaimed in an anxious voice, appearing boldly, because by the dim light given by the half-shrouded moon the two Englishmen could only just see that she had pulled a red cap nearly over her eyes, and had substituted for her gown a heavy jacket and a pair of loose trousers.

'That,' said Walter, 'is the real Josefo, who has slipped overboard. You are Josefo for the present.'

The other lad was grinning at the metamorphosis of the lovely passenger.

'Signorina,' he said at length, 'you must hide your face too as much as you can. We sailor-boys are not so white and pretty. And, then, Santa Virgine! you have shoes and clean stockings!'

'Must I pull them off?' asked Angela simply, quite ready to make any sacrifice for success. The two Englishmen, who never had taken charge of a lady in disguise before, remained puzzled and silent.

'No,' said the boy, who knew exactly how he might talk to an Italian lady. 'I will engage your pretty feet are whiter than snow, and would draw all eyes. Let me make them ugly.'

He took some old rags, and wrapped them round Angela's feet and ankles, as if they were wounded. Then he tucked her immense black tresses as well as he could under the elastic woollen cap, and turned up the collar of her jacket in the most ungraceful manner possible.

'Bravo, Carlotto!' said Mr Buck, drawing a long breath; for he would never have ventured to take such liberties. As for Walter, he was too much bewildered by anxiety, and too ignorant of the customs of the country and the kind of danger they ran, to see the importance of all these precautions. Another idea also troubled him. Could the boys be trusted? He did not know that at Naples both fishermen and lazzaroni consider it a sacred duty to throw all manner of impediments in the way of the police. Even a murderer is sure to have popular sympathy on his side. Official justice makes martyrs of its victims.

The moon, as we have hinted, was partially concealed by clouds; but the lights on the pier, and in the rigging of the vessels that crowded the port, made the cutter visible as it glided in. Before they had furled the sail, and got out the oars, a well-manned custom-house boat shot across their bows, and bade them desist themselves.

'Good-night, Signor Bartolomeo,' cried Mr Buck. 'How terribly awake you are! Is there a smuggler reported in the offing? Come on board. We have lots of contraband goods.'

One of the officers cast the light of a lantern from stem to stern of the cutter. The false Josefo pretended to do something to the sail.

'What! is it you, Signor Buck?' exclaimed the commander of the revenue-boat, in a somewhat dry, appointed tone. 'You have made a long trip this time. I saw you go out the other day.'

So saying, the speaker gave a cursory glance over the side of the cutter, just as a matter of form; and then allowing it to proceed, told his men to pull slowly alongside. He was in a talkative mood.

'Did you hear the signal-guns?' he inquired.

'We heard some guns,' replied Mr Buck, secretly wishing Bartolomeo, his boat and crew, at the bottom of the sea.

'They have waked us all up,' continued the other. 'Not a soul will stir abroad this night without carrying a lantern brought to his face. 'Tis lucky for you, you are so well known.'

'But what is the matter?' ventured Walter.

Before answering, Bartolomeo instinctively turned the lantern upon his interlocutor, and then said:

'Who knows? 'Tis no affair of ours. Some persons escaped, perhaps: some traitor or robber.'

They came towards the landing-place, where three or four gendarmes, with muskets that glittered as the light of the revenue-boat shone upon them, were waiting in a vigilant group to receive the boat that arrived at so undue an hour of the night.

'My knees tremble,' whispered Angela to Walter. 'I cannot stand—I shall not be able to pass under the eyes of those men.'

Mr Buck, who plied one oar whilst Carlotto wielded the other, signed to her to be silent. All that scene remained ever after indelibly fixed on her memory: the dark hulls of the vessels on either hand; the line of pleasure-boats gently swinging to and fro, fastened to their rings along the sea-wall; the uncertain outline of the great houses that surround the port, looking like

precipice, indented with narrow, jagged streets; the patch of sombre water, with little columns of light thrown down into its depths; here and there, the sky covered with clouds so thin, that where the moon was, its rays shone through as through a dome of alabaster; the dim forms of her friends by her side, of her enemies on either hand—in the boat that now followed in their wake, and on the landing-place, where several eager faces could just be made out. Suddenly the oars ceased to ply; and they glided gently on, until checked by a couple of vigorous hands that seized the prow of the cutter. That was a moment of intense anxiety.

'Tis Signor Buck,' cried Bartolomeo, whose boat came up at the same time. The announcement was taken to be a good joke; and even the disappointed gentlemen joined in the laugh.

They landed without undergoing any scrutiny at all, Mr Buck, as a measure of precaution, lading the false Josefo with a heap of cloaks. Carlotto took the boat round to its ring, and followed his master; so that very shortly the whole party was proceeding together in the direction of the Chiaja. By this time the moon had got free from clouds, and was poised above dim Capri, shedding its beams profusely over sea and mountains, that all looked strangely unsubstantial and transparent. They skirted Villa Reale, where there were still promenaders astir, now gliding beneath heavy shadows, now coming out into the silver day cast between the trees.

'Whither are we going, and what are we now to do?' said Walter, who had been prevented by the prudent Mr Buck from relieving Angela of her burden of cloaks.

'We are going to my house, where we shall hold a council of war,' was the reply. 'I am already beginning to have ideas; but Josefo will be there, no doubt; and he is a lad of invention.'

Mr Buck lived in a steep street, near the gate leading to Pozzuolo—in a rambling building, with bright little courts and corridors, all festooned with vines, divided by pavilions and wings, distributed according to some mysterious system of architecture. The house was large enough for a prince; and indeed a prince, the owner, did live in a distant corner of it. All the rest was supposed to belong to the Englishman, who had, however, furnished only a couple of rooms—on the ground-floor, between two of the courts—and a little chamber in a tower, where slept his *factotum*, as he called her—an old lady, hight Lina, who condescended to open the door of this particular department of the building, after half an hour had been spent in sport with the knocker and the bell. There was a small altercation between master and servant, which shewed that Mr Buck, like most old bachelors, was accustomed to obey sometimes when he ought to have commanded. However, by the exertion of a good deal of energy, the party was got into a large room, scantily but picturesquely furnished in part Italian, part Oriental, part virtuoso, and part English style, with a good round table laden with books and empty porter-bottles; three cane-bottomed chairs, and a huge one of carved illex-wood; some inlaid stools, a divan, a mat, a copy of Morghen's 'Transfiguration'; a portrait of the 'Winner of the Derby'; plaster-casts of the heads of Dr Gall, Courvoisier, Homer, Cicero, Napoleon, Lord Byron, and Sheridan; an elaborate model of Pompeii, constructed from stolen sketches; about thirty views of the Bay of Naples; a collection of Turkish pipes in a rack against the wall; the *London Directory*; a tabular view of Italian exports and imports; a large Bible; a blunderbuss; a bat with outstretched wings; a Venus of Milo; and a human skull. Such were some of the objects scattered about on the floor, on the furniture, against the walls, without any apparent order. Angela, who had a touch of superstition in her, became a little pale, and smiled faintly as she said that it reminded her of a magician's cell. The

forms around could only just be distinguished by the light of a small candle, which Lina set down ere she went away, turning a deaf ear to her master's desperate imprecations about supper.

'The truth is, I never eat anything here,' said he with a deprecating look. 'However, I have a case of biscuits, and the water of the pump is excellent mixed with a little brandy.'

Whilst Mr Buck was making a display of his hospitality, Josefo arrived, already half-dry after his ducking. The whole party—more brilliant lights being procured, and all dismal notions being dispersed—supped gaily, whilst discussing their future proceedings. Even Angela, though feeling awkward in presence of so many strangers in her new dress, enlivened the scene by her eager talk. A plan was soon formed.

'The case is clear,' quoth Mr Buck, stating the result of a good many hints, the principal of which came from Josefo. 'I harness my gig at daylight, and we all start as if for an excursion to the Grotto del Cane. No one will suspect for a moment that we are the culprits who woke up the bay this night; the very impudence of the thing will be our safeguard. We drive to the village of Resina; and there, the deuce is in it if we do not find a felucca ready to take us to the world's-end for money. Upon my honour, this is quite exciting.'

'But,' suggested Walter, to whom some tardy compunctions of conscience came, 'we are disturbing your life. Is it right to drag you with us through all this perilous adventure?'

'Right or not, Mr Masterton, I must go with you. As soon as the messenger, now on his way from Castellamare, reaches Naples, I shall receive what is called a domiciliary visit, and an invitation to see the inside of one of his Neapolitan majesty's prisons. Our minister will, of course, take my part; but what can he do? Did I not act the brigand most successfully? No, no; until this affair blows over, Messrs Thompson and Pulci must do without me. I will leave a line with Lina about pressing business; and take the opportunity of visiting Sicily, where, however, there is nothing to see like the Bay of Naples.'

This was spoken with a sigh expressive of regret; but there was nothing assailable in his reasoning, and Walter was obliged to admit Mr Buck to the post of a perpetual accomplice. As human nature, however, remains human nature under all circumstances, it may be as well to notice that he looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should be able again to assume the chief command. Hitherto, since his arrival at Naples, he had been reduced to quite a subordinate part; others were doing more, and risking more, for Paolo than he was. He certainly felt some jealousy, but that did not prevent him from seizing Mr Buck's hand, and shaking it with fervour, in acknowledgment of the sacrifices he had made throughout with so much simplicity and good-nature, and without any motive but that of serving a person who, by the mere frankness of his demeanour, had won him to friendship.

The few remaining hours of night passed rapidly away. Angela slept beneath a cloak on the divan. The boys huddled together in a corner. Walter tried to read a guide-book, and nodded into unconsciousness at every line. Mr Buck disappeared, under pretence of changing his dress, and slumbered audibly for an hour or two. He was the first, however, astir; and came into the great room cracking his whip as soon as warm tints began to flush through the gray of the morning. Their preparations were rapidly made; and just as Lina, aroused by the noise in the courtyard, looked with half-opened eyes through her little window, the gig rolled away laden, as she had just time to ascertain, with two Englishmen and three sailor-boys. As the police of Naples are not very active, though persevering, it was near mid-day before she

was called upon to make this statement to 'the proper authority.'

The appearance of the gig thus laden at the Pozzuolo gate was so much a matter of course—so ordinary a circumstance—that Walter felt almost annoyed. Things could not have gone on smoother, had they been mere vulgar tourists. They passed—Mr Buck's pony, which he called a horse, jogging at a terribly deliberate pace—through the long tunnel of Pozzuolo without a single romantic incident, and entered on the Elysian Fields—that scene of desolation and gloom, of extinct volcanoes, marvellous grottos, sulphurous springs—just as if they were bound on an ordinary picnic. When Walter afterwards tried to call to mind what he saw during that morning's drive, he found that he had noticed absolutely nothing. The Monte Nuovo floated like a cone without a base in his memory. The Solfatara had no geographical position whatever. The indented Bay of Baiae shone like a huge star, it is true, beyond the green expanse of the Lucrine Marshes, as the sun beamed over the promontory of Posillipo. Black and deserted was the whole country they traversed, as if the breath of a fiery tempest had burned it up. But, as we have said, all these elements of the scene did not unite to form any picture in his mind. He had done nothing but gaze intently back along the dry and dusty road they had traversed—too slowly, he thought—expecting every moment to see pursuers galloping after. We need not, therefore, describe as we go along. The motionless Mediterranean at length appeared, like a sky more intensely blue than the one above, spreading out at the base of a long range of dismal sand-hills. A number of fishing-boats lay still in a group some distance out. The village of Resina formed a line of low houses along this inhospitable shore. A jetty of black mouldy piles afforded an insufficient protection to two or three barks.

Josefo said he knew all the people of the village. Some of them, indeed, were his relations. He warned Walter and his companions, however, not to appear too eager in their bargain. They must pretend to have a sudden desire to visit the islands of Ischia and Procida. To admit the character of fugitives, would lead at anyrate to delay.

They halted, accordingly, some distance from the village. Walter, Angela, and Carlotto got down, and walked along the beach, whilst Mr Buck drove up over the shingle to Resina, Josefo running by his side. The women and children of the place, who were squatting at the doors of their houses, with the princely idleness of those southern climes, scarcely deigned to look at them, or to answer their questions when they spoke.

To Walter and Angela this was perhaps one of the most exciting moments they had yet passed through. Previously, there had always appeared at least to be several alternatives before them. If one scheme failed, another was open for trial. But here all depended on the cast of a single die. Was it or was it not possible to procure a bark sufficiently large to enable them to leave that shore? Return was out of the question. By this time, no doubt, the police were on their track; and at anyrate, in a few hours they were certain to be pursued.

'You must not think me selfish,' said Angela, who, now quite at ease in her new costume, sat upon the sand, eagerly watching for some sign of comfort from the village. 'As long as there is a chance that I can escape with you to join my husband, and assist in his deliverance, I accept your services unhesitatingly. You have come for that purpose. To thank you now, would be an injury. He will thank you when the glory of liberty is on his brow.'

'You perfectly understand us, signora,' replied Walter. 'At anyrate, I am performing a sacred duty—paying a debt of gratitude—and shall never deserve thanks. Our single-hearted friend yonder will be

rewarded by the consciousness that he has done a good action.'

'He is very long,' murmured Angela.

'The bargain may be a difficult one,' said Walter, speaking cheerfully, though in reality he began to feel uneasy and anxious. The motions of Mr Buck were indeed inexplicable. He had driven up and down along the beach in front of the houses of Resina at least twenty times, stopping every now and then, talking and gesticulating, but apparently making no progress in his negotiations. They anxiously waited for some sign of motion amongst the barks near the jetty; but there was none.

Carlotto, who had wandered up the steep bank that concealed the country they had traversed, came suddenly running towards them. 'We are lost!' cried he. 'There is a body of horsemen riding to and fro near the Solfatara, as if searching. Certainly, they are the police. They will soon be on our track.'

Walter and Angela rose in great alarm, and drew near the village. Mr Buck came driving towards them.

'Victoria!' he cried. 'All right. The *Madonna*, a first-rate felucca, will be manned in an hour. I have diplomatized and temporised like Metternich. See that little boat: it is gone to recruit sailors among the fishermen.'

There was, indeed, a little skiff to be descried traversing the space that separated the land from the cluster of boats lying out at sea, now no longer tranquil, but beginning gently to ripple beneath a breeze that had risen within a few minutes.

'In an hour!' shouted Walter in English: 'it will be too late. The myrmidons are on our track; they will be here in a few minutes.'

Mr Buck gave a desperate whistle. Carlotto, who had again gone up to the summit of a little eminence, ran past them hurriedly without saying a word. They hastened in a body to the village.

The *Madonna*, a felucca some thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, was quite ready to start, except that all its crew were out in the fishing-boats. The captain, with the assistance of Josefo, was laboriously getting up the anchor. Carlotto joined them, and the work went on better. A small boat floated alongside the jetty. Walter and Angela entered, whilst Mr Buck gave his horse and gig into the hands of a lad who undertook to drive back to Naples. All the people remaining in the village crowded down to see the departure, and share in the *grazi*, which were distributed with even more than English generosity. A shy old invalided sailor, who had seen things in his time, began to whisper that they were assisting political fugitives, and cunningly pointed out the small feet and civilised shoes of Angela. At this moment a party of soldiers, with shining uniforms and arms, galloped over the sand-hills about half a mile from the beach, and halting a moment, seemed to search for something they had made sure of finding. The gig was hidden from view by a house, but the unusual activity of the population shewed the horsemen in which direction to come. As there was no sign of any preparations to escape, they approached only at a rapid walk, their bright uniforms and sabres that jingled by their sides flashing in the sun.

'Soldiers, soldiers!' suddenly exclaimed the villagers, scampering away; for they had an instinctive perception that something more than ordinary was going on.

'What is that?' said the captain looking up. The anchor was weighed, and the head of the *Madonna* was swinging slowly round seaward. Walter lifted Angela into the felucca, and leaped on board. Mr Buck followed, spurning back the boat. Without waiting for instructions, Josefo and Carlotto were endeavouring to hoist the huge lateen-sail. It was almost above their



strength; but they spread sufficient of it to take the wind, and the *Madonna* began slowly to distance the jetty!

'*Cosa c'è! Diavolo!*' screamed the captain, rushing to the rudder. He had no motive for braving the anger of the gendarmes, who came dashing up in a hurricane of plumes, moustaches, cross-bands, gigantic gloves, drawn swords, oaths, and holloas—to say nothing of the terrible careering of their horses—to the now deserted jetty. In another instant he would have stranded his vessel; but Walter was beforehand with him. The barrel of a pistol, a very humble little pistol of small calibre, glanced close to his eyes, and that was enough. He started back. Walter seized the beam. Up went the sail another foot or two, Mr Buck hauling with all his might. The *Madonna* felt the wind in good earnest, and gently bending over, began to leave a bright wake behind. A very unmistakable sound came from the shore. The gendarmes were hastily getting ready to fire. Luckily, they had not anticipated that matters would be brought to this extremity, and their carbines were all empty.

'Lie down!' cried Walter, still steering with a firm hand towards the fishing-boats.

The captain was the first to obey the injunction. He rolled into the safest corner. Josefo and Carlotto, being no heroes, also let go the tackle, and crouched by the side of Angela. Mr Buck still made desperate efforts to haul up the sail, which flapped and struggled as if eager to catch the wind. The *Madonna* glided away from shore with an easy motion. They heard the discharge—there was a sharp whizzing in the air—and the water was struck in several places as with a whip; but in another minute the *Madonna* was out of range.

'The lubbers can't aim,' shouted Buck, dancing on the deck as he still held on by the rope.

'Then 'twas a chance ball did this,' said Walter quietly, as he pointed to a wound upon his cheek, from which two or three big drops of blood were trickling.

Many ladies in Angela's place would have fainted; but she came sidling along the unsteady deck, with a rich embroidered kerchief in her hand, and insisted on stanching the wound. As she saw there was no great harm done, she laughed and cried at the same time; and clenching her little hand, shook it angrily towards the beach, where the gendarmes were performing a variety of evolutions expressive of disappointment and anger.

'Signori!' now exclaimed the captain, tearing his hair, whilst the sail still went up, and the *Madonna* began to dash through the heaving waters, 'I am a ruined man, and shall never be able to return to Resina again.'

They comforted him as well as they could, but most seriously threatened to put him to death if he offered the slightest impediment to their designs. With a very ill grace, therefore, he hailed the boats, whilst Walter played with a pistol close by his side, and gathered his crew of three or four men, already prepared by the messenger previously sent. Thus in less than half an hour after leaving the jetty, the *Madonna*, with her full complement of hands, was sailing out direct westwards over the sea that dashed merrily in the sunlight; and the long coast of Italy, rising in irregular outline behind, began to assume the purple tints of distance.

Their position was not by any means satisfactory. It soon became evident, by the murmurs of the crew, that it would be no easy matter to continue the voyage. The men cared little for the police, being prepared to plead superior force, and their well-known cowardice. But there were no provisions on board—no bread, no macaroni, no dried fish, even no water. It could not be denied that, under such circumstances, it would be absurd to lay the *Madonna* on a course

which might keep her for three or four days out of sight of land. Besides, these feluccas rarely venture on more than coasting-voyages; and after a little time, the master, driven to desperation by the murmurs of the crew, came crouching towards Walter, and in the most humbly determined accents that he could assume, announced that it was the general voice that they ought to return to Resina.

Walter and Mr Buck felt that, although they might frighten the crew into submission for a time, it would be impossible to continue the voyage if they remained in perpetual fear of mutiny. Changing their tone, therefore, they persuaded and promised; Josefo and Carlotto, who had kept out of sight as long as there was danger of a struggle, now coming eloquently to their assistance. The pecuniary question was soon settled. The crew made their own terms. But how was the *Madonna* to be provisioned? An old sailor, one-eyed and down-looking, who seemed to be influential with his companions, proposed that they should wait until the darkness, which was rapidly coming on, had quite closed in, and then make the island of Ischia, where provisions in plenty could be procured, whilst there was little danger that any news from the main would arrive to disturb them.

As soon, therefore, as the sun, which had rapidly curved over their heads during all these incidents, had set amidst a saffron vapour in the west, the *Madonna*, which had lain-to for an hour, was put upon a new tack. Presently darkness surrounded it; and all on board slept or dozed, save Walter, who felt an uneasiness he could not explain, and one or two sailors, who whispered together near the bows, and were silent when he in pacing the narrow deck approached them. They were calculating whether it would not be more profitable to betray than to serve the fugitives. From the police, it was certain they could expect little but threats and cuffs; but the name of the Princess Corsini had been mentioned. She was known to be an open-handed lady to those who served her. Would she not give as much to each single traitor as had been promised to the whole crew together?

It was a couple of hours at least after complete darkness had set in, that Walter, still watchful, noticed, straining his eyes, that they were in a narrow strait, with lofty land on either side. It had been agreed that they should touch at a village on the extreme western point of Ischia. Was it situated at the bottom of a deep inlet? The doubt was soon set at rest; for the rising moon suddenly appeared right in front of them, from behind a lofty range of hills, and its interminable silver wake shewed that they were steering full into the Bay of Naples. Before Walter had time to understand what was passing, a vessel, schooner-rigged, moving under a cloud of canvas, swept across their track. The old sailor, who had advised the return to Ischia, hollowed his hand round his mouth, and hailed. Walter felt inclined to shoot him; but checking himself, he threw away the weapon that might lead to a useless crime, and did justice with his fist. The culprit fell like a heap of rage, nearly over the low bulwarks; but Walter was seized from behind, and felt his arms pinioned. Half-a-dozen voices shouted: 'Here are the Englishmen; here are the traitors;' for those who had not joined in the conspiracy, now that there was no chance of recall, assented in order to share the spoil. The vessel had changed its course, and was passing majestically within half a cable's length. Two or three hails were exchanged; and the felucca was ordered to come alongside.

'They have betrayed us to one of the king's vessels—the *Maria Christina*, I think!' exclaimed Mr Buck.

'It is then all over, my friends,' murmured Angela, as she held the hands of her two protectors, who had both been seized but were now released. 'Shall I leap overboard?'

Poor Angela, indeed, seriously meaning what she said, took a step forward, but her friends restrained her: and as the *Madonna* had the wind taken out of her sail under the hull of the schooner, Walter whispered: 'Take courage, lady, something tells me that Providence has not abandoned us.'

### TRAVELLING BABIES.

THE English at home are a curious people—not much like what we guess them to be from their countrymen in France. They are indignant at the mistakes we sometimes make in describing their manners, and judging of their character; but it seems to me—although I must confess I have been but a short time in the country—that accuracy is impossible, and that it is so not less from our want of comprehension than from their excessive oddity. Now, a little while ago, when peeping listlessly into the ladies' waiting-room at a railway-station, my attention was attracted by a lady, her little girl, and nurse.

The child appeared to have seen at least six or seven summers, as the novelists say. She amused herself by running and dancing about, shewing her activity and childish joy in various ways, until the train-bell rang, when a stop was put to her amusement by mamma and nurse jointly calling: 'Come, baby, come! here's the train!' The gigantic baby paid obedience, when, lo! the sturdy limbs, which a few moments before had displayed such vigorous powers of movement, were quickly enveloped in an immense shawl, and the poor, helpless baby was carried in nurse's arms to the carriage.

This was a simple circumstance, you will say. Yes, but quite unfathomable. How should I describe it as a trait of manners? How should I reason upon it as an indication of character? I stood gazing into the window with an air of such puzzlement as attracted the attention of a respectable-looking person near me.

'That is curious!' said I to him—for an Englishman is so far like a ghost, that he never speaks till he is spoken to.

'Not curious at all,' replied he: 'children in arms go free.'

Some time after, in another room of the same kind, where there were persons of both sexes, I stumbled upon another baby; and this, by the way, is not wonderful, for in England babies are great travellers—there is no such thing as going anywhere without coming in contact with them.

It was a cold wintry day, a bright fire glowed on the hearth, and the room was almost filled with passengers. My attention was drawn to a young female, who was perambulating the apartment with something in her arms, which might be conjectured to be a young baby. Several of the ladies seemed struck by her careless mode of carrying her living charge; for though she occasionally bent her head, as if to soothe the little one, still there was a certain want of tenderness in her manner, which did not bespeak either the affectionate mother or faithful nurse. A lady who sat near me asked of another:

'Do you think it really is a baby that young person carries?'

'I do not know,' she replied; 'but if so, and she is its mother, I pity it.'

I rose and walked past the questionable parent, looking at her burden as I did so; but it was too closely muffled in the shawl for its features to be seen by a passing-glance, although the motions of its little limbs shewed that it was in life, and probably in health.

One of the ladies present, who had tried the same experiment and had also failed, seemed at length determined to satisfy her curiosity, and obtain a peep at the mysterious darling. Approaching it softly, she addressed the mother in her sweetest tones:

'Is this a baby you have?' and at the same time in

a dexterous but gentle way removing the shawl from deary's face, she obtained a visible instead of verbal reply to her question, by obtaining a view, amid the mother's blushes, of her little one, who was probably the image of its father—a *poodle dog*! All were amused, and even the parent smiled. But the finale was yet to come. A train was heard to arrive, and she immediately arranged her baby-dog's wrapper, and held it in a far more mother-like way than before: the experience of the last half-hour being evidently used to advantage. While the train was getting ready to renew its course, she promenaded the platform; but Doggy, who had hitherto been an example to all babies, became restless. Whether the change from the warm atmosphere of the waiting-room to the keen wintry air outside affected his lungs, or induced him to wish for a romp on the platform, I know not, but certain it is he began to cry, and from low imploring whines raised the tone to sharp, resolute, I-will-have-my-own-way barks. In vain did mamma strive to appease him, and hug him to her bosom, he seemed determined to display his powers of dog-language. Just at this crisis one of the guards walked up to the lady, and striving, but in vain, to peep into Tiny's face, he remarked: 'Poor little thing! it wants something you must give him when you get inside.' The train was now ready; and mamma and baby vanished.

What could be the explanation of this scene? The Sphinx could not have read the riddle; but an old woman standing near answered my question in the same words I had heard on the former occasion—

'Children in arms go free.'

'I know that,' said I.

'Well, Mister—but dogs don't,' replied the old woman.

### A ROOM IN DAMASCUS.

The floor is of two levels: the first or lowest, into which you enter, contains a fountain with several spouts of water, is paved with marble, has racks for pipes, recesses in the walls for nargelies, cups, &c., and other conveniences for the household. Here the slaves wait the will of their master, and here you put off the slippers before you ascend to the second level, where the mats are spread and the lady sitting. Over this fountain is suspended from the highest part of the ceiling a chandelier, with a great many little glass-lamps, whose various lights, mingling with the water, and reflected from them, produce a very beautiful effect. The second level is twelve or eighteen inches higher than the first, and is the place appropriated to the family; it is often separated from the lower part by a little railing of wood or stone. Mats are spread upon the carpeted floor, and round the walls mattresses three feet or three feet and a half broad, are spread out for the accommodation of the family, upon the mats, or upon low wooden frames four or six inches in height. The ceilings are lofty and ornate; beautiful carving, interspersed with numerous little looking-glasses, relieves and gratifies the eye, and very often the circular centre-piece is composed of massive embossment, in which a gigantic serpent, displaying its beautiful skin and glancing eyes, seems ready to spring upon you. Is the sun now shed his golden beams through the upper windows, which are of beautiful stained glass; let the golden letters in panels upon the walls appear in the beauty; let hundreds of little looking-glasses above and around you reflect and multiply every object and movement; place a number of richly-clothed Turks, with long beards and flowing robes, upon the divan, amidst soft mattresses and velvet cushions, with long pipes in their mouths; add to all this the unceasing murmur of falling waters, and you have a scene really beautiful, and truly Oriental.—*Graham's Jordan and the Rhine.*

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT AT LEEDS.

It is sometimes remarked slightly of the operative classes, that they are bad business-men, and usually quarrel and fail in any concentrated effort for their own benefit. It is not always so, and cannot necessarily be so, if we may judge from a remarkable show of administrative ability which they have made within the last few years in the town of Leeds. The facts, as they have reached us, and assuming their truth, are certainly of a nature to encourage hopefulness as to the power of working-people to help themselves in various ways.

During the scarcity of 1847, when flour was of course dear in Leeds, and believed by many to be largely adulterated, it was suggested by some active spirits, that an effort ought to be made to take the business out of the hands of millers and traders, the consumers purchasing the grain, and grinding and distributing it among themselves. So far as we can learn, to secure the good quality of the article was more a leading object than to save on the price. A number of persons, contributing each a small sum towards capital, attempted to purchase a mill for themselves, and, after some difficulty, obtained a flax-mill, which they converted into one for flour. They had many troubles and obstructions at first, in the unsuitableness of their mill, the inexperience and contrariety of opinions of their committee of management, and the state of the law, which did not then allow them protection for any transaction beyond the range of the members; so that, for example, they had the disadvantage of seeing six hundred bags of unsold bran upon their hands at once. But there were some manful and sagacious spirits amongst them, who thought they saw their way to success, and were anxious to give their scheme a full trial. Notwithstanding, then, a small loss on the first year—amounting, however, only to L.77 upon a total of L.4986 of business done—the society was enabled to persevere, till it had gained such a footing as happily put failure out of the question.

The plan seems to have been exceedingly simple, and such as could be easily realised in any large population, regarding any of the most generally used articles of merchandise. With the aid of a few persons accustomed to business arrangements, the general board of management, in its various sub-committees, was able to conduct the mill, purchase grain, and arrange for the distribution of the flour among the members, and the collection of the money. The money was in reality deposited before the flour was given out, certain shopkeepers being willing to do this, in order

to have the employment of the distribution, which was useful to them, not merely for the allowance they derived on account of their trouble, but because they thus secured a certain attraction to their shops.

The design at starting was to sell, or rather distribute, at a rate as near prime cost as possible. They simply added to the cost of the grain a charge for grinding, and then, allowing 7s. 6d. for the distributor's remuneration, struck the price to members, which was always considerably under the retailer's ordinary prices. It was found, for example, that while these individuals sold flour at 4s. per stone—which was the case when wheat was 90s. per quarter—the society's price was 3s. 9d.; or when flour was 2s. 3d. in ordinary shops (wheat being 50s. per quarter), the society's rate was 2s. 1d.; and so on in proportion. The saving was not at an invariable rate; but, on the whole, it was quite enough to be of importance. We are told that from October 1847 to July 1851, being 196 weeks, it was 37 weeks at market-price, 114 weeks 1d. below that rate, 38 weeks 2d., 5 weeks 3d., and 2 weeks 4d. per stone below the average. The quantity of flour actually sold was 848,261 stones—about 4124 per week—besides undressed flour; and the entire gain or saving of the members was estimated at L.3660, supposing that equal quantities were sold at equal rates of saving. The real fact, however, being, that the quantity sold when the reduction was 2d. or 3d. greatly exceeded that when it was at 1d., the actual saving must have been much greater. At the same time, it is important to remark, the grain bought was of superior quality—usually from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per quarter above the prices given for the wheat sold in common shops.

In July 1851, when the business done amounted to about L.27,000 per annum, with a surplus to the society of only a few hundreds on each of these periods, they so far changed their plan as to begin selling to the public avowedly for a small profit or reserve, applicable of course to the general benefit. After this, their affairs appear as more than ever flourishing. The amount of business in 1853 reached the large sum of L.69,422, with a clear profit of L.4387. And, at a balance last July, it appeared that the society's profits, or excess of receipts over outlay, were not less than L.7599. Out of this surplus, they have returned the sum of L.4066 in bonuses to members—an insignificant sum to each, and which, we think, might have been better reserved for the extension of the objects of the society, but which at least is valuable for the proof it affords that the concern has accomplished its primary objects, of giving the members a superior quality of article below market-prices, and secured a profit besides.

The remainder of the balance in favour of the society rests in sunk capital. They have a large fire-proof mill, with twelve pair of stones, and all other needful machinery in good repair; certain other buildings, and six carts and horses. There are about 3200 members; and there is a weekly turn-out of about 400 bags of flour, of 20 stones each, besides inferior meals. It is interesting, though not surprising, to learn that the working-expenses per bag have been undergoing a constant abatement, as the business of the society has increased. Originally 2s. 4d. per bag, they are now reduced to about 1s. 8d., the entire outlay of the society being thus covered. It is evident that this result is purely owing to that combination or co-operation which allows of the business being conducted on a large scale, and with an unusually small amount of unproductive outlay. Where a private trader's cart is carrying one bag of flour to some customer, the society's cart will be seen conveying a dozen. Where a miller has to be constantly changing his quality, and trying experiments, the society, using but one quality, turns its machinery to a greater account. Where the miller has to give credit, and often loses, the society realises beforehand every penny of its money, and practically never has had a bad debt. The principal economy, however, lies in the mode of distribution. The ordinary retailer cannot live with a smaller profit than 8s. per bag of 20 stones; this because his sales are of small extent. But the society's shopkeepers, attracting custom by the advantageous terms on which they offer this leading article, are satisfied with half that rate of profit. It is estimated that the society gains or saves £40 weekly by an economy of distribution, which is quite impossible where traders are left to compete with each other, puffing, cheating, scrambling for customers by giving undue credit, and making a bad life for themselves out of it all.

A member of the society belonging to the trading-class takes a sanguine view of its capabilities, which we may receive or not as we choose. He says: 'Had the members generally consented to support the board, we might have doubled our capital, and trebled our profits, while yet paying no more than a "living profit" upon the cost of good corn for pure flour. If, instead of taking the bonus, they had extended the mill to supply other places, where our flour would gladly have been received, or if they had agreed to supply themselves with groceries and meat in the same way as they have done flour, not £8000, but £10,000 might easily have been gained. With an increased income, they might have built good houses to replace the inferior ones now so much complained of, paying only 5 per cent. rental, instead of the 10 which is customary. There might have ultimately been means of educating the young and pensioning the old, making poor-laws next to an obsolete thing in our district. Great moral improvements might thus have been brought about; indeed, as it is, some change for the better may fairly be said to have taken place, the conduct of our members being decidedly of a superior cast. I refrain from indulging in further speculations in this direction, lest I be thought over-sanguine; but I may remark, in conclusion, that the most hopeful, whose pictures of good were laughed at at the outset, never suggested results equal to what we have realised.'

Assuming, as we before said, the facts to be correctly stated, and we have every reason to believe such to be the case, they must be admitted to go some way in favour of those modified views of the competitive principle which have latterly been spoken of with favour by John Stuart Mill. It does fully appear that, in this instance, it has been possible to economise in the distribution of a particular article amongst a large and dense population by combination. It is at the same time proper to remark, that this is only one of the rivals which competition has to compete with,

and if there were not private dealing here also in the field, the Leeds Co-operative Flour-mill Society might become a tyranny, instead of a widely diffused benefit.

We rather think that the most interesting result is, after all, the proof afforded that it is possible for working-men to combine to great ends for their own benefit, without offence to either moral or political principle. Overlooking a few troublesome and loquacious members, the management is described to us as having been generally good and wise, as the results have been satisfactory. It cannot be doubted that, in thus training themselves to independent action, they are doing the best thing in their power to raise themselves as citizens, and improve the status of their class.

### THE 'MOP.'

#### A RURAL SKETCH.

I AM rustivating in the country just now, according to my annual custom, and have taken up my residence with old Farmer Armstrong, who, and whose forefathers, have farmed their own land, situated in the heart of a midland county, any time these two hundred years at least. I have spent some glorious days of the true Wordsworthian sort, 'some of those lovely days that cannot die,' in wandering, sketch-book in hand, over hill and valley within sight of the great Cotswold ridge, among the winding lanes, between hawthorn-hedges twenty feet high, and by the banks of noisy little brooks which run, dashing and cascading it, on their way to the lower levels of the Churwell, on the Thames.

This morning we have the promise of another calm and cloudless day, although it is the 1st of October; and while discussing an early family-breakfast—a ceremony which is never at Armstrong Lodge slurred over in that heretical style which is common in London—I am wondering in what direction I shall sail forth for new discoveries. Farmer Armstrong suggests that, as to-day is the day for the annual celebration of Overtopping Mop, and as he must go there to hire a new ploughman and a new dairy-maid, I may as well take a seat in his dog-cart, and drive over along with him. I am of that opinion too; and, accordingly, no sooner is full justice done to the breakfast before us, than forth comes the dog-cart and the bay mare, and I mount by the side of the farmer for a run to Overtopping, standing on the summit and partly on the side of a hill which we can see plainly enough at the distance of about ten miles. On we go, over a capital cream-coloured road, owing to the long drouth, as hard as granite, across which the wayside tree-shadows dance and flicker in the sunshine; through cosy little hamlets, where rose-trees in full flower climb to the thatch of the roofs; and past solitary farmsteads, where the gabble of troops of lazy geese paddling in muddy ponds, mingled with the thump, thump of the flail, are the only sounds that reach us. But as we draw within a few miles of Overtopping, we come up with some characteristic indications of what we may expect to meet with on our arrival. There are parties or individuals travelling towards the Mop, all with the express purpose either of business or recreation, and the majority perhaps with the hope of combining both in one. There are groups of labouring-men, clad in their neatest garb, and evidently, though in their working-suits, touched off with an air of trim tidiness not generally observable even on holiday occasions. As we pass past them, they politely give us the 'good-day.' Some of them, I observe, have lengths of whip-cord twined round their hats, and these, the farmer informs me, are expecting to be hired as carters; some have made temporary hatbands of wisps of straw, which look as queer to the eye of a citizen as the mythical Dick's and these seek engagements as ploughmen. Then there are groups of laughing girls, in bright-coloured cotton

gowns, snowy kerchiefs, and rosy faces, forming a very pleasant sight indeed, and filling the air with frolicsome sounds. Then there are solitary pedlars, plodding their weary way with stout packs on their backs and sturdy staves in their hands; and here and there a belated showman, whose rickety equipage, drawn by a starved donkey, or perhaps a couple of them, has foundered on the way, is seen urging his incapable team on their fitful march.

Arrived at Overtopping, we put up at an old-fashioned inn, standing upon the edge of the common which skirts the lower part of the town, and upon which the Mop is held. The main business of the Mop, as the reader will have anticipated, is the hiring of servants—farm-servants principally, though by no means exclusively. According to a custom which seems immemorial, servants of the hard-working grade in this part of the country seldom if ever hire themselves for a longer term of service than a single year. At the end of the prescribed period, they are accustomed to throw up their engagements, irrespective of any other motive than the desire for change, and the uncertain prospect of a change for the better. Of course this strange mode of proceeding is not universal, as numbers are found who have the sense to know when they are well off, and remain in one service from year to year; but it is so far general as to render the Mop a permanent institution, and, for want of something better in a district which, though covering a large surface, is almost exclusively agricultural, a necessary one. The proceedings of the day are divided into two portions—business and pleasure; and the adulatory old maxim, 'Business first, and pleasure afterwards,' is the regulating law.

The servants wishing to be hired take up their station as soon as they arrive on what they call 'the Statty,' which is a portion of ground allotted by the statute legalising the Mop for that purpose. As early as ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, they may be found ranged in position in two ranks; the men on one side, and the women on the other—each and all, as might be expected, looking their best. My thrifty host is not willing to lose time in so important a business, but, anxious for the pick of the market, sallies forth to make his election as soon as the bay mare is comfortably provided for and dinner is ordered.

On approaching the ground, which is thronged by a crowd far more dense and numerous than I expected to see, our ears are assailed by a sonorous booming, boo-ing, buzzing hum, which takes the shape of some melody not altogether unmusical, which we seem to recollect without being able to identify. It pauses at intervals, and then the gabble and tumult of the crowd, rising into uproar, leaves you in doubt whether the booming that puzzled you was anything but an illusion; but anon it commences again, and this time nearer, and there is no mistake about it; the tune is *Polly put the Kettle on*, but the instrument—it is impossible to guess what that is. Pushing our way through a labyrinth of gingerbread-stalls, of raree-shows, of quack doctors' establishments, of conjurors' booths, of extemporised sloop-shops, of travelling theatres, and all the enlightening etceteras of a country fair, we come at length upon the Statty, and my good friend the farmer, with an eye to business, begins his scrutiny. I see that there is an expression of disappointment on his honest face: the Statty is not half filled—the labour exhibition is a meagre one—men-servants are at a premium, because they are scarce this year; the Baltic fleet and the Eastern levies have thinned the supernumerary ranks, and those that remain are consequently all the more costly. Worst of all, there are a more than usual number of bidders upon the ground, and serviceable flesh and blood is looking up. It is an amusing study to watch

the looks and motions, the cautious and solemn expression of face with which certain middle-aged ladies are bringing their phrenological acumen to bear upon the important decision which will so forcibly affect their domestic comfort for the next twelvemonth. Still more amusing are the sage precautions of some of the farmers, who, looking at the thing solely in an economical point of view, take the oddest measures to secure a good bargain. One would think that looks and speech were means sufficient to test the merits of a ploughman; but yonder bluff yeoman is not of that opinion, for he handles the candidate for his service much as we have seen a butcher in Smithfield Market handle an ox which he was going to lead off to the shambles. He feels the muscles of the man's arms, spans his wrist, and surveys his build from top to toe, doubtless reckoning up in his mind the amount of work that may be got out of him, not without an eye, perhaps, to the quantity of food the fellow may require to keep him in condition. Neither the farmers nor the matrons appear to be in any great hurry to come to a decision, and the ladies especially, I observe, act with an amount of deliberation that threatens to defeat its own purpose. One by one, however, both young men and maidens, step forth from the ranks, and withdraw with their prospective masters or mistresses to the parlour of the nearest public-house, or to some other convenient privacy, to adjust the terms of the bargain which is to cement their union for the next twelve months. The whole business is pretty well over by one o'clock in the day; and before this hour has struck, Farmer Armstrong, having engaged a dairy-maid, is closeted with a ploughman, with whom it is plain enough that he intends to come to terms. I am not much interested in the compact, and so I leave them to settle it between themselves while I take a further survey of the Mop.

Business being now almost finished, the secondary object of pleasure can be attended to. By the time the Statty is cleared, the Mop has degenerated into a country fair; the clown is roaring and grimacing in company with a bevy of painted damsels on the platform of the travelling theatre; a dozen ponderous voices are heard thundering through huge trumpets from different parts of the ground, calling the ladies and gentlemen to their brilliant entertainments—said ladies and gentlemen being the hired servants, who, having engaged themselves for the ensuing year, make a carnival of the remaining hours of this their day of liberty. It is the fashion, in concluding the bargain with their employers, to receive earnest-money by way of binding the agreement. The earnest-money may be a few shillings; and this, as a general rule, is spent at the Mop, at which a round number of the peripatetic showmen of the kingdom are pretty sure to be present. On this occasion, the concourse is unusually great, and the uproar is astounding—the bang of drums, the clang of cymbals, the bray of trumpets, the shrieking of hoarse clarionets, the yells of the clowns, and the responding chorus of giggling laughter, all together make a perfect Babel, amid which the clamour of individual spokesmen bawling for special notice and patronage, is almost hushed into silence.

'Did you ever see a crocodile?' screams close to my ear a voice already split into irredeemable shreds—'Did you ever see a crocodile? No, you didn't!—Very well; then here he is. This way, ladies and gentlemen—'

Just arrive,  
To be seen alive,  
A young crocodile,  
From the banks of the Nile!

Then up goes the trumpet to his mouth, and through it rushes a diabolical combination of scream and roar,

which sends me flying from the den of the crocodile as though the monster himself were at my heels.

'Do you wad to see berit, ladies ad gottelben, real berit? because if you do, this here's the place—Here you will see Seedyer Slubbini, what breaks stodes with his fist—That's what I call real berit, ad doe boodehide—You'll see hib do it—it's odely a peddy—ad he'll break a stode weighd fourteen powds with his bare fist—You'll see it weighld, ad you'll see hib do it—That's real berit—dot a passel o' crokodiles ad beasts, ad stuff, ad paidted faces—but real berit—ad it's odely a peddy.' Thus gabbles another worthy, with a rapidity of utterance which must have cost him years of practice, as well as choked up his nasal channels.

Here stands a man in the costume of Charles I. when he mounted the scaffold, with sable hose, flowing cloak, pointed beard, and Vandyke collar. He speaks in high-flown language, styles himself a professor of toxicology, and calls upon any of Her Majesty's subjects who are suffering from disorders of any kind, to apply to him at once for a cure of their grievances, ere he shall have vanished from the neighbourhood and it is too late. The fellow has really a fine picturesque head, and though his style is inflated, his grammar is unexceptionable, and one cannot help wondering what has brought him to the condition of a medical mountebank. He has an ally in a motley-coloured fool in cap and bells, who has the charge of the cash department, and who keeps the crowd amused by a succession of odd jokes and villainous contortions of countenance, expressive of the powerful effects of his master's medicine. It is whispered, however, that the fool is the proprietor, and that the solemn-looking professor of toxicology is but a part of his travelling-stock.

Boom! boom! boo! buz-z-z-zoom! There is that astounding humming again, and I am determined to find out what it is before I go to dinner. Following the sound as well as I am able, I discover its source at last upon the edge of the common, where a portion of land next the town has been partitioned off. Upon two of the cross-beams of a stout gate, the musician, who is a man in a clean short smock-frock, wearing a jaunty cap and top-boots, has fastened, by means of iron staples driven into the beams, a row of about twenty poles of green wood, which I take for ash. The poles are about two inches in diameter, and of unequal length, diminishing regularly from the longest to the shortest, like a row of pipes in an organ. Each pole is fastened to both bars of the gate by a strong staple driven firmly home, but yet not so far but that the poles may be shifted by a smart blow on their lower ends. A multitude of chips are lying on the ground beneath, and I gather from that that the poles have been tuned by means of a knife and a mallet—the knife being used to cut a flat note sharper, and a touch of the mallet beneath serving to lengthen by shifting, and thus to flatten, one that was too sharp. The instrument is attached to the establishment of a conjuror of the old school, who swallows flames and vomits yards of ribbon, &c.; and it is played upon by a couple of heavy padded hammers, with which the performer thumps with all his might upon the poles, striking them within an inch of their point of contact with the top-most beam. It is their vibration against this beam that occasions the abominable buzz which half drowns their music; but the most remarkable thing in regard to this nondescript instrument, is the odd fact, that the further off you go, the better you hear it, provided you do not go out of hearing. When standing close to the performer, the booming tones, which at the distance of a furlong fill the whole air, are not heard at all, though the melody is heard in a succession of staccato taps, which again are inaudible at a point where the bass tones become audible.

On returning to the inn for dinner, I find the rosy-faced dairy-maid whom Farmer Armstrong has engaged,

already there, and waiting with her luggage to accompany us back to the lodge. She has, wisely, no predilections for the joys of the fiddling-booths and nonsense exhibitions, now in full swing, and gladly accepted the farmer's proposition that she should enter at once on her duties. The room in which we all dine together looks out upon the rear of one of the theatrical establishments, where an inferior performance is reiterated three times in the hour, while a constant performance of a much more burdensome nature is maintained upon the platform in front. All are busy as bees in a hive; and to us it is a hive of glass, for we can see all that goes forward behind the scenes. The manager is here, and there, and everywhere, in a moment; and as all goes on well, carries a smile of satisfaction on his countenance. But suddenly there is a roar of applause from the rival show on the other side of the common, and the mob of outsiders, rushing off to see what is the new wonder, leave our friend half frantic at the unlooked-for defeat.

Enter Manager (to his company) in a state of desperation.—'That villin Sniggins has started the Statties! We must do the same, or immortal smash is the word. Which on yer can do the Statties? (A general silence.) What! are we to be done brown by Sniggins? We, that have been fust chalk at Overtopping for thirty year? Who can do the Statties? Who can do the Statties, I say? Is there ne'er a begaboo among the whole lot on yer as can do the Statties?' And as he roars out these inquiries in frantic accents, the unfortunate man writhes dramatically, grasps his forehead with both hands, and begins tearing his hair in terrible tragic fashion. (Still there is no response.) 'Then I'll tell ye what it is,' he screams out; 'it's all up with us; we are all cracked, smashed, ruined, flabbergasted, flummoxed, spifficated—that ever I should live to say them words—gammoned, diddled, walked into, and dead-beat and done brown by Sniggins! O tenpenny! O Noses! Shay-oes is come agin!'

'No it ain't! Gosh if it is!' says a stalwart fellow, grimy with lampblack and grease. 'I'll do the Statties afore it comes to that—blow'd if I don't!'

'You, Noggins! You're a trump, by Jove! Step out, my brick. Crikey! it's all right; you're bigger by half than the Sniggins rascal. Go it, my jewel; let's see how you do it. Now, then, for Herkles!'

Here Noggins grasps a birch-broom, and brandishing it over his head, seizes an imaginary lion with one hand, and threatens to brain him with the other.

'Stunnin', by Evins!' roars the delighted manager. 'Now, then, for Haypoller.'

Immediately the broom becomes a bow, and the tall fellow, drawing himself up to his full height, is seen launching the arrow, his eye steadfastly fixed on the distant quarry.

'Gloaryus! that's a splendid hit! Now, then, for the Dyin' Gladdiayer.'

The Gladiator gives equal satisfaction; so does his victorious slayer; so does Napoleon, who is always impressed as a statty in these exhibitions; and so do various ambiguous personifications, which may serve for anything you like.

'It's all right!' roars the manager. 'Now then, Bardy, for the tights.' (Bardy is a ragged factotum, who responds immediately to the call.) 'Here's a half sov—up into town to Tape's—you know Noggins's size—get a pair o' white cotton socks, a pair o' drawers ditto, and a tight-fittin' shirt to match. Here's the tin! Cut, you devil, like the wind—and mind the change—d'ye hear!'

Bardy is off like an arrow from a bow. Noggins is busy at the pump, washing the grease from his face and hands. Mrs Melter, the matron, produces her needle and thread, ready to stitch up Noggins in his new skin as soon as it arrives; and a child is despatched to the baker's for a pennyworth of flour,



to whiten his face with when all is ready—the classical Noggins having a conscientious objection to rub chalk into his eyes for the sake of saving a copper. No time is lost: the broom, by the addition of a fragment of hayband and a few strips of white canvas, is converted into a ponderous club, quite statuesque in appearance. Bardy comes back, as the manager declares, 'in a jiffy'; and Noggins, retiring for two minutes into a stable, re-appears in his novel integuments, in which, in less than five minutes more, he is comfortably sewed up by a couple of the sisterhood, during which process he flours his face and the whole mass of his bushy hair, till his entire man is as white as a statue new from the chisel of the sculptor. The manager, who for the last few minutes has been ramming down a double charge into a huge blunderbuss, borrowed from our landlord, now leads him forward, and we see no more of him. But in a few moments we hear the stunning report of the blunderbuss, followed by the bray of all the speaking-trumpets they can muster—a modest appeal to the fickle multitude, which soon produces the desired effect; for we hear, as we sit at dinner, overpowering proof that the *vox populi* has returned to its allegiance, and that the devoted Noggins has redeemed the character of the old and favourite establishment.

Dinner done, and the farmer having no further business to transact at Overtopping, we set forth, while it is yet early, on our return to the lodge. The Mop naturally forms the subject of conversation as we ride along, with Patty the new dairy-maid, with her luggage, on the hinder seat. The farmer acknowledges readily enough that the Mop is a silly, and, upon the whole, perhaps a demoralising affair, but not so bad as I am disposed to think it may be. Though much like other fairs, he says it differs from them materially, inasmuch as it is rarely, if ever, attended by gamblers or sharpers; for the good and sufficient reason, that it does not offer the prospect of booty to attract them. Dicera, garter-prickers, thimble-riggers, gipsies, and professional rogues of all sorts, avoid the Mop as a losing speculation; and the arena is left to those exhibitors who have simply amusement to offer, or the means of gratifying curiosity. The fiddling-booths are the worst feature of the whole; and as these are kept open to a late hour, consequences that may be guessed not unfrequently ensue.

The day fixed by statute for the Mop is the first market-day after the 29th of September; but there is always a supplementary Mop held on the same spot exactly a fortnight after the Mop proper. This, however, is a tame affair, attended by none of the noisy demonstrations or pleasurable elements of the former. It is quite indispensable, though, under present arrangements; because it always happens that many of the engagements made at the Mop are found unsatisfactory from some cause or other. It may be that a master is deceived in the qualities, or capacities, or character of a servant, and must get rid of him; it may be that a servant is deceived as to the work to be done, or the comforts to be enjoyed, and determines to leave his place; and it may be, and sometimes is the case, that a stout ragabond, having received earnest-money, declines to shew his face to his employer, but marches off out of the district, to return no more. In any of these cases, or in fifty others that might be specified, the supplementary Mop affords an opportunity of correcting the errors or defalcations of the first; but after this, there is no remedy of this public kind until the year comes round again. Masters know this, and servants know it too, and they act accordingly; and therefore an engagement can hardly be looked upon as binding till the fortnight of trial has passed: if it last beyond the fortnight, it is very likely to last the year.

Regarding the Mop as an institution, we do not think that there is much to be said in its favour, and we are glad to observe that for many years past its popularity

has been much on the wane. Doubtless, it has had its uses; but we are pretty confident that its total abolition would tend, both in a moral and pecuniary sense, to the advantage of the servants, inasmuch as the absence of any such certain and facile means of hiring and being hired would operate to cement the union between employers and employed, by necessitating on both sides the practice of bearing and forbearing, and by inculcating on both sides, too, a more just appreciation of the value of character.

#### STEAM-VESSEL DISASTERS.

THE number of large steam-vessels lost during the year now drawing to a close, has exceeded that of any former year. The *City of Glasgow*, utterly lost in crossing the Atlantic. The *Humboldt*, wrecked in going into Halifax harbour. The *Franklin*, wrecked on the coast of Long Island. The *City of Philadelphia*, wrecked on the shores of Newfoundland. The *Arctic*, destroyed by collision in a fog near the same fatal coast. The *Forerunner*, lost near Madeira. The *Yankee Blade*, wrecked shortly after leaving San Francisco. Such are the principal losses of large steamers, independently of many losses of sailing-craft and steam vessels of lesser size and importance, all with passengers on board.

Of all these losses, the newspapers of the day have said perhaps enough, and it is painful to recur to the subject. We think, however, it may be of use to express what is the general feeling respecting these disasters: it is, that, with one exception, they were all apparently the result of carelessness on the part of the respective commanders. Setting aside the case of the *City of Glasgow*, of which nothing is known, there remain six great wrecks; and of these, five were caused by the vessels running heedlessly on shore. Now, with a proper knowledge of the coast, and a good reckoning, not one of these disasters, so far as we can understand, would have occurred. Take the case of the *City of Philadelphia*. It suddenly strikes upon a sunken rock, near Cape Race, in Newfoundland; and being damaged, has to be run ashore at the nearest available point, where the passengers are fortunately landed and saved. The question every one asks is, why the vessel was allowed to get so near the coast of Newfoundland without the knowledge of those on board? All at once, and when nobody is expecting such a thing, a shock is felt, which spreads consternation through the ship. Of course, there can be but one explanation of the calamity—the captain had not kept a sufficiently correct reckoning, and did not know where he was. He did not imagine that he was so near land; but we apprehend that it will be a general impression, that he should have taken pains to assure himself of the true position of his ship.

The notice of this disaster reminds us forcibly of the very admirable management on board the Cunard Steamers, by which the writer of these observations went to and returned from America, both times under the charge of Captain Shannon. In going out, the captain said one evening to the passengers: 'You will see the light-house on Cape Race to-morrow morning at six o'clock.' And so exact had been the reckoning, that next morning, accordingly, precisely at six o'clock, the light-house came in sight, a number of the passengers having risen from their beds to see this first indication of America. The correctness of Captain Shannon's prognostication affords a fine

example of good seamanship. On returning across the Atlantic, he equally surprised and delighted his passengers by the accuracy of his observation. On Sunday, 25th of December, a day dull and chilly, the captain walking on the poop, in answer to inquiries about seeing land, said that at four o'clock in the afternoon, just when sitting down to dinner, the passengers would get a glimpse of the mountains of Ireland. And true enough, when the dishes were carrying into the saloon, and we were arranging ourselves for dinner, there did the rugged hills of Ireland make their appearance through the clouds which hung on the distant horizon.

The explanation of this marvellous exactness is the care taken to measure the ship's run by log, to take observations when practicable, and watch the ordinary phenomena of the ocean. Captains differ considerably as regards these duties. Some, feeling their responsibility, are punctilious in keeping a watchful outlook. Others, comparatively indifferent, will be seen to spend not a little of their time in playing cards with the passengers. When near the coast, a prudent captain is doubly anxious for the safety of his ship, more particularly after nightfall. If he goes below at such times, it is only for a short space, and for necessary refreshment or repose. He does not, when in a dangerous channel, take a hand at whist, or otherwise amuse himself in the saloon. A good captain, indeed, will usually be found to be rather reserved to his passengers; the truth being, that he is thoughtful and nervously anxious that all should go well with his ship.

It is trite to observe, that the best men will at times be mistaken—human judgment is prone to error; and it is pretty clear that no man of high standing will consent to act as a drudge, and be everlastingly doing the duty of a subaltern. What, however, we have a right to expect is, that steam-vessels of a large class shall not be handed over to pretenders—men who consult their own ease, and who are destitute of resolution to encounter the difficulties of their profession. It is undeniable that carelessness is the principal cause of shipwrecks. The accounts of recent disasters make it appear, that in several instances there was extreme ignorance and presumption. From the published examinations respecting the loss of the *Forerunner*, it seems that the captain of that ill-fated vessel was remonstrated with for keeping so near the shore. He was warned of his danger, yet he persisted in his course, and ran the ship on a reef of rock, which, by a reasonable degree of caution, and by consulting the charts, he might have avoided. The details of this shipwreck are positively shocking. The vessel suddenly strikes with a crash, and soon heels over and goes down. No pains taken to order out and regulate admission to the boats. Individual selfishness and chance are left to govern everything. Some scramble into the boats; some are picked up in the water; the vessel, in sinking, is seen to have nineteen persons on deck, who are instantly engulfed in the remorseless ocean. But for the noble conduct of Governor Kennedy, who was on board, and gave some sensible orders in the midst of the general panic, it seems tolerably evident that not one human being would have been saved. The vessel, it seems, had been nearly wrecked, by running on a sandbank, on leaving Africa; and putting this circumstance to that of the final catastrophe, the Naval Commissioners who presided at the official inquiry came to this conclusion: 'Considering how frequently he [the captain] has, by his misconduct, perilled the vessel and the lives of the several persons embarked in her, and being impressed most forcibly with his culpable abandonment of his post and of his authority as captain

of the vessel in the hour of danger, and at a moment when the preservation of discipline and order was especially required, we are of opinion that he is, from incompetency, unfit to discharge the duties of a master of any British merchant-vessel.'

Ignorance and presumption in the first place, and want of presence of mind in the second, appear to be the usual failings of these ship-captains. Getting into a dilemma by their neglect and self-conceit, they do not know what to do when promptitude and decision are required. Instead of standing at their post, and issuing distinct orders suitable to the occasion, they get demented, allow all discipline to disappear, leave passengers to shift for themselves; and if any are saved, it is by the mercy of Providence—no thanks to these fair-weather commanders, who are only fit for parading in uniforms, and ought never to have been put in places of trust and responsibility.

The loss of the *Arctic* presents some remarkable and melancholy features. At noon, in the finest possible weather, there happens to be a fog, and it is at a part of the ocean where passing vessels may be looked for. No bells are rung, or other sounds made to warn off approaching ships. The speed of the *Arctic*, twelve miles an hour, is not relaxed; the vessel, in fact, is kept driving onward through an opaque mist, reckless of all consequences. In an instant it is brought into collision with another steamer. There ensues great commotion on board. But the captain, to whom all should look in this hour of peril, is said to have got bewildered, perhaps in consequence of the absence of his chief officer, and the insubordination of his crew. At all events, no order appears to have been preserved, and the usual scramble for life takes place—the strongest getting into the boats, and the weakest being left to perish. What followed, it is needless to relate.

Besides the negligence of captains, another deplorable feature has been brought to light by these shipwrecks. We allude to the cowardice and selfishness of the crews. Regardless of all sense of duty and humanity, and seeing that their commander has either deserted them or become useless, they think only of saving their own precious lives, and going off with as much plunder as they can conveniently carry. In several instances, the firemen have set the example of insubordination and relentless cruelty. In the case of the *Arctic*, cowardice in the firemen was particularly conspicuous; but their conduct, on the whole, was not worse than that of a fireman belonging to the *Forerunner*. A witness mentions that this fireman took possession of a boat to save himself and his clothes. These clothes were in several bags, and occupied the space which should have been given to some of the passengers. When the witness got into the boat, and began heaving the bags overboard, in order to make room for persons from the wreck, the fireman was indignant at the loss of his miserable luggage, and was only quieted by a threat of being pitched overboard after it.

The coarse brutality of the firemen of the *Arctic* and *Forerunner*, is capped by the villainy of a band of wretches on board the *Yankee Blade*. This large vessel, with 800 passengers on board, shortly after leaving San Francisco, having in the usual manner been run too close in-shore during a fog, and pitched on a rock, the captain shores off in one of the first boats, to look, it is said, for a landing-place. A number of the passengers gets ashore in other boats; but many are drowned in the attempt to save themselves, and for a large body of the passengers there are no boats at all. Huddled together, and deluged by the surf, hundreds sit despairingly all night on deck, expecting every moment that the quivering bulk would go to pieces. At this crisis, and from the time the ship struck, a horrible scene was enacting in a part of the vessel, which had been taken possession of by a

crowd of desperadoes. 'No sooner had the ship struck,' says an eye-witness, 'than a band of men, armed to the teeth, consisting of notorious shoulder-strikers and ruffians from San Francisco, and a portion of the firemen of the ship, rushed below, and commenced pillaging the baggage. They burst into the state-rooms, ripped open carpet-bags and trunks, plundered them of all the money and valuables they found, and cast the rest aside or overboard. They displayed knives and revolvers, and threatened the lives of all who attempted to interfere with them, or who even made an effort to get at their own baggage. After the rise of the water drove them out of the cabin, they betook themselves to the upper steerage, of which they took complete possession, and commenced a course of wild riot. They got hold of the liquors—many of them drank themselves furiously drunk—ransacked the luggage—obtained a large amount of gold—attacked, beat, cut, and shot all who were in their way—and became, indeed, a band of infuriated fiends. They stationed a guard at the gangway, to prevent the better portion of the passengers from coming down. Some of these attempted to force their way in, when they were cut with knives and bottles, and even their persons robbed of their watches and other valuables. This scene continued nearly all night. Toward midnight, three shots were fired, the lights were instantly extinguished, cries of "Murder!" were heard, and shortly after, at least thirty more shots were fired. There is every reason to believe that several of the passengers were thus murdered.' In the further account of the affair, a strong suspicion is thrown out that the loss of the ship had been contrived by these ruffians, a number of whom had shipped as hands, and others as passengers. However this may be, a fine vessel was wrecked, and 150 lives are said to have been lost; while it may be presumed, that by a reasonable degree of skill and vigilance, the catastrophe might have been prevented.

On the occurrence of a grievous wreck, such as has been alluded to, a sensation is for a short time created in the public mind. There is much pity for the unhappy victims; sermons are perhaps preached to call attention to the uncertainty of human life and all its purposes; and for the most part a variety of suggestions as to boats, and better methods of launching them, are thrown out by the press. Yet, somehow, nothing practically good comes out of the clamour. There is the same routine of indifference with regard to verification of compasses, slinging of boats, keeping a sharp look-out, sounding of signals, and all the rest of it. Is the law to blame? Judicial investigations perhaps take place when lives seem to have been recklessly thrown away, but we never observe that they effect any other object than that of raking up very unpleasant details. The parties really blamable get off with or without reprimand; things go on as before; and people who venture to sea, even in the best class of vessels, are as good as told that they must take the consequences, for the law can do nothing for them. If the captain is pleased to run them on rocks, or send them to the bottom by collision, he, poor man, is not accountable; and the best thing that can be done, is to present him with a piece of plate, in public acknowledgment of his heroism!

The daintiness with which calamities of this kind are treated, is not calculated to inspire respect for what are called constitutional forms of procedure. Still we would not recommend the administration of Lynch Law to the parties concerned, but should prefer seeing some very effective reform in the legalised methods of dealing with them. Railway switch-men and engine-drivers are tried for manslaughter, and we do not understand why ship-captains, who commit blunders which are equally open to challenge, are to be exempted from what seems the natural consequence of their actions. Directing no censures against any particular

individual, we would respectfully represent, that the world is ripe for such measures as will give to passengers in ocean-steamers a reasonable hope of performing their voyage in safety.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS OF A CRUISE AT SEA; AND HOW THE FILIPPA BEHAVED.

WALTER WAS not mistaken when, as the felucca, directed by the crew that had betrayed them, came close under the side of the schooner, he spoke encouraging words to Angela. He could not quite explain to himself the reason of his hope; but he confusedly remembered, as something familiar, the long, elegant outline of that vessel. It was, indeed, no other than the *Filippa*—mistaken by the sailors of the *Madonna*, who ought to have known better, for the *Re Ferdinando*—and the two faces that looked eagerly and in surprise over the bulwarks were those of the bluff commander, Giacomo, and Luigi Spada.

A few words interchanged between them and Walter, revealed to the crew of the felucca how deplorably they had erred. The most guilty hid away in the hold; whilst the others crowded round Angela—who stood pressing both hands to her breast, to still the beating of her heart, which struggled violently under all these conflicting emotions—and begged her to intercede for them. They easily earned not only pardon, but reward. All the fugitives, including Josefo and Carlotto, got on board the *Filippa*. The rope of the felucca was thrown off, and the schooner was soon rounding the eastern point of Iachia, in order to get out to sea through the great pass.

Luigi Spada received his guests with prodigious delight; partly, no doubt, because he was really glad that the wife of his friend had escaped, but partly because he could now congratulate himself that his conspiracies, his journeys, his disguises, had not been without success. Of course, he looked upon Walter as a mere subaltern agent; and in order to impress this fact on all present, he hastened to recount how, in a moment of inspiration, he had determined to discharge his cargo at Civita Vecchia immediately on arriving, and pay a passing visit to the bay on his way back. Giacomo might have contradicted him; but the worthy sailor was too much absorbed in simple gratification, and in admiration of Angela, whose countenance looked so pale and sweet in the moonlight, to claim the honour of that suggestion.

'I felt, however,' quoth Luigi, addressing Walter, who was inattentive, because anxious to place his charge in a place of comfort—'I felt a presentiment that I should hear some evil news. No doubt all Naples knows of your doings. You Englishmen are fond of taking direct and noisy means.'

'But we succeed!' cried Walter laughing, as he led Angela away to the cabin, where he had recently passed so unpleasant a night.

'You can sleep and rest in peace here,' he said. 'The most difficult part of our task is performed.'

'The most difficult, signor! Your words warm my heart: but the fifth of June?'

'Trust to us; all will go well.'

'Oh yes, I will trust to you and to your countryman; but'—here she lowered her voice—'was it well to take Luigi Spada as a companion? He was my husband's friend, it is true, and will be faithful, no doubt. But they say that no enterprise of his will succeed. And, besides'—

'You seem, madam, to know more of him than you like to say. I beseech you, tell me all.'

'I know nothing—nothing; but have heard strange things. The common people mix his name with stories of the mountain banditti.'

'That is indeed nothing,' said Walter smiling. 'They say that in Sicily robbers are the only honest men. Paolo told me something of these relations. So far, there is no harm.'

Angela, who, despite herself, retained many of the opinions of the family from which she was an outcast, had very prosaic ideas about the banditti of the mountains. She had been accustomed to hear her father speak of them with contempt and aversion; and had often felt gladdened by the thought that her husband had but slightly mixed in intrigues which appear so admirable to a Sicilian, but which, whenever they promise to bloom into action, necessarily bring him into contact with outlaws and professed enemies of society. Indeed, in that country, at the time of which we speak, there existed the last remnants of that family of free spirits which have supplied so many popular heroes to all Europe—the Robin Hoods, the fugitives from oppression, the spoilers of the rich, the defenders of the poor—who are saved from capture, not only by their own courage and dexterity, but by the connivance of a whole population. Under the shadow of their name, however, then, as in all times, many vulgar criminals committed outrages with impunity; and it suited the policy of the government to speak of all as of the same band. No wonder, then, that Angela—brought up in Neapolitan notions, feebly shaken by the romantic representations of her maid Lisa—was with difficulty reassured by Walter, even though he alleged the authority of her husband.

We have already hinted that the supple-minded Spada—whom nature formed, no doubt, for a diplomatist, and chance made an idle gentleman in an oppressed country—was in relation with all who were discontented or ambitious in Sicily. His fortune enabled him to indulge in the luxury of perpetual conspiracy; and if, from the very nature of his mind, he never terminated his plans in action—professional conspirators rarely strike a blow—he had always shewn infinite ability in evading discovery. The *Filippa*, known to be his property, had often been accused of smuggling—and, if the truth must be told, Giacomo gained his living in no other way—but he always contrived not only to escape conviction, but to prove the highly moral conduct of his vessel on all occasions. He often accompanied it on its trips, he said, because he could not afford a yacht, and was passionately fond of the sea. How, therefore, could the slightest suspicion remain on anybody's mind? He, Luigi Spada, of one of the oldest families in Sicily, nephew of the Bishop of Trapani, a dealer in contraband-goods! Absurd. The fact was, indeed, that he was only an accomplice in knowledge, and left all responsibility on the shoulders of Giacomo. His object was political; and what it was must be told, although it may excite a smile. He looked upon the *Filippa* as the nucleus of the fleet which was to defend the shores of Sicily when he, Luigi Spada, had succeeded in organising his army in the mountains, in getting all the gentry of the country under arms, in expelling the Neapolitan garrisons, and occupying Messina and Palermo.

Had these projects existed only in his own brain, they would have been indeed ludicrous: but we must remember that Sicily had met with a sad disappointment; that her hopes of liberty had been cruelly damped; and that, under various forms, the same conspiracy has been continued, not without remarkable outbreaks, to the present day. In the eyes of Luigi Spada, and of his young friends the Castelnovi, the rescue of Paolo di Falco was a mere episode; and we may be sure, that if they had known how far his private sentiments had obtained the upper-hand—leading him to contemplate flight to a foreign country with his bride, instead of acceptance, with a whole year of accumulated vengeance in his breast, of a distinguished position as leader in the approaching insurrection—

we may be sure the party would not have wasted its strength, or risked discovery, in his behalf.

Walter had already, to a certain extent, understood the character of his accomplices. The hints of Angela completely enlightened him. He did not share her repugnance to make use of such aids; but he felt that it would be necessary to watch carefully, lest in search of some visionary public object the private interests of his friends should be sacrificed. As to the general question of conspiracy and insurrection, we are ashamed to say that he made this rapid reflection: 'I had thoughts of fraternising with the Klefts, why should I not fraternise with the patriotic bandits of Sicily?' Then a boyish idea came to him. How that inexpressible Bianca would be astonished at his exploit! Here he checked himself with a contemptuous smile; for Bianca necessarily belonged to the opposite party. If she was a Ghibelline, why should he wilfully become a Guelph?

The conversation with Angela, which led to these reflections, was broken by several pauses. Walter was about to put some questions on a matter of personal interest to himself, on which he had not yet dared to speak—though nothing would have appeared more natural—when an unusual bustle overhead attracted their attention. Angela, awake to every sound that seemed to threaten danger, begged him to go and see what had happened, and followed him to the top of the ladder in her eagerness. The moon was shining brightly on the crisp sea, and the mountain-islands on either hand. It was easy to understand what was the matter, and why the sailors, with short, eager cheers, were hauling up more canvas, whilst Giacomo shouted his orders. A large vessel under full sail was ploughing the sea in their wake, not more than a mile behind.

'We are pursued!' cried Walter, joining Mr Buck, who stood with Luigi near the steersman, gazing aft anxiously.

'The *Re Ferdinando* has hailed us; perhaps warned by the felucca, which we ought to have sunk,' was the reply.

'And what answer have we given?'

Luigi pointed to the immense spread of canvas, under which the *Filippa* leaned over and quivered as she dashed through the foaming waters.

A pale red flash in the bright moonlight, and a puff of smoke from the bows of the *Re Ferdinando*, brought a warning-cry from Giacomo. An instant after, there was a splash in the water alongside, and Carlotto declared that he saw something round and black go leaping along from wave to wave.

'I know the qualities of my vessel,' said Luigi calmly, 'we are gaining one yard out of three as it is. Even if the mainsail be riddled, we shall still contrive to edge away; but if we lose a mast, we must strike or go down.'

'That was better,' exclaimed Mr Buck, commenting on the effect of another ball, that was heard to strike the side of the vessel, and indeed ploughed a trough as big as a man's arm.

The crew began evidently to feel uneasy; but Luigi and Giacomo explained that they were already nearly out of range, as the shots were no doubt aimed at the masts. Their calculation proved to be correct; for the next ball, somewhat long in coming, smote the water many hundred yards behind, and struck the hull near the rudder.

'We shall have to go into dock, that is all,' quoth Luigi, whose pride and real courage enabled him to assume the ease and coolness of an old admiral. This was the first incident of the kind that had happened in his life, and he felt how important it was that his demeanour should be equal to his ambition. As soon as the pursuer was fairly distanced, this conduct brought its reward; and Luigi heard with intense

gratification: the compliments of his rough crew, who were too natural to conceal that they had been terribly afraid.

Walter, in the excitement of the chase, had forgotten Angela. He found her kneeling at the foot of the ladder, praying for the safety of the ship and of her friends.

'You must all be miserly of your lives,' said she; 'for what happiness can I expect, if a drop of blood be spilt on my account?' Except, she added, smiling faintly when assured that there was no fresh danger, 'what has been already spilt without harm.'

Then she inquired about Walter's wound, which was still bound with her handkerchief, and spoke so anxiously, that he knew she feared the reproach of ingratitude for having forgotten it. Every word she uttered expressed her affectionate character, and heightened the fraternal sentiment which a vague belief in her relationship to Bianca, as much, perhaps, as his friendship for Paolo, had created for her in Walter's heart.

It was some hours before the *Re Ferdinando* disappeared in the distance. Meanwhile, a sort of council of war was held. Their position was not yet very safe. If the chase had been undertaken at the suggestion of the felucca, the enemy knew that their destination was Palermo. It would be madness, therefore, to risk the *Filippa* in the bay, or indeed any where in sight of the sea-highway from Naples. The question was, what were they to do during the fortnight that was still to elapse before the 5th of June? They had no further preparations to make. The *Filippa* was to start from some port a few days before the time of the rendezvous, and keep out to sea within reach of Maretimo. Walter, who had a single object in view, recommended that they should at once steer for Sardinia. But this was too simple a plan to meet with the approval of Luigi. His objections also were ingenious, and seemed solid. They had no passports, and might be detained. There was time for their arrival to become known at Naples, and all their projects might thus be nullified.

'But,' said Walter, disposed to be suspicious of all proposals that came from his too clever friend, 'what do you advise us to do?'

'We can make the shore at Torre del Capitano, where Giacomo has acquaintances. They will shew you to a place of safety for a couple of days. Remain quiet there. Meanwhile, having no suspicious cargo on board, the *Filippa* can go to Palermo; and even if the *Re Ferdinando* be there, I defy her to claim acquaintance. As soon as I get on shore, I will either come and join you, or send some persons who will take you to a more comfortable hiding-place. Fear nothing. All true Sicilians are your friends; and the police will never hear of your presence, until Paolo sends them a letter announcing his departure from Maretimo.'

For many reasons Walter thought proper to acquiesce in this plan, although not without some uneasiness, lest, as soon as they touched Sicilian ground, the force of circumstances should involve them all in very widespread intrigues. He saw that Luigi was triumphant, and that a strange smile flitted across his countenance in the pale light of the dawn, which had stolen unnoticed over the sea that rolled in cold green waves around; but he trusted much in his own energy and straightforward good-will to break through all obstacles, whether they came from friends or foes.

The wind had shifted towards morning, and now blew almost from due south. We shall not describe the details of their navigation, during which no incident of mark occurred. They had made a splendid run during the first night; but it was not until towards evening of the second day that they found themselves on a level with Ustica—the highlands of Sicily lying like a bank of vapour along the southern horizon, with

a speck of white, that seemed a cloud, far away to the left, never moving—the gigantic peak of Etna, shining towards the western sun. With these landmarks in view, they took an easterly course, but lay to several hours in the course of the night. By next dawn, they were becalmed a mile or so off the vast rocky promontory, on the point of which a ruinous-looking building bears the name of the Torre del Capitano, for a reason which, no doubt, there is a legend to explain. On either hand, the coast, abrupt and lofty, stretched away in great curves, without much sign of cultivation, although the telescope passed along the water's edge could discern several white hamlets, built at the openings of gorges leading up into the mountains.

The sea, at first opaque, became more and more transparent as morning brightened; and soon thousands of medusæ, like floating flowers, could be distinguished blooming in the crystal waters from unknown depths. Walter, who had gone below to sleep, found Mr Buck pacing the deck, with his jovial cheeks warmed by the slanting rays of the sun, but trying to look pensive. He was thinking, he said, of the forlorn condition of Messrs Thompson, Pulci, & Co.; of the melancholy loneliness of Lina; of his little cutter, which was probably confiscated by this time; and of all the beauties of the bay.

'I call this a vulgar bit of coast,' said he, looking contemptuously at Sicily, which Walter was admiring. 'No shape, no proportion, no meaning: mere rocks piled on rocks, with a tree stuck here and there; an old tower by mere accident; and a sheet of water to reflect the whole, just because there happens to be a bright sky. Don't talk to me of this being picturesque!'

Walter judged that his friend wanted his breakfast. He therefore agreed with him provisionally.

'By the way,' he added artfully, 'I am glad to find you alone, Mr Buck; what is your opinion of the plan we are following?'

'It seems a very good one, so far as I can judge. But we have got into strange company. You never told me that these excellent gentry, who treat us so hospitably, were once on the point of giving you an uncomfortable bath. I learned that matter yesterday; and have never passed one of the ruffians since without a gracious grin. Then this Giacomo is a jolly fellow, certainly; but what else is he? Why, sir, he is a smuggler—and boasts of it. We are going to do a little business together, true; but that does not increase my pleasure at finding myself on board his vessel. As to Mr Spada, he's an enigma; but I can understand one thing: he lays prodigious stress on getting Angela—I mean Madame di Falco—ashore in Sicily; and I somehow fancy he has some diabolical scheme in his head.'

'Well, we must keep our eyes open,' replied Walter. 'I think he is disposed to act fairly, but with ulterior views. They may be good, but I am not inclined to engage in them in ignorance of what they are.'

'And, per Bacco! I am not disposed to engage in them at all. As soon as I see this young couple united, I shall buy a carpet-bag, and some respectable fittings, have a clean shave, and return to my crib in defiance of all the police in the world.'

A boat from the *Filippa* had gone ashore before dawn, and soon came rowing back over the lucid water, drops of liquid light scattering as it were from the oars as they rose regularly to the measured chant of the crew. All was reported right on shore; and presently, therefore, the party that was to leave the vessel—Angela, Walter, Mr Buck, and Josefo, for Carlotta had been persuaded to join the smuggling crew—were collected on the deck. Luigi Spada iterated his instructions to wait patiently until a messenger came from Palermo, and addressed a courteous and really sympathetic speech to Angela, promising to risk life and liberty for her husband; Giacomo

joined his crew, who had been won to enthusiasm by the gentle manners and beauty of Angela, in shouting a vigorous *addio*, with a variety of pious blessings; and presently Walter, not without pleasure, found himself once more ostensibly commander-in-chief of the expedition.

They had been consigned, however, to the care of a little old man, who seemed disposed to talk rather arbitrarily of what they were to do. The crew of the boat addressed him with profound respect, which induced Walter to think his appearance worth studying. He was thin and long-nosed, pale and beardless, with a blue and white cap set on the back of his bald head; a red shirt, and loose, striped trousers, bound round the loins with a brilliant sash of many colours. Despite the lack of shoes and stockings, he was evidently a man in comfortable circumstances. Signor Spada had told him, he said, that his guests were to keep at home all the daytime, or at any rate were not to wander about the country; that they were not to depart until special orders arrived; and that they were always to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

'Almost prisoners,' said Mr Buck in English to Walter.

The old man, whom everybody called Pipo, answered in the same language, that names and things were very different; but so it was, and so it should be. Then he amused them by an account of his service on board the English fleet; and asked Walter if he knew a Mrs Jones, who lived at Wapping. A negative answer surprised him.

The men, meanwhile, pulled industriously; and the boat, gradually verging round the eastern head of the promontory, suddenly entered a blue little haven, with a blue sky overhead, and all surrounded with broken precipices, tinted green and yellow with various kinds of lichens, whilst between them, as if planted carelessly by nature, were clumps of orange-trees covered with golden fruit. To the right, a vast rock, almost entirely clothed with ivy and other creepers, rose in a succession of terraces to the foot of the tower that gives its name to the promontory; and a little further in, near a piece of clear beach, with some boats pulled up here and there, were a couple of ruinous-looking houses. They landed in front of them in a few minutes, five or six stout young men being ready to carry the passengers through the shallow water. Immediately afterwards the boat pulled away, and Signor Pipo led the way to his house, which Mr Buck persisted in calling a prison, but of which he did the honours in truly aristocratic style. The young men, two of whom were married, and occupied the adjoining dwelling-place, were introduced as 'honest' fishermen—Pipo smiled when he said 'honest'—but it was evident that this was a smuggling station; and if the police had made a descent that very moment, they would have found a dozen bales or so piled in the ground-floor-chamber without any attempt at disguise.

Although Angela had by this time grown pretty well accustomed to her male attire, she was evidently marvellously relieved at finding some women, however humble, with whom she could spend her time. In less than an hour after their arrival, Walter found her covered with a large black mantilla, for which she had struck a bargain, taking lessons in spinning from the dark-eyed Katerina, one of Pipo's daughters-in-law. She seemed happy in thus reasserting her feminine character: 'My thoughts are less wild and anxious,' she said, 'whilst my fingers are occupied.'

Mr Buck, impatient to ascertain whether he was a freeman or not, after wandering with his hands in his pockets up and down the beach for a few minutes, resolutely took the direction of a long flight of steps, that zigzagged up the face of the rock in the direction of the tower. He had scarcely put his foot on the first

step, when Jacopo, a huge fellow, eldest son of Pipo, placed himself, with a prodigious smile that seemed to disclose a double complement of teeth, in his way. It would be very fatiguing, he observed, to climb that rock. Mr Buck averred that his legs were stout—a proposition that Jacopo had no intention of denying; but he was evidently quite resolved to dispute the passage. The worthy Englishman became as red as a boy 'kept in' at school for bad-behaviour, clenched his fists, and set his teeth; but Jacopo's smile did not relax, and he felt it would be unwise to strike him.

'Decidedly, Mr Masterton,' exclaimed he savagely, returning to where Walter was preparing to enjoy a nap in one of the boats drawn up on the sand—'decidedly we are prisoners.'

'We must take matters as they come,' replied Walter, endeavouring to bring his companion to the same philosophical mood with himself; for he felt that resistance in the actual position of affairs would be both foolish and useless. His mind, however, was not unoccupied. There remained but a dozen days for the completion of their undertaking; and he was resolved, that if Spada shewed any hesitation, he would act by himself, be the consequence what it might.

The day passed slowly by in this state of inaction. There lacked about two hours to sunset, when that quiet little nook seemed suddenly galvanised into excitement. Pipo's sons went running past the house towards the steps leading to the tower, and a voice falling from an immense height could be heard hailing them. Walter made out a man standing on the edge of the precipice far above.

'We, too, have a right to know what is the matter,' exclaimed he; and followed by Mr Buck, began also to scale the steps. There was no one to oppose them, and they soon arrived breathless at the summit, and joined the group of smugglers, who noticed not their coming, but all gazed out towards the west at a scene which seemed to interest them deeply. As soon as partly from what they saw, partly from the exclamations of Pipo and his sons—the two Englishmen understood what was taking place, they, too, felt as if all their hopes were to be extinguished ere the sun went down.

The *Filippa* was again chased by a large vessel, supposed to be the *Re Ferdinando*; but without the same chance of escape as in the open sea. She was steering, with all sails set as before, within a mile of the rocky shore; whilst the enemy, much further out, but nearly on a level, and evidently with the advantage of a fresher breeze, seemed to make quite sure of catching her ere she could round the promontory.

Walter thought the case was desperate, especially since every cable's length brought the *Filippa's* head more round to the wind as she followed the curve of the shore; but Pipo seemed not quite to have abandoned all hope. 'Giacomo is there—Giacomo is there!' murmured he, in answer to the despairing exclamations of his sons.

'They will cross her in the pass,' cried Jacopo.

'Perhaps not,' said Pipo.

Walter now, for the first time, noticed that the two vessels were separated by a long line of breakers, extending from within a few hundred yards of the extreme point of the promontory far along the coast—further than he could see; and he was not long in understanding upon what manœuvre Pipo based his hopes. Apparently with a purpose, the *Filippa* had slackened her speed as she neared the pass, and allowed the *Re Ferdinando*, distant above a mile out at sea, to draw considerably ahead. The sailors on board the enemy could be seen crowding along the bulwarks, probably quite certain of their prey. But suddenly Pipo shouted: 'I knew it—I knew it!'

The *Filippa*, which it was almost within hail many hundred feet below, seemed for a moment a confused



mass of fluttering canvas. She put about with admirable rapidity; and receiving the favourable breeze in her immense spread of sail, went swiftly gliding back by the way she had come. The *Re Ferdinando*, taken by surprise, performed a similar manœuvre, more slowly and more clumsily; and by the time she had steadily resumed the chase again, had lost at least half a mile.

'Hurra!' cried Mr Buck; 'she is safe.'

'We must not be too sure of that,' said Pipo, shaking his head. 'The trick was finely done—quite worthy of Giacomo; but whether he can get out to sea through the other pass, this old man—pointing to himself—has his doubts.'

The sun was by this time shining fiercely in a glowing sky above the western horizon; and the waters, through which the *Filippa* ploughed, were all speckled with golden spots of light. By degrees she grew smaller and dimmer; and when at length the sun set, was only a speck at the other extremity of the great curve or bay. She had not, however, maintained her reputation for speed. The *Re Ferdinando*, being further out, had a better breeze probably, and no fear of sunken rocks. She was now, at any rate, near enough to fire a shot, for a faint boom came across the waters. Another, and another followed. Walter's eye had grown dim with fatigue. The *Filippa* more than once escaped from his gaze. At length he could not find her at all; though there, most distinctly, was the *Re Ferdinando*, moving like a small shadow in the twilight towards the shore. 'I have stared till I am half-blind,' said he.

'No,' replied Pipo solemnly; 'the *Filippa* has gone down. May the Holy Virgin smile with mercy on the souls of those who were on board!'

As he uttered these words, the old man bent his knees upon the rock, and all his sons imitated his example. There was still sufficient light on that lofty place—although the sea looked dim and vapoury, and darkness had gathered in the haven below—for Walter and his companion to distinguish the deeply pious expression which had come over the faces of Pipo's sturdy and uncouth family; and it was rather from an irresistible sympathy, than from any motives of policy, that they, too, knelt at the foot of the old tower on that wind-beaten promontory, and prayed for the souls of all those who might have perished with the unfortunate *Filippa*.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THOUGH war is the absorbing topic, our learned and scientific societies re-opened their sittings with something like the usual gentle excitement among the savans and philosophers who make up the weekly gatherings. In some few instances there is a little departure from the even tenor of the way of science, by eager endeavours to press experimental knowledge into the service of war—endeavours of which we are to hear more by and by; but for the most part, our scientific men are pursuing their accustomed course. The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society on St Andrew's Day was more than usually interesting, as the Earl of Rosse delivered his last annual address to the assembled Fellows, and resigned his office of president, greatly to their regret. Indeed, his lordship's withdrawal from the chair is regarded as a loss by the whole scientific community. He closed his presidency with a worthy distribution of the medals, which rank the highest among scientific honours. The two Royal Medals were adjudged to Doctors Hoffmann and Hooker—to the one, for his researches in organic chemistry; to the other, for his botanical investigations and discoveries. The award of the Rumford

Medal has universal approval: it was given to Dr Arnott, for his smokeless grate and his important improvements in heating and ventilation. We are the more gratified in recording this recognition of the doctor's services, as he has always made a free gift to the public of his discoveries. They are being recognised in another way by Lord Palmerston: he has had the smokeless grate fixed in a number of the government offices, where they are found to answer admirably. After this, we can but hope the Home Secretary will continue his prosecution of the smoke-producers until the atmosphere of London shall be de-fulginated. But to conclude our remarks on the Royal Society: the Copley Medal is awarded to Professor Johann Müller of Berlin, for his researches in physiology and comparative anatomy; Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, is elected one of the secretaries—a fact on which the Fellows may congratulate themselves—and Lord Wrottesley takes the place of the Earl of Rosse. We could wish to stop here; but the loss to the society by the decease of such men as Wallich, Newport, Professor Edward Forbes, to say nothing of many others, is too serious to be passed over without this mention.

The calculating-machine we noticed in a few words last month, turns out to be a more complete and important instrument than was at first believed. The inventor, Mr Scheutz of Stockholm, has, in conjunction with his son, brought it to perfection after twenty years' continuous labour, the younger of the two having first conceived the idea from reading an article on Mr Babbage's invention in the *Edinburgh Review*. The Swedish machine will calculate the powers of bi-quadratic equations, the logarithms for falling bodies from different heights, for projectile forces, tables of sines, &c.—and all by the slow motion of a winch turned by hand. And what is more, it stereotypes the columns of figures after having calculated them. In all previous machines, the carryings have proved a hitch; but in this of Mr Scheutz, the movements experience no check, so beautifully are the several parts combined. It occupies rather more space than a cabinet pianoforte, and can be made for £200. Mr Babbage's cost the public about £17,000, and was never finished.

Admirably ingenious as this calculating-machine is, we do not see that its manufacture for sale is likely to be profitable; for who will buy it? One or two in each of our largest cities would suffice to calculate all the tables that actuaries, public companies, or astronomers, are ever likely to want. But in saying this, let us not be supposed to depreciate the invention, which is certainly a most remarkable piece of mechanism, and highly honourable to the constructors.

Mr Dobell has called the attention of the Royal Society to gelatine paper as a medium for colouring light, likely to be useful in many employments, and in cases of weak sight. This kind of paper, which was first invented at Rouen in 1829, is now produced in great perfection; it is highly transparent, and in sheets measuring sixteen inches by twenty-two, but can be made, if required, of the dimensions of the largest plate-glass. These sheets, moistened with a solution of gelatine, may be stuck on the panes of a window, and thus change the light admitted to any required colour. A green light, falling on the white silk made up by dress-makers, deprives it of all its painful glare; in the same way, yellow silk is made to appear green by a blue light, as has been proved by actual experiment, and it is attended with the happiest effects. Jewellers who have tried the green paper, say that when once accustomed to working in a coloured light, they find it greatly relieves their eyes. In reading, too, a sheet of the green paper laid on the page preserves weak eyes from being injured by the strong contrast of black and white, and enables many to read with comfort who have been hitherto obliged by too susceptible vision

to abstain from books. Other applications of gelatine paper naturally suggest themselves: it may be used as screens and shades for many purposes; the glasses of spectacles may be coated with it; gardeners may use it in their conservatories; and the yellow will probably be taken into their service by photographers. By the addition of a small quantity of acetate of alumina during the process of manufacture, the gelatine paper becomes weather-proof, just as linen or woollen cloth is rendered waterproof by the same chemical substance. Before passing from this subject, we may add that zinc white paper, a recent adaptation, is coming more and more into use, being found particularly suitable for copper-plate engravings and lithographs, as also for memorandum-books. Oxide of zinc seems likely to have a wider application.

We mentioned, some months ago, the offer by the Agricultural Society of a £4000 prize for 'a manure equal in fertilising properties to Peruvian guano,' to sell at £5 a ton, and be forthcoming in any quantity: 143 competitors have answered the call, and from other countries as well as the United Kingdom. However, before making the award, the Council of the Agriculturals intend to test the compounds sent in with scrupulous care, so as to protect the members from all chance of fraud or error. Professor Way reports more adulterated manures in the market now than ever; some specimens of guano advertised as 'genuine' which he has tested, contain rather less than one-fourth of real guano; all the rest is rubbish in disguise. In their list of prizes for 1855, the Society offer forty sovereigns for the best essay 'On the Causes of Fertility and Barrenness in Soils,' twenty sovereigns for the best 'On Artificial Manures, and the Principles of their Application,' twenty 'For the best Account of Artificial Food,' and twenty for the best 'On the Prevention of Mildew in Corn Crops.' These subjects, which are in addition to the series on farming in counties, indicate the mode in which agriculture seeks to profit by science; and it is in this relation that we call attention to them. The present condition of political affairs is such as to make the supply-of-food question especially interesting.

In this view, we may fitly say a few words here about the Chinese yams, on which for some few months past careful experiments have been made in the garden of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick. Some are grown under glass, others in the open air, and so far with favourable results. These roots were sent over from the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and as they have long been cultivated in China, it is believed they will more readily take to their new situation than yams, and that they may thus become a valuable substitute for, or supplement to, the potato. M. Decaisne says, in reporting on the plant to the Académie, it has been 'domesticated from time immemorial; is perfectly hardy in this climate [Paris]; its root is bulky, rich in nutritive matter, eatable in the raw state, easily cooked, either by boiling or roasting, and has no flavour but that of fecula. It is as much a ready-made bread as the potato, and is superior to the *batatas*, or sweet potato.' The plants under cultivation at Chiswick are of the species known as *Dioscorea batatas*, or potato yam; they grow with vigorous runners, which have some resemblance to our common black bryony. We have no wish to see people content themselves with yams instead of bread; but as adding to the ordinary supplies of food, we do wish success to the Horticultural Society's experiments on yams.

The prospect of increased silk-culture, which we have mentioned more than once, becomes still more promising. Sir William Reid, governor of Malta, states in a dispatch to the Colonial Office, that the silk-worm, *Bombyx cynthia*, introduced from Assam, is

now acclimated and thriving, and he sends specimens of its silk. Already the eggs have multiplied so as to allow of distribution: the Agricultural Society of Grenada, West Indies, have asked for a supply, and are going to try them; and in Piedmont the new worms have proved themselves as productive and industrious as in their native country. Signor Griseri, and some of the nobility, have met with such success with the Assamese worm, that they are now experimenting on the native Italian grubs which feed on the leaves of the willow and lettuce. 'Where is the limit to be placed,' observes the *Turin Gazette*, when the object is nothing less than to convert the vegetable matter of the most common leaves into the valuable substance of silk?'

The great fact in relation to this new *Bombyx* is, that its food is the castor-oil plant, *Palma christi*, and not the mulberry, and that plant can be produced in warm countries in any quantity. Our allies on the other side of the Channel are busying themselves with it; they have naturalised the worm at Algiers, and find it to be one that keeps them fully employed, for the eggs are hatched very soon after they are laid, and the second generation of worms comes into work in about nine weeks, and so on all the year round. Owing to the cocoons having a hole in the end by which the grub escapes, the silk cannot be reeled off in the usual way, but is stripped off and carded. A trial is to be made in Algiers as to whether an acre of mulberry or an acre of the castor-oil plant is the more profitable; the latter produces leaves in abundance. The Museum of Natural History at Paris is distributing eggs of the new silk-worm to any sericulturists willing to give it a trial. Talking of cocoons, those recently described by M. Guérin Ménéville throw all others into the shade. One or two specimens have been sent to him from Madagascar, which are nearly two feet in length, spun not by a single individual, but a whole colony of worms. And this is not the only surprising gift to European naturalists from the great African island; for the shell of an egg laid by one of its gigantic birds has been received: it holds nearly ten quarts!

As if to prepare for the promised increase, experiments have been made on the preparation of silk at Manchester, from which the conclusion is come to, that it would be better to import silk in cocoons, than in hanks and bales as at present. The saving in cost and labour would be considerable, for there is much to be undone in imported silk before it can be made ready for reeling; while the new machinery reels off and produces a thread ready for the weaver at one operation.

The Photographic Society are making arrangements for another exhibition, to be held in January, when they hope to shew satisfactory advancement in the artistic as well as the mechanical branch of their art—the one by copies from nature, the other by copies from negatives. That life-size portraits can now be taken, and that a legible copy of the *Times* can be produced on a plate but little more than two inches square, are certainly demonstrations of progress. The *Paper versus Collodion* question is not yet settled; as the discussion terminated on the possibility of producing coloured pictures. Bequerel still maintains his views, and pursues his researches. The Boston (Massachusetts) Society of Natural History have had photographs taken of an interesting slab impressed with the fossil footmarks of extinct birds, and are distributing them among naturalists, to whom they will be more valuable than any hand-drawing, as when examined by the microscope, every mark is as distinctly seen as in the original slab, so perfectly does the sun bring out even the minutest particulars. Then, we see that gutta serena has been successfully used as a mould in the electrotype process: an engraver at Paris having to engrave a physical map of Spain in seven divisions, prepared

one plate, from which he took moulds in gutta-percha, and on these the electrotypes plates were deposited in ten days, and at one-third of the ordinary expense. Gutta-percha, too, is much used now in the manufacture of what are called *bronzes d'art*.

Two more small planets have been discovered by the French astronomers, and added to the already numerous list by the names of Pomona and Polhymnia; and the Washington Observatory has made its first planetary discovery in Euphrosyne, another of the same group. This makes up the number to thirty-four; and there is every reason to believe that more will yet be found, seeing that science is continually availing herself of new aids and appliances. M. Bernard, of Bordeaux, has invented a new polarimeter, which, by a remarkably ingenious contrivance, enables the observer to note the polarisation of the atmosphere with greater exactitude than by any other instrument used for the purpose, and to measure with ease and certainty the amount of polarised light contained in any given ray. He has also constructed a refractometer and a photometer, which, as well as the other, have excited the admiration of the most distinguished physicists of Europe. Solar light, when examined by means of these instruments, is found to be simple and not multiple, as some have believed—the prismatic spectrum not being composed of superposed rays. Thus, the highest theories of optics are illustrated by contrivances beautifully simple.

Many persons will remember the discussion that took place after the burning of the noble steam-ship *Amazon* at sea, concerning the use of steam in extinguishing fire: vapour of water was shown to be more effectual in accomplishing the object than water itself. It gives us pleasure to be able to tell of a practical result. In France, the *Préfet du Nord* has issued an order to all the distilleries within his department, requiring them to be provided with flexible tubes and pipes communicating with the boiler, so that in case of fire a jet of steam may be at once directed on the flames in whatever part of the building they break out. We should be glad to see the example followed in large manufacturing establishments in this country.

Among the 'subjects for premiums' just published by the Institution of Civil Engineers, we find—'An Inquiry into the Causes which have hitherto prevented the asserted High Speeds of Steam-navigation on the American Rivers from being arrived at in England;' 'The best Methods of reducing the Temperature of the Engine and Boiler Room of Steam-vessels, and of preventing the Danger arising from the Overheating of the Base of the Funnel;' 'Improvements in the Manufacture of Iron for Rails and Wheel Tyres;' 'Improvements in the Construction of Railway Carriages and Wagons, with a view to the Reduction of the Gross Weight of Passenger-trains;' 'The Drainage and Sewerage of Large Towns;' 'Improvements in the System of Lighting by Gas.' The list, from which these instances are taken, comprises forty-nine subjects, all of the same practical and useful nature—all contributory to national welfare. Let those who are able try their best, for never was there a time when such services could be more acceptable.

A method of discovering leaks in gas-pipes deserves to be noticed: the tap at the main being closely shut, air is to be forced in at the other end by means of a small condensing-pump, until it is heard wheezing or whistling as it escapes from the faulty place in the pipe, and thus indicates where repair is wanted. An individual at Rochester, state of New York, converts iron ore 'directly into steel' by heating to a white heat in a retort, and then treating it in the usual way. Another in Pennsylvania has invented what he calls a 'self-waiting dining-table,' which by means of an endless band, kept in motion underneath the table by any power applied to the crank, moves a number of 'guiding

carriers' on the table top, and keeps them constantly going up one side and down the other with all the dishes, castors, decanters, &c., that may be required. The great hotels, where some three or four hundred sit down to dinner, should try it.

The Greek fire, or an equivalent, is revived. M. Blanche, an industrious chemist of Puteaux, near Paris, has discovered a liquid which, flung on water, blazes furiously, and with intense heat, for five minutes. Being of a dense quality, it does not spread immediately, but confines its energy to one place. He has another liquid to fire straw and similar combustibles by a mere sprinkling, and which, if thrown on a floor mingled with water, instantly produces suffocating vapours; or when mixed up with a certain powder, explodes violently at the end of fifteen minutes. The French government are considering whether these compounds can be employed in the war.

Apropos of the war: as a good deal has been said about the climate of the Crimea, we may observe that, in Professor Dove's isothermal maps, the line of equal winter cold for January passes through Stockholm and the Crimean country a little to the north of Perekop. Our army may, therefore, have to endure the temperature of a Swedish winter; and that is quite cold enough.

#### INDIAN LIFE IN CANTONMENT.

I HAVE no thrilling adventures or startling incidents to relate; nothing but the details of our everyday life, which, thanks to good government, and the pacific character of the natives in these parts, is quiet enough. Our last dispatches would tell you of our 'fitting.' We were just beginning to settle down comfortably in our new bungalow at V—, and had got everything nice about us. We had been walking in the garden, admiring the growth of our peace, and congratulating ourselves—short-sighted mortals as we are—on being at last in a home of our own, after all our ups and downs. I had just gone in to put on my bonnet for our evening drive, and the carriage was at the door, when in rushed D— in a state of excitement, with a 'circular' from the colonel in his hand, saying: 'We are ordered off to Cuttack forthwith.' What a surprise! However, a soldier must always be ready for the march, and so must a soldier's wife. Military life in India is more of a pilgrimage than anything else. We never rest long at one station. Such bustle and confusion there was in our little cantonment the next few days, I could scarcely describe to you. Furniture packing; hackeries, bullocks, and coolies bespeaking; bearers hiring; and all the numberless arrangements required for a long march—for we had 400 miles to travel before reaching our new station. Well, within a week of the order, we were all *en route*, bag and baggage.

This being my first march with the regiment, it had all the charm of novelty, and I really enjoyed it. The season was cool, and the mornings and evenings particularly agreeable. I travelled in my palanquin; D— rode. Perhaps you would like to know how we got on? Very early in the morning, long before dawn, the sound of the bugle rouses the camp, and the hum of voices is heard from the *sepoys'* lines. A cup of coffee is always ready before starting. Then on we go—ten, twelve, or fourteen miles—to the next halting-place, where the tents are pitched. An encampment is a very pretty sight, particularly when the scenery around is picturesque: the white tents gleaming among the foliage of the banyan, mango, and tamarind trees, and a large tank or pond close by. These tanks are an invariable adjunct to a good halting-place, and are often exceedingly pretty, with long flights of steps leading to the water. We generally remained in our tents during the day, till three o'clock, when we all assembled in the mess-tent for dinner—officers and ladies, I mean. In the evening,



we formed parties for walking, and exploring any pretty spot in the neighbourhood, and then often met at each other's tents for tea and a chat, 'camp fashion,' which being interpreted, means each one bringing his own chair, cup and saucer, knife and plate, &c.; for in travelling, no one encumbers himself with more things than are absolutely necessary for number one. I was really sorry when our pleasant journey was over; but we were all delighted with the appearance of our new station. D— and I went to a friend's house, till we could secure one of our own. The quarters of officers are not, with us, as with European regiments, portioned out to each officer; but all are at liberty to choose their own abode, only keeping within the cantonment, and frequently the youngest ensign has a larger and better bungalow than his colonel.

There was a good deal of good-humoured competition for the best houses; but at last everything was agreeably arranged, and we found ourselves installed in a most comfortable bungalow. They are very different here from what we had been accustomed to: the roof is thatched with straw, and slopes down very low, forming the veranda, which runs all round the house. This shades the rooms very pleasantly. Cuttack is a very neat-looking cantonment, not unlike an English village, the bungalows being ranged in a line, on either side of a good broad road. They each stand in a compound—our Indian lawn—separated by hedges from their neighbours. We have a garden attached to our bungalow, opening from the back veranda by a short flight of steps; at the foot, is a hedge of the magnificent cactus, or prickly pear, which would be so much prized in a hot-house at home; it was covered with white blossoms this morning when I went out early. I never saw anything more beautiful, and the perfume was almost overpowering. The bees seemed to think it as sweet as I did, for they were buzzing lovingly among the flowers. These, however, are so delicate, the heat of the sun soon makes them droop. The little garden is stocked with the most delicious mignonette, roses, verbena, and heliotrope, to say nothing of the Indian flowers, which are gorgeous in their colouring, though the double jessamine is the only fragrant one among them: it is pure white, and much prized by the natives as offerings to their gods. I have one small plant of English honeysuckle, which I watch over with great care; but I fear it is pining for its native soil, as it does not thrive well here. The exquisite *Horga Carnosa*, or honey-plant, grows in great luxuriance and beauty.

We have oranges, limes, shaddocks, plantains, guavas, pine-apples, and custard-apples; two peach-trees, from which we expect a few dozen peaches; and one fig-tree, which latter, however, does not look thriving. They require more care and better cultivation than the native gardeners are able to give them. We have several English vegetables just now, pease, cauliflower, turnips, carrots, &c.; but they leave us with the cold weather. I was tempted the other morning, during a solitary walk, by the appearance of the fruit of the prickly pear, which resembles a large purple plum; but I think this must have been the 'forbidden fruit,' so fatal to Mother Eve, for although wholesome and refreshing, it is covered with almost invisible prickles, which tormented my mouth the whole day.

*January.*—How do you think we pass our Christmas in the 'glowing East,' so pleasant a season at home? It is not a merry time with us here, but we try to make it as social as possible. This last Christmas-day I was up before the sun, and gathered such a bouquet of flowers, as I am sure you could not boast of in Scotland. On returning to the bungalow, we found wreaths of flowers hanging in all directions, over every doorway and window, round the punkas, and twining round the pillars of the veranda. On the breakfast-table were presents of cakes, plantains, and oranges; and these

kept pouring in all day. Natives, however, have rather curious ideas of a gift; for I remember on one occasion, a servant presented us with a cake, and on looking over the accounts shortly after, I found among the items, 'Present to master—one cake, one rupee!' The day passed much as usual; there were a good many visitors; and the salutation, 'A merry Christmas to you,' was often heard, though it sounded rather incongruous, and was echoed by many a sigh. In the evening, I strolled about the garden and compound, and then went to dress for the Christmas dinner at the mess-house, where we were all to meet at half-past seven o'clock—the usual Indian dinner-hour. There was a large party, every one in the station being invited. We sat down, between thirty and forty, to the sound of *O the Roast Beef of Old England*, played by our band. The mess-house was beautifully decorated with flags and arms, well arranged, and intermingled with wreaths of flowers, forming really an imposing sight. The dinner was as English as roast-beef, mince-pies, and plum-pudding could make it; but how different the scene from what is presented in England! The punka swinging over our heads; doors and windows wide open; and black faces, in long white robes, attending! After dinner the band played, and the music continued during the whole evening. There was dancing in one room, and some of the gay ones kept it up to a late hour; but we, being among the sober set, retired early, and so ended our Christmas-day. According to regimental custom, our band played the old year out and the new year in. They march through the whole cantonment, playing for an hour or more. The music has a solemn and not unpleasant sound in the stillness of the night; some of the airs cannot but touch the chord of memory.

We have a number of missionaries here, most excellent people, who do much good, and also a chaplain from the Bengal government. The church is cool and comfortable; there are three punkas going all the time of service, and our band plays the psalm tunes. Everything in a military cantonment is done to the sound of the bugle: we get up in the morning, go to dinner and to church, at bugle-blow. It sounds for the last time at eight o'clock in the evening, and after that the sepoy is not allowed to quit their lines without leave, and every one passing the sentries is challenged. It is pleasant to hear this challenge on a still, quiet night, in returning from dining out, or spending the evening with a friend. The 'Who goes there?' of the sentry; the response, 'Friend!' and then the rejoinder, 'Pass, friend—all's well!' and the clank of the musket as the sentry recovers arms, have to me a charming and musical sound.

I must tell you of a fright I got the other night in D—'s absence. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a heavy breathing close to my bed, and starting up in alarm, was by no means reassured when I saw a huge figure within a yard of my bed. My light and the ayah were both in the next room; and on calling out for them, I discovered that the intruder, who stood quite still, was no other than a large Brahmin bull, which, finding some door open, had walked in to have a peep at the interior. Having gratified his curiosity, he walked off, composedly enough, the way he came in, making some remarks to himself in a few snorts and grunts. These Brahmin bulls are the pest of our cantonment. They are privileged creatures, and go where they like; they are held sacred by the natives, and no one dare destroy them. A gentleman killed one here a few years ago, and the Brahmins rose en masse, and demanded justice. The prejudices of the natives being much humoured by the government, the unlucky bull-destroyer had to pay a heavy fine. At Juggernaut, that stronghold of Indian priestcraft, neither cow, calf, nor bull is allowed to be killed; so that beef is there an unknown commodity.

The pilgrims who resort to Juggernaut pass through

this station in thousands; many of them die on the road from starvation and fatigue. There is a pilgrim hospital here, supported by government, where these poor creatures may find relief, and be enabled to pursue their way. Rice is given to all who will receive it; but many refuse to eat what is not cooked by one of their own caste. I have seen the poorest beggar refuse a loaf of bread. Some, you may have heard, more infatuated than others, think to reap a richer reward by measuring their length on the ground, every inch of their journey, which perhaps is hundreds of miles. This I once witnessed myself, and the sight of the poor creature, covered with dust, worn out and emaciated to a shadow, left a most painful impression on my mind.

We went down to the Bazaar this morning, to see the manufacture of the silver ornaments for which this place is celebrated, and which were so much admired at the Great Exhibition. It is, indeed, wonderful to see the jewellers sitting on the ground in their little huts, fashioning those light and delicate silver roses, with their awkward-looking instruments. Their supple fingers and long nails seem to do as much service as their tools. A dish of heated charcoal stands by them, which they frequently apply to. These native workmen can copy and imitate most exactly, but have no inventive genius.

*July.*—The 'hot season,' truly so called, is now over for the present year, and the rains fairly set in, which enables me to resume my pen. Description can give you very little idea of the intense heat we have experienced. We have been existing, but not living to any purpose. From sunrise to sunset, our rooms were closed to every breath of air from without, which was like that of a heated furnace. Within doors, punkas and *thermantidotes* kept us alive, with the assistance of pale ale, cooled by means of saltpetre; for we are too far inland to indulge in the luxury of ice. We used to long for sunset as you do for a sunshiny day, for we were scarcely able to breathe freely till the fiery orb sunk below the horizon; then doors and windows were thrown open, and we ventured out into the veranda to enjoy the sea-breeze, which comes from a distance of forty miles. Some few dreadful days we had when there was no sea-breeze, nothing but the hot sand-winds day and night, making the air scorch even after sunset. You need not envy us our Indian summer: winter, it might in one respect with more propriety be called, for vegetation seems at a stand-still, and every blade of grass withers. There was something very oppressive in the perfect stillness of these hot days. One longed for some sound to break the deathlike repose: all nature seemed asleep; and it was not till the shades of evening began to fall, that the animal world seemed to awake; and then, to be sure, they did their best to atone for their unwonted silence! This has been an unusually hot season, the natives say: several coolies have been struck dead in crossing the dry bed of the river; and a large flock of monkeys, which came down in search of water, perished on the burning sands.

The rains commenced about the middle of June, heralded by dust-storms, and by dreadful thunder and lightning. The crash of these thunder-storms is terrific, and yet magnificent. The air is now cool and pleasant; all nature has revived, and looks green and smiling. We sit in the veranda frequently, watching the river, which is rapidly rising, and will soon fill its basin. The boats begin to ferry across, which is a very amusing sight. They are large and clumsy things; sometimes two are fastened together, crowded with natives, bullocks, and bullock-carts. We had a pretty walk this morning to the Old Fort, which was once a place of considerable strength, but is now going to ruin. It is surrounded by the remains of a lofty wall, and a deep ditch, swarming with alligators.

I do not think you would enjoy living on our free-and-easy terms with animated nature. The sparrows

build their nests in the drawing-room, and the crows hop on to the breakfast-table, and help themselves to bread. Dozens of frogs are squatted behind doors, and in every available corner, where they remain during the heat of the day; at night, they hop out to their nocturnal concert, always returning at day-dawn. Musk-rats flit about from room to room, uttering, if alarmed, a shrill squeak. Centipedes are to be found in the damp corners of the bathing-rooms, and occasionally a cobra di capella pays a visit to one's bedroom. There was one killed in mine a short time ago. But these formidable inmates do not cause me nearly so much annoyance as the ants and mosquitoes, which there is no possibility of destroying. The ants are particularly troublesome, as everything eatable has to be guarded from their attacks by placing the feet of tables and presses in dishes of water. The veranda has its inhabitants too. Owls and bats take refuge in its corners during the day, and fly out at dusk; and occasionally the chattering minah builds its nest in a quiet corner. The active little lizard is always on the alert, watching for its prey. They destroy mosquitoes, and are consequently great friends of mine. The Brahminese lizard is a beautiful little creature, exquisitely marked with shades of gray, and a red tail. It is very timid, and seldom seen. I wonder if my young friends at home have ever read an account of the mason-wasp. We have numbers of them here, and I have often amused myself lately with watching them. The insect is not unlike our wasp in shape—the same long body and slender waist, but of a pale-brown colour, instead of yellow and black livery. It first selects some spot for its nest—very often the side of a chair or couch, the edge of a book or picture, or some ornament on the table that takes its fancy. Then it brings to this spot little balls of earth, and begins to build. Its nest, when finished, is about the size of a thrush's egg: a small opening is left, and the eggs deposited. Then Mrs Wasp flies off, and returns with a living green caterpillar, which she intombs in this house of hers. Out and in she goes till about a dozen of these unfortunate victims are secured within. Then the hole is filled up, and neatly plastered over; and no one would guess, to look at this little knob of earth, that living caterpillars are pent within. It is supposed they are to serve as food for the young when they come out of the egg.

*October.*—We have just returned from a visit to a curious old place, eighteen miles from this, which I think you will like to hear about. D— had obtained leave of absence for ten days during the Dusserah, a Hindoo festival, which we thought could not be better employed than in visiting the ancient remains of Bhobanesswar, or 'Land of God.' Accordingly, we entered our palanquins one fine morning at three o'clock. We passed through the bazaar, and soon found ourselves on the banks of the river, which we crossed in a large flat-bottomed boat. Such a piece of business it was getting our palanquins into the boats, and such a Babel of voices! Once fairly on the road, on we went very quickly. On approaching Bhobanesswar, the scene became every moment more singular. Ruins and temples met the eye at every turn, half hidden by the thick jungle. On reaching our tents, which had been sent on the day previous, and leaving the palanquin, I was struck mute with astonishment at the scene before me. It seemed as if I had been set down in the midst of ancient Babylon. But how shall I describe it? It is almost impossible to convey by writing an adequate idea of the view. Wherever the eye rested, there were temples; and the difficult thing is to give you a true picture of these temples. Your fancy may already have conjured up Grecian architecture, marble pillars, and so forth; but not so is the Hindoo temple. Exquisite as is the carving, there is nothing classic about its exterior. On the

contrary, the only thing I can think of comparing it to in form is an inverted jelly-glass. A sort of rude porch in front is the invariable entrance, ascended by steps, and guarded on each side by the figure of a lion or a griffin. Our tents were pitched on a rising-ground, among some ruins, and facing the 'Bida Sagur,' a magnificent ruined tank, surrounded by large and small temples or pagodas. Mounds of earth, and massive stone-work in all directions, seemed to indicate that the place must have been at some early period an immense city. According to the traditions of the natives, these temples, 999 in number, were built before the time of our Saviour by a great rajah, who ruled the land.

It is very pleasant living in tents in the cool season. We found it warm during the day, but the nights were always agreeable. We used to hear the growling of bears around us at night, the sharp cry of the hyæna, and the howl of the jackal; but although these animals might have entered the tent at their pleasure, we never felt alarmed. Our only protection was a little terrier-dog, and a light always burning inside. The natives said that tigers were often seen, and carried off many of their bullocks. We used to rise early and take long walks and rides. The morning air was peculiarly fresh and delightful; and there was so much shade, we could remain a long time out before feeling the sun too powerful. We came upon many beautiful spots, where, I believe, European feet had never before trodden. Every now and then, a ruin, half hidden among the thick foliage, came suddenly on our view; some of the small tanks were very picturesque; they were covered with the sacred lotus, of which there are many varieties—the pure white, with its yellow calyx; the bright red; and prettiest of all, those tinged with pale pink, like a soft blush on a pure cheek. They look most lovely among their broad green leaves floating on the dark and quiet water. Wherever we went, we saw temples in various stages of decay, but each one seemed more beautiful than its neighbour, so diversified and wonderful were the architecture and carving.

The large tank opposite our tents was lighted up at night, which had an extremely pretty effect. It was very pleasant to sit in the evening at the door of the tent, watching these lights dancing up and down, and reflected in the calm water; and by moonlight the scene was really beautiful. I love to dwell on these days. The life we led was so primitive—so truly enjoyable—that we were quite sorry when our little holiday ended, and we were obliged to return to head-quarters, and bid adieu to this wonderful and interesting spot.

#### LONDON.

Oh it was such a dream by daylight—such a dream, and yet so true! All was so little, and I was still the same! All the streets were millions of dolls' houses; and along the streets little specks, moving—moving, sometimes in twos and threes, and then altogether, in one long, black, gliding thread. And then the cattle and the horses! I felt that I could take up the biggest of them, like shrew-mice, in my fingers—look at 'em, and set 'em down again. And then the smoke! the beautiful smoke! Oh in millions of silver feathers it came from the chimneys up and up; and then somehow joined in one large shining sheet; and went floating, floating, over houses and church-steeples, with hundreds of golden weathercocks glittering, glittering through! And then the river and the ships! The twisting water, shining like glass! And the poles of the ships, as close, and straight, and sharp, as rushes in a pond! And then, far off, the hills, the dear green hills; with such a stir below, and they so beautiful and still, as though they never heard, and never cared for the noise of London—a noise, that when we listened, hummed from below; hummed for all the world like a hundred humble-bees, all making honey, and all upon one bush!—*Jerrold's Heart of Gold.*

#### AMONG THE TOMBS.

'Ci rivedremo!'

'I THINK I never saw this place so fair'—  
For, entering, a sea of sunshine pale  
Rolled over us, and breaking on the edge  
Of an October rain-cloud, wide dispread  
In a great flood o'er all the land of graves.

'Look—those far headstones! How they seem to move  
Like lambs upon June meadows; or snow-sails  
Each scattered on the black main like a smile;  
Or groups of white-clad children, suddenly  
Upstarting in a sunny moor at play:  
You would not think this was a field of graves?'

Ah no! for with our footsteps entered Life—  
Life, staggering underneath her burden sore;  
Life, thrilling with strange touches on her heart;  
Life, with her sad eyes looking up to God;  
Life, with her warm hands clinging still to man;  
Life, blindfold, wondering, gay, despairing, glad,  
Gazing at Death with a soft ignorant smile,  
That said: 'What doest thou here?'

Alas, what dost thou here

Thou Terror—thou Divider? We'll the sun  
Walk meekly, saying unto Care: 'Go to!  
Thou art but one—we two;' and unto Pain,  
'God loves all those who suffer, doing no wrong;  
And Time, the equal-handed, levels all.'

Therefore, O Life, that laugh'st beside these tombs,  
Hiding behind the splendours grim of Death,  
As a child hides behind a murderer's robe;  
Therefore, O Death, that throwest thy garment cool  
And wide over this Life, who mania-wild  
Runs to and fro, and wrings her bleeding hands;  
O Life, the healer, sanctifier of Death,  
O Death, which art Life's end, and aim, and crown,  
Here be ye reconciled, like parted friends,  
Who, shrinking, feared to meet each other's brows,  
And read 'Foe' written there. Gaze long and calm,  
Like those who, gazing, know no possible hand  
Save that which looses all things, e'er can bind  
Them closer. And gaze tenderly, as those  
Who through all chance, all change of place or time,  
All glory, all dishonour, all delight,  
And all despair, walk constant night and day  
Each in the other's shadow—face to face—  
Waiting the supreme hour that makes of both  
(Life merged in Death, and Death in Life divine)  
An indivisible and perfect One,  
Married for ever.

#### NOTABILLIA OF PORTARLINGTON.

We learned two things before leaving Portarlington. One was, that Sterne's Le Fevre, whom he introduces with features of such pathos and beauty into the pages of his *Tristram Shandy*, was son to a Mr Le Fevre, a descendant of a settler here under the Marquis de Bouvigny. This gentleman was over one of the excellent French schools belonging to Portarlington, and actually had a son in the army, who died in the manner so affectingly related by Sterne. One other piece of information was, that the old Irish name for Portarlington, before Charles II. gave it to his minion, was Coolteetoodra—yes, actually Coolteetoodra!—alas, and by corruption, said 'my informant, Coolteetooder! The meaning, or English of this—thanks to my young friend Dryasdust—is, 'the corner surrounded by wood.' A sensible and expressive denomination enough; yet one cannot but smile at what might have been the ridicule cast upon Lord Arlington's Irish property with such a ridiculously-sounding name among the ~~Irish~~ courtiers of Charles II.; and the reason for the change of name is now evident.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Printed and Published by W. and E. CHAMBERS, 3 Bide's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 239 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 80 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 52.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

## AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

With the hope of maintaining a certain degree of interest in the subjects treated of in *Things as They are in America*, it was proposed to offer, from time to time, a few observations on such matters therewith connected as seemed to promise either information or amusement. Drawing from private notes, recollections, and files of American prints, I now throw together the first of these miscellaneous Jottings.

The newspaper-press struck me as one of the most remarkable things in the States—the cheapness, profusion, and variety of its products, the general eagerness for early intelligence, the free-and-easy, not to say slapdash, way in which topics are handled, were all novel and curious. It seemed to me that many things were made the subjects of newspaper paragraphs which would never get utterance in print in this country. For example, during my stay in New York, there appeared an article in one of the newspapers, descriptive of the religious views of the principal editors of that city. The following is this strange catalogue *raisonné* :—

**HERALD.**—Mr Bennett—Catholic Church. A very zealous paying member, and in favour of the trustees of every American Catholic chapel or church having the control of their property, instead of the clergy thereof.

**COURIER AND ENQUIRER.**—Gen. J. Watson Webb—Episcopalian, of the Low Church School, but devotedly attached to Bishop Wainwright, who is High Church.

**JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.**—Mr Hallock—A professor of the Congregational Church; spending his Sabbaths in New Haven, the head-quarters of Orthodox Calvinistic faith.

George B. Butler—Religious views believed to be similar to those of Thomas Suffern and James Boorman of the Presbyterian Church.

**SUN.**—Beach Brothers—Members of the Congregational or Presbyterian Church, but friends of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

**TRIBUNE.**—Horace Greeley—Universalist, Socialist, and "Come Outer;" not permanently fixed in his place of worship; but sometimes, in his old white coat, prays and exhorts in meetings.

Mr McElrath—Methodist; but inclined to the Episcopal Church.

Mr Dana.—Being opposed to Satan, and all his works, but sadly unsettled in his religious views.

Mr Snow—Wall Street Church; under the charge of Rev. Mr Bull.

Bayard Taylor—Travelling-preacher.

**TIMES.**—Mr Harper—Methodist Church, of which his father and uncles, the book and magazine publishers,

are exemplary members and class-leaders. Very pious—almost too much.

Mr Raymond—Professor in Rev. Dr Potts' church, of the Old School Presbyterians, but not very pious.

**NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.**—Rev. Chauncey C. Burr—Not at present attached to any regular church; but considered perfectly orthodox in his religious views, and opposed to Spiritual Rappings and the Cabinet.

**TRUE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.**—Mr Childs—Said to be inclined to Methodism, but more so to the Custom-house.

**COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.**—Francis Hall and Sons—Zealous members of the Methodist Church; the senior partner being a class-leader. Very respectable modern saints.

**EVENING POST.**—Mr Bryant—Bitterly believing Unitarian.

Mr Bigelow—Unknown, but said to be attached to the same church with John Van Buren; neither particularly holy, or considered saints.

**EVENING MIRROR.**—Mr Fuller—Religion unknown.

**EXPRESS.**—James Brooks—Attends the Episcopal Church; having similar views with regard to the questions dividing this church as those entertained by General James Watson Webb.

Erastus Brooks, the Senator-elect—Formerly Unitarian, but now of the Silver Grays, with the leaders of which he coincides in all important matters, whether in poetry, politics, or religion.

It was lately a matter of inquiry, how many of the newspapers of New York were taken daily by the members of the legislature of the state of New York. The result was, that the House of Representatives, consisting of 128 members, took 182 papers; and that the Senate, consisting of 32 members took 81 papers—total papers taken, 213. A pretty fair allowance this, independently of local journals.

It appeared that the paper most largely patronised was Greeley's, the *New York Tribune*, a print which advocates every kind of social improvement, and is conducted not only with much spirit as a vehicle of news, but in a gentlemanly and agreeable tone. Though fanatical in some points, this paper may be recommended to the notice of those in England who desire to have a good résumé of American news. The sale, in its various forms of daily, weekly, and semi-weekly, is enormous—the daily paper having a circulation of at least 100,000. The foreman of the press-room describes as follows what was lately done in the establishment in the space of thirty hours :—' We commenced at four o'clock A.M. on Thursday (October 26), and in thirty hours we had printed and mailed 182,400 copies of the *New York Tribune*. By far the largest

portion of the blank-paper was received during Thursday forenoon, and of course had to be wet and turned. Had this paper been all in one pile, it would have reached the height of seventy feet; and its weight when mailed would be about 22,800 pounds.' The *Tribune* consists of eight pages, about the size of the *Times*, and, though full of original writing, is sold for five cents—a cheapness accounted for by the large circulation and the total absence of fiscal imposts.

In looking over the files of this clever print, we observe valuable communications from correspondents in distant countries. It seems also to possess a wide circle of casual correspondents in the States, who communicate short notices of places to which it is desirable to draw particular attention. I subjoin two or three characteristic paragraphs of this kind. The first is dated from Newcastle, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, February 9, 1854.

'Newcastle and suburbs contain about 4000 inhabitants. It is situated in the forks a little above the junction of the Chenango and Neshanock, and in a rich agricultural region. We have also bituminous coal, iron ore, limestone, and many excellent water privileges, partially improved. We export annually over one million dollars' worth of iron, nails, castings, glass, oil, oil-cake, soap, candles, lard, butter, grain, pork, beef, &c. The country has an undulating surface, is well supplied with the purest water, and is blessed with a healthy, intelligent, moral and religious population. We have six or seven churches and places of worship, and five or six primary and one high school; in the latter, there are about five hundred pupils ordinarily taught, many in the classics, and room in the building for one or two hundred more. Three weekly newspapers are issued in the village; and on a fair vote, we beat the *rummies* [tavern-keepers]. In our village, we have in operation ten steam-engines, a large flouring-mill, a double saw-mill, two large foundries, an oil-mill, a plaster-mill, a large glass-house, a rolling-mill, which makes weekly above one hundred tons of railway iron; near one hundred nailing-machines; a very large rolling-mill, to make the nail-plate bar-iron, sheet-iron, &c.; and with one exception, I believe, we have the largest and most perfect blast-furnace in the commonwealth. Our facilities for travel, export and import, are on the increase. Plank-roads and railways are being built in aid of our canal now constructed. A railway to Pittsburg—to Blairsville, by way of Butler—to Erie and Cleveland, by way of Warren, Ohio—are in various stages of progress, and will doubtless be completed soon.' What a notion of a go-ahead country this single paragraph gives us!

The next notice is from Milford, in Massachusetts; and here we have a striking instance of the rapid rise of American towns. After some compliments touching the *Tribune*, the writer proceeds to say: 'This is a smart place, as your subscription-list will shew, as also will a few statistics. In 1837, the population was 1637; amount of business done, 229,200 dollars. In 1854, the population was over 7000. Number of buildings erected in 1853, 76—value of the same, 178,200 dollars. Number of boot manufactories, 40; pairs of boots made, 1,450,108—value of the same, 2,594,346 dollars. Number of firms engaged in mercantile business in 1853, 46—amount of business done by the same, 1,050,800 dollars. Amount of woollen manufactures, 235,000 dollars. Total business done in Milford in 1853, 4,103,348 dollars. There is but one town in this state that shews a larger increase of population in proportion to the number of inhabitants.' Well done Milford!

In the *Tribune* for March 14, occurs a pithy notice of a newly struck up town in the West: 'Mount Pleasant, Henry County, Iowa, has 1200 inhabitants, takes seventy-six weekly papers, has a fertile soil, an intelligent moral population, and don't allow a drop of

alcoholic liquor to be sold for beverage within her limits. If that place don't flourish, where is one that will?'

Just to shew the reading-habits of the Americans, we quote a few sentences from another of these notices. The place referred to is Portville, Cattaraugus County, New York: 'Portville is a small and comparatively new place, with two fine churches, two stores, and one temperance hotel. It contains 201 voters. The chief occupation of the inhabitants is lumbering. As the character of the inhabitants of a place may be indicated by the quality and quantity of matter which they read, I give you the number of papers and periodicals taken. There are 3 daily, 15 semi-weekly, 246 weekly, 22 semi-monthly, and 3 monthly papers; 31 monthly, and 17 semi-weekly magazines—making the sum-total of 16,462 numbers taken in a year.' Not bad for a place of yesterday, with only 1000 inhabitants. The correspondent spiritedly adds: 'All are good citizens, and I think will go for the Maine Law to a man, if they only have an opportunity.'

One of the drollest movements now going on in the United States, is that in favour of what are called the 'rights of woman,' regarding which, matters have gone a considerable length. In some of its features, this strange movement is not quite so ridiculous as is generally supposed. It appears to have originated from a well-founded impression that, at least in several states, the law which governs the marital relationship, and the mutual rights and obligations of husband and wife, is defective. For instance, a woman of industrious and orderly habits feels that it is hard that her whole earnings should be habitually squandered by a dissolute husband; hence the straining after a legal recognition of her independence of action in the marriage-state, or some other modification of the laws which bind her to what is often worse than the most wretched servitude. We can all sympathise in such aspirations; and if the contemplated reforms went no further, little would require to be said. But from less to more, the fair agitators have gone so far as to propose a thorough change in the long-recognised social position of females. From what can be gathered from newspaper reports, it appears that those who take part in this movement desire to see women come out of their domestic sphere, and take a part in public affairs and professional avocations. That they are entitled to enlist as soldiers, or to act as sailors, however, is not alleged: but that is perhaps coming.

Since the movement grew in width and favour, medical colleges have been established, where ladies may study and arrive at the dignity of a degree. At the annual meeting of a college of this kind in Philadelphia, in February last, the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred on several ladies, who are probably now practising their profession. It is chiefly, however, as respects political privileges that the movement for women's rights is now conducted; it being considered cruel that ladies do not possess the franchise as well as men, and that they are also excluded from the magistracy and senate. As every shade of opinion in America has its press, the Women's Right Movement is not behind in this important requisite. It is supported by several papers, one of which, called *The Liberator*, is published monthly at Providence, in Rhode Island. In the number of this paper for July, is an account of a convention of women, held at Boston on the 2d of June, where Lucy Stone, the great apostle of the cause, presided, supported by Dr Harriet K. Hunt. Lucy opened the proceedings with a short and rousing address, and concluded by moving certain resolutions. We give a few of these as a specimen of the whole:

'Resolved, That since "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," to withhold the right of suffrage from woman is a practical denial of this self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence. Resolved, That "taxation without

representation is tyranny." Resolved, That the political influence of woman is especially needful in this trial-hour of our country, now convulsed with passion and oppressed by force, and will be needed still more in the coming crisis; therefore resolved, That we will petition the several Legislatures, at every coming session, to call conventions for the purpose of amending their state constitutions, so that the right to vote shall not be limited to male citizens; and that women may be admitted to a full share in the political, executive, and judicial action of our country.

There is one resolution which Miss Stone has accidentally omitted, and we take the liberty of supplying it for next occasion: 'Resolved, That our coloured sisters should possess the same rights and privileges as ourselves, and that we shall not cease to agitate for the abolition of the laws and usages which exclude black and mulatto girls from white schools and churches.'

In another newspaper, is found an account of a 'Woman's Right Convention' at Albany, state of New York. 'Though the drizzling rain, ice, water, and mud in the streets kept the timid within doors, several hundred men and women were in attendance. Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, called the meeting to order, and nominated for president Mrs E. Stratton, of Seneca Falls, which nomination the Convention accepted. The Rev. Miss Brown, of the Business Committee, read a series of resolutions, setting forth, among other things, "That for men to govern women without consent asked or granted, is to perpetuate an aristocracy utterly hostile to the principles and spirit of free institutions, and that it is time for the people of the United States, and every state in the Union, to put away for ever that remnant of despotism and feudal oligarchy—the caste of sex. That the fundamental error of the whole structure of legislation and custom, whereby women are practically enslaved even in this Republic, is the preposterous fiction of the law—that in the eye of the law husband and wife are one person, that person being the husband; and that the final result is, that system of tutelage, mis-called protection, by which the industry of women is kept upon half-pay, their affections trifled with, their energies crippled, and even their noblest aspirations wasted away in vain efforts, ennui, and regret." The resolutions proceed at great length in this strain, and the editor of the *New York Herald* complains that the Convention have sent him a copy of an address to the Legislature "four columns long." Whereupon he remarks: "While these women are wasting time at Albany, nurses are wanted in every part of the country, at wages ranging from five to twenty-five dollars per month, according to capability. These women complain that they are deprived of their rights—have no opportunity of making money—and yet refuse to fill situations when offered." It is to be hoped that the agitators will take this tolerably significant hint.

Everybody has heard of the *Bloomer* epidemic, by which ladies were to assume a new-fangled costume, bearing a partial resemblance to male attire. As we have not heard anything of Bloomerism lately, and as I, at least, did not see any eccentricities of that kind during my excursion, the mania has probably expired. Latterly, indeed, it became too fervent even for its professed adherents. One of its votaries, Miss Mary B. Williams, went the length of declaring it proper for ladies to wear men's attire out and out. In an address which she issued on the subject, she says 'that women are entitled to wear what they like; and that, if the male part of the creation should find any trouble in determining our sex, let them quit shaving their faces, and the difficulty will be obviated.' She goes on to offer advice respecting the colour of ladies' coats and pantaloons; discommends 'all kinds of tawdry waistcoats; a buff cassimere vest, with plain gilt buttons, being eminently genteel.' She adds, as regards her own taste in dress, 'for walking, and riding, and driving,

she wears a blue sack-coat, buff vest, and drab pants—a suit which comes fully up to her idea of neatness and comfort combined.' I wish it had been my good-fortune to have had a glimpse of Miss Mary thus rigged out, just to have seen how far an extravagance, unregulated by taste and discretion, could be carried. Sheer idleness is, of course, at the root of these follies; and we agree with the editor of the *Herald*, that it would be more fitting for young women to occupy themselves in deeds of charity and mercy, than in troubling society with their vagaries.

One of the latest oddities connected with female affairs, is the public exhibition of babies. Baby-shows have taken place in one or two western localities, and as handsome prizes were awarded to the mothers of the finest-looking infants, it may be presumed that no little pride has been excited in the bosom of certain mammas. We fear, however, that baby-shows are not likely to become either permanent or widely-spread institutions in the States. It is mentioned in a Californian newspaper, that a proposed baby-competition at St Francisco had been abandoned.

Another novelty which has proved fully more attractive, is that of young ladies publicly competing in horsemanship. At what are called State Fairs—of which more anon—a ring is formed on the turf, and a dozen or more equestriennes, attired in smart hats and feathers, jackets and skirts, flourish off in presence of admiring crowds. These exhibitions have as yet been confined principally to the West and South; but are gaining favour in the Eastern cities, and will, like other fashions, run their course. Meanwhile, it is amusing to read the newspaper accounts of these competitions, along with the lists of names and costumes—we suppose we must not use the term *liveries*—of the fair riders. At Newark, in Ohio, on the 20th of October, there was a splendid turn-out of twelve young ladies on horseback, from different parts of the state. In the list of costumes, it would be difficult to point out one gayer than another; and we dare to mention only two, by way of specimen:—'Miss Harriet M. Buxton, of Licking: a black velvet hat and plume; black velvet basquined jacket; white Marseilles waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons; and a green merino skirt.—Miss Rebecca Crawford, of Bellefontaine: a black hat and blue plume; black skirt and basquined jacket; white silk waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons; and blue cravat.' We are told that the match came off 'to the delight of thousands of spectators.' All things considered, this kind of amusement is perhaps not so improper as some may be disposed to think it is. The ladies of the United States, as is well known, appear too little out of doors; and any fashion not absolutely ridiculous, which will induce them to take exercise on foot or horseback in the open air, deserves approval. We may at the same time remark, that it was not by such gaieties that the solid structure of society was raised in the far-famed New England States. W. C.

#### HUNTING THE TAPIR.

No one who has turned over the pages of a picture-book of mammalia, will be likely to forget the odd-looking animal known as the tapir. Its long proboscis-like snout, its stiff maned neck, and clumsy hog-like body, render the *tout ensemble* of this creature so peculiar, that there is no mistaking it for any other animal. A minute description of it may be avoided, but a few of its characteristics may be interesting to the reader.

When full grown, the tapir, or anta, as it is sometimes called, is six feet in length by nearly four in height—its weight being nearly equal to that of a small bullock. Its teeth resemble those of the horse; but instead of hoofs, its feet are toed—the fore ones

having four toes, while the hind-feet have only three each. The eyes are small and lateral, while the ears are large and pointed. The skin is thick, somewhat like that of the hippopotamus, with a very thin scattering of silky hairs over it; but along the ridge of the neck, and upon the short tail, the hairs are longer and more profuse. The upper jaw protrudes far beyond the extremity of the under one. It is, moreover, highly prehensile, and enables the tapir to seize the roots upon which it feeds with greater ease. In fact, it plays the part of the elephant's proboscis to a limited degree.

Although the largest quadruped indigenous to South America, the tapir is not very well known to naturalists. Its haunts are far beyond the borders of civilization. It is, moreover, a shy and solitary creature, and its active life is mostly nocturnal; hence no great opportunity is offered for observing its habits. The chapter of its natural history is therefore a short one.

The tapir is an inhabitant of the tropical countries of America, dwelling near the banks of rivers and marshy lagoons. It is the American representative of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, or, more properly, of the *malabar* or Indian tapir (*Tapirus Indicus*) of Sumatra, which has but lately become known to naturalists. The latter, in fact, is a near congener, and very much resembles the tapir of South America.

It is amphibious—that is, it frequents the water, can swim and dive well, and generally seeks its food in the water or the soft marshy sedge; but when in repose, it is a land-animal, making its haunt in thick coverts of the woods, and selecting a dry spot for its lair. Here it will remain couched and asleep during the greater part of the day. At nightfall, it steals forth, and following an old and well-used path, it approaches the bank of some river, and plunging in, swims off in search of its food—the roots and stems of several species of water-plants. In this business it occupies most of the hours of darkness; but at daybreak, it swims back to the place where it entered the water, and going out, takes the 'back track' to its lair, where it sleeps until sunset again warns it forth.

Sometimes during rain, it leaves its den even at mid-day. On such occasions, it proceeds to the river or the adjacent swamp, where it delights to wallow in the mud, after the manner of hogs, and often for hours together. Unlike the hog, however, the tapir is a cleanly animal. After wallowing, it never returns to its den until it has first plunged into the clear water, and washed the mud thoroughly from its skin. It usually travels at a trot, but when hard pressed, it can gallop. Its gallop is peculiar. The fore-legs are thrown far in advance, and the head is carried between them in a very awkward manner, somewhat after the fashion of a frolicsome donkey.

The tapir is strictly a vegetable feeder. It lives upon flags and roots of aquatic plants. Several kinds of fruits, and young succulent branches of trees, form a portion of its food. It is a shy, timid animal, without any malice in its character; and although possessed of great strength, never uses it except for defence, and then only in endeavours to escape. It frequently suffers itself to be killed without making any defence, although with its great strength and well-furnished jaws it might do serious hurt to an enemy.

The hunt of the tapir is one of the amusements, or rather employments, of the South American Indians. Not that the flesh of this animal is so eagerly desired by them: on the contrary, it is dry, and has a disagreeable taste, and there are some tribes who will not eat of it, preferring the flesh of monkeys, macaws, and the armadillo. But the part most prized is the thick, tough skin, which is employed by the Indians in making shields, sandals, and various other articles. This is the more valuable in a country where the thick-skinned and leather-yielding mammalia are almost unknown.

Slaying the tapir is no easy matter. The creature is shy; and having the advantage of the watery element, is often enabled to dive beyond the reach of pursuit, and thus escape by concealing itself. Among most of the native tribes of South America, the young hunter who has killed a tapir is looked upon as having achieved something to be proud of.

The tapir is hunted by bow and arrow, or by the gun. Sometimes the 'grayatana,' or blow-tube, is employed, with its poisoned darts. In any case, the hunter either lies in wait for his prey, or with a pack of dogs drives it out of the underwood, and takes the chances of a 'flying shot.' When the trail of a tapir has been discovered, his capture becomes easy. It is well known to the hunter that this animal, when proceeding from his lair to the water and returning, always follows his old track until a beaten-path is made, which is easily discernible.

This path often betrays the tapir, and leads to his destruction. Sometimes the hunter accomplishes this by means of a pitfall, covered with branches and palm-leaves; at other times, he places himself in ambuscade, either before twilight or in the early morning, and shoots the unsuspecting animal as he approaches on his daily round.

Sometimes, when the whereabouts of a tapir has been discovered, a whole tribe sally out, and take part in the hunt. Such a hunt was witnessed by Martinez, an intelligent Brazilian trader, who gave me the following description of it:—

In the year 18—, I went to trade with the *Jumnas* up the Xingu. Their *maloccas* (palm-hut villages) lie beyond the falls of that river. Although classed as wild Indians, the *Jumnas* are a mild race, friendly to the traders, and collect during a season considerable quantities of *seringa* (India-rubber), *sarsaparilla*, as well as rare birds, monkeys, and Brazil-nuts—the objects of our trade.

I had loaded my *igarié* (large-masted canoe), and was about to start for Para, when nothing would serve the *tuxava*, or chief, of one of the *maloccas*, but that I should stay a day or two at his village, and take part in some festivities. He promised a tapir-hunt. As I knew that among the *Jumnas* were some skilled hunters, and as I was curious to witness an affair of this kind, I consented. The hunt was to come off on the second day of my stay.

The morning arrived, and the hunters assembled to the number of forty or fifty, in an open space by the *malocca*; and having got their arms and equipments in readiness, all repaired to the *praya*, or narrow beach of sand, which separated the river from the thick underwood of the forest. Here some twenty or thirty *ubas* (canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks) floated on the water, ready to receive the hunters. They were of different sizes; some capable of containing half a dozen, while others were meant to carry only a single person.

In a few minutes the *ubas* were freighted with their living cargoes, consisting not only of the hunters, but of most of the women and boys of the *malocca*, with a score or two of dogs. These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the *Jumnas*, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their colour. Such dogs I had never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were yellow, others blue, and some mottled with a variety of tints! What could it mean? But I knew well enough. The dogs were dyed! Yes, it is the custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coat of their dogs, with brilliant colours obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red *huitoc*, the yellow *rocce* (*cinchona*), and the blue of the wild indigo. The light gray, often white, hair of these animals favours the staining process; and

the effect produced pleases the eye of their savage masters. On my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned these curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, and orange, and purple dogs!

Well, we were soon in the ubas, and paddling upstream. The tuxava and I occupied a canoe to ourselves. His only arms were a light fusil, which I had given him as a present in our barter. It was a good piece, and he was proud of it. This was to be its first trial. I had a rifle for my own weapon. The rest were armed variously: some had guns, others the native bow and arrows; some carried the gravatana, with arrows dipped in curari poison; some had nothing but *machetes*, or cutlasses, for clearing the underwood, in case the game had to be driven from the thickets.

There was a part of the river, some two or three miles above the malocca, where the channel was wider than usual—several miles in breadth at this place. Here it was studded with islands, known to be a favourite resort of the tapirs. This was to be the scene of our hunt. We approached the place in about an hour; but on the way I could not help being struck with the picturesqueness of our party. No 'meet' in the hunting-field of civilised countries could have equalled us in that respect. The ubas, strung out in a long irregular line, sprang up-stream in obedience to the vigorous strokes of the rowers, and these sang in a sort of irregular concert as they plied their paddles. The songs were improvised: they told the feats of the hunters already performed, and promised others yet to be done. I could hear the word 'tapira,' tapit, often repeated. The women lent their shrill voices to the chorus; and now and then interrupted the song with peals of merry laughter. The strange-looking flotilla—the bronzed bodies of the Indians, more than half nude—their waving black hair—their blue-bead belts and red cotton armlets—the bright *tangas*, aprons, of the women—their massive necklaces—the macaw feathers adorning the heads of the hunters—their odd arms and equipments—all combined to form a picture which, even to me accustomed to such sights, was full of interest.

At length we arrived among the islands, and then the noises ceased. The canoes were paddled as slowly and silently as possible. I now began to understand the plan of the hunt: it was first to discover an island upon which a tapir was supposed to be, and then encompass it with the hunters in their canoes, while a party landed with the dogs, to arouse the game and drive it toward the water. This plan promised fair sport. The canoes now separated; and in a short while each of them was seen coursing quietly along the edge of some islet, one of its occupants leaning inward, and scrutinising the narrow belt of sand that bordered the water. In some places no such sand-belt appeared. The trees hung over, their branches even dipping into the current, and forming a roofed and dark passage underneath. In such places a tapir could have hidden himself from the sharpest-eyed hunters, and herein lies the chief difficulty of this kind of hunt.

It was not long before a low whistle was heard from one of the ubas, a sign for the others to come up. The traces of a tapir had been discovered. The chief, with a stroke or two of his palm-wood paddle, brought our canoe to the spot. There, sure enough, was the sign—the tracks of a tapir in the sand—leading to a hole in the thick underwood, where a beaten-path appeared to continue onward into the interior of the island, perhaps to the tapir-den. The tracks were fresh—had been made that morning in the wet sand—no doubt the creature was in its lair.

The island was a small one, with some five or six acres of surface. The canoes shot off in different

directions, and in a few minutes were deployed all around it. At a given signal, several hunters leaped ashore, followed by their bright-coloured assistants—the dogs; and then the chopping of branches, the shouts of the men, and the yelping of their canine companions, were all heard mingling together.

The island was densely wooded. The *vaussu* and *piriti* palms grew so thickly, that their crowns beads touched each other, forming a close roof. Above these, rose the taller summits of the great forest-trees, *cedrelas*, *zamangs*, and the beautiful long-leaved silk cotton (*bombax*); but beneath, a perfect net-work of sipoes or creepers and lianes choked up the path, and the hunters had to clear every step of the way with their *machetes*. Even the dogs, with all their eagerness, could make only a slow and tortuous advance among the thorny vines of the *emilar*, and the sharp spines that covered the trunks of the palms.

In the circle of canoes that surrounded the island, there was perfect silence; each had a spot to guard, and each hunter sat, with arms ready, and eyes keenly fixed on the foliage of the underwood opposite his station.

The uba of the chief had remained to watch the path where the tracks of the tapir had been observed. We both sat with guns cocked and ready; the dogs and hunters were distinctly heard in the bushes approaching the centre of the islet. The former gave tongue at intervals, but their yelping grew louder, and was uttered with a fiercer accent. Several of them barked at once, and a rushing was heard towards the water. It came in our direction, but not right for us; still the game was likely to issue at a point within range of our guns. A stroke of the paddle brought us into a better position. At the same time several other canoes were seen shooting forward to the spot. The underwood crackled and shook; reddish forms appeared among the leaves; and the next moment a dozen animals, resembling a flock of hogs, tumbled out from the thicket, and flung themselves with a splash into the water.

'No—tapir no—capivara,' cried the chief; but his voice was drowned by the reports of guns and the twanging of bow-strings. Half a dozen of the capivaras were seen to fall on the sandy margin, while the rest plunged forward, and diving beyond the reach of pursuit, were seen no more.

This was a splendid beginning of the day's sport; for half a dozen at a single volley was no mean game, even among Indians. But the nobler beast, the tapir, occupied all our thoughts; and leaving the capivaras to be gathered in by the women, the hunters were back at their posts in a few seconds. There was no doubt that a tapir would be roused. The island had all the appearance of being the haunt of one or more of these creatures, besides the tracks were evidence of their recent presence upon the spot. The beating, therefore, proceeded as lively as ever, and the hunters and dogs had penetrated to the centre of the thicket.

Again the quick angry yelping of the latter fell upon the ear; and again the thick cover rustled and shook.

'This time the tapir,' said the chief to me in an under-tone; adding, the next moment in a louder voice: 'Look yonder!' I looked in the direction pointed out. I could perceive something in motion among the leaves—a dark-brown body, smooth and rounded, the body of a tapir! I caught only a glimpse of it, as it sprang forward into the opening. It was coming at full gallop, with its head carried between its knees. The dogs were close after, and it looked not before it, but dashed out and ran towards us as though blind. It made for the water, just a few feet from the bow of our canoe. The chief and I fired at the same time. I thought my bullet took effect, and so thought the chief did his; but the tapir, seeming not to heed the shots, plunged into the

stream, and went under. The next moment the whole string of dyed dogs came sweeping out of the thicket, and leaped forward to where the game had disappeared. There was blood upon the water. The tapir is hit, then, thought I; and was about to point out the blood to the chief, when on turning I saw the latter poisoning himself, knife in hand, near the stern of the canoe. He was about to spring out of it. His eye was fixed on some object under the water. I looked in the same direction. The waters of the Xingu are as clear as crystal; against the sandy bottom, I could trace the dark-brown body of the tapir. It was making for the deeper channel of the river, but evidently dragging itself along with difficulty. One of its legs was disabled by our shots. I had scarcely time to get a good view of it before the chief sprang into the air, and dropped head foremost into the water. I could see a struggle going on at the bottom—turbid water came up to the surface—and then up came the dark head of the savage chief.

'Ugh!' cried he, as he shook the water from his thick tresses, and beckoned me to assist him—'Ugh! Señor Martinhez, you eat roast tapir for dinner. Si—bueno—here tapir.' I pulled him into the boat, and afterwards assisted to haul up the huge body of the slain tapir. As was now seen, both our shots had taken effect; but it was the rifle-bullet that had broken the creature's leg, and the generous savage acknowledged that he would have had but little chance of overtaking the game under water had it not been previously crippled.

The hunt of the day proved a very successful one. Two more tapirs were killed; several capivaras; and a paca—which is an animal much prized by the Indians for its flesh as well as the teeth, used by them in making their blow-guns. We also obtained a pair of the small peccaries, several macaws, and no less than a whole troop of monkeys. We returned to the malocca with a game-bag as various as it was full, and a grand dance of the Jumna women wound up the amusements of the day.

#### THE LOWER END OF THE TABLE.

Who says that London is a very dear place to live in? Come with us 'over the water,' as the Surrey-side of the river is called, and we will prove to you that it is one of the cheapest in the world. Let us cross by Westminster Bridge, and enter one of the numerous working-class districts, in the centre of which will generally be found a large and well-supplied market. Among these—of which there are some thirty or forty in various parts of the metropolis—that called 'the New Cut' is probably the largest and best appointed; at all events, it is a good specimen. A single step from the leading thoroughfare of the Westminster Road brings the visitor into a crowded, bustling street, brilliantly lighted up in the usual way, as well as with innumerable candles, and reeking oil-lamps in the stalls along the footway. The uproar is tremendous, and locomotion almost impracticable. You are up to your chin at every step in fustian-jackets and large market-baskets, and knee-deep in children; and the owners of these articles, who are here upon their own ground, and intent upon serious business, have very slight consideration for your ribs or your corns. It is nine o'clock; and although there is a thick fog and a drizzling rain, and the pavement is slippery with that compound known as London grease, the streets and pavements swarm with people, and amidst the shouting and clamour of hundreds, the braying of brass-bands, and the lugubrious howlings of the ballad-singers and beggars, the market is in full swing, and every one you meet is either buying or selling. Lower Marsh and the New Cut are a continuous line of streets about half a mile in length; although it is the shortest and most direct route between the east

and west end of London, it is shunned by cabmen, and all persons in a hurry; and 'a Hansom' caught in its vortex, with his horse on its hanches labouring through the crowd, is not unlike a Life-guardian at the battle of Balaklava. It is all shop, from the pavement to the first-floor windows, and every imaginable want can be supplied for the same small modicum of current coin. You can almost furnish a house and a dinner-table with articles at a penny each. Let us glance along the numerous stalls, at which the owners are bawling and shouting with all their might, to attract the attention of customers. Here is the furniture of a whole kitchen in miniature tin, glittering in the gaslight like silver, 'only one penny'; a pocket-comb, or a pair of ladies' side-combs, equally cheap; a cap, wanting only the border and the ribbons, for a penny; capital mouse-traps, and serviceable toasting-forks, 'doing your bacon or your bloater as brown as a berry,' a penny each; a cup and saucer, a knife and fork, a gridiron, a real gold ring, solid, of course, 'for a heavy wager'; and beside these, the natural *sequitur* of pairs of babies' stockings, silk stay and boot laces, several yards long and upwards, and a dozen yards of songs, new and fashionable—music being generally sold by measure; pots of blacking and little three-legged stools, a stout iron poker, always recommended to 'gentlemen about to marry,' with explosions of laughter at the *equivoque*, and an exchange of good coppers for rusty iron rods. Juga, mugs, basins, and pudding-bowls, plates, and tea and table spoons, equally moderate; tin sauce-pans, children's pocket-handkerchiefs; thread, needles, and tape, a penny a lot; twelve sheets of note-paper, envelopes, wafers, or a dozen steel-pens and handle, for four farthings!

But we are out of breath before we have got half through the list of penny-bargains; and these are, after all, but the accessories of the market. The staple materials are the eatables and drinkables, and these are in equally great variety, and equally cheap. Grocers, butchers, bakers, butter and bacon, and, we must add, beer shops and public-houses, abound; and in all these establishments the contest for customers is alarming. No one depends upon the intrinsic merits of his commodities; modest merit stands no chance in a cheap metropolitan market. Some have outlying pickets, who thrust printed papers into the hands of all passengers. The butchers' and bacon-shop boys outside, flourishing huge knives, keep up an incessant shrill shout, like the rattle of musketry, of 'Buy, buy, buy!' One grocer covers his window with a large placard, in which he assures the public that his tea is so strong that it 'takes nine men to hold the tea-pot;' while another has procured a chest of the 'real Victoria mixture of fourteen curiously fine teas, just sent by the Emperor of China as a present to our Queen;' and a third has a real Chinese, pigtail, copper jaws, turned-up toes, and all, serving behind the counter. As no amount of capital or energy can long withstand the competition, changes are frequent, and a new shop invariably opens with a band of music planted in the first-floor, the windows being taken out, and the brass instruments braying fearful discord at the heads of the admiring crowd below. A new baker's shop has no chance that does not give a penny back out of the current-price with each quarter-loaf purchased in the opening-night; and the most splendid and showy concern would soon be cut that did not say 'Ma'am' to its poorest customer.

A couple of shabby, slatternly, draggle-tailed working-men's wives pause for a moment before a butcher's shop, and cast a furtive glance at the joints: they are as irretrievably hooked as the mutton hanging inside. 'Now then, ladies, come up; here you are—all prime meat—red as a cherry, and sweet as a nut.' Every objection is overruled as fast as it is raised; the piece selected is thrown to the weight



inside, with the words 'two-and-eight,' 'three,' 'three-and-four,' 'three-and-eight,' or whatever the price per pound agreed upon, the seller indicating the price per stone of eight pounds. The moment this is effected, he utters a terrific shout of 'Sold again! Now then, come on before the bargains are all gone;' and rushes upon a fresh customer with renewed energy. Next door they are equally busy behind bags of potatoes, barricades of cabbages, and pyramids of turnips. There is no need to tell the thrifty housekeepers where the *real* bargains are—the new concern proclaims itself loudly all over the locality. Beef and mutton averages 7d. to 8½d. in the London markets, but very fine pieces can be had in the cheap districts for 5d. to 6d. per pound; the women are skilful in selecting good quality, and with the smallest proportion of bone—the husband never interfering beyond taking charge of the baby, or the gradually loaded basket. The labouring and artisan classes, so long as they are in work, live well in London: the wages range from 20s. to 50s. for skilled workmen per week; and although rent and all other matters are high, the children and wives are turned to account to increase the weekly earnings, which, where industry and sobriety prevail, keep the family comfortably. On Sundays there is invariably a joint, with a pudding and an ample supply of potatoes, all cooked at the baker's, and supplemented with pots of porter and pipes. Where the head of the family drinks—it not unfrequently happens that ten to fifteen shillings are spent in this way on the Saturday night—supplies fall off towards the end of the week, and the pawnbroker is the only resource till the weekly wages come round again. The men at the large factories, where the work is severe and the wages high, are the hardest drinkers; but there has been a manifest improvement in the habits of this class during the last few years. By means of stews, hashes, an occasional supply of fish when it is cheap, and the purchase of 'scraps,' or the cuttings of joints, which are sold at a low price, the women of the house contrives to have a hot comfortable dinner for her husband every day in the week; and where the younger branches are out all day, there is an equally appetising supper ready at night.

But we must return to the market, where there is still much to be seen, and much to be done, before the head of the family can get home. The plum-pudding shop, where sixpences are received and registered every Saturday night for many weeks before Christmas, conditioned to supply sufficient plums—the Cockney term for raisins—and currants, spices, tea and sugar, and other ingredients of the Christmas-feast, must be visited; and the workman must go to the 'goose-club,' too often held at a public-house, where hundreds weekly pay in their sixpences to secure a goose and a bottle of gin for the same festive occasion, and where they are weekly tempted to spend many other sixpences. Turkeys being rather too costly, and something 'spicy' being indispensable at Christmas, the goose is by common consent the selected victim; and the supply keeping pace with the demand, scores of tonweights of these animals are forwarded from the eastern counties by every railway-train for some days before Christmas. The landlord is a large contractor—buys them by the hundred—and between the pay-nights, the bottles of gin, and the balloting-night, when the birds are distributed by lot, makes a handsome sum; while the workman, if he had only a little moral restraint, could invest his money much more advantageously in the savings-bank. At the cook-shops there are swarms of hungry and barefooted boys—it is only in these districts they are to be met with in London—eying wistfully the smoking viands, and philosophically pondering whether their penny will be laid out in a plate of leg-of-beef soup, a saveloy, a black-pudding, a large paper of smoking peas-pudding, a slice of plumcake, a sheep's trotter, or an 'am

sandwich. The dishes of nicely cooked carrots, smoking rounds of beef, or crisp and well-browned roast pork, are too high a flight for this class of customers; but then there is the extensive department of fish, the ever-favourite delicacy with the London lower classes. Codfish, haddock, and plaice, in substantial junks, fried in oil, 'soles all alive,' eels stewed or wriggling in sand, fresh herrings, bloaters bursting full of roe, 'winkles, whelks, and oysters—the sale of the last luxury, one of the most expensive of all, increasing with the poverty of the district. Of fruit, the variety is great, the quality but one; there is scarcely a specimen in the aristocratic region of Middle Row, Covent Garden, that has not its prototype in 'the Cut.' Since the opening of the continental trade, fruit is no longer a luxury, and fruit-pies are the ordinary adjunct and eker-out of the workman's dinner. During the season, the consumption is immense—the rhubarb is in wagon-loads; the gooseberries, currants, plums, and damsons, in broad, flat hand-trucks; the strawberries and cherries in great baskets; even pines and melons, a penny a slice, find patrons in the purlieus of Whitechapel, and customers in the New Cut. The flower-venders cannot tie up penny bouquets fast enough to meet the demand. They are not a luxury, or a want—they are a passion among the London working-classes; and in the poorest, most pestiferous, most pent-up localities, is to be found this little last link that unites the pale and poverty-stricken denizen with the green fields and pure air of the country.

Our sketch would be incomplete if we did not introduce those habitués of the industrial districts—the ballad-singer, and the genuine London beggar. The former has only to introduce some allusion to Queen Victoria or the Royal Halbert, to drive a roaring trade in more senses than one; but of late the 'Roochans' have superseded royalty, and the bloody battle of the Alma is more in requisition than the court-gossip and cabinet secrets concocted for the curious in these matters. The professional beggar has generally more pence in his pocket than many of his charitable patrons. If he comes in the guise of a reduced tradesman, with his white apron wrapped round his waist, and a wife and two or three children, he is irresistible; the widow at the edge of the pavement, in the full glare of the gaslight, with two or three little ones as lucifer-match box-holders, in white pinafores, and the indispensable baby in arms, is a tramp-card; psalm-singers, who probably never saw the inside of a church, chapel, or conventicle; savage-looking sailors on stumps, who would probably prove pirates in a dark corner; and reduced gentlefolk, who whisper their deep distresses—all prey largely upon the benevolence of classes but one degree removed from pauperism; and many a horny-handed, hard-working mechanic, who has toiled and sweated during the six days of the week, will not sit down to so substantial a repast as the vagabonds whose seeming necessities he relieved the night before.

The great festival of the year—and a festival in London means a feast—with high and low is Christmas, and the preparations and considerations connected with it in every household commence months in advance. The glories of the great cattle-show, and the fatness thereof, coming home, as they do, to the business and bosoms of all Cockneydom, are familiar to every one; and our present path lies not amid the pleasant ways of Christmas-trees, Parisian bon-bons, perigord pies, and prize-pigs and poultry. The working-people, however, have their full share of the festive enjoyments of the season. Holly and ivy, and the immortal mistletoe, are everywhere; Christmas-candles shine out, and shed their grease-drops from every corner; the substantial piece of beef, the fatted goose, the sucking-pig, or some other dainty, is secured; but

above all, and before all, is the plum-pudding. Many hours of the previous evening are consumed in the concoction and combination of the rich ingredients; and long before daylight the family 'copper,' which every London kitchen or wash-house possesses, has its genial fire lighted; and the great globular, floundering mass toils and hobbles, and frets and fumes for hours, to come smoking upon the table at one o'clock. It is only in London that plum-pudding obtains the honours of the king of the feast—the other details are comparatively unimportant. As popular as 'Punch and Judy,' he is equally relished by old and young; and poverty-stricken, indeed, must be the garret or cellar in the vast expanse of London that has not one of smaller or larger dimensions on the board at Christmas. The supplies by railway which reach London at this season are upon almost too magnificent a scale to introduce in our humble 'annals of the poor;' but there is one department not without its interest. Apart from the bustling and busy porters, and the heavily-piled vans and wagons departing for various parts of the metropolis, is the office for parcels and packages 'to be called for.' Round this, for many days before Christmas, may be constantly seen a crowd of eager and anxious applicants, seeking for the long-anticipated present from some friend or relative in the country. They are most of them evidently in need of some such kindly remembrance; and they live in such out-of-the-way localities, or they have so great a fear of intrusting the precious parcel to the ordinary modes of delivery, that they prefer hanging about the railway-station, eying wistfully the mountains of baskets and bundles which are hurried along in all directions, going away reluctantly, disappointed, and coming back in time to witness the unpacking of the next train. Feeble old men, past their work, and hovering on the verge of the workhouse; pale and seedy widows; needle-women, working unceasingly for a dry crust; and char-women, who have seen better days in the country, are here all with their letters of advice, without which the packets will not be given up. Let us hope that the trains have proved trustworthy, and the porters and clerks conscientious, and that the sad and sorrowful hearts have gone away rejoicing in the prospect of even one comfortable meal, and one of the very few holidays which the exigencies of London-life allow to the sons and daughters of toil.

The importance attached to the great festival of Christmas in the metropolis, may be estimated from the fact, that it is the one solitary occasion during the year when the stern rules of prison and workhouse discipline are relaxed, and the unhappy inmates permitted to indulge in the unwonted excesses of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and the old people in the evening in tea. The feasts at the various workhouses are provided by the guardians of the poor out of the parochial funds; and those in the prisons, are made up mainly by contributions of money and provisions from the great city companies. On these occasions, a supply of beer and ale is also permitted; but beyond this unwonted good cheer, there is little hilarity or enjoyment. Under the immediate eye of the master, chaplain, and other officials, no exuberant demonstrations must take place, and the good things serve but to recall to the recipients of public bounty happier days, before poverty or crime had made them its victims.

In the lowest depths of poverty there is a lower still; and painful as may be the lot of the classes we have referred to, there are others whose position is still more miserable, and who cannot boast of the comparative comforts of either food or shelter. The homeless, houseless poor of London, the Pariahs of our modern civilisation, are a large and a much-to-be-commiserated class. Although representing the last stage of destitution, there are few actual beggars among them—they are recruited from all grades of

society, and from all parts of the world. Many of the adventurers from the country, who with a little money, great hopes, and doubtful promises, have tried their fortunes and failed, are here; the aged who are no longer able to support themselves, and either shun the workhouse, or cannot obtain a settlement; the widow and orphans, whose only dependence has been suddenly taken from them; and the numerous class in infirm health, or out of employment, who are always on the verge of starvation, and are not unfrequently its victims, who sleep in doorways, under carts, in dry arches, or wherever the prying 'bull's-eye' of the policeman will not detect them, and who have not even the penny that will procure them the shelter of a roof. Of this class there are thousands in London; and for them neither public legislation nor private benevolence interposed, till some five or six years ago, Mr. Charles Cochrane started a project for providing these unhappy wretches with a meal and a bed. Energetically he devoted himself to the work, and by the aid of other benevolent individuals, he was enabled to establish the Leicester Square Soup-kitchen and House of Refuge, which under Providence has been the means of saving hundreds of lives, and restoring many persons to their lost position in society. The institution is upon a very modest scale in its machinery and appointments; and its head-quarters have been for some time removed to Ham Yard, a dilapidated-looking old place of stabling and stores, off Great Windmill Street, Fitzmarket. It is one of the very few charitable associations of the metropolis that has its doors open day and night, and all the year round; and it is one of the sights which the stranger in town ought not to miss. Entering the yard, on the left-hand side is a large paved kitchen, in the front parts of which are rows of wooden benches, with narrow deal-tables in front, capable of accommodating thirty or forty persons. In the back-part are three large coppers, one capable of containing twenty-five, another ninety, and the largest a hundred and thirty gallons of soup. During the forenoon, two or three attendants, men and women, are setting the ingredients—stock, meat, broken bread, vegetables, fish, barley, rice, &c., which are liberally contributed by all the large club-houses, and some of the hotels at the west end, the necessary additions being purchased out of the donations of the subscribers. The soup is ready every day at three o'clock, and the applicants are relieved by means of tickets, which are given to the subscribers, and which are of two kinds: one authorising the bearer to receive a meal of bread and soup, to be eaten on the spot; the other giving relief to the 'bearer and family,' which includes a pound of bread and two quarts of soup, to be taken to the applicant's home. The soup is warm, nourishing, and substantial; and as three o'clock approaches the poor creatures begin to crowd into the yard and kitchen, each batch being succeeded by another, till the dishes are all exhausted, or the soup is all gone. When all the applicants with tickets are fed, there are frequently fifty, eighty, or a hundred, who have no tickets—in winter, the number is still larger—and who watch eagerly whether the supply has exceeded the demand; and they are supplied in like manner, till the coppers are exhausted, and the residuum of starving and hopeless objects sent away. The whole extent of the night-shelter the institution has hitherto been able to afford is thirty beds; the inmates get a basin of soup and some bread at night, and some coffee, cocoa, or tea, and bread in the morning before going away. The circumstances of the applicants are inquired into; a registry of names and occupations is kept; a ticket to the public baths is frequently given; and where the character of the parties, which are narrowly inquired into, justify it, donations are found for them through the various ramifications of the society.

What the Ragged Schools have done for the moral and intellectual training of the very dregs and refuse of society, the Soup-kitchen does for the supply of their physical wants. By means of district-visitors, Scripture-readers, and clergymen of all denominations, the foul and fetid lanes and alleys and courts of the metropolis are explored, the really deserving but retiring poor are sought out, and that relief administered without which they must have perished. Alms-giving in the streets, it is well known, only increases the number of beggars; and the amount thus given away annually in London has been estimated at a sum which, if named, would appear fabulous. On the contrary, the offer of a ticket, which secures the applicant a meal, will, if he is really destitute, be received with thankfulness, while it defeats the impostor. The extent of the abject poverty which this institution seeks to relieve may be judged of from the fact, that in the month of December 1855, upwards of 3000 poor men and women were relieved in the kitchen, and nearly 7000 at their homes, while more than 8000 left the kitchen-door without food during the same month. Even here the genial influence of the great festival of Christmas makes itself felt. Last year, Lord Feversham sent an ox; Lord Darnley, a sheep; and very large contributions of meat, vegetables, bread, fruit, flour, tea, and coffee, and barrels of porter, were contributed by other kind-hearted individuals; and the gratifying result was, that 800 very poor families received each four pounds of uncooked beef, two pounds of plum-pudding, boiled in the kitchen, two pounds of bread, two ounces of tea, and two ounces of coffee, on Christmas-eve. On the following day, the yard was covered over with canvas, tables and benches set out, and thousands poured in, and were regaled with bread, beef, and plum-pudding. They were of every class and of every country—many who had evidently seen better days, in their faded and threadbare remnants of gentility, shrinking from observation; stout porters and agricultural labourers, struggling for the first vacant seat; and widows, in tattered weeds, with barefooted little ones, shedding tears of shame and gratitude, creeping stealthily into corners.

Such are the seats furthest away from the Salt at the lower end of the social table of London.

## M A R T I N O .

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAND OF SILENT FROGS, FAITHFUL IN DANGER.

It would be difficult to describe the despair which filled Walter Masterton's mind, when he had leisure to reflect on the import of the terrible scene that had passed before his eyes. He had made light of the assistance of Luigi Spada and the crew of the *Filippa*, so long as it seemed that he might command it at pleasure. Now, for awhile, he thought all hope was gone. How, indeed, could he pretend, in the short time that yet remained to him, to make new preparations and lay new plans with any chance of success? He was not even sure of the co-operation or good-will of Pipo and his sons. They might consider themselves discharged, by the disaster that had occurred, from all obligation to co-operate with Walter. Paolo di Falco, prisoner on a sea-bound rock, was nothing to them. Angela, the widowed wife, affronting danger and disgrace, outcast from her family, her fate in the hands of strangers, whom she trusted with the simplicity of a child, had little claim on their sympathies. Probably they knew not her story. Walter turned towards his honest companion to derive encouragement from his countenance; but the hour of despair had darkened it, and his attitude was disconsolate.

Pipo and his sons—their prayer terminated—went apart, and in a close group talked eagerly in low voices. Afterwards one of them entered the tower; and presently, from an aperture near the summit, turned towards the land, a bright light shone for a moment. Then it disappeared, and shone again, three successive times. Walter understood that this was a signal; and looking in the direction of the mountains, saw a broad bright flame burn for a minute on a distant slope.

'An armful of straw scattered wide!' said he aloud.

'Which means, gentlemen,' observed Pipo, whose sons had gone down, 'if you are curious to know—"We come, but there is danger." Something extraordinary is going forward in Sicily. Last night there were patrols of gendarmes along the roads. You saw how savagely that revenue-boat carried on the chase; and now, behold, here is another warning! We must all shift our quarters.'

'Which way are we to go?' inquired Walter, following Pipo down the steps. 'You know what work I have before me.'

'Yes, yes; but a score of souls perhaps have perished, and a score more are in danger. We must think of ourselves first, and of you afterwards.'

'True, true; but you go your way, and let us go ours.'

'Sir,' said Pipo solemnly, in English, 'I wish you well as an Englishman, and as recommended by Luigi Spada and Giacomo—sweet Mary, save their souls!—but,' he added, swearing with an energy half British, half Sicilian, 'you shall not quit my company alive until my duty is accomplished.'

So saying he descended rapidly; and Walter, who had sometimes to feel his way down the steps, which were occasionally overhung by rocks, was left alone to conjecture for what purpose Spada had committed him to such hands.

There were lights on the beach below, in front of the houses; and some figures could be seen busily engaged moving in and out.

'We are caught,' said Walter to Mr Buck, who followed at his heels, trying to whistle unconcernedly.

'I told you so,' was the reply. 'I never liked Spada, poor fellow; but I like this Pipo less. Cannot we break away from them, and take to our heels?'

'But Angela?'

The objection was powerful; so they continued descending in silence, until they reached the house, where they found all the family engaged in rolling out the bales of merchandise, and placing them two and two along the sand. The women held lights; and Angela stood, wondering at all this bustle, by the side of Katerina, with whom she had extemporised a friendship. Walter thought it best not to tell her of the catastrophe that had happened.

Presently a jingling sound of many bells was heard coming rapidly along on the other side of the haven, and a loud hail from one of Pipo's sons was answered across the waters.

'Bring out the beast,' said Pipo to Katerina, who went to a stable behind the house, and soon appeared with a large white mule. Then turning to Angela, the old man added, softening his voice: 'This is for the signora, who must exchange her *capa* (mantilla) for a good *capota*; we must seem to have no women amongst us. Thirty thousand demons!' he exclaimed as some twenty mules, hurriedly driven by a number of men with excited faces, shaking and brandishing their long

white sticks, came dashing up; 'we must stop this noise, or all the country, even to the nests on the top of Etna, will know we are in motion. Muffle the bells, Chino; and tell us what's in the wind. It seems as if Don Diavolo himself were abroad.'

'He may be,' quoth a sturdy square-set fellow, with a face shining like a copper-pan well burnished, bare head, a white shirt, brown breeches, gray stockings, and buckled shoes—'he may be, Pipo, but in the dress of a gendarme. I told you of the patrols last night; to-day it has been worse. Orders have come from Messina to watch all the coast, as if an enemy were going to invade us. Luckily, Signor Soldato is stupid and slow. We shall have, perhaps, time to run this cargo in; and then we must lie quiet for a time, and smoke, and sing, and dance, and make love, but do no business at all.'

Walter understood sufficient of this report, which was given in the most marked Sicilian dialect, to feel persuaded that the news of Angela's escape had been sent by rapid means to Messina, and that her intention to land in Sicily was known. Even if he had hoped until then, therefore, it seemed now forbidden to do so. Difficulties, and obstacles, and disasters, were accumulating on all sides. He paused to consider whether Providence itself had not declared against him; but just as his courage was about to give way, there came to his heart as it were a low whisper, which said: 'Right being on thy side, no matter what is against thee. Struggle on, and the reward shall be, if not success, a satisfied conscience.' Then he glanced at Angela, who, ignorant of nearly all the new dangers that surrounded her, was already in the saddle, wrapped in a vast capote, beneath the hood of which her pale countenance looked, said the youngest of Pipo's sons, in a low respectful voice, like that of the Madonna in the chapel of San Giovanni. Poor fellow! he saw the beauty before him, but the beauty of the daub of which he was thinking was created by his own pious imagination.

The file of mules, with heavy cloths thrown over their bells, began to move along the shore; Katerina and her sister, half laughing, half crying, bade adieu to their husbands, and kissed the hands of Angela, who had inspired them likewise with a respectful attachment; Walter and Mr Buck followed as cheerfully as they could; and they had soon encircled the bay, and reached the entrance of a narrow valley leading due south inland. The moon had not yet risen; but the stars, large and lustrous, and thickly sown, lighted the path along which the mules, sulky at being deprived of their accustomed music, trod slowly, scarcely pricking up their ears when their masters cheered them on. The sides of the valley became soon clothed with trees, which, indeed, here and there met overhead, forming a dark tunnel. On reaching a broad, dismal table-land, Walter saw to his dismay that they turned eastward, away from Palermo, away from Maretime; but he knew that remonstrance would be useless, and determined to wait until the morrow, before he even thought of a plan of escape.

Their course lay amidst patches of stony ground and brushwood towards a vast range of hills, rising in a succession of steps or parallel ranges of increasing height, at the foot of the first of which they soon arrived. The ascent, by a zigzag path, was difficult and slowly performed. They reached the summit of the first step without incident; but here a halt took place uncommanded, having apparently no definite object, men and animals collecting into a confused crowd, with eager murmurs, and then scattering over the hill in all directions. Walter, who was a little in the rear, hastened forward, and saw a brilliant but alarming spectacle.

A shallow valley, along which ran a stream, visible here and there where small patches of the water made

themselves mirrors for half-a-dozen stars, separated the range which the party had just surmounted from another much loftier, though with an easier slope. The path leading over it could be distinctly traced; for it was occupied by a long procession of lights, the first of which had nearly reached the bank of the stream below. From the trampling and murmur borne across the valley by the night-breeze, it was evident that many hundred persons, some on foot, others on horseback, were coming that way; and the flashing of helmets, swords, and bayonets, in the light of the links, shewed that the chief portion of the party consisted of soldiery. One or two litters, however, could be distinguished; so that Walter guessed that some great personage was travelling under good escort from Messina to Palermo. He looked hastily around to discover what had become of Angela, and saw the white mule about a hundred yards off, moving rapidly away. Dashing in that direction without waiting to make out the pathway, slipping, scrambling, encouraging Back, who followed with desperate courage, Walter soon came up with Jacopo, who was driving away the mule and its burden. Poor Angela gazed wildly about, not knowing what all this hurry-scurry meant.

'Stop, son of Pipo!' said Walter, laying his hand on the huge fellow's shoulder. 'In a general rout, every one has a right to choose his own path. The lady will come with me.'

Jacopo felt that he was under the hand of a man at least his match for strength, and ascertained by a rapid glance that a reserve was coming up close behind. He therefore adopted the persuasive tone.

'You had better go along with us,' said he, 'unless you are inclined to fall into the hands of the Marchese Belmonte.'

'My father,' murmured Angela, gazing eagerly down the valley, where the litter-bearers had just halted on the bank of the stream, whilst a number of horsemen, who had probably seen figures moving suspiciously on the crest of the hill, dashed through the shallow water, and came clambering rapidly up.

A violent struggle took place in Angela's mind. Was it right in her to be wandering in this lawless way by night through unknown regions—seeking for happiness in defiance of the laws—when perhaps her father was there, near at hand, repentant of his harshness, instructed by her patient resistance, moved by her mysterious flight, disturbed probably by the emotions of fear and love, ready at the cry which she could scarcely repress to receive her into pardon, and consent to her happiness? But then she remembered a terrible scene, during which her cries of anguish had found no answer but reproach; she remembered the unhappy Prisoner, her husband, waiting with faith for the appointed hour of deliverance which was to bring her into his arms; and when Walter, who had found it necessary to threaten ere he could drive Jacopo to retreat, came to her, she murmured:

'Save me—oh, save me! Better I should be in the hands of these rough men, than once more a prisoner in my father's house.'

Walter lifted her out of the saddle, and bade Joseph, who had never quitted the head of the mule, drive it away. The escort had reached the summit of the hill, and several men, seeing that it would be dangerous to urge the horses along the rocky ridge in the direction of the figures they could distinguish—moving or stationary—had dismounted. Most of the smugglers were already out of sight; but Walter and his party were so near, that there was danger of capture if a moment were to be lost. The mule galloping down the slope in the well-known direction of its stable, attracted the attention of the soldiers, who fired one or two random shots after it. Meanwhile Walter, half leading, half carrying Angela, hastened to escape from a too conspicuous position, and to descend into the

valley, making towards a clump of trees that could be dimly distinguished on the banks of the stream. None of the party spoke a word; but all being equally ignorant of the place, trusted to his courage and judgment implicitly. The soldiers, encumbered by their sabres, and probably fearful of falling into an ambuscade, saw them, but followed slowly, shouting to them to stop. The remainder of the escort, grouped round the litters on the opposite side of the water, were distinctly visible by the light of numerous links that had gradually collected into one focus—but could evidently distinguish nothing, and murmured confusedly. The cover which Walter had selected was not more than a hundred yards from the nearest light; but trees and bushes lined the stream along all its upper course. They had almost reached the place of safety, when a loud, stern, authoritative voice, before which all others became silent, except one that seemed to speak in the feminine accents of entreaty and reproach, but which passed unheeded—a loud voice, we say, cried:

'Take them, dead or alive! Fire!'

'Oh, father!' exclaimed Angela, turning fiercely, as if now careless of all danger, in the direction from which this ruthless order came. Her cry of reproach was so loud that it might have reached the ears to which it was addressed; but the soldiers, not at all liking the rough ground over which the chase was leading them, took advantage of the order, halted, and fired their carbines each from where he stood. The light was so dim, however, that nearly all their shot pattered on the stony ground without taking effect; but Walter knew by the peculiar start of Angela, whom he was dragging rather than leading under the trees, that she had been touched.

'You are wounded, good Heavens!' exclaimed he.

'Just enough to forbid my forgetting this night!' said she bitterly, holding up her arm.

The poor thing, exasperated, not by pain or danger, but at the thought that her father, even though ignorant of her presence, should have her shot at like a wild beast, was beginning to feel a vague sentiment of hatred that chilled and contracted her heart.

Still the soldiers fired, as if in sport, and the bullets every now and then dashed the leaves from the branches over the heads of the fugitives.

Walter, however, had his plan. Instead of attempting to fly up the stream, he led his little party through the wood, and made them all crouch down under cover of the bank, with their feet almost in the water.

'I have not played "hide-and-seek" in Berkshire for nothing,' whispered he to Mr Buck, who was, however, so absorbed in internally anathematizing the assassins who had put him in such jeopardy, that he treated this observation with silent contempt.

Angela bared her arm, which had been slightly grazed above the wrist, and washed the wound, and said gloomily:

'If he is thirsty, he will drink.'

Walter, whose good-humour had quite returned, now that he felt confident of safety, rebuked her pleasantly.

'Unless the scratch is very deep,' whispered he, 'which you say it is not, I cannot allow you to be angry with the good old gentleman. He is a wonderfully vigorous brigand-hunter, that is all.'

'The painful wound is in my heart,' replied, in a choked voice, Angela, whose tears had by this time begun to flow.

From their hiding-place they heard a great deal of noise and shouting; and a group of men, calling to each other to keep close together, passed along the skirts of the wood. But the marchese probably soon got tired of this chase without results. The soldiers were ordered off; the line of march was reformed; the lights could be seen through the trees ascending the hill, and disappearing one by one over the summit; and presently that valley, which for nearly an hour

had been so full of bustle, and noise, and life, was abandoned by all, save the four fugitives, who still crouched silently by the water-side.

When they thought there was no longer any danger of stragglers remaining behind the escort, they began to talk of their position, which was by no means promising.

'Now, Mr Masterton,' said Buck, who was quite at sea, 'what are we to do? Where are we to go? Why have we left Pipo in the lurch? What are your projects? How many more times are we to be shot at?'

Without taking notice of the slightly mutinous tone in which these questions were put, Walter replied:

'Our object is still to contrive the freedom of Paolo di Falco. If we are less rich in means than we thought ourselves yesterday, we have the advantage of being complete masters of our movements. I propose that we should draw a little nearer to Palermo—keeping, however, away from the coast. Master Josefo, who is intelligent, though no hero, can be sent into some large village to purchase garments less foreign-looking than these, whilst we bivouac in some wood. Then we can present ourselves as travellers at another place, risking the chances of discovery. I trust to your co-operation, my dear sir. You must remain with Madame di Falco, whilst I go alone to find means of reaching Maretime at the appointed time.'

So many objections were at once raised, that Walter had to promise that when he had chartered a bark, he would contrive, if possible, to take his companions on board.

'We may have to coerce a crew again,' said Mr Buck.

'Why have I undertaken this journey,' said Angela, 'but that when he stretches out his freed hand, mine may be the first to clasp it?'

They determined to move at once in the direction of Palermo, which they judged to be distant about twenty miles; and being afraid of losing themselves, or meeting some of the scattered smugglers, if they attempted to bear at once inland, proceeded towards the road, or rather well-marked track, by which the marchese had marched. On issuing from amidst the trees, they found that the moon had risen; and by the time they reached the table-land they had already traversed, it gave sufficient light to enable them to continue their journey without fear of losing their way. Angela, whose little feet had scarcely ever been allowed to walk, except in a garden or a public promenade, sustained by her affection, bore the fatigue not only well but cheerfully. She had evidently by this time begun to look upon Walter as a being of a superior order, and thought that, because he seemed confident of success even now, there could be no reason for doubt on her part.

Although the little party advanced very slowly, several times, on reaching the summit of hills that crossed their path, they saw the lights of the well-guarded travellers who preceded them, stretching in a serpentine line along a plain, or up a slope, or flashing like Will-o'-the-wisps through some wood. Now and then even a gust of wind brought to their ears the trampling of horses' hoofs, or the voices of soldiers, perhaps talking loud to keep their courage up; for every defile might conceal an ambuscade, and robbers had been known to harass, if not to attack, even stronger parties than theirs. There were, no doubt, many mules carrying baggage in company; and when this fact was suggested, Mr Buck, who was becoming quite lawless in the midst of these strange adventures, proposed that in case any animals dropped behind, they should be at once confiscated. It is possible that some improper action of the kind would have been performed had an opportunity occurred; but they marched nearly all night without meeting anything alive on the road.

The inhabitants of the few hamlets they passed—not brought up with a proper amount of respect for the military authorities of the country—seemed to have deserted in part their houses on the approach of the escort; for several doors were open, but not a sound was heard, not a human shape moved. It is a prejudice in those parts, that men who are paid to assert the laws are more dangerous than those who make it a business to infract them. The travellers at first had some idea of occupying one of the deserted habitations; but judged it more prudent to push on, and halt beneath a group of chestnut-trees, which they made out by the first light of the dawn on a conspicuous eminence to the left of the road.

They were so fatigued, that at first they did not even take the beatings of their hiding-place, but lay down almost indifferent to what might happen, and slept. In an hour, however, Walter, ever active, opened his eyes, and saw that the sun was shining horizontally through the grove, gilding one-half of the huge trunks, and filling the obd of foliage overhead with streaks and spots of green light. His three companions slumbered still. Rising, he gazed around, and to his surprise, and even dismay, perceived that, having advanced further during the night than he had calculated, they had reached what may be called the upper rim of the Golden Shell—the incomparable valley sloping down to the embayed sea, where Palermo, resting on the shore like a white nymph, adorns her own beauties in the lucent wave.

The rising sun by degrees heightened the colours of the landscape; and its rays seemed to stop and gather in sparkles on all the steeples, towers, and pinnacles of the city, and on the white villas, white statues, white balustrades, that shone between the deep green mass of the orange, citron, and pomegranate groves. The sea trembled as it were with pleasure between the two mighty promontories on either hand. The hills, grand in outline, were covered almost to the summit with vegetation: here were wheat and bean fields; there, palms gracefully bending, added an Oriental feature to the scene; and there were, moreover, bamboos, and laurel-trees, and oleanders, and aloes, all growing in wild profusion at the foot of the slope from which Walter surveyed this beautiful scene. He had beheld it before when indisposed to admire. Now he stood entranced. He could see a few peasants in the distance moving along the pathways between the fields; but there was no other sign of human life. The only sounds heard were the songs of birds, some hid among the trees, no doubt in warm little nooks, to which the sun penetrated by leafy loopholes; others in the grass, which they now and then ruffled in circular flights; while others were far out of sight in the crystal sky, from which their notes descended as in a dew of harmony.

A few hundred yards from the spot where Walter stood was a pretty little villa, nestling in the midst of a kind of orchard of orange and myrtle trees, and approached in front by steps leading to a succession of little terraces, adorned with vases filled with bright flowers. He was separated from it by a ravine—if that name can be applied to a deep depression between two eminences without any sharp angles, but carpeted with sward, from which here and there sprang perfumed shrubs. At the bottom was a narrow green meadow, in the midst of which a bright sinuous line of deeper green showed the presence of a water-course. Walter's eye turned with pleasure from the grand features of the scene to this charming prospect; and as a number of bees came buzzing along, boasting, as it were, of the flowers they had rifled, and threatening new conquests, thoughts long suppressed arose unbidden, and the names of Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus, with the associations that become linked to them in youth; of the old schoolmaster with gray hair; the

inked, and notched, and dandied desks; the memory of learning; the delight of escape from what is remembered with so much pleasure, though the escape brings to mind delightful things too—the playground; and the boyfriends; the rivals; the combats; the triumphs; the heroic reconciliations; the penknives exchanged; the predatory excursions planned; the farmers robbed and paid; the holidays; the strolls that garlanded the door of home; all these reminiscences, wa, ay, came trooping, as it were, beneath Walter's eyelids, which closed for a moment, and then opened, wet with tears.

Suddenly there appeared advancing up the road leading to the villa a number of men, some of whom bore litter. It was easy to guess from their movements that they arrived from a long journey; and Walter, by a process of reasoning which he did not notice, inferred that they must have formed part of the crowd whose appearance during the night had so opportunely dispersed the smugglers. Then he remembered that he had seemed to hear, at the most critical point of their adventure, a feminine voice, which he now for the first time connected with a person who occupied much of his thoughts, though he never dared to speak of her. A powerful contest between prudence, and what may be called an impulse of curiosity, took place. Under other circumstances, the issue would not have been doubtful; but unfortunately Walter, usually so able to master himself, felt drawn as by a loadstone towards that listen, which had now halted at the base of the flight of steps by which the portico of the villa was approached. He shook his English companion, bidding him wait awhile; was unaccountably satisfied with an answer that promised only a deeper sleep than before; and abandoning his post with a reluctance for which many a sentinel has suffered death, began rapidly descending the declivity.

He was not, however, so mad as to go straight to the entrance, where the litter-bearers, after a slight form had rapidly ascended the steps, had cast themselves down in the sun, as if exhausted by long travel. His object at first was simply to reconnoitre the ground; and for this purpose, having reached the meadow, and leaped the water-course, inattentive to the bright flowers it fed, he began climbing towards the back of the orchard. He found it protected by high walls, surmounted by iron-gratings; and went all round, without obtaining any information whatever. On coming again in sight of the sleeping litter-bearers, he hesitated, reflected on his rashness, and looked towards the grove of chestnut-trees. He thought he saw something more there, and pressing himself that Mr Buok was on the watch, he drew a little nearer to the garden-gate. To his surprise, on both the pillars which flanked it, he saw inscribed in marble letters the words: VILLA CARTELLUOTE!

He at once remembered what Luigi Spada had told him, that the three young Castelluotes were also engaged in the conspiracy to deliver Paolo di Eolo; and that all the family might be trusted, from Antonio up to the excellent, though timid and lukewarm, count himself. What he had just almost admitted to be such rashness, he now believed to have been insipid. Peeping boldly amidst the sleeping servants, not one of whom raised his head, he pushed open the gate, and ascended rapidly. In another minute he stood before Bianca, and a young girl, not more than seventeen years old, who screamed slightly at his sudden appearance; partly, no doubt, because of the wildness and disorder of his costume.

Bianca was also evidently a little startled, and had become quite pale.

"Hush, Antonio," she said. "We have come down here to talk alone without awakening your father, and you raise your voice as if a serpent had stung you! Fie! This is a friend of mine; although, certainly, he does come upon us with dramatic rapidity. Signor



Masterpiece, pray enter and rest; for you need to have walked all night. Walter, however, was not so easily satisfied. This calm reception and tranquil tone were perhaps not exactly what Walter had thought of when he scrutinised like a boy across the ravine; but still he had been at once recognised, and admitted to intimacy; and it would have been foolish to obey the impulse that told him to turn laughingly away. He entered the vestibule in which the two young persons were, and sat down without a word. So great indeed was his emotion, that his lips trembled, and he felt that if he attempted to speak, he should make an unmanly appearance. Even through the bronze mask which exposure to the air had cast over his countenance, it could be seen that the blood was slowly and unwillingly settling. "Sil!" exclaimed Bianca, her voice bursting more naturally from her lips than he had ever heard it before, and quivering with all the inflections of a woman's tenderness—"sil!" she exclaimed again, "I think you are indeed tired—exhausted—nay, wounded." She looked at the scar on his cheek, which had opened during the immense exertion he had made in escaping from the soldiery, and drawing near, and laying her hand on his arm, she added in a husky voice: "Can it have been you—you that crossed our path last night?"

"Yes, madam," explained Walter, restored to himself by these expressions of sympathy, and quite sure that he might speak with safety. "But this wound was not received then." Another was struck.

"Great God!" cried Bianca, "not Angela?"

"She."

"Oh, horrible! I implored—moved by an irresistible impulse—I implored her father to restrain the soldiers; but he believed there were ambuscades of brigands on every side. Yet, where is she? I knew by your look that the marquis will not have that terrible sin upon his soul."

Walter, though unable to account to himself for the deep interest which Bianca seemed to feel in Angela, determined to trust implicitly to her. He led her, therefore, to a window, and pointed to the clump of chestnut-trees.

"There!" exclaimed Bianca, her eyes glistening with delight. "I must go instantly and bring her in."

She would have hastened forth without more ado had not Walter restrained her.

"Remember," he said, almost unconsciously making Bianca an accomplice, "that we are fugitives. Our entrance into this house must be secret. It belongs, if I mistake not, to the friends of Luigi Spada."

A happy smile played round the mouth of Antonia when she heard that name; and she hastened to say that the surmise was correct. Then Walter remembered that in idle hours upon deck, by moonlight—when men at sea talk of their loves even to strangers—poor Luigi had said something of one Antonia whom he had somewhere seen, and whom he hoped to marry, not like Paolo, secretly in a garden-chapel, but with the knowledge and applause of all Sicily. He did not think it right then, however, to talk of the sad fate of the *Filippa*; but assented as cheerfully as he could when the young girl proposed to call her eldest brother, who was walking in the garden.

Luigi Castelnovo was, as we have said, not remarkable for spontaneous energy or invention, and willingly played the part of a subordinate; but he was respectable and gentlemanly, and readily understood what it was necessary to do.

"We must go out by the side-gate," he said, "and walk leisurely towards the chestnut-trees. The party must come in by one, or two, slowly, without exciting suspicion. The ladies will wait for us here. Come with me. We have been expecting you. We knew yesterday of your arrival at Torre del Capitano, and wondered why Luigi did not send you immediately

to this place. He is fond of complicated plans—a prodigiously clever fellow—the greatest politician in Italy—everything will depend on him, until it comes to this."

Here Julio made the gesture of cut-and-thrust with the sabre; but as they were by this time under the trees of the orchard, Walter thought it right to tell him of the utter destruction of the *Filippa*, and the probable loss of the whole crew. The young man's face became livid, and his arms fell by his side. For a moment he seemed morally and physically prostrated. He and his friends had been so long accustomed to look up to Spada as the grand artificer of plots, that without him they were as helpless as children.

"Sicily is lost!" murmured Julio, and he did not utter another word during the passage of the little valley and the ascent of the hill. He had dropped, indeed, some way behind his eager companion, and followed moodily and mechanically. A terrible cry of horror and despair roused him. He sprang up the few remaining paces, and beheld Walter standing with upraised hands under the trees, his eyes intently fixed on a pool of blood in the centre of a bare piece of ground. Besides this fearful sign, there was nothing to tell that living creatures had passed that way.

"But this is impossible—it is impossible," said Walter in that terribly calm tone of voice, in which despair sometimes reasons, as it were, with itself ere it plunges into suicide or insanity. "I left them all three here—sleeping tranquilly—and I deserted my post but for a moment—and I return, and I find them not—nothing but these traces of murder."

Julio hastened to the other side of the grove, and looked over a broad expanse of heath, that extended to the skirts of a gloomy forest more than a mile distant. He could discern nothing in motion. By this time Walter had recovered from his stupefaction, and came to his side.

"We must pursue, and rescue them," exclaimed he, stepping forward as if to suit the action to the word.

"Stay, friend," cried Julio; "the attempt would be mere madness at present. I see you have your pistols; but this outrage can only have been committed by a strong party of banditti. Reflect a moment. We have seen blood, but no corpses. There has been a struggle, and a wound has been given. But as yet there is no death. Let us be calm. Before moving, we must learn who has been at work here. We have means of knowing, and may recover the prisoners without a blow. It is, perhaps, a mere mistake."

Walter could not but admit that what Julio said was wise. Yet he felt his own culpability so strongly, that he could not bring himself to believe the fact that his friends were really removed beyond reach of rescue. He went, slowly it is true, over the heath, pausing every now and then where a big drop of blood was visible on the ground or on a leaf. Where the earth was soft, he could see the traces of horses' feet, which convinced him that pursuit would be hopeless. Still, however, he wandered on with a pistol in his hand; and it is true, that as though his fevered brain rushed thoughts of what misery might have been caused by his neglect—of the just reproaches which Paolo, delivered perhaps to hear of unutterable misery, would heap upon his head—it is quite true, we say, that for an instant he meditated turning that weapon against himself. A motion, a rustling sound in some bushes near at hand, attracted his attention. It seemed as if a man was crawling cautiously away.

"Stop," he cried, "or you are dead;" and he leaped forward desperately.

A face, haggard with fear, appeared near the ground. Immediately, however, its expression changed to one of delirious joy; and Josepe, the sailor-lad who had accompanied them so faithfully from Naples, despite dangers which he was unaccustomed to meet, sprang

up, and thus declared himself; for strong emotion had tied the poor fellow's tongue, and it was some time before he could utter more than a chattering sound.

## THE MONTH: THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

### THE LIBRARY.

WHILE the whole country, absorbed in the one great subject of the day, is alternating between the deepest sorrow and the most fervent exultation, it can scarcely bestow more than a passing glance upon events which, but a short time since, would have claimed and received their full share of attention. While every eye is turned towards that fearful field, where so many of our brave countrymen are falling, little heed is taken of the more tranquil scenes of death that are taking place around us. Yet here, at home, we have had losses which, however small in number when compared with those of Alma and Inkermann, claim from the literary chronicler at least a passing word of notice.

John Gibson Lockhart heads our list. Although holding by no means one of the first places in literature, his works, and the associations that attach to his name, will doubtless gain for him a lasting reputation. As is well known, he was a native of Scotland, and received his education at the university of Glasgow—completing his studies at Oxford. He commenced his literary career by contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, whose daughter Sophia he married in 1820. In 1825, Mr Lockhart was invited to London, to take the post of editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He accepted the invitation, and held the office until very recently. Political circumstances made this journal more influential a few years ago than it has latterly been; but, under Lockhart, it steadily maintained its character as the most popularly attractive of all the reviews. In 1843, he was presented by Sir Robert Peel with a sinecure office worth about £400 a year. With this income, and with property to which he had succeeded, Mr Lockhart passed his latter days free from those cares which so frequently imbitter the close of a literary career. He died of paralysis at Abbotsford, now occupied by his daughter. Mr Lockhart will chiefly be remembered by his *Spanish Ballads*, and his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which, notwithstanding all the exceptions that have been taken to it, must be held as amongst the most pleasing biographies in our language—indeed, perhaps, second only to the famed work of Boswell. Mr Lockhart's novels of *Valerius*, *Reginald Dalton*, &c., have not maintained their place before the public. The critic is not expected to be a very popular character, and it was not Mr Lockhart's destiny to be an exception to the rule: for this his satiric vein was too keen, his personal habits too reserved. In these respects, the contrast he formed to Jeffrey was very striking.

The death of Mr Frederick Knight Hunt, author of *A History of the Newspaper Press*, and editor of the *Daily News*, is another loss which literature has recently sustained. A self-educated man, raised from obscurity by the force of his own talents and perseverance, his life is interesting and encouraging in its various aspects. He was born in London in 1814, the eldest of six children, whom, with their mother, he supported for many years. It was no light task. By night, he worked in the printing-office of the *Morning Herald* newspaper; by day, he was clerk to a barrister in the Temple. Yet, while thus doubly engaged, he contrived to devote many spare moments to the improvement of his mind, and read with such assiduity, that he soon qualified himself for the place in literature he now assumed. Believing, however,

that any other profession was better than he had adopted, he studied medicine, and passed his examination at the hall and college successfully. Soon, however, returned to literature; became connected with the *Illustrated News*, and other publications. In 1846, was appointed by Mr Dickens as assistant-editor of the *Daily News*. In 1851, he became sole editor, and continued so until his death a few weeks ago. To Mr Hunt's exertions as a literary manager, the *Daily News* owes the success it has gained, as one of the first papers in England for early and authentic intelligence; it being in respect now considered quite equal to the *Times*. Mr Hunt leaves behind him a memory that his countrymen in literature will long cherish with affectionate regard, and a wife and family whose prudence and industry have adequately provided for the future. Charles Kemble, Lord Dudley Stuart, and Edward Forbes, and Miss Ferrier—a Scottish lady of some repute in her day—close the catalogue of recent losses.

American authors must think English criticism hard to please. If the American writer is not content upon us, and makes merry with our manners and customs, he gets no quarter, but is assailed with merciless severity; his minutest errors are pounced upon with greedy exultation; his ignorance and pretensions are exposed at every step. This case is but too different if the writer speaks in our favour, or in our dispraise. His panegyrics are accounted his enthusiasm simulated. Recently, we have amongst us a young American lady, Miss Greenwood, who, under the name of Grace Greenwood, has written an account\* of her experiences of American society, and the impressions which travel in the New World have made upon her mind. Though the little in the book that merits either strong censure or high praise, there is much concerning ourselves that is pleasing to read, coming as it does from a stranger. But Grace Greenwood's *Haps and Mishaps* have been almost as ungenially handled as Miss *Sunny's Memories*. Because Miss Greenwood tells us what she thought of Mr Disraeli—how she was received by Mr Dickens, and whom she met at a table—an outcry is raised against this violation of the privacy of the domestic hearth, and authors are warned of the fate which awaits them should they open their doors to such travelling book-makers. There is a little morbid sensibility in all this. Writers as Mr Dickens can well afford to let us know something of their habits, of their friends, of their daily life, without much dread of consequence. Surely, too, readers may feel some curiosity upon points, without that curiosity being either impudently or vulgarly gratified. Grace Greenwood has told us things which cannot fail to be interesting to our own countrymen, and to many of ours, and without drawing aside too much that veil which shrouds from the public eye the transactions of most humble home.

Strange news still continue to reach us from the country to which the young lady just alluded to belongs. The spirit of Shakespeare has been kindled by a 'Rapper,' and has condescendingly furnished a disturber of its peace with a new play, entitled *Hermit of Malta*, which, it is said, is about to be acted or is already acting, in America. The post-judges, of course, has been pronounced by 'our judges' quite equal to any of the other works of the immortal bard. Perhaps, however, these post-judges will alter their opinion when they learn that the play was written several years ago—was sold, but without success, to several London managers.

\* *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*. By Grace Greenwood. London: Bentley.

was committed to memory by the author before being so fluently 'rapped out.' Yet such, it has been asserted on good authority, is the history of this imposture.

Another literary production, entitled to a place by the side of *The Hermit of Malta*, is a book recently published under the title of *Home Life in Russia*.\* The work professes to be written by a Russian nobleman, who, being anxious to return to his country, is afraid to put his name upon the title-page, lest the emperor's displeasure and banishment to Siberia should be the consequences. We are assured, however, that the 'story is true;' that 'its genuineness is avouched in almost every line;' that 'the main facts are well known in Russia.' Since the publication of the book, it has been denounced as a mere translation and adaptation of a play very popular in Russia under the title of the *Dead Souls*, the author of which was a Russian named Nicholas Gogol, now dead. This play was translated into German; was the subject of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1851; and about the same time appeared as a short tale in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. The version now presented to the English reader is carelessly written, and, as a whole, is monotonous and uninteresting. Whether the scenes it depicts are truthful or otherwise, matters little. They cannot fail to be looked upon with grave suspicion, seen amid the cloud of highly doubtful pretences by which they are surrounded.

Christmas-books, illustrated gift-books, annuals, and almanacs, have made their appearance according to yearly custom. There are some very excellent editions of our standard works, beautifully illustrated by good artists, and plentifully provided with the usual amount of gilding and ornamentation. But there are fewer original books than formerly. The taste for showy annuals has been on the decline for years, and the number of these works has therefore decreased; although the *Keepsake* and the *Book of Beauty*, or *Court Album*, still maintain their attractions. Little Christmas-books, such as Mr Dickens brought out for several seasons, and which gave birth to so numerous a brood of imitators, have almost disappeared. Mr Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* is the only note-worthy work of the kind which the present Christmas season has produced.

We still have rumours of new books. One from America—*A Life of Barnum*, the speculator—has just arrived, and is to create a sensation equal to that which it has already created in America, where 66,000 copies are said to have been ordered by the trade in a few days after the first announcement appeared; the *Memoirs of Sidney Smith*, edited by his daughter and Mrs Austen, are, it is said, about to be published; Lord Brougham is at work editing a complete edition of his works, which the Messrs Griffin of Glasgow intend to publish in quarterly volumes, the first to be issued in the spring; the Rev. Mr Warton is collecting the letters of the poet Southey for immediate publication by the Messrs Longman; and M. Guizot is engaged with his work on the English Revolution.

Upon the important subject of our commercial laws, Mr Leone Levi has just written a very valuable work.† Mr Levi is well known as having devoted a vast amount of labour and patient inquiry to the study of the subject, and the volume now published contains the condensed results of his application. It treats of subjects of general interest to the commercial world—patents, copyright, banks, joint-stock companies, the law of partnership, and others of equal importance.

To those engaged in commerce, and to the law-student, the book will be of the utmost assistance. The information it contains is vast in amount, and is conveyed with admirable clearness and intelligibility. The many illustrations of the peculiarities of our commercial laws, and of the contrasts afforded by comparing them with those of other countries, form some of the most suggestive and interesting portions of the work.

#### THE STUDIO.

More fortunate than poor Campbell, whose statue is still buried in the obscurity of some unknown studio, Wordsworth has just had marble honours paid to him in Westminster Abbey, in the shape of a statue by Mr Thrupp. It has been erected in the Baptistry of the Abbey, and represents the poet in deep thought, seated upon a bank, at the foot of which flowers are growing. The left hand is laid upon a book, the right upon one knee; the legs are crossed; the face has considerable poetry of expression; and the effect of the whole work is pleasing and satisfactory. The monument at present bears no inscription. Another statue has just been erected in a very different building—namely, the large hall of the Mansion House—which will not fail to add to the great reputation of its sculptor, Mr Baily. The statue idealises its subject in a typification of the 'Morning Star,' and represents a female figure drawing aside the veil of night, and gazing upon the dawn. The face is full of a spiritual beauty which Mr Baily never before so fully exemplified.

An evidence of the growing love for art among the humbler classes, is afforded by the support given to the Drawing Class at the Working-man's College, the opening of which in London was recently alluded to. Upon the occasion of a visit I paid to the institution a short time since, I found excellent accommodation provided for about thirty students, eight or ten of whom, although it was not 'class-night,' were labouring at the easels provided for their use. Sculpture casts were the models from which they were principally studying. Many of the finished and unfinished productions of the students shewed considerable ability—indeed they were executed with a grace and fidelity for which I was scarcely prepared. The room itself was well lighted by gas, and had an air of comfort about it, that contrasted favourably with the ordinary classrooms of literary institutions. It is always open, so that the students may work as long and as often as they please. Of course, the teacher of the class is only in attendance at certain fixed times during the week. In his absence, however, materials are supplied for the use of the students, and models always remain in the room. On the walls are several specimens of good and bad engravings, with some trenchant manuscript criticisms beneath by Mr Ruskin, which are quite worthy of the author of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. There is one little architectural sketch from Mr Ruskin's own pencil. From the dress and appearance of the students, I certainly should not have imagined them to be working-men; but I was assured by one of the professors that nearly all are so. A few pupils not strictly coming within that title have been admitted, but only on the understanding that they must withdraw should room be required for *bona fide* working-men.

The number of members in the Drawing Class is about 82; the other classes are all well supported, Algebra numbering 48 members, and English Grammar 84. In the reading-room is a small library, containing probably from 300 to 400 volumes of good readable books, among which I noticed *Tennyson's Poems*, presented to the college by the author. Might not other authors follow Mr Tennyson's example?

Mr Ruskin does not confine his teaching to the Working-man's College. He has given some lectures on coloured decoration, addressed to workmen interested

\* *Home Life in Russia*. By a Russian Noble. Revised by the Editor of *Revelations of Siberia*. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett, London.

† *Manual of the Commercial Law of Great Britain and Ireland*. By Leone Levi. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

by the nature of their occupation in the subject; but, unfortunately, the lectures were delivered in the daytime, at an hour that permitted very few working-men to be present. As the lecturer's remarks were of a very unpractical kind, the circumstance affords less matter for regret than it would otherwise have occasioned. The lettering on our shops, Mr Ruskin said, was open to great improvement, and he recommended workmen to adopt the missal style, and above all things, never to use the same form of lettering twice! When he did not get wrecked among such wild fancies as these, he was oftentimes eloquent, and always interesting; but his lectures do not harmonise with the progressive spirit of the present day.

The Wellington statues, one by one, are being completed, and set up in their respective places. Mr Adams has finished his for the Norwich market-place, where it has just been erected; and Mr Noble has completed his for Manchester. The latter artist has also ready his large statue of Sir Robert Peel, which is now on view at his studio, whence it will soon be transferred to its destination—St George's Hall, Liverpool. This work does Mr Noble great credit. There is some talk of a monument to those who have fallen in the present war; but it seems improbable that government will vote any money for such a purpose at present, and private benevolence just now is directed more towards the living than the dead. A column, however, has been spoken of, and even a site for it mentioned; but such reports, although not perhaps without foundation, are at least premature. When the day comes, the country will, no doubt, record in such a manner its admiration of the gallant men who have fought so bravely, and fallen with so much honour; but at this moment there are duties to attend to, and difficulties to grapple with, which demand the most active and absorbing exertions. We cannot crown the combatants until the fight is finished.

### A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

I WANDERED late this summer-time by mountain and by stream,  
Through valley fair and woodland hoar, in the rapture of a dream:

Gazing on Nature's mysteries with a love most deep and wild,  
In all the fervent faith of youth, and the gladness of a child.

One day of many haunts me still: the bright full morning light

That shone with such a regal power o'er lake, and vale, and height;

The tide of life and joy that swept o'er all things like a sea,  
And filled the soul as with the chant of some glad melody.

The curling wreaths of azure mist rolled heavily away,  
When he shone out in golden pride, the monarch of the day;  
Ah! pure and fresh it came to me across the mountains fair,  
The breeze that fanned my pilgrim brow, and sported with my hair.

And when the evening hour came on in loveliness divine,  
It found me still a worshipper at Nature's sacred shrine.  
Repose was in and o'er all; good angels watching there  
Had breathed o'er all the mountain-land a blessing and a prayer.

The sunset's dreamy splendour streamed athwart the western sky,

That glowed in that red baptism like some strange pageantry;

Old Snowdon, stern in silent state, shone through the golden haze,

Like to a monarch on his throne in the pride of ancient days.

How mute and still all nature seemed! The sunlight on the steep

Lay calm at rest; so in the vale, the shadows broad and deep.

No breath of wind, no song of bird, no voice of man, arose  
To break the consecrated spell of that divine repose.

The solemn beauty of the hour was filled with teachings deep;

Calm for the tumult of the soul, and smiles for those who weep.

All things in reverent waiting stood; a rest to earth was given,

Like the strange pause of angels' song when 'silence was in heaven.'

With joy and strength renewed, my soul was crowned on that blest day;

Shadows, that long had dimmed my path, arose and fled away.

The peace of yore, that had gone forth in sorrow and in pain,  
Like the returning dove, came back to my glad heart again.

Oh God! I thank Thee for this life—so joyous, fresh, and free;

I thank Thee for the boundless wealth of Thy dear gifts to me;

For power, however feebly used, Thy loving hand to trace  
In all this world of ours can shew of beauty and of grace!

'J. WESTLAND MARSTON'

In the article with this title in No. 43, *Plighted Truth* is attributed, through mistake, to Mr Marston. It is the production, we believe, of Mr Darley, a brother of the late Mr George Darley himself a dramatist of no mean name.

### LEITCH RITCHIE'S NEW WORK OF FICTION.

On the conclusion of *MARETIMO*, early in 1855, will appear in CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL Chapter I. of a

### NEW STORY OF MODERN LIFE.

By the Author of *WEARYFOOT COMMON*.

To be continued in *Weekly Chapters* till completed.

The present number of the Journal completes the *Second Volume*, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.



